A STUNT TOO FAR

John Sullivan was ordered to do community service in New Zealand last February after he was caught speeding semi-naked down a road on a motorised bar stool with his bottom on fire. He admitted he had "had a few" on the night in question. He claimed the stool could reach 50mph (80km/h) – and set his arse on fire using a rolled up newspaper. *Irish Independent, 1 Mar 2003.*

MARTIN ROSS

10 Words in Mysterious Voynich Manuscript Decoded

By Megan Gannon, News Editor | February 20, 2014 02:36pm ET
http://www.livescience.com/43542-voynich-manuscript-10-words-cracked.html

The Voynich manuscript's unintelligible writings and strange illustrations have defied every attempt at understanding their meaning.

A researcher claims he's decoded 10 possible words in the famously unreadable Voynich manuscript, which has eluded interpretation for a century.

The book's 250 vellum pages are filled with writings in an unknown alphabet and elaborate drawings depicting a range of subjects from female nudes to medicinal herbs to Zodiac symbols. The medieval text was discovered by an antique book dealer in 1912, and it has been rather stingy in giving up its secrets ever since.

Now Stephen Bax, a professor of applied linguistics at the University of Bedfordshire in England, says he's deciphered 14 characters of the script and can read a handful of items in the Voynich text, such as the words for coriander, hellebore and juniper next to drawings of the plants. He says he's also picked out the word for Taurus written beside an illustration of the Pleiades, a star cluster in the constellation Taurus. [Voynich Manuscript: Images of the Unreadable Medieval Book]

"I hit on the idea of identifying proper names in the text, following historic approaches which successfully deciphered Egyptian hieroglyphs and other mystery scripts, and I then used those names to work out part of the script," Bax said in a statement.

"The manuscript has a lot of illustrations of stars and plants," Bax added. "I was able to identify some of these, with their names, by looking at mediaeval herbal manuscripts in Arabic and other languages, and I then made a start on a decoding, with some exciting results."

The Voynich manuscipt now sits in a rare books library at Yale University. Carbon dating proved that it dates back to the 15th century, and researchers believe it was written in Central Europe. While some scholars have written it off as a Renaissance-era hoax full of nonsense text, others say the pattern of the letters and words suggest the book was written in a real language or at least an invented cipher. A recent statistical study published in the journal PLOS ONE found that "Voynichese" adheres to linguistic rules.

Bax notes that the manuscript is still a long way from being understood, and that he is coming forward with what he's found thus far in the hopes that other linguists will work with him to crack the code. For now, he thinks the book is "probably a treatise on nature, perhaps in a Near Eastern or Asian language."

Bax has explained his ideas in a manuscript and in a YouTube video on his website.

Happy 100th birthday to electric traffic light

Trio of inventors all played roles

Matt Schmitz
Cars.com

This week marked the 100th anniversary of what is believed to be the world's first electric traffic signal.

The first electric traffic signal was installed Aug. 5, 1914, at the corner of Euclid Avenue and East 105th Street in Cleveland, according to the History Channel's website, history.com.

Based on a design by James Hoge, who received the U.S. patent for his device in 1918, the "Municipal Traffic Control System" comprised four pairs of red-and-green lights that served as stop-and-go indicators.

The lights were each mounted on a corner post and were operated by a switch inside a control booth. The switch was ingeniously configured to make giving conflicting signals impossible.

WIN MCNAMEE, GETTY IMAGES

Today's system of traffic lights got its start a century ago.

GRIDLOCK SOLUTION

This invention brought to an end a growing problem in the early days of automobiles, when pedestrians, bicycles, horses and streetcars all converged on the same roadways, the site states.

"Cleveland, at this time, was undergoing great development and population growth," said Tom Rieder of the Ohio History Connection, in an interview with Cars.com. "Industry and manufacturing were expanding, and Cleveland was the United States' second city in production of automobiles, behind Detroit."

Rieder surmised that Hoge's invention might have been born out of frustration from an early version of a daily driving nuisance we still know well today: the traffic jam.

"Hoge's family home was on 107th Street, near Euclid Avenue, and offices of his company, Automatic Signal and Appliance Co., were west of 105th and Euclid," Rieder said. "A guess on my part, Hoge thought that the traffic signal would improve his commute."

The inventor died of a cerebral hemorrhage in 1926, just a few years after another Clevelander, Garrett Morgan, patented the three-position traffic signal that we all know so well today.

Rieder said that, to him, that light and its sale to GE, which mass produced it, "seems more important to the history and production of traffic signals."

SALT LAKE CITY ALSO CLAIMS FIRST LIGHT

The honor of being the site of the world's first traffic light, of course, isn't without dispute.

Two years ago, Salt Lake City celebrated its own claim to the title when the Utah Department of Transportation unveiled a commemorative replica of the device that was invented by Lester Wire in 1912.

Though his device didn't get the U.S. patent, Wire's device debuted first, at the intersection of Main Street and 200 South, *The Salt Lake Tribune* reported in October 2012.

"Wire's invention looked like a large birdhouse with lights dipped in green and red paint and placed into circular holes on each side," the newspaper reported. "It was manually operated with a police officer standing next to the signal mounted on a 10-foot pole."

Today the traffic signal is far more advanced, with sensors of all kinds, but the joy of getting that green light right when you "need" it most is likely exactly the same euphoria Clevelanders experienced 100 years ago.

Teen finds relief after doctors remove 232 teeth from his mouth

Posted on Thursday, July 24 at 12:23pm | By Amy Graff

The tooth fairy needs to make a special trip to India. A teenage boy underwent major dental surgery in Mumbai and doctors removed 232 teeth.

Indian dentists operate on 17-year-old Ashik Gavai at JJ Hospital in Mumbai. Surgeons removed 232 teeth from the mouth of the teenager in what they believe may be a world-record operation. Indian dentists

Ashik Gavai, 17, sits near 232 tooth-like structures removed from his jaw after undergoing surgery in Mumbai, India, Friday, July 25, 2014. Dental surgeons in India's largest city say they have removed 232 small "tooth-like structures" from the mouth of the teenage boy with a rare medical condition called Complex Odontoma.

Ashik Gavai, 17, was in pain and the right side of his jaw swollen when doctors at JJ Hospital in Mumbai diagnosed him with complex odontoma, a rare condition that occurs when a small tumor made up of tooth-like tissue grows in the mouth.

The medical team expected to find a few chunks of tooth-like pieces in the boy's mouth but were shocked after removing 232.

This might be the record number of teeth ever removed from an odontoma patient. Medical literature indicates that the past record is 37, according to AFP.

"We operated on Monday and it took us almost seven hours," JJ's head of dentistry Sunanda Dhivare-Palwankar told AFP. "We thought it [would] be simple surgery but once we opened [him up] there were multiple pearl-like teeth inside the jaw bone," she said.

Gavai's father, Suresh, was concerned that the teen's growth was cancerous. Thankfully the tumor is benign and odontoma don't reoccur after removal. While the boy underwent a major surgery, his jaw remained intact and should heal without any deformities.

Someone get this boy a tooth fairy pillow!

Three horned calf

In March 2002, a Simmental-Hereford cross calf was born at the farm of Allan Galliford, near Onoway, which is 25 miles (40km) northwest of Edmonton, capital of the Canadian state of Alberta. At first, its only unusual feature was a peculiar tuft of hair on its brow, but as the calf grew larger it soon became clear that this hair tuft was only the start of something much stranger. A horn began to grow there, and now, a year later, this remarkable creature, dubbed Simmi, sports a 6in (15cm) upturned third horn, projecting from her forehead and larger than her two normal, lateral ones, which are scarcely noticed – so giving her the appearance of a unicorn! Moreover, this extra horn may be twice as long by the time that Simmi is fully adult. Not surprisingly, Galliford has had offers for his bovine wonder, but would prefer her to be exhibited at a fair price in a zoo or somewhere similar, so that people can see her. Perhaps the gifted Simmi may yet become a horn of plenty for her owner. *Edmonton Journal, 11 April 2003.*

DEEPER BREATHS: An 11-year-old girl from the southern Indian state of Kerala has been found to have three lungs, said the United News of India. She will undergo detailed medical examination. *Adelaide Advertiser, 25 Mar 2002.*

China seals off 30,000 people after bubonic plague death
And 151 residents have been placed under quarantine

By Arielle Duhaime-Ross on July 22, 2014 04:31 pm @ArielleDRoss

Parts of Yumen, a city in northwestern China, have been sealed off after a local died of bubonic plague last week, reports Reuters. The 38-year-old man is said to have contracted the bacterial disease, also known as "the black death," after coming into contact with a type of rodent called a marmot.

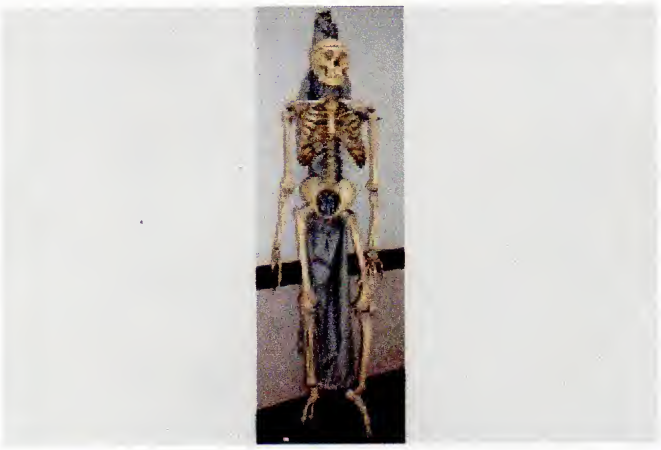
enough rice, flour, and oil to supply all 30,000 residents for a month

Yumen has a population of 100,000 people, but the parts of the city that are now sealed are home to about 30,000. These residents have been told that they can't leave the area, and police have set up roadblocks to prevent anyone from entering these zones. Moreover, 151 residents are under quarantine after coming into direct contact with the man who contracted the disease. City officials say that they have enough rice, flour, and oil to supply all 30,000 residents for up to a month, but reports haven't yet mentioned how long this situation might last.

According to Reuters, bubonic plague outbreaks are rare in China, and when they do occur, most take place in rural areas. Since 2009, an estimated 12 people have been diagnosed with the disease, and four people have died. Modern antibiotics are effective in treating the plague, but doctors have to administer them quickly because death can occur 24 hours after the initial infection. At the moment, officials in Beijing say that the risk of a spread is minimal.

Third-sex skeleton found outside Prague

April 08, 2011



A 5,000-year-old skeleton found in a suburb of Prague is believed to be the remains of a transgender person.

The skeleton is male and was buried in a way that is believed to be reserved only for female burials.

The skeleton is believed to date from 2900 and 2500BC and is from the Copper Age.

During that period, men's bodies were buried with their heads facing west and with weapons.

But this skeleton is different. Its head is facing east and is surrounded with jugs, a manner reserved for women.

Archaeologists theorised at a press conference in Prague on Tuesday that the person may have been a third sex or transgender.

"From history and ethnology, we know that when a culture had strict burial rules they never made mistakes with these sort of things," said Kamila Remišová.

Speaking to Czech Position, archaeologist Kateřina Semrádová said: "We believe this is one of the earliest cases of what could be described as a 'transsexual' or 'third gender grave' in the Czech Republic."

This isn't the first time a third sex or transgender skeleton has been found buried as a member of the opposite sex. One female from the Mesolithic period was buried with weapons.

Image by Raul654

For 40 Years, This Russian Family Was Cut Off From All Human Contact, Unaware of World War II

In 1978, Soviet geologists prospecting in the wilds of Siberia discovered a family of six, lost in the taiga

| | | Reddit | Digg | Stumble | Email |

- By Mike Dash
- Smithsonian.com, January 29, 2013, Subscribe

The Siberian taiga in the Abakan district. Six members of the Lykov family lived in this remote wilderness for more than 40 years—utterly isolated and more than 150 miles from the nearest human settlement. (Wiki Commons)

More from Smithsonian.com

- Quite Likely the Worst Job Ever
- One Man Against Tyranny
- Everything Was Fake but Her Wealth

Siberian summers do not last long. The snows linger into May, and the cold weather returns again during September, freezing the taiga into a still life awesome in its desolation: endless miles of straggly pine and birch forests scattered with sleeping bears and hungry wolves; steep-sided mountains; white-water rivers that pour in torrents through the valleys; a hundred thousand icy bogs. This forest is the last and greatest of Earth's wildernesses. It stretches from the furthest tip of Russia's arctic regions as far south as Mongolia, and east from the Urals to the Pacific: five million square miles of nothingness, with a population, outside a handful of towns, that amounts to only a few thousand people.

When the warm days do arrive, though, the taiga blooms, and for a few short months it can seem almost welcoming. It is then that man can see most clearly into this hidden world—not on land, for the taiga can swallow whole armies of explorers, but from the air. Siberia is the source of most of Russia's oil and mineral resources, and, over the years, even its most distant parts have been overflown by oil prospectors and surveyors on their way to backwoods camps where the work of extracting wealth is carried on.

Karp Lykov and his daughter Agafia, wearing clothes donated by Soviet geologists not long after their family was rediscovered.

Thus it was in the remote south of the forest in the summer of 1978. A helicopter sent to find a safe spot to land a party of geologists was skimming the treeline a hundred or so miles from the Mongolian border when it dropped into the thickly wooded valley of an unnamed tributary of the Abakan, a seething ribbon of water rushing through dangerous terrain. The valley walls were narrow, with sides that were close to vertical in places, and the skinny pine and birch trees swaying in the rotors' downdraft were so thickly clustered that there was no chance of finding a spot to set the aircraft down. But, peering intently through his windscreen in search of a landing place, the pilot saw something that should not have been there. It was a clearing, 6,000 feet up a mountainside, wedged between the pine and larch and scored with what looked like long, dark furrows. The baffled helicopter crew made several passes before reluctantly concluding that this was evidence of human habitation—a garden that, from the size and shape of the clearing, must have been there for a long time.

It was an astounding discovery. The mountain was more than 150 miles from the nearest settlement, in a spot that had never been explored. The Soviet

authorities had no records of anyone living in the district.

The four scientists sent into the district to prospect for iron ore were told about the pilots' sighting, and it perplexed and worried them. "It's less dangerous," the writer Vasily Peskov notes of this part of the taiga, "to run across a wild animal than a stranger," and rather than wait at their own temporary base, 10 miles away, the scientists decided to investigate. Led by a geologist named Galina Pismenskaya, they "chose a fine day and put gifts in our packs for our prospective friends"—though, just to be sure, she recalled, "I did check the pistol that hung at my side."

The Lykovs lived in this hand-built log cabin, lit by a single window "the size of a backpack pocket" and warmed by a smoky wood-fired stove.

As the intruders scrambled up the mountain, heading for the spot pinpointed by their pilots, they began to come across signs of human activity: a rough path, a staff, a log laid across a stream, and finally a small shed filled with birch-bark containers of cut-up dried potatoes. Then, Pismenskaya said,

> *beside a stream there was a dwelling. Blackened by time and rain, the hut was piled up on all sides with taiga rubbish—bark, poles, planks. If it hadn't been for a window the size of my backpack pocket, it would have been hard to believe that people lived there. But they did, no doubt about it.... Our arrival had been noticed, as we could see.*
>
> *The low door creaked, and the figure of a very old man emerged into the light of day, straight out of a fairy tale. Barefoot. Wearing a patched and repatched shirt made of sacking. He wore trousers of the same material, also in patches, and had an uncombed beard. His hair was disheveled. He looked frightened and was very attentive.... We had to say something, so I began: 'Greetings, grandfather! We've come to visit!'*
>
> *The old man did not reply immediately.... Finally, we heard a soft, uncertain voice: 'Well, since you have traveled this far, you might as well come in.'*

The sight that greeted the geologists as they entered the cabin was like something from the middle ages. Jerry-built from whatever materials came to hand, the dwelling was not much more than a burrow—"a low, soot-blackened log kennel that was as cold as a cellar," with a floor consisting of potato peel and pine-nut shells. Looking around in the dim light, the visitors saw that it consisted of a single room. It was cramped, musty and indescribably filthy, propped up by sagging joists —and, astonishingly, home to a family of five:

> *The silence was suddenly broken by sobs and lamentations. Only then did we see the silhouettes of two women. One was in hysterics, praying: 'This is for our sins, our sins.' The other, keeping behind a post... sank slowly to the floor. The light from the little window fell on her wide, terrified eyes, and we realized we had to get out of there as quickly as possible.*

Led by Pismenskaya, the scientists backed hurriedly out of the hut and retreated to a spot a few yards away, where they took out some provisions and began to eat. After about half an hour, the door of the cabin creaked open, and the old man and his two daughters emerged —no longer hysterical and, though still obviously frightened, "frankly curious." Warily, the three strange figures approached and sat down with their visitors, rejecting everything that they were offered—jam, tea, bread—with a muttered, "We are not allowed that!" When Pismenskaya asked, "Have you ever eaten bread?" the

old man answered: "I have. But they have not. They have never seen it." At least he was intelligible. The daughters spoke a language distorted by a lifetime of isolation. "When the sisters talked to each other, it sounded like a slow, blurred cooing."

Slowly, over several visits, the full story of the family emerged. The old man's name was Karp Lykov, and he was an Old Believer—a member of a fundamentalist Russian Orthodox sect, worshiping in a style unchanged since the 17th century. Old Believers had been persecuted since the days of Peter the Great, and Lykov talked about it as though it had happened only yesterday; for him, Peter was a personal enemy and "the anti-Christ in human form"—a point he insisted had been amply proved by Tsar's campaign to modernize Russia by forcibly "chopping off the beards of Christians." But these centuries-old hatreds were conflated with more recent grievances; Karp was prone to complain in the same breath about a merchant who had refused to make a gift of 26 *poods* [940 pounds] of potatoes to the Old Believers sometime around 1900.

Things had only got worse for the Lykov family when the atheist Bolsheviks took power. Under the Soviets, isolated Old Believer communities that had fled to Siberia to escape persecution began to retreat ever further from civilization. During the purges of the 1930s, with Christianity itself under assault, a Communist patrol had shot Lykov's brother on the outskirts of their village while Lykov knelt working beside him. He had responded by scooping up his family and bolting into forest.

That was in 1936, and there were only four Lykovs then—Karp; his wife, Akulina; a son named Savin, 9 years old, and Natalia, a daughter who was only 2. Taking their possessions and some seeds, they had retreated ever deeper into the taiga, building themselves a succession of crude dwelling places, until at last they had fetched up in this desolate spot. Two more children had been born in the wild—Dmitry in 1940 and Agafia in 1943—and neither of the youngest Lykov children had ever seen a human being who was not a member of their family. All that Agafia and Dmitry knew of the outside world they learned entirely from their parents' stories. The family's principal entertainment, the Russian journalist Vasily Peskov noted, "was for everyone to recount their dreams."

The Lykov children knew there were places called cities where humans lived crammed together in tall buildings. They had heard there were countries other than Russia. But such concepts were no more than abstractions to them. Their only reading matter was prayer books and an ancient family Bible. Akulina had used the gospels to teach her children to read and write, using sharpened birch sticks dipped into honeysuckle juice as pen and ink. When Agafia was shown a picture of a horse, she recognized it from her mother's Bible stories. "Look, papa," she exclaimed. "A steed!"

Peter the Great's attempts to modernize the Russia of the early 18th century found a focal point in a campaign to end the wearing of beards. Facial hair was taxed and non-payers were compulsorily shaved —anathema to Karp Lykov and the Old Believers.

But if the family's isolation was hard to grasp, the unmitigated harshness of their lives was not. Traveling to the Lykov homestead on foot was astonishingly arduous, even with the help of a boat along the Abakan. On his first visit to the Lykovs, Peskov—who would appoint himself the family's chief chronicler—noted that "we traversed 250 kilometres [155 miles] without seeing a single human dwelling!"

Isolation made survival in the wilderness close to impossible. Dependent solely on their own resources, the Lykovs struggled to replace the few things they had brought into the taiga with them. They fashioned birch-bark galoshes in place of shoes. Clothes were patched and repatched until they fell apart, then replaced with hemp cloth grown from seed.

The Lykovs had carried a crude spinning wheel and, incredibly, the components of a loom into the taiga with them —moving these from place to place as they gradually went further into the wilderness must have required many long and arduous journeys—but they had no technology for replacing metal. A couple of kettles served them well for many years, but when rust finally overcame them, the only replacements they could fashion came from birch bark. Since these could not be placed in a fire, it became far harder to cook. By the time the Lykovs were discovered, their staple diet was potato patties mixed with ground rye and hemp seeds.

In some respects, Peskov makes clear, the taiga did offer

some abundance: "Beside the dwelling ran a clear, cold stream. Stands of larch, spruce, pine and birch yielded all that anyone could take.... Bilberries and raspberries were close to hand, firewood as well, and pine nuts fell right on the roof."

Yet the Lykovs lived permanently on the edge of famine. It was not until the late 1950s, when Dmitry reached manhood, that they first trapped animals for their meat and skins. Lacking guns and even bows, they could hunt only by digging traps or pursuing prey across the mountains until the animals collapsed from exhaustion. Dmitry built up astonishing endurance, and could hunt barefoot in winter, sometimes returning to the hut after several days, having slept in the open in 40 degrees of frost, a young elk across his shoulders. More often than not, though, there was no meat, and their diet gradually became more monotonous. Wild animals destroyed their crop of carrots, and Agafia recalled the late 1950s as "the hungry years." "We ate the rowanberry leaf," she said,

> *roots, grass, mushrooms, potato tops, and bark, We were hungry all the time. Every year we held a council to decide whether to eat everything up or leave some for seed.*

Famine was an ever-present danger in these circumstances, and in 1961 it snowed in June. The hard frost killed everything growing in their garden, and by spring the family had been reduced to eating shoes and bark. Akulina chose to see her children fed, and that year she died of starvation. The rest of the family were saved by what they regarded as a miracle: a single grain of rye sprouted in their pea patch. The Lykovs put up a fence around the shoot and guarded it zealously night and day to keep off mice and squirrels. At harvest time, the solitary spike yielded 18 grains, and from this they painstakingly rebuilt their rye crop.

As the Soviet geologists got to know the Lykov family, they realized that they had underestimated their abilities and intelligence. Each family member had a distinct personality; Old Karp was usually delighted by the latest innovations that the scientists brought up from their camp, and though he steadfastly refused to believe that man had set foot on the moon, he adapted swiftly to the idea of satellites. The Lykovs had noticed them as early as the 1950s, when "the stars began to go quickly across the sky," and Karp himself conceived a theory to explain this: "People have thought something up and are sending out fires that are very like stars."

Dmitry (left) and Savin in the Siberian summer.

"What amazed him most of all," Peskov recorded, "was a transparent cellophane package. 'Lord, what have they thought up—it is glass, but it crumples!'" And Karp held grimly to his status as head of the family, though he was well into his 80s. His eldest child, Savin, dealt with this by casting himself as the family's unbending arbiter in matters of religion. "He was strong of faith, but a harsh man," his own father said of him, and Karp seems to have worried about what would happen to his family after he died if Savin took control. Certainly the eldest son would have encountered little resistance from Natalia, who always struggled to replace her mother as cook, seamstress and nurse.

The two younger children, on the other hand, were more approachable and more open to change and innovation. "Fanaticism was not terribly marked in Agafia," Peskov said, and in time he came to realize that the youngest of the Lykovs had a sense of irony and could poke fun at herself. Agafia's unusual speech—she had a singsong voice and stretched simple words into polysyllables—convinced some of her visitors she was slow-witted; in fact she was markedly intelligent, and took charge of the difficult task, in a family that possessed no calendars, of keeping track of time. She thought nothing of hard work, either, excavating a new cellar by hand late in the fall and working on by moonlight when the sun had set. Asked by an astonished Peskov whether she was not frightened to be out alone in the wilderness after dark, she replied: "What would there be out here to hurt me?"

A Russian press photo of Karp Lykov (second left) with Dmitry and Agafia,

Of all the Lykovs, though, the geologists' favorite was Dmitry, a consummate outdoorsman who knew all of the

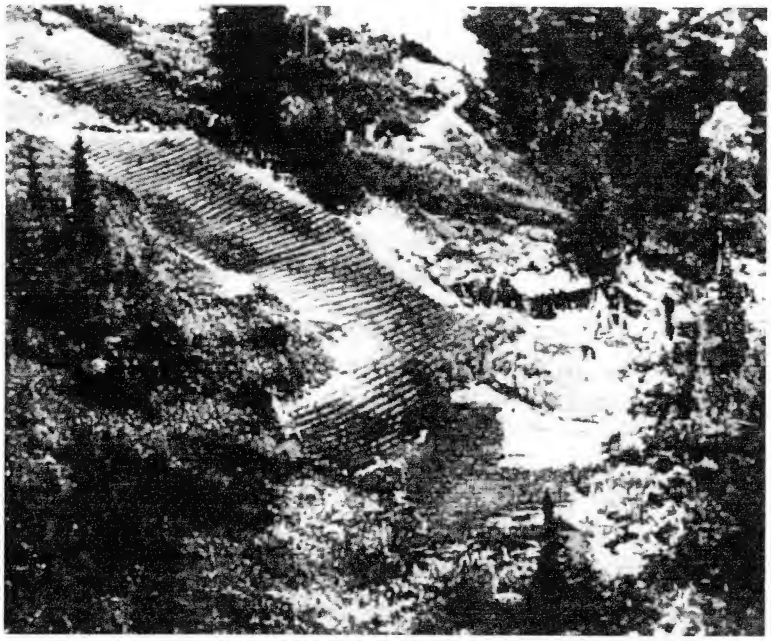
taiga's moods. He was the most curious and perhaps the most forward-looking member of the family. It was he who had built the family stove, and all the birch-bark buckets that they used to store food. It was also Dmitry who spent days hand-cutting and hand-planing each log that the Lykovs felled. Perhaps it was no surprise that he was also the most enraptured by the scientists' technology. Once relations had improved to the point that the Lykovs could be persuaded to visit the Soviets' camp, downstream, he spent many happy hours in its little sawmill, marveling at how easily a circular saw and lathes could finish wood. "It's not hard to figure," Peskov wrote. "The log that took Dmitry a day or two to plane was transformed into handsome, even boards before his eyes. Dmitry felt the boards with his palm and said: 'Fine!'"

Karp Lykov fought a long and losing battle with himself to keep all this modernity at bay. When they first got to know the geologists, the family would accept only a single gift—salt. (Living without it for four decades, Karp said, had been "true torture.") Over time, however, they began to take more. They welcomed the assistance of their special friend among the geologists—a driller named Yerofei Sedov, who spent much of his spare time helping them to plant and harvest crops. They took knives, forks, handles, grain and eventually even pen and paper and an electric torch. Most of these innovations were only grudgingly acknowledged, but the sin of television, which they encountered at the geologists' camp,

> *proved irresistible for them.... On their rare appearances, they would invariably sit down and watch. Karp sat directly in front of the screen. Agafia watched poking her head from behind a door. She tried to pray away her transgression immediately—whispering, crossing herself.... The old man prayed afterward, diligently and in one fell swoop.*

Perhaps the saddest aspect of the Lykovs' strange story was the rapidity with which the family went into decline after they re-established contact with the outside world. In the fall of 1981, three of the four children followed their mother to the grave within a few days of one another. According to Peskov, their deaths were not, as might have been expected, the result of exposure to diseases to which they had no immunity. Both Savin and Natalia suffered from kidney failure, most likely a result of their harsh diet. But Dmitry died of pneumonia, which might have begun as an infection he acquired from his new friends.

His death shook the geologists, who tried desperately to save him. They offered to call in a helicopter and have him evacuated to a hospital. But Dmitry, in extremis, would abandon neither his family nor the religion he had practiced all his life. "We are not allowed that," he whispered just before he died. "A man lives for howsoever God grants."



The Lykovs' homestead seen from a Soviet reconnaissance plane, 1980.

The Lykovs' graves. Today only Agafia survives of the family of six, living alone in the taiga.

When all three Lykovs had been buried, the geologists attempted to talk Karp and Agafia into leaving the forest and returning to be with relatives who had survived the persecutions of the purge years, and who still lived on in the same old villages. But neither of the survivors would hear of it. They rebuilt their old cabin, but stayed close to their old home.

Karp Lykov died in his sleep on February 16, 1988, 27 years to the day after his wife, Akulina. Agafia buried him on the mountain slopes with the help of the geologists, then turned and headed back to her home. The Lord would provide, and she would stay, she said—as indeed she has. A quarter of a century later, now in her seventies herself, this child of the taiga lives on alone, high above the Abakan.

She will not leave. But we must leave her, seen through the eyes of Yerofei on the day of her father's funeral:

> *I looked back to wave at Agafia. She was standing by the river break like a statue. She wasn't crying. She nodded: 'Go on, go on.' We went another kilometer and I looked back. She was still standing there.*

Sources

Anon. 'How to live substantively in our times.' *Stranniki* ['Wanderers'], 20 February 2009, accessed August 2, 2011; Georg B. Michels. *At War with the Church: Religious Dissent in Seventeenth Century Russia.* Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1995; Isabel Colgate. *A Pelican in the Wilderness: Hermits, Solitaries and Recluses*. New York: HarperCollins, 2002; 'From taiga to Kremlin: a hermit's gifts to Medvedev,' rt.com, February 24, 2010, accessed August 2, 2011; G. Kramore, 'At the taiga dead end'. Suvenirograd ['Souvenirs of Interesting places'], nd, accessed August 5, 2011; Irina Paert. *Old Believers, Religious Dissent and Gender in Russia, 1760-1850.* Manchester: MUP, 2003; Vasily Peskov. *Lost in the Taiga: One Russian Family's Fifty-Year Struggle for Survival and Religious Freedom in the Siberian Wilderness.* New York: Doubleday, 1992

A documentary on the Lykovs (in Russian) which shows something of the family's isolation and living conditions, can be viewed here.

Benefits given to '532-year-old women'

News from Elsewhere... By News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring

09:51 UK time, Wednesday, 30 July 2014

A government agency in India has released information showing that it has been giving sewing machines and bicycles to women registered as being as old as 532, it's been reported.

The Labour Department in the central state of Chhattisgarh acknowledges that records for thousands of women list them as being more than 100 years old - but have no address associated with them. "The list of beneficiaries includes 6,189 women who were shown aged 114 years," reports the Times of India newspaper.

"Besides these, the list has six women showing age 202 years, three showing aged 212 years, two showing aged 282 years," it adds. "Age of one woman was mentioned as 532 years." The paper is calling for an investigation into a possible scam involving benefit schemes that have cost the state a total of 400m rupees (£4m, $6.6m).

The data, which were released after activist Sanjeev Aggarwal submitted a Right to Information (RTI) request, also says women as old as 212 received free bicycles from the state. Aggarwal thinks the discrepancies could be just the "tip of the iceberg", since his request only asked for information about the state capital of Raipur. Chhattisgarh's deputy labour commissioner, Savita Mishra, says the errors were caused by a software glitch. But an inquiry is under way, she says, and "whosoever is found guilty would not be spared".

8 OF THE BEST

Dead Ringers

Some classic cases of attending your own funeral

⊙ Mourners in a Malaysian village were flabbergasted when a man they thought they had buried walked into a prayer session after his funeral. Mohamad Shamsul Abdul Rahman, 22, had been missing for 10 days when the decomposed body of a drowned man was found near his village in Selising. His father had identified features on the body similar to his son's. *[AP] 20 July 2002.*

⊙ **An Indian man named only as Ravindran showed up at his village 40 days after he was believed to have hanged himself, and was stoned by residents who thought he was a ghost. The hanged man was mistaken for Ravindran before being handed over to his family for cremation. *Wolverhampton Express & Star, 21 Dec 2002.***

⊙ A man believed to have been killed in a motorcycle accident in Bangkok in January and then cremated returned home on 16 May to Ban Maed village, northeastern Thailand, where horrified residents believed he was a ghost and shunned him. Thanom Wongsupheng, 35, had been working in the capital as a security guard. His identity card had been found on the body of the accident victim, leading to the misunderstanding. *Adelaide Advertiser, 17 May 2003.*

⊙ **The family of Sebastiao Fidelis, 43, thought he had been buried in the town of Campo do Meio. He had been missing for two months in November 2001 when his wife identified a dead body as being him. A year later, he was found wandering in the town's streets by a family friend and taken home. He had lost his memory and said he had been walking for months trying to find his family. He faced a legal battle to have his death certificate annulled. *Ananova, 8 Jan 2003.***

⊙ Several mourners at Edison Vicuna's funeral in Cuenca, Ecuador, fainted when the 'dead' man walked in and joined them. The coffin contained a disfigured road victim, mistaken by police for Mr Vicuna, who had been on a bender for three days. *Independent on Sunday, 20 Oct 2002.*

...AND SOME CLASSIC BODY DOUBLES

⊙ In the summer of 1904, John Gobbett left Greenwich on a barge, bound for Southend. The next day, a body taken from the Thames was identified as Gobbett by his wife and father. Like Gobbett, the dead man had a long scar on the leg, which had been broken and mended badly; a scar on the bridge of the nose; and a peculiar (unspecified) birthmark. A few days after the corpse was interred, Gobbett turned up.

⊙ Another drowned man was taken from the Thames in May 1907, and identified as Albert Steer by his son and daughter. Both Steer and the dead man had a crushed toe, a dent over an eye-brow, and had lost an eye. Two months after the funeral, Steer reappeared.

⊙ In the "Great Blow" of 1913 on the American Great Lakes, 12 vessels vanished with the loss of hundreds of lives and many bodies washed up on the eastern shore of Lake Huron. The family of John Thompson, a marine fireman, thought that he was among the dead from the Canadian steamer *J.J.Carruthers*, which listed a "J. Thompson" on the payroll.

His father went to view the body. Like his son, it bore the tattooed initials "J.T." on the forearm. Distinctive scars on John's nose and leg corresponded with scars on the dead man. Also matching were two deformed toes and some dental peculiarities. Mr Thompson and his wife agreed it was John, but John's sister was not convinced. She knew that her brother's "J.T." tattoo was topped by an anchor, which was missing on the corpse – but she was overruled by her father. Scanning a newspaper in Toronto, John Thompson read of his own death and returned home to Hamilton to find his family in black and a flower-bedecked coffin in the parlour. The dead man was never identified and was interred in Hamilton's Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

WE TRAWL THE FT ARCHIVES FOR THE BEST STORIES LINKED TO A THEME.
Send your suggestions to sieveking@forteantimes.com

Published: 31 Jul 2014 10:45 GMT+02:00

Three lucky Germans will take home a six-figure prize after an extremely rare lottery draw. The lucky numbers on Wednesday night were 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 37. The winners of the 6/49 lotto will each receive €262,713.90. None of the three, from North Rhine-Westphalia and Bavaria, had correctly guessed the Super Number (3) and the €4 million jackpot will roll over to Saturday's draw. It is expected to rise to about €7 million.

A spokesperson for the Saartoto corporation behind the 6/49 draw said another 1,165 lotto players will claim approximately €1,050 in the five-number draw win. Lotto.de's host Nina Azizi didn't react as she called out the unlikely combination of numbers. This is not the first time such an unlikely combination has turned up in the German lottery scores. In April 1999, the lottery numbers were 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 26.

At the time, a spokesman for the lotto corporation told the Bild newspaper the draw was a "once in a thousand-year result". So many winners claimed the five-number win that the prize was a mere €194. The odds of picking six of six numbers in a Lotto 6/49 draw is 1 in 13,983,816.

The Black Forest Investigation

by Dennis William Hauck
POSTED: 28 June 99

The dream of Steve and Beth Lee and their two sons was to live in the beautiful Black Forest region of Colorado. For four years they rented homes in the densely forested area northeast of Colorado Springs before finding a spacious, two-story log home in the thickest part of the woods. What they did not know was that the former tenant of the house was convinced the property was haunted but did not say anything. The unsuspecting Lees bought the property in 1992. Within a week, the gates of hell opened up on them.

"One day we came home," said Beth, "and it was like the Fourth of July in our living room and in our bedroom. We had all kinds of lights flashing through, and it sounded like people stomping across the roof. We would lay in bed at night and hear chains rattling. One night we woke up and heard orchestra music. Strange things started happening every day." Their sons complained of weird lights and shadows in their rooms, lights and appliances started going on and off by themselves, and untraceable chemical odors burned family members' eyes and throats. Steve Lee, a 34-year-old professional truck driver, believed someone was trying to scare his family out of their new home. But the Louisiana-born man told me that he had "just enough redneck left" to fight back no matter what it was. He installed a state-of-the-art, $70,000 security system with video surveillance and motion detectors, though the system often sounded alarms with no one around to trigger them. Over the next four years, they would have sixty-two unexplainable "break-ins", and the El Paso County Sheriff's Department simply stopped responding.

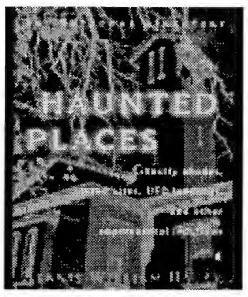
Steve noticed that photographs and videotape taken in certain locations on the property exhibited strange light streaks running through them, and sometimes, translucent faces even appeared on the film. Three parts of the house seemed especially prone to these unusual effects: the outside wall next to their satellite dish, the living room, and the upstairs master bedroom. No matter what type of camera or film he used, Steve captured evidence of unexplainable light phenomena that included brilliant beams, floating balls of light, and glowing outlines of humans and animals. Sometimes the mysterious lights could be seen with the naked eye, though most often, they lasted just a split second and showed up only on film.

Steve and Beth finally agreed that something paranormal might be going on in their home, and in early 1995, they sent some videotape to the "Sightings" television show. The show investigated the Lee property on three separate occasions, and producers considered it one of their most interesting and well-documented cases. In November 1996, the Lees invited me to investigate their property. Three months earlier, the Lees had asked State Senator Charles Duke to investigate with his own camera equipment. He was able to capture a cloudy image that he said was "clearly a dog", an apparition that had been photographed repeatedly on the property and that Steve believes might be his own dog who died ten years ago. I was also able to capture this "flying dog" on film, as well as the frightening face of another ghost, possibly the "old woman" described by some witnesses. Like most researchers who visit the Lee property, I experienced the unexplainable equipment problems and odd physical sensations. I also measured intense electromagnetic activity on the property.

So far, the Lees have called in over thirty different specialists, including paranormal researchers, private investigators, psychics, and quantum physicists. Several of the scientists have stated that the lightforms recorded on film do not behave according to accepted laws of physics. I am continuing my own investigation of the site and have concluded that it qualifies as one of the most "haunted" houses in the nation. And there is nothing that Steve Lee or his wife are doing to cause it.

Dennis William Hauck is the author of "Haunted Places : The National Directory" (shown below). You can read more about Haunted Places and see what Hauck has planned for a second editon at his web site: www.haunted-places.com

Haunted Places : The National Directory : Ghostly Abodes, Sacred Sites, Ufo Landings, and Other Supernatural Locations
by Dennis William Hauck
-- This guide to over 2,000 supernatural sites in all 50 States (from Main to Hawaii) includes an alphabetical listing by state, city, location. Each entry contains a synopsis, address, telephone number, and travel directions. Photos.



A dead metro mall is unlikely grave site for forgotten elephant film star

By JC Reindl Detroit Free Press Business Writer Filed Under Business Michigan Business
10:30 AM, August 11, 2014 |

freep.com

Michigan's early elephants

■ Long before Little Jennie made a visit, Michigan was home to an elephant-like species called the American mastodon.
■ These creatures were similar in size to today's elephants, but were longer and had shorter legs. They were hairy like a woolly mammoth — another extinct elephant relative — but had straighter tusks and squatter heads.
■ Mastodons were mostly in the lower part of state and went extinct about 10,000 years ago.
■ People still find old mastodon bones, particularly at construction sites. A big cache was discovered in Rochester Hills in 2006. Two years ago, a pair of sixth-graders stumbled on a giant bone in a Shelby Township stream.
■ The mastodon became Michigan's official state fossil in 2002.

Wanda and Winky

■ The Detroit Zoo parted ways in 2005 with two modern-day elephants named Wanda and Winky over staff concerns that the animals shouldn't be kept in a cold-weather zoo without a lot of space to move around. The duo relocated to the Ark2000 sanctuary in California.
■ Winky was euthanized in 2008 after arthritis made her unable to stand. According to the sanctuary's website, Wanda is still alive.
JC Reindl

On a broiling summer day four decades ago, a 4-ton circus elephant named Little Jennie dropped dead at what is now Summit Place Mall in Waterford.

She was not just any elephant, but an aging Hollywood star living out life in the traveling circus. The circumstances of her death required an impromptu burial on mall grounds.

Michigan's first enclosed mall, Summit Place is now its own retail graveyard of empty storefronts and weedy parking lot. Little Jennie's grave was never marked, and no one can recall where exactly the elephant has been resting since 1972.

■ **Photos**: Metro Detroit's dead and dying shopping malls

■ **In-depth**: Metro Detroit malls that once thrived are now fighting to survive

Two reporters who were at the scene do remember the grief on the face of the elephant's trainer, who unshackled a larger elephant named Babe to push Jennie's lifeless body into a 9-foot-deep grave dug by a backhoe.

Such a tale could be the stuff of urban legend if not for living witnesses and a front-page photograph in a local newspaper. The elephant episode was once well-known history in Waterford. But memories have faded along with Summit Mall's own fortunes.

"Every once in awhile, people call and ask about it to see if it's true," said Sally Strait, president of the Waterford Historical Society.

The plot unfolded on a July 21 afternoon when the carnival-circus had set up outside what was then the Pontiac Mall. Little Jennie, 60, was the matriarch of the show.

Decades before, Little Jennie was one of the 10 pachyderms who terrorized Elizabeth Taylor in the 1954 jungle movie "Elephant Walk," stampeding across the set in what the film's trailer described as "a savage orgy of destruction."

But as the roles dried up, she took to the circus performer's life. By all accounts, she was a gentle and obedient creature when she arrived in town. She suddenly stopped eating on Tuesday of that week and died Friday.

Her burial was witnessed by two reporters for the Oakland Press, who were in the newsroom when calls came in about a dead elephant at the mall.

Police threatened to close down the circus if the body wasn't disposed of.

The reporters, Bill Felch and Kingsley Cotton, rushed to a scene that the men said last week they'll never forget.

There was Jennie, slumped to the ground near a freshly dug hole north of the mall.

Felch's obituary-style article, headlined "Waterford is Elephant Graveyard," tells how circus management wanted the elephant carried away, but Waterford police said there was no one in

Oakland County who could lift the 60-year-old beast.

As the obituary states, a "toothless old circus hand" went to retrieve Babe.

Cotton, now 67 and a Southfield-based attorney, took a black-and-white photo for the paper as Babe maneuvered her head and trunk to push the body.

Felch wrote: "The elephant trainer Guy Gossing shouted in a heavy Belgium accent, 'Push, Babe. Push her, Babe.' And the huge elephant toppled Little Jennie into her grave."

The article described how the old circus hand was devastated to lose an animal he had fed and groomed for 14 years. Dehydration was one suspected cause of death, as was pneumonia and old age.

In a phone interview last week, Felch, now 65 and living in Stinson Beach, Calif., recalled how emotional the scene was.

"It was a heartrending event," he said. "I remember the (circus hand) and obviously his heart was broken. It was just very sad. It brings tears to my eyes even now thinking about it."

The event happened during an era when the mall was still thriving. Summit Place closed in 2009-10 and other witnesses to Little Jennie's burial have passed on.

Township resident Betty Seymour said it was her uncle, the late Herb Noskey, who donated the use of his company's backhoe to dig the grave.

Now 74, Seymour said she once worked in the mall's Montgomery Ward and fed popcorn and peanuts to the circus' baby elephants on lunch breaks and watched them get baths in the evening. She knew about Jennie's burial that day in 1972, but couldn't bring herself to go.

"I just couldn't watch something like that," Seymour said. "I cried for a week."

Forty-two years later, few people can say the precise location of the elephant's grave. Neither Felch nor Cotton, who visited the property with the Free Press last week, remember where it all happened.

Seymour said she and a cousin think the grave was behind a now-vanished billboard on the north end of the mall near the corner of Telegraph and Pontiac Lake roads. She believes the spot is vacant and was never concreted over.

In 1989, an elephant researcher offered to excavate Jennie's remains and mount an exhibit of her skeleton inside Summit Place. There's no public record on how the mall's ownership responded to the plan.

The researcher, Jeheskel (Hezy) Shoshani, was the founder of the Elephant Research Foundation Library and taught at Wayne State University and Oakland Community College. He was killed in a 2008 terrorist bombing in Ethiopia.

Summit Place's current owner, Los Angeles-based SR Capital, did not return a call for comment.

Richard Stamps, a former anthropology and archaeology professor at Oakland University, said it is his understanding the 1989 excavation never came to be and that Jennie remains in the ground.

"To the best of my knowledge no one dug her up," he said. "May the next developer keep their eyes open, so when indeed they encounter elephant bones they'll know what it was all about."

Contact JC Reindl: 313-222-6631 or jcreindl@freepress.com. Follow him on Twitter @JCReindl.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -90px !important; width: 180px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

A man with two faces: Edward Mordrake

Thursday, July 8, 2010

From Wikipedia:

> *Edward Mordrake (sometimes written Edward Mordake) is claimed to be a 19th century heir to one of the peerages in England who had an extra face on the back of his head. According to the story, the extra face could neither eat nor speak, but it could laugh and cry. Edward begged doctors to have his 'devil twin' removed, because, supposedly, it whispered horrible things to him at night, but no doctor would attempt it. He committed suicide at the age of 23.*

pics, weird

88 comentarii . permalink . email this

Follow ***Blame it on the Voices on Twitter*** | ***Blame it on the Voices on Facebook***

If you liked this post, you can subscribe to the Blame It On The Voices RSS feed and get your regular fix

88 COMENTARII:

Anonymous said...

Modern Marvels also has a section on him: http://thehumanmarvels.com/?p=125

JULY 8, 2010 AT 5:27 PM

Anonymous said...

How can it only laugh and cry? But am sure the 'whispering horrible things at night' could have been untrue. Still very strange and sad.

JULY 8, 2010 AT 10:41 PM

mike said...

Also told by Tom Waits
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zGci5Tlur9o

JULY 9, 2010 AT 6:24 AM

Anonymous said...

Search

Follow Blame it on the Voices on Twitter

POSTS OF NOTE

Before they were famous
Made in China: Chinese Car Replicas
Sand sculptures
Spanish Horse Wrestling Festival
If Walls Could Speak
The Moment After the Show
Children's Books: The Policeman
Chewing Gum Sculptures
Norwegian Prison
Silicone Implants for Tattoo Boobs
Stuff Women Really Need to Know About Men
The Difference Between Men and Women in a Conversation
Ian Spector's The Truth About Chuck Norris
Frog Juice
Hello Kitty M16
The Turkish Rambo

DHGate.com
Online shopping for Wholesale T-Shirts and China products

THE LINKS

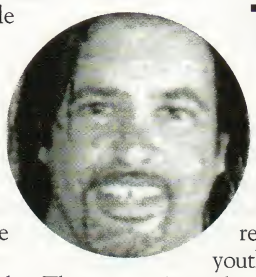
amy oops
eat liver
teh cute
szanalmas
joanne casey
the daily what
funny pictures
rofl zoo
web omelette
cerp cerk
thank god for dogs
bits and pieces
cynical-c
wanna smile
funny gifs

A MEMORABLE LOVE

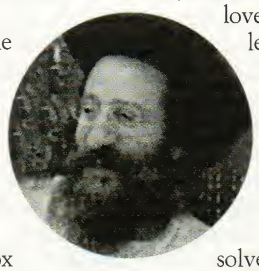
Woman's long-lost letter prompts small rush of possible former boyfriends

THE DANIELS: The Sebags (above), and (below, top to bottom) Los Angeles Daniel, rabbi Daniel and Paris Daniel.

MAJA AHLGREN, 38, IS A HAIRDRESSER from Kungsängen, north of Stockholm in Sweden, divorced with a son. In 1982 she visited Paris and fell in love with a boy of her age, who promised to write but never did, or so she thought until she got his letter in early November 2002, 20 years late. It was postmarked 28 October 1982, and was correctly addressed to her parents' home, where she lived when she was 18. She was a trifle bitter about the love letter's delay, suggesting her life might have taken a different turn had it been delivered on time. "I want to know where it has been for more than half my life," she said.



The Swedish newspaper *Expressen* tried to find Maja's lost love. His name was Daniel Sebag, and he said in the letter that he wished to visit Los Angeles. The paper found a Frenchman in that city called Daniel Sebag. "It looks like him," said Maja when she saw his picture, "but he used to have curly hair." However, the man didn't remember Maja, nor did he recall writing the letter, although he did not exclude the possibility. He said he was ready to come to Sweden to clear things up.



Then another Daniel Sebag appeared. He had become an orthodox Jew and will soon become a rabbi. He moved to London, where he is married for the second time and has 11 children. Maja didn't recognise him ("perhaps because his hat and beard cover half his face"), but he immediately recognised her. "Of course I recognise Maja," he said. He also remembered the letter: "I have often wondered why she did not reply, but now I understand." He invited her to visit him and his family in London.

How many Sebags would remember that they wrote the letter?

Then Daniel Sebag number three turned up, still living in Paris. "Yes, I wrote the letter, but when I got no reply I assumed she didn't want to hear from me," he said. Maja also recognised him – but he was not the youth she fell in love with, but his friend. According to this version of the story, after 20 years Maja had forgotten the name of her Paris love, but took for granted he was the letter-writer. Instead his friend, who had secretly fallen in love with her, wrote the letter that entered postal limbo. Daniel Sebag III is now married to someone called Nadine ("She looks almost like me!" said Maja), and has three children.

Expressen declared the mystery solved and the case closed. But as Sven Rosén, *FT*'s correspondent in Sweden, says: "Why stop here? After all, the interesting question is not who wrote the letter, but how many Sebags it would have been possible to find remembering that they wrote the letter. Two out of three is an intriguing figure, especially considering that the Sebag who did not remember did not exclude the possibility he was her lost love." *Expressen, 7+11+15+20 Nov 2002.*

Barrow 'vampire bite' man jailed for 999 calls

Last updated at 16:24, Thursday, 23 August 2012

http://www.nwemail.co.uk/news/vampire-bite-man-jailed-for-calls-1.988583?referrerPath=news/

A PERSISTENT crank caller who claimed to have been bitten by a vampire after drunkenly dialling 999 has been jailed.

FOUND GUILTY: Michael Alfred Shepherd

The reasons Michael Alfred Shepherd gave for the calls ranged from nose bleeds to vomiting blood.

Shepherd confessed to "eating drugs" and having an alcohol problem but said he made the calls from genuine fears for his health.

He was found guilty of persistently using a public communication network to cause annoyance, inconvenience or anxiety following his trial in Furness Magistrates' Court yesterday.

Shepherd, 35, of Egerton Court, made 25 calls to the North West Ambulance Service from January 14 to April 6. On February 6 Shepherd made a drunken call after taking diazepam and told operators he had toothache.

He dialled 999 at 1.46am on February 20 claiming he had been bitten by a vampire and needed treatment for alcohol dependency.

Mr Nigel Beeson, prosecuting, said: "On one occasion he said 'I want help for alcohol dependency and I have been bitten by a vampire'."

On March 24 Shepherd dialled 999 at around 8.45pm and asked for an ambulance. He said he could not walk. When paramedics arrived, Shepherd walked down a stairwell and it was noted he smelled of alcohol. He was taken to Furness General Hospital but he left before being treated.

At 2.20am on March 25 he again dialled 999 and police were dispatched due to the way he behaved towards paramedics on a previous visit, where they confiscated his phone. When asked by police why he left hospital before being treated, he told them: "Because I had to look after my hamster."

The court heard Shepherd said: "I am an alcoholic, well I'm not an alcoholic but I do like a drink.

"When you wake in the middle of the night, on your own, and you're coughing up blood what would you do?"

The court heard Shepherd had two previous convictions for making nuisance calls to the 999 number and had served 12 weeks and eight weeks in jail for the convictions.

When asked why he made the calls Shepherd said: "Because of my drinking. I felt that I needed medical attention."

Shepherd was also sentenced for threatening to break a window in Furness Magistrates' Court in order to get arrested and being drunk and disorderly at CADAS drug and alcohol centre in Barrow. He pleaded guilty to both offences.

Mr Jim Dunn, presiding magistrate, sentenced Shepherd to 126 days for making nuisance calls and 42 days for making threats to cause criminal damage.

An ASBO has been imposed for five years, preventing Shepherd from causing a nuisance at Furness General Hospital or its premises or remaining on hospital property after being asked to leave by police or hospital staff.

First published at 16:12, Thursday, 23 August 2012
Published by http://www.nwemail.co.uk

Abatwa

Fairies/pixies

Nomads

Origins- Zulu (South Africa)

The Abatwa a race of very small tiny fairies ride on ants and live amongst them. They were born when the nature spirit Vash'Nok cried and his tears fell to the earth. The tears burst and formed into this diminutive little people.

The Abatwa are very shy seclusive and can only be seen by children, pregant women and magic prationers.

The Abatwa are highly skilled hunters and warriors, they wield poisionous darts and arrows to protect themselves because of their size and if you were to step on one it could be a possible death sentence for you.

Accused Spy Is Freed For Lack of Evidence

By Rick Bromer

During the First Battle of Kernstown, fought in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia on March 23, 1862, Union intelligence officers learned that Isabella "Belle" Boyd had been spying on their army. The seventeen-year-old girl had been sending information about Union troop movements to Major General "Stonewall" Jackson of the Confederate army. After the battle, a warrant was issued for Boyd's arrest.

Isabella "Belle" Boyd.

[illegible] obtained a safe-conduct pass from Union Brigadier General James Shields, the fifty-two-year-old commander of the First Division, at the same time that the general's provost marshall was signing the warrant for her arrest. Boyd did not describe her meeting with the general, who was off-duty when she met him. With a broken arm in a cast, Shields was recuperating from wounds that he had suffered on March 22, when he had been struck by Confederate shrapnel.

Shields had no authority to issue passes when Boyd obtained hers because, soon after being wounded, he had given command of his division to another officer, Colonel Nathan Kimball. When Boyd approached him, Shields must have been resting at some place where he was isolated from the headquarters of his former command.

Although Boyd never explained how she persuaded Shields to give her the pass, she had a knack for convincing men to do whatever she asked. She was tall, slim, and athletic, with a mane of red hair and a flamboyant personality. An enthusiastic amateur actress, she loved to sing, to read aloud, and to otherwise make herself a center of attention.

She came from one of the more prosperous families of Martinsburg, Virginia (now West Virginia), and her personal possessions included a slave, several horses, and a wardrobe of expensive frocks that she wore with an air of strutting self-confidence. Her face was not especially pretty, and one young woman of her acquaintance complained frequently in a diary that Boyd was annoyingly loud and pushy, but most men found the young spy delightful.

After General Shields authorized her pass, Boyd went with her slave, Eliza Hopewell, to the Winchester railroad station. They tried to board a train bound for Martinsburg but were halted by a Union officer in a captain's uniform.

In her autobiography, Boyd recalled:

> He walked straight up to me and said:
>
> "Is this Miss Belle Boyd?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "I am the assistant provost, and I regret to say that orders have been issued for your detention, and it is my duty to inform you that you cannot proceed until your case has been investigated; so you will, if you please, get out, as the train is on the point of starting."
>
> "Sir," I replied, presenting him General Shields's pass, "here is a pass which I beg you will examine. You will find that it authorizes my maid and myself to pass on any road to Martinsburg."

The captain seemed astonished when he examined the pass, but after some reflection, he decided to go ahead and arrest Boyd. Leaving Hopewell on the train to Martinsburg, the Union officer marched Boyd to another train bound for Baltimore.

At Baltimore, Boyd was kept in confinement for one week, and then she was freed for lack of evidence. She went home to Martinsburg, where she celebrated her eighteenth birthday on May 9.

[illegible] visit some relatives who owned a hotel in Front Royal, Virginia. Night fell before the three women arrived at the Hotel Strickler, where they were surprised to find their hosts living in a small cottage on the hotel grounds. The main hotel building had become the headquarters of General Shields, who had resumed command of his division on April 30, when his surgeons judged that he had sufficiently recovered from his wound.

Boyd immediately set out to renew her acquaintance with the general. She wrote:

> We were glad enough to find ourselves at our journey's end, and to sit down to a comfortable dinner, for which fatigue and a long fast had sharpened our appetite. As soon as we had satisfied our hunger I sent in my card to General Shields, who promptly returned my missive in person.

Shields greeted Boyd cheerfully, and acted as if he had no idea that one of his own staff officers had recently arrested Boyd as a spy.

It is possible that Shields was ignorant of Boyd's arrest, or perhaps he did not take Boyd seriously as a spy because the charges against her had been dropped, and because of her youth, her sex, and her general air of playful good nature.

The conversation between Boyd and Shields had a bantering quality. Boyd wrote: "He was an Irishman, and endowed with all those graces of manner for which the better class of his countrymen are justly famous, nor was he devoid of the humor for which they are no less notorious."

When Boyd asked him for another safe-conduct pass, Shields refused, saying: "I dare not trust you to the tender mercies of old Jackson's army." He elaborated with a pun, saying the Confederate army of "Stonewall" Jackson had [illegible] Kernstown, Shields explained with a smirk. He added that Boyd would be free to travel wherever she pleased as soon as he finished annihilating Jackson's army, which might take a few days.

Boyd asked him how he planned to accomplish that and, to her astonishment, he dropped a few hints. She wrote:

> I am convinced he felt confident of immediate and complete success, or he would not have allowed some expressions to escape him which I turned to account. In short, he was completely off his guard, and forgot that a woman can sometimes listen and remember.

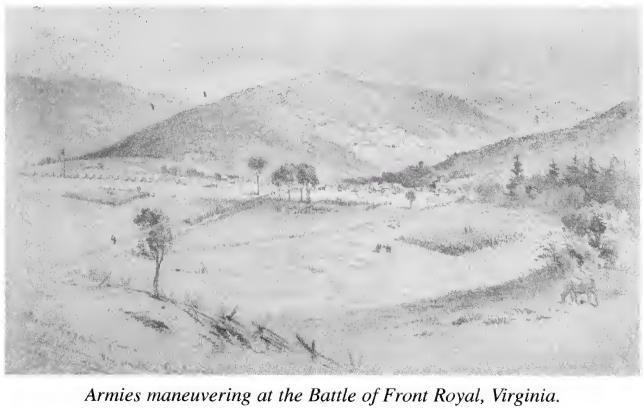
James Shields.

General Shields introduced me to the officers of his staff, two of whom were young Irishmen; and to one of these, Captain K., I am indebted for some very remarkable effusions, some withered flowers, and last, not least, for a great deal of very important information, which was carefully transmitted to my countrymen.

Shields and his staff continued to occupy the Hotel Strickler for several days after Boyd's arrival in Front Royal; then, on May 14 or 15, the general announced that he was about to depart "to whip Jackson," and that Boyd and her relatives could soon leave the cottage and move back into their hotel. Later that evening, Shields held a council of war in the drawing room of the apartment normally occupied by Boyd's aunt in the hotel.

Turner Ashby.

Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson.



Armies maneuvering at the Battle of Front Royal, Virginia.

Boyd, who had played in the hotel as a child, was aware that somebody had drilled a hole through the floor of a closet in a bedroom above that drawing room, apparently to spy on activities below. She wrote: "It occurred to me that I might turn the discovery to account; and, as soon as the council of war had assembled, I stole softly up-stairs, and, lying down on the floor of the closet, applied my ear to the hole, and found, to my great joy, I could distinctly hear the conversation that was passing below."

Boyd learned that Shields had lost track of Jackson's Confederate army, which was maneuvering in a very rapid and confusing way in the southwestern part of the Shenandoah Valley. Shields mistakenly believed that Jackson had left the valley and was marching east to participate in the defense of the Confederate capital of Richmond. Shields had therefore decided to leave the valley and take the bulk of his army east, leaving Front Royal very weakly defended.

Boyd wrote:

> The council prolonged their discussion for some hours; but I remained motionless and silent until the proceedings were brought to a conclusion, at one o'clock in the morning. As soon as the coast was clear I crossed the courtyard, and made the best of my way to my own room, and took down in cipher everything I had heard which seemed to me of any importance.

a servant, or make any disturbance at that hour, would excite the suspicions of the Federals by whom I was surrounded; accordingly I went straight to the stables myself, saddled my horse, and galloped away in the direction of the mountains.

As a member of the Confederate secret courier service, Boyd reported to Colonel Turner Ashby, the leader of Stonewall Jackson's cavalry. Since her spymaster changed location frequently, she did not know exactly where she would find him. She wrote:

> After a scamper of about fifteen miles, I found myself at the door of Mr. M.'s house. All was still and quiet: not a light was to be seen. I did not lose a moment in springing from my horse; and, running up the steps, I knocked at the door with such vehemence that the house re-echoed with the sound.
>
> It was not until I had repeated my summons, at intervals of a few seconds, for some time, that I heard the response, "Who is there?" given in a sharp voice from a window above. . . .
>
> "Belle Boyd. I have important intelligence to communicate to Colonel Ashby: is he here?"
>
> "No; but wait a minute: I will come down."
>
> The door was opened, and Mrs. M. drew me in, and exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment "My dear, where did you come from? and how on earth did you get here?"
>
> . . . "I have no time to tell the how, and the why, and the wherefore. I must see Colonel Ashby without the loss of a minute: tell me where he is to be found."
>
> Upon hearing that his party was a quarter of a mile farther up the wood, I turned to depart in search of them, and was in the very act of remounting when a door on my right was thrown open, and revealed Colonel Ashby himself, who could not conceal his surprise at seeing me standing before him.
>
> "Good God! Miss Belle, is this you? Where did you come from? Have you dropped from the clouds? Or am I dreaming?"
>
> I first convinced him he presence was substantial and of the earth—not a visionary emanation from the world of spirits—then, without farther circumlocution, I proceeded to narrate all I had overheard in the closet, of which I have before made mention. I gave him the cipher, and started on my return.
>
> I arrived safely at my aunt's house, after a two hours' ride, in the course of which I "ran the blockade" of a sleeping sentry, who awoke to the sound of my horse's hoofs just in time to see me disappear round an abrupt turning, which shielded me from the bullet he was about to send after me.
>
> . . . A few days afterwards General Shields marched south, laying a trap, as he supposed, to catch "poor old Jackson and his demoralized army," leaving behind him, to occupy Front Royal, one squadron of cavalry, one field battery, and the 1st Maryland Regiment of Infantry.

Jackson's entire Confederate army, meanwhile, marched rapidly toward Front Royal to attack the outnumbered federals who remained there. On May 23 Boyd was sitting at a window, theatrically reading aloud from a book to her grandmother and cousin, when Confederate advance units surprised the Union pickets south of town.

Boyd ran to the door. She wrote:

> The streets were thronged with Yankee soldiers, hurrying about in every direction in the greatest confusion.
>
> I asked a Federal officer, who just then happened to be passing by, what was the matter. He answered that the Confederates were approaching the town in force, under Generals Jackson and Ewell, that they had surprised and captured the outside pickets, and had actually advanced within a mile of the town, without the attack being even suspected.
>
> "Now," he added, "we are endeavoring to get the ordnance and the quartermaster's stores out of their reach."
>
> "But what will you do," I asked, "with the stores in the large depot?"
>
> "Burn them, of course!"
>
> "But suppose the rebels come upon you too quickly?"
>
> "Then we will fight as long as we can by any possibility show a front, and in the event of defeat make good our retreat upon Winchester, burning the bridges as soon as we cross them, and finally effect a junction with General Banks's force."

Boyd returned to the Strickler Hotel, went upstairs, and saw through her opera glasses a force of Confederates less than a mile from town. She wrote out some information about the positions of the Union defenders in town and within a fifty-mile radius.

Boyd wrote:

> I again went down to the door, and this time I observed, standing about in groups, several men who had always professed attachment to the cause of the South. I demanded if there was one among them who would venture to carry to General Jackson the information I possessed. They all with one accord said, "No, no. You go."
>
> . . . I put on a white sun-bonnet, and started at a run down the street, which was thronged with Federal officers and men. I soon cleared the town and gained the open fields, which I traversed with unabated speed, hoping to escape observation until such time as I could make good my way to the Confederate line, which was still rapidly advancing.
>
> I had on a dark blue dress, with a little fancy white apron over it; and this contrast of colors, being visible at a great distance, made me far more conspicuous than was just then agreeable.

Bullets kicked up dust around Boyd, and artillery shells fired by both armies whistled overhead from opposite directions. She wrote:

> At length a Federal shell struck the ground within twenty yards of my feet; and

the explosion, of course, sent the fragments flying, in every direction around me. I had, however, just time to throw myself flat upon the ground before the deadly engine burst; and again Providence spared my life.

Springing up when the danger was passed, I pursued my career, still under a heavy fire. I shall never run again as I ran on that, to me, memorable day. . . . I often marvel and even shudder when I reflect how I cleared the fields and bounded over the fences with the agility of a deer.

As I neared our line I waved my bonnet to our soldiers, to intimate that they should press forward, upon which one regiment, the 1st Maryland "rebel" Infantry, and Hay's Louisiana Brigade, gave me a loud cheer, and, without waiting for further orders, dashed upon the town at a rapid pace.

They did not then know who I was, and they were naturally surprised to see a woman on the battlefield, and on a spot, too, where the fire was so hot. Their shouts of approbation and triumph rang in my ears for many a day afterwards, and I still hear them not infrequently in my dreams.

Having reached safety, Boyd knelt to say a prayer. She wrote:

> I . . . and from [illegible] position, and from [illegible] a short distance, when, to my unspeakable, indescribable joy, I caught sight of the main body fast approaching; and soon an old friend and connection of mine, Major Harry Douglas, rode up, and, recognizing me, cried out, while he seized my hand—
>
> "Good God, Belle, you here! What is it?"
>
> "Oh, Harry," I gasped out, "give me time to recover my breath."
>
> For some seconds I could say no more; but, as soon as I had sufficiently recovered myself, I produced the "little note," and told him all, urging him to hurry on the cavalry, with orders to them to seize the bridges before the retreating Federals should have time to destroy them.
>
> He instantly galloped off to report to General Jackson, who immediately rode forward, and asked me if I would have an escort and a horse wherewith to return to the village. I thanked him, and said, "No; I would go as I came."

Jackson won a lopsided victory at Front Royal, where his Confederates captured six hundred and ninety-one federal soldiers. He followed up his success with a series of fast maneuvers and surprise attacks in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, which runs in a northeasterly direction between the Appalachian Mountains to its west and the Blue Ridge Mountains to its east.

Jackson's "Valley Campaign" alarmed officials of the United States government, who feared that he intended to use the valley as a hidden corridor through which he could march northeast, concealed by emerging to launch a surprise attack from the northwest on Washington, D.C. Jackson's forces never totaled more than seventeen thousand men, but his menacing presence in the Shenandoah Valley caused President Lincoln to divert fifty thousand troops from General George B. McClellan's attack on the Confederate capital of Richmond, Virginia, which failed.

Jackson felt very grateful to Boyd for her contribution to his success. He arranged for her to receive a captain's commission in the Confederate army, and he made sure that she was awarded the Southern Cross of Honor medal.

In addition, on the afternoon of his victory at Front Royal, Jackson sent her a note that read:

> May 23rd, 1862.
> MISS BELLE BOYD,
> I thank you, for myself and for the army, for the immense service that you have rendered your country to-day.
> Hastily, I am your Friend,
> T. J. JACKSON, C.S.A."

Boyd later wrote: "This short note, which was written at Mr. Richards' house, very near Front Royal, was brought to me by a courier, and I am free to confess I value it far beyond anything I possess in the world."

SOURCES

Boyd, Belle. *Belle Boyd In Camp and Prison. vol. 1.* London: Sanders, Otley, and Co., 1865.

Sigaud, Louis A. *Belle Boyd, Confederate Spy.* Richmond, Virginia: Dietz Press, 1944.

Belle Boyd in middle age, when she worked as an actress.

AIRLINE LOSES WOMAN

Joe Dabney, 63, a retired taxi driver, has sued American airlines for $10 million for losing his 70-year-old wife Margie, who suffers from Alzheimer's disease and diabetes. The Dabneys were travelling home to Bakersfield, California, after visiting their daughter in Indianapolis on 5 December when they changed planes at Dallas-Fort Worth Airport in Texas. The pair had arranged to be escorted off the aircraft and taken to their connecting flight by airline staff, but while Mr Dabney (who had just undergone hip surgery) was being wheeled off to a lavatory, Mrs Dabney disappeared. The aircrew knew she needed help as she was wearing a special tag and had to be taken back to her seat at one point during the flight when she tried to open the door of the plane in mid-air.

Mrs Dabney never emerged from the gate into the terminal. Airline officials launched a gate-by-gate search but drew a blank. Two to three hours later, a pilot reported that a "black woman" was wandering around on the airport tarmac, but again she could not be found. Four days later, bloodhounds were dispatched to track down Mrs Dabney's scent at the airport. The trail led to a service road where it then disappeared, leading Mr Dabney to conclude that she had been picked up by car. Five months later, she was still missing. *NY Post, Sun, 20 April; Adelaide Advertiser, Gold Coast (Queensland) Bulletin, 30 April 2002.*

BBC NEWS

Albino victim evicted from safe-house

By Erick David Nampesya
BBC Swahili service, Ngara, Tanzania

One year ago, Mariam Staford Bandaba, an albino woman living in Tanzania, was viciously attacked by a machete-wielding gang who tried to kill her and sell her remains for witchcraft.

She escaped with her life, but only just.

The attackers chopped off one of her hands - the other had to be amputated in hospital, where she spent weeks recovering from her horrific injuries.

Traumatised, Ms Staford Bandaba then took the brave step of identifying her attackers.

She was taken to a safe-house where she lived under government protection.

But the government recently decided she could no longer live there, leaving the 28-year-old fearing for her safety.

The administrative officer in the village where she was re-housed, Erasmus Rugarabamu, told the BBC Swahili service that the situation had improved and no albinos had been killed in her home village in the north-western Kagera region in the past year.

The decision by the authorities comes just a few weeks after a court sentenced three men to death for the murder of an albino boy.

Albino murders

Ms Staford Bandaba is one of thousands of people with albinism who live in fear in Tanzania.

Her harrowing tale has become commonplace in a country where 53 albinos are believed to have been murdered in the past two years.

Albinos, who are pale because of a lack of pigment in their skin, have been routinely killed because witchdoctors say that potions made with their body parts will bring good fortune in love, life and business to those who use them.

The killings have also spread to neighbouring Burundi where at least 12 people have been murdered.

The victims were mutilated and their body parts are believed to have been sold in Tanzania to make potions.

One man was sentenced to death and eight others were jailed in Burundi earlier this year.

Ms Staford Bandaba's alleged attackers have been caught in north-western Tanzania, the region where the vast majority of the murders have been carried out.

Tears

The story of her eviction caught the attention of a businessman who has agreed to let her and her mother live in a room in his house for a year.

But after that she has no idea what will happen to her.

Before moving out of the safe house, she told me that she broke down in tears when the district

commissioner told her the news.

"I can't imagine what will happen. What I did in front of him was just start crying."

> " **I was born an albino, but my attackers have made me disabled** "
> Mariam

She is even more upset because it is not just her who had to leave.

Her father and four siblings who were taking care of her and feeding her were also evicted.

They have had no choice but to return to the village where she was so brutally attacked.

Her father, Staford Bandaba, admitted he was very anxious about reprisal attacks being carried out on his family.

"Those who are responsible, all their relatives are still living there in the village, and those released from prison, are still living where we were living. So how can we stay there?"

But Mr Rugarabamu defended the government's decision.

"Some of the attackers were found not guilty, so we can't keep them in prison, so they will be allowed to return to the village according to the law. But those found guilty are still in prison awaiting their fate."

That is little comfort for Ms Staford Bandaba's father.

Now that she no longer has government protection, "We are worried that they will finish her off."

And he is not the only one who thinks that could happen.

Condemnation

"Albinos are still being hunted and we don't yet know how to solve the problem," one local resident says.

"We cannot understand this decision."

"The government only seems to be doing half its duty. They started well and they should continue to help Mariam get a permanent house which will be safe," another person tells me.

President Jakaya Kikwete has said the albino murders have brought shame to Tanzania and his government has taken steps to identify and prosecute the perpetrators.

In March thousands of people took part in an exercise to identify those they suspected of being involved, by filling in forms anonymously.

The authorities have also issued a ban on all traditional healers, and several people have been arrested.

The government has now given Ms Staford Bandaba a plot of land to build a house away from her village.

But she says she has no money for the construction work, leaving her feeling abandoned at a time when she needs the help most.

"I was born an albino," she says. "But my attackers have made me disabled. I am begging all Tanzanians to kindly keep on helping me, because my situation is now worse. I have no hands."

Fortunately, a local businessman has heard her plea.

But in a year's time, Ms Staford Bandaba will once again be faced with the prospect of having to return to the village where she was nearly killed.

BRISTOL ZOO GARDENS/MARTIN CHAINEY

ALBINO PENGUIN

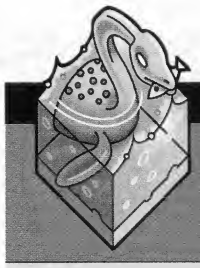
Snowdrop the African penguin caused quite a shock when he hatched out at Bristol Zoo Gardens at the beginning of November 2002. For in stark contrast to all of his famously black-and-white brethren at the zoo, he was totally white. And, when he opened his eyes, they were pink – thereby confirming Snowdrop to be not merely the first albino penguin seen in Britain, but the first born in captivity anywhere in the world, and with only a couple of sightings of wild albino penguins on record from Snowdrop's native South Africa. *D.Mail, 14 Dec 2002.*

IT'S CLAWS...

Caught by a local fisherman off Anglesey who must have thought he was seeing triple, Clarissa is an edible crab whose palatability is destined never to be tested, thanks to an eye-catching accessory.

Not content with inflicting painful nips using the traditional crustacean complement of two claws, Clarissa is additionally equipped with a third claw – a sight so strange that this maritime curio was duly deposited at Anglesey Sea Zoo, where it now resides on display. *Wolverhampton Express and Star, 8 Aug 2002.*

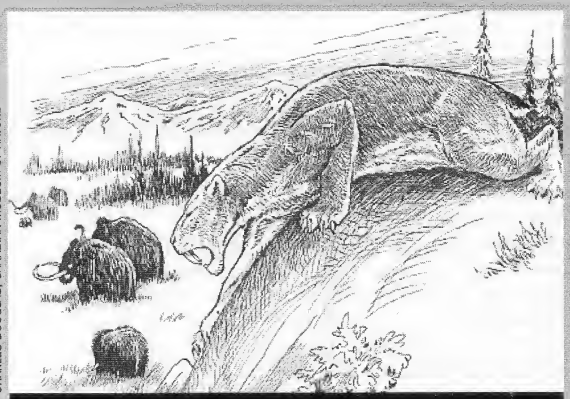
WWW.EYEPORT.CO.UK



alien zoo

DR KARL SHUKER on a mysterious Hawaiin feline, India's mutant crocodiles, sea serpents photographed and an unusual celebration in Florida's Everglades

Enigmatic cats



CHARLES DOUGLAS, CANADIAN MUSEUM OF NATURE

NOT SO LONG IN THE TOOTH: *Homotherium latidens*.

A MIAOWING MYSTERY ON MAUI?

Although ABC reports have regularly emerged for decades from most states of the USA, such activity in Hawaii has tended to be conspicuous by its absence – but no longer. Since December 2002, several sightings of a dark-furred, large-headed, long-tailed feline mystery beast said to be at least as large as a Labrador dog have been reported in the lower Olinda area of Maui.

Accordingly, being well aware of the danger that this creature may pose to the island's endemic fauna (not to mention humans and livestock?), attempts to capture it using two large box traps are now underway, involving the state's Department of Land & Natural Resources. Interestingly, this is not the first such ABC flap in the Hawaiian archipelago. A mystery cat was sighted leaping from a ditch onto a road on Kaui in May 1984 but was never captured; a suspected puma was sought but again eluded capture in the hills above Aina Haina in February 1988 – where, four months later, a large white felid was also reported; and in August 1993 a big tawny wildcat was spied by locals in Palolo Valley. *Honolulu Star-Bulletin, 14 & 17 June 2003.*

LATE SURVIVAL

The extraordinary scimitar cat *Homotherium latidens* is traditionally deemed to have become extinct in Europe around 300,000 years ago. However, as I noted in my book *Mystery Cats of the World* (1989), there is some enigmatic iconographical evidence to suggest that it still survived as late, geologically speaking, as 30,000 years ago. Now, moreover, there is palæontological back-up for this prospect. As revealed in a newly-published paper by Jelle Reumer and colleagues, in March 2000 a partial lower jaw of *H. latidens* was trawled from an area southeast of the Brown Bank in the North Sea by the fishing vessel *UK33*.

Radiocarbon analysis dated it to 28,000 ago, roughly the same age as the iconographical items, which most notably include a small statuette found in 1896 inside Isturitz cave, southwestern France. *Journal of Paleontology, vol. 23, #1 (2003).*

SHORTS

ALBINO CROCODILES

The creeks of India's Bhitarkanika Wildlife Sanctuary are deemed by naturalists to be the ideal habitat for estuarine crocodiles – which is just as well, because at least 12 albino specimens have recently been discovered there.

Prior to that remarkable find, according to local wildlife officials, only two white individuals of this species had ever been recorded from Asia, and one of those was born in captivity. Albino animals, on account of their conspicuous appearance, often fare poorly in the wild, but as most of these albino crocodiles are female, it seems likely that the mutant gene responsible for them will persist in this population. *NewWindPress.com 5 June 2003.*

SKUNK APE CELEBRATIONS

The first Everglades Skunk Ape Festival, held on 14 June 2003 at Trail Lakes Campground in Ochopee, Florida, was a great success, and was held in honour of Bill Mitchell. He in turn had launched the first-ever skunk ape festival 25 years earlier, commemorating a tourist's earlier encounter with Florida's most reclusive (and odiferous) inhabitant. *Naples (Florida) Daily News, 15 June 2003.*

Sea serpent snap

One of the most controversial photos of an alleged sea monster was snapped during the 1960s off Hook Island in Queensland's Great Barrier Reef by Robert le Serrec, depicting what looks somewhat like a colossal tadpole, but which certain investigators have dismissed as a hoax. Since the 1960s, the whereabouts of le Serrec have remained as mysterious as the identity of the object in his photo, but recently GUST (Global Underwater Search Team), the organisation headed by crypto-zoologist Jan-Ove Sundberg, located him. Aged 75, le Serrec now lives in Asia, and GUST is hoping to interview him in the near future. *Terry W. Colvin, forteana@yahoogroups.com 1 June 2003.*

Pitta bred?

The last confirmed sighting of Gurney's pitta, a small, multicoloured species of ground-dwelling bird, occurred in 1952, and in 1985 it was finally classed as extinct – only for it to be rediscovered alive and well in Thailand a year later. Nevertheless, it has remained gravely endangered, with just 30 wild specimens known from one small area in that country. Now, however, a team of conservationists

drawn from a combination of different societies has announced the very welcome discovery of specimens in four additional sites – but in Burma (Myanmar) rather than Thailand. This is the first record of Gurney's pitta in Burma for 89 years, but these newly located specimens are currently threatened with the risk of habitat loss due to forest clearance for logging. *http://ens-news.com/jun2003/2003-06-06-01.asp 6 June 2003.*

Reports of witches and ghosts were among the emergency calls Devon and Cornwall Police attended in the past three years.

Thirty-five reports citing various mythical beasts or extra-terrestrial activity were made since 2010, with officers investigating 18.

The police federation called for a public debate to discuss priorities and the screening of calls.

Police said they "graded every call according to risk to life".

Officers attended reports including:

- A customer refusing to leave a premises in Torquay shouting she was possessed by a ghost
- Witchcraft in Redruth which had been "going on for months"
- A man in Saltash who thought a caller was the ghost of Christmas past.

Officers gave "words of advice" to someone claiming he was an alien from another planet.

The details, released in a freedom of information request, revealed that a person who thought they were a werewolf and told the force they wanted to go running on the moors, refused assistance.

Reports which officers did not attend included a man who said ghosts were sitting on his living room chair.

Nigel Rabbitts, chair of Devon and Cornwall Police Federation, said it had "continually raised concerns about demand versus resources", need for "investment and training of staff who take the calls" and managing the public's expectations.

He said: "There should be a public debate as to what the public see as a priority, how resources should be distributed and what percentag calls for service should be screened out."

A police spokesperson said: "While we would always encourage the public to call the police if they have a genuine cause or need, we wou ask that anyone thinks very carefully before making an emergency call as a joke or prank."

Ghost tours at Allensworth by candlelight

STAFF REPORTS • OCTOBER 26, 2009

Print this page E-mail this article Share

On Halloween night, Colonel Allensworth State Historic Park will hold a candlelight ghost tour of the old town of Allensworth.

While walking, visitors will get to hear stories of unexplained noises and strange happenings that occur in and around the historic buildings. New evidence will be shared by the Porterville Ghost Society along with stories that deal with the paranormal.

Tours for anyone that is interested, tours will begin at 8:00 pm and continue every hour with the last tour at midnight. The tours will last approximately 45 minutes.

The cost is $3.00 per person; children 12 and under are free. Warm clothing is strongly advised as well as good walking shoes and flashlights.

For question or more information contact Steve Ptomey at 661-849-4012 or by email at sptomey@parks.ca.gov

In Your Voice | READ REACTIONS TO THIS STORY

Newest first

characters left

Submit

Related Topics

- **Sports** - Outdoor Recreation, Walking

Contextual linking provided by Topix

More News Headlines

Pixley teen not guilty by reason of insanity in grandmother's murder (6)

Downtown Visalia buildings being renovated to make way for mixed use of residential, commercial units (11)

Tulare ordinance means youngsters don't need license to sell beverages (18)

Tulare hairstylist thrilled by international competition

Crimeline: Two Tulare teens injured in shooting

Most Recommended Articles

Police ID Tulare man who was killed by officer (32)

Tom Fife/Point: U.S. must win in Afghanistan (7)

Rangers bring the wood, stifle Trailblazers (5)

Country-western restaurant to open Friday in south Tulare (3)

Tulare native competes in world hairstyling contest (3)

Most Commented Articles

Porterville officer fires fatal shot in front of Tulare gym (162)

Police ID Tulare man who was killed by officer (68)

UPDATE: Porterville officer fatally shot man in Tulare during anti-car theft patrol Tuesday night at Evolutions Fitness & Rehab (61)

UPDATE: Man shot and killed by Porterville officer had criminal record (55)

45-day moratorium placed on Visalia medical-marijuana dispensaries (36)

Partners: Jobs: CareerBuilder.com Cars: Cars.com Apartments: Apartments.com Shopping: ShopLocal.com Homes: Homefinder.com Dating: eHarmony

Home | News | Entertainment | Sports | Living | Weather | Voices & Views | Obituaries | More Online | Video | Classifieds | Customer Service | Site Map

Terms of Service | Privacy Policy | Contact Us | About Us | Subscribe

Copyright ©2009

Use of this site signifies your agreement to the Terms of Service and Privacy Policy , updated March 2009.

NEW JERSEY **Jefferson:** Reports of a 16-foot-long exotic snake, possibly an anaconda, slithering through Lake Hopatcong have stoked fears among residents.

Anansi

AKA: Ananse, Kwaku Ananse, Aunt Nancy, Nanzi

Origin: West Africa (more than likely Ghana)

History:

Anansi is an African trickster god. The word 'trickster' alone should already give hints to how he is as a god. But he is also a Creator God, having created rain, day and night. He is as wise as he is clever. And, in case you couldn't tell by the image, he was a spider god, being able to morph into a spider and a normal looking human being. In some stories, he is the son of Nyame, the sky god, who got so annoyed with his son that he turned him into a spider.

Speaking of Nyame, there's a story that explains how stories came to be. Once, there were no stories in the entire world, because Nyame hoarded them all. Anansi didn't like this so he went to ask Nyame to let him have the stories to share. Nyame agreed but wanted Onini the Python, Osebo (leopard), Mmoboro Hornets, and the dwarf Mmoatia in exchange.

So Anansi set out to collect them by using his sly and tricky nature. He tricked the python into tying himself on a branch, the leopard was caught in his webs when Anansi offered to help him out a hole (which he dug), convinced the hornets that it was raining and the only shelter was this calabash he carried with him, and he got the dwarf stuck to a doll covered with sticky gum.

As promised, Nyame bestowed him the title of God of Stories. A title that he is most known for. In fact, a collection of stories and fables are called anansesem (spider tales).

West Africa isn't the only place you can hear about Anansi. During the Slave Trade to the West Indies, the Africans who were taken as slaves kept his oral tradition alive. Countries like the United States, the Caribbean Islands, Colombia, Suriname, etc. has their own variation of Anansi. And as such, he became their symbol of resistance and freedom, telling stories of how Anansi could trick slave owners into granting freedom or humiliating them.

BBC News

Wiltshire vicar revives ancient archery law

15:05 GMT, Saturday, 12 June 2010 16:05 UK

Residents were rewarded for attending archery practice with a barbecue

A vicar has revived an ancient law to call members of her parish together for archery practice.

The Reverend Mary Edwards, of Collingbourne Ducis, near Marlborough, called residents to the village recreation ground on Friday.

Residents were rewarded for complying with the law with a bar, a barbecue and live music.

Church warden Mike Cox said: "It seems she's still entitled to do that."

"I've been checking on the web and most archery experts and clergy seem to agree she is," Mr Cox added.

"Though a lot of the laws were repealed, that particular one still stands so she's entitled to call the men of the village, and presumably the women and children too, to archery practice.

"Mary's always wanted to do it ever since she found out she could. It's been one of those hankering ambitions. It's sufficiently bizarre that you want to have a go at it."

Mrs Edwards said: "It's an unrepealed law from some time in the middle ages and I can call all the men - but I've extended it to all people - in the parish to archery practice.

"We are celebrating the building of a new loo in the church. After all these years we have at long last brought running water to the church."

BBC © MMX

The BBC is not responsible for the content of external internet sites.

203-Year-Old Grave Found In Couple's Front Yard

Exhumed Bones Believed To Be Those of Man Killed By Andrew Jackson In Duel

By Allen Forkum

When Jim and Laura Bowen bought their home at 216 Carden Avenue, they knew it was located in the historic Whitland subdivision. What they didn't know is that under the roots of a tree in their front yard lay not only a 203-year-old grave, but also remnants of prehistoric Native-American civilization.

Local historians Fletch Coke and Paul Clements have been working for years to solve the mystery of where Charles Dickinson is buried. Dickinson was killed in a famous 1806 duel with Andrew Jackson, one that could have greatly altered the course of history had Jackson died from his wound. How different would America have been without his victory at the Battle of New Orleans? Would there have been a Trail of Tears?

The cause of the duel has its own controversy (see page 5), but so does the outcome. Historians in Caroline County, Maryland, where Dickinson was born, claim that years after Dickinson's burial a loyal servant came to Tennessee, secretly dug up the remains of his former master, and returned with them to Maryland, where the remains were reburied.

"It's a rather far-fetched story," Clements said. Research and historical documents led him not to Maryland, but to the Bowen's front yard.

"There's the 1876 Chancery Court map. It's marked 'Dickinson's Grave,' and you can see it relative to the location of the Peach Blossom house, the home of Joseph Erwin, Dickinson's father-in-law," Clements explained. "A 1927 subdivision map shows an 'X' on top of the Carden Avenue lot. Deeds say the lot contained a burial ground. That's why we looked there."

Archaeologist Dan Allen was eventually engaged to find the grave, and he thinks he's succeeded.

"I'm fairly certain it is Dickinson's grave," Allen said after the August 11 discovery. "As I excavated down to it, there was no evidence that anybody prior to me had dug down to it to remove his body. The coffin nails were where they should be if the coffin had just deteriorated in place. And the nails and a single screw found in the grave date to the 1806 period."

The wooden coffin has long since rotted away, leaving a coffin-shaped area containing two small bone fragments, which Allen believes are finger phalanges. There had been hopes of uncovering something more substantial, perhaps even the bullet that killed Dickinson, but there were no other remains found.

"I've excavated other graves from this same period, the 1800 to 1810 period, and I've rarely found any skeletal remains in them," said Allen, who specializes in moving historic graves. "Because the coffin nails were still there, I know the coffin was never moved. If a manservant dug him up and moved him to Maryland, he didn't take the coffin."

What if only the body had been removed and some fingers fell off?

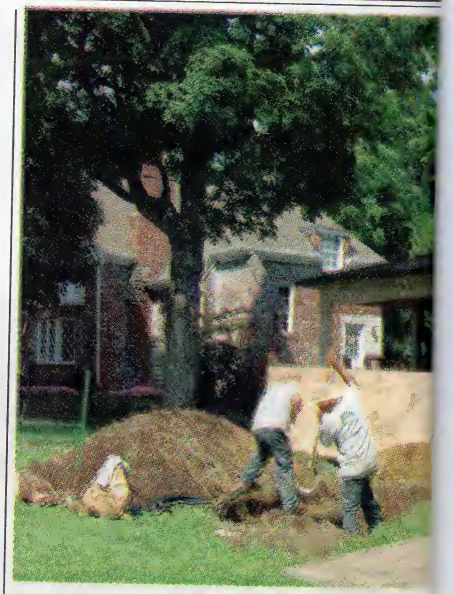
"These two fingers were where you would expect them to be if the hands were crossed over the pelvis," Allen said. He said that position, along with the hands being by the sides, are the most common.

Allen is presently having the soil's acidity level tested. A high level of acidity could explain the absence of more skeletal remains. He called the finger remains a "fluke of preservation."

Allen is also consulting forensic anthropologists to determine if DNA testing of the bone fragments would be worthwhile. Results could be matched to living descendants of Dickinson. But such testing is expensive and could possibly destroy the fragments, he said. In the end, they could end up with no DNA results at all.

"I'd be extremely surprised if it wasn't Dickinson," Clements said. "I think it's him. It's what's left. The best thing would have been to find a pristine skeleton with shiny molars and a bullet right where it should have been, along with a metal box full of 'Why I Hate Andrew Jackson' letters. But that's not the reality."

Along with the evidence Allen listed, Clements added the hexagonal shape of the coffin. "It was not just a rectangular box thrown into the ground," he said. "The hexagonal coffin is sophisticated for the time. It would have been incredibly unlikely for a socially promi-



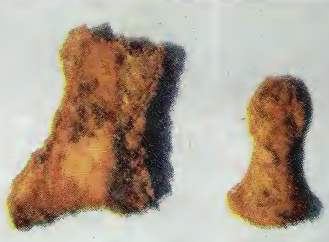


Photo Quiz: Who are they?

Grave Found Front Yard

ed To Be Those of Jackson In Duel

," Allen said after the August scovery. "As I excavated down there was no evidence that any- prior to me had dug down to it to ve his body. The coffin nails were e they should be if the coffin had eteriorated in place. And the nails a single screw found in the grave o the 1806 period."

e wooden coffin has long since d away, leaving a coffin-shaped containing two small bone frag- s, which Allen believes are finger nges. There had been hopes of vering something more substan- perhaps even the bullet that killed nson, but there were no other ns found.

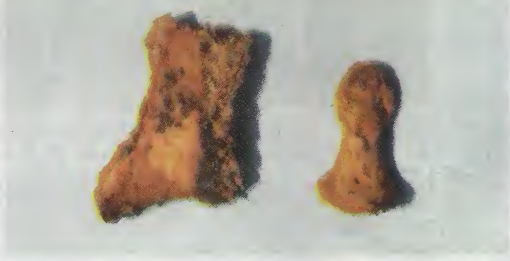
e excavated other graves from same period, the 1800 to 1810 d, and I've rarely found any skel- emains in them," said Allen, who alizes in moving historic graves. use the coffin nails were still . I know the coffin was never d. If a manservant dug him up and d him to Maryland, he didn't take ffin."

at if only the body had been ed and some fingers fell off?

ese two fingers were where you expect them to be if the hands crossed over the pelvis," Allen He said that position, along with nds being by the sides, are the common.

n is presently having the soil's level tested. A high level of acid- uld explain the absence of more al remains. He called the finger ns a "fluke of preservation."

n is also consulting forensic pologists to determine if DNA of the bone fragments would be while. Results could be matched g descendants of Dickinson. But testing is expensive and could ly destroy the fragments, he said. end, they could end up with no



Above, the dig in process at 216 Carden Avenue in West Nashville.

At left are the two bone fragments found in the grave, which archaeologist Dan Allen said are finger phalanges.

Below is the grave after it was excavated from under a tree stump.

(Photos by Paul Clements III)

DNA results at all.

"I'd be extremely surprised if it wasn't Dickinson," Clements said. "I think it's him. It's what's left. The best thing would have been to find a pristine skeleton with shiny molars and a bullet right where it should have been, along with a metal box full of 'Why I Hate Andrew Jackson' letters. But that's not the reality."

Along with the evidence Allen listed, Clements added the hexagonal shape of the coffin. "It was not just a rectangular box thrown into the ground," he said. "The hexagonal coffin is sophisticated for the time. It would have been incredibly unlikely for a socially promi-

surface I encountered prehistoric deposits," Allen said. The layer included large Native-American pottery sherds. "It was very disheartening to me because normally I'd be excited about hitting prehistoric stuff. But that's not what I was in the yard looking for. I was looking for Mr. Dickinson. The prehistoric stuff was confounding." He said the deposits dated from between AD 1250 and AD 1450.

But they kept digging at the base of the stump and eventually found fragments of "cut nails," the type used in coffins of the time. "The fact that these cut nails were a couple of feet below the prehistoric deposits meant that they

are they?

nent family, who was trying to put on their best face to the very large group of people who came to the funeral, not to put him in something as fine and as elaborate as they could."

This wasn't the first attempt to locate the grave. Last year, reporters were on hand when a different archaeological team dug up the Bowen's front yard, only to uncover a water pipe.

"It was a disappointment," Clements said. "But you don't stop fishing just because you didn't catch a fish."

For the latest effort, Allen took a different approach. He set aside data from ground-penetrating radar, avoided historical clues and followed his intuition. It eventually lead him underneath a tree stump, but not before meeting some challenges along the way.

"About two-and-a-half feet below the were part of that grave," Allen said.

The Parke Company, a local landscaping firm owned by Parke Brown, donated its services for the dig. They spent a laborious five hours removing the large stump, after which the grave was fully excavated.

Of the original burial Allen said, "They dug right through the deposits. When they threw the dirt back in, they threw all the prehistoric stuff back in, too."

Which is exactly what Allen will be doing; everything that has been removed for examination—sherds, soil, nails and bone fragments—will eventually be reburied in the same location.

In the meantime, the Bowen's have a large bare spot in their front yard where a tree used to be, and quite a bit of history to go with it.

Using hypnosis over anesthesia

By Josh Shaffer
The News & Observer (Raleigh, N.C.)

Bob Dick recently toughed his way through a 90-minute total knee replacement without the aid of anesthesia, choosing to stay awake through the chisel and the buzz of the electric saw.

When he reached Duke University Hospital, in Durham, N.C., he started breathing deeply, a signal for his body to relax. Next he held his thumb and forefinger together, imagining a walk around the pond at his home. Then he told himself, "Now it's safe to go into a comfortable learning trance."

So began Dick's surgery by hypnosis, which he describes as being so trouble-free that he hardly realized it happened. He had nerve-blockers reducing the pain throughout the surgery, but his deep relaxation techniques made "going under" a needless step.

"It's the closest thing to magic I know," said Dick, a 72-year-old psychologist. "I knew it was there. I just wasn't paying attention to it."

Dick's self-administered treatment is a rare but increasingly common alternative to general anesthesia, in which a patient is made unconscious through inhaled gases and intravenous drugs.

In 1957, Dr. William Saul Kroger demonstrated hypnosis on a breast cancer patient in New York, gaining notice in Time magazine.

In 2006, British television broadcast a patient having hernia

Dick decided to try the method he's long employed in his own practice.

"And I wanted to show off a little," he said.

The key comes from understanding what hypnosis is and isn't. Popular culture typically portrays the procedure being conducted as the patient watches a metronome, listening to a heavily accented doctor chant, "You are getting sleepy..."

But to Dick, hypnosis is something practiced everyday. A person engrossed in a movie or book is actually in a sort of trance. Someone meditating, praying or "zoning out" at work is using the same techniques that go into hypnosis.

As a young psychologist in the early 1970s, he studied for a week in Arizona with Milton Erickson, a psychiatrist who specialized in medical hypnosis. Rather than instructing patients with a direct order, he would offer suggestions, much like Dick's own: "Now it's safe to go into a comfortable learning trance."

In his own practice, he refers to it as an altered state of consciousness, an intense form of concentration that can change what the mind perceives. Also, he stresses that a patient can't be forced into a trance, only willingly led.

"I don't hypnotize people," Dick said. "I can't. I can't hypnotize anybody but myself."

He tried it during a colonoscopy, which didn't work as well because the doctor asked

started breathing deeply, a signal for his body to relax. Next he held his thumb and forefinger together, imagining a walk around the pond at his home. Then he told himself, "Now it's safe to go into a comfortable learning trance."

So began Dick's surgery by hypnosis, which he describes as being so trouble-free that he hardly realized it happened. He had nerve-blockers reducing the pain throughout the surgery, but his deep relaxation techniques made "going under" a needless step.

"It's the closest thing to magic I know," said Dick, a 72-year-old psychologist. "I knew it was there. I just wasn't paying attention to it."

Dick's self-administered treatment is a rare but increasingly common alternative to general anesthesia, in which a patient is made unconscious through inhaled gases and intravenous drugs.

In 1957, Dr. William Saul Kroger demonstrated hypnosis on a breast cancer patient in New York, gaining notice in Time magazine.

In 2006, British television broadcast a patient having hernia surgery without any drugs, lulled into his inner peace.

In April, Guinean singer Alama Kante sang her way through throat surgery to keep doctors from damaging her vocal chords — a feat aided by hypnosis.

While anesthesia is widely considered safe, it carries the small risk of stroke, heart attack and death, especially in older adults or those with a serious medical history, according to the Mayo Clinic.

With this in mind, and knowing that anesthesia can mean a longer time in the hospital and in recovery, tor chant, "You are getting sleepy..."

But to Dick, hypnosis is something practiced everyday. A person engrossed in a movie or book is actually in a sort of trance. Someone meditating, praying or "zoning out" at work is using the same techniques that go into hypnosis.

As a young psychologist in the early 1970s, he studied for a week in Arizona with Milton Erickson, a psychiatrist who specialized in medical hypnosis. Rather than instructing patients with a direct order, he would offer suggestions, much like Dick's own: "Now it's safe to go into a comfortable learning trance."

In his own practice, he refers to it as an altered state of consciousness, an intense form of concentration that can change what the mind perceives. Also, he stresses that a patient can't be forced into a trance, only willingly led.

"I don't hypnotize people," Dick said. "I can't. I can't hypnotize anybody but myself."

He tried it during a colonoscopy, which didn't work as well because the doctor asked him if it hurt, which focused his mind on the pain.

But hypnosis worked well for the cataract surgeries on both eyes, in which he was able to focus deeply enough to avoid seeing the knife.

But knee replacement took longer, and Dick practiced for two weeks ahead of the procedure, 30 to 45 minutes at a time. He also watched a YouTube video showing the operation, so he knew what noises to expect.

With surgery, "The anxiety is just as bad as physical pain," Dick said. "I didn't even know they'd started."

Nurse charged in deaths of patients

Bleach injected into people, police say

BY PAUL J. WEBER
The Associated Press

LUFKIN, Texas — Kimberly Saenz worked eight months as a nurse at the busiest dialysis clinic in town. Her turbulent final month on the job is all anyone remembers.

One patient after another died last April for reasons no one could explain. Ambulances had to rush people to the emergency room almost every day. Things got so grim at the Lufkin Dialysis Center that the clinic shut down to investigate.

Saenz

One year later, prosecutors say they have an explanation: Saenz deliberately injected 10 patients with bleach, killing five of them in what were probably excruciatingly painful deaths.

Investigators have offered no hint at a motive.

"How can someone that sick walk around and appear to be a normal person?" said Linda Few, whose mother, Opal, was among the five who died. "This many people? It's blowing my mind. I mean, we live in Lufkin."

In a chilling indictment handed up this week, Saenz, 35, was charged with one count of capital murder covering five patients. She was also charged with aggravated assault against five other patients who were allegedly injected with bleach but survived.

Among them was Debra Oates, who left the clinic on an ambulance stretcher April 26 last year when her arm would not stop bleeding. Her nurse that day was Saenz, who Oates said often helped her pass the dreary, hours-long dialysis treatments by telling jokes.

"I started throwing up and having chest pains," Oates said last year. "I was hurting all over."

Oates said she watched three people before her rushed to the hospital on the same day she was stricken. Altogether, 34 emergency calls were made from the clinic in April — more than three times the number in March.

Investigators believe Saenz used syringes to inject bleach into the patients' dialysis lines.

Authorities first charged Saenz last May with two counts of aggravated assault after two witnesses said they saw her draw bleach into syringes, and traces of bleach were found in the dialysis machine tubing. Both of those patients lived.

After being charged with murder, Saenz turned herself in Wednesday and was jailed without bail. Neither her lawyer nor family members returned calls for comment.

Dialysis is a mostly miserable routine for about 325,000 people nationwide with kidney failure. Most spend three days a week tethered for hours to a machine that filters their blood — a job their kidneys can no longer do.

THE
AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGIST

VOL. IX WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY, 1896 No. 1

THE ANIMISTIC VAMPIRE IN NEW ENGLAND

GEORGE R. STETSON

The belief in the vampire and the whole family of demons has its origin in the animism, spiritism, or personification of the barbarian, who, unable to distinguish the objective from the subjective, ascribes good and evil influences and all natural phenomena to good and evil spirits.

Mr Conway remarks of this vampire belief that "it is, perhaps, the most formidable survival of demonic superstition now existing in the world."

Under the names of vampire, were-wolf, man-wolf, nightmare, night-demon—in the Illyrian tongue *oupires*, or leeches; in modern Greek *broucolaques*, and in our common tongue ghosts, each country having its own peculiar designation—the superstitious of the ancient and modern world, of Chaldea and Babylonia, Persia, Egypt, and Syria, of Illyria, Poland, Turkey, Servia, Germany, England, Central Africa, New England, and the islands of the Malay and Polynesian archipelagoes, designate the spirits which leave the tomb, generally in the night, to torment the living.

The character, purpose, and manner of the vampire manifestations depend, like its designation, upon environment and the plane of culture.

All primitive peoples have believed in the existence of good and evil spirits holding a middle place between men and gods. Calmet lays down in most explicit terms, as he was bound to do by the canons of his church, the doctrine of angels and demons as a matter of dogmatic theology.

pressure, yielding. Dr ——— declares the superstition to be prevalent in all the isolated districts of southern Rhode Island, and that many instances of its survival can be found in the large centers of population. In the village now being considered known exhumations have been made in five families, in the village previously named in three families, and in two adjoining villages in two families. In 1875 an instance was reported in Chicago, and in a New York journal of recent date I read the following: "At Peukuhl, a small village in Prussia, a farmer died last March. Since then one of his sons has been sickly, and believing that the dead man would not rest until he had drawn to himself the nine surviving members of the family, the sickly son, armed with a spade, exhumed his father and cut off his head." It does not by any means absolutely follow that this barbarous superstition has a stronger hold in Rhode Island than in any other part of the country. Peculiar conditions have caused its manifestation and survival there, and similar ones are likely to produce it elsewhere. The singular feature is that it should appear and flourish in a native population which from its infancy has had the ordinary New England educational advantages; in a State having a larger population to the square mile than any in the Union, and in an environment of remarkable literacy and culture when compared with some other sections of the country. It is perhaps fortunate that the isolation of which this is probably the product, an isolation common in sparsely settled regions, where thought stagnates and insanity and superstition are prevalent, has produced nothing worse.

In neighboring Connecticut, within a few miles of its university town of New Haven, there are rural farming populations, fairly prosperous, of average intelligence, and furnished with churches and schools, which have made themselves notorious by murder, suicides, and numerous cases of melancholia and insanity.

Other abundant evidence is at hand pointing to the conclusion that the vampire superstition still retains its hold in its original habitat—an illustration of the remarkable tenacity and continuity of a superstition through centuries of intellectual progress from a lower to a higher culture, and of the impotency of the latter to entirely eradicate from itself the traditional beliefs, customs, habits, observances, and impressions of the former.

It is apparent that our increased and increasing culture, our

appreciation of the principles of natural, mental, and moral philosophy and knowledge of natural laws has no complete correlation in the decline of primitive and crude superstitions or increased control of the emotions or the imagination, and that to force a higher culture upon a lower, or to metamorphose or to perfectly control its emotional nature through education of the intellect, is equally impossible. The two cultures may, however, coexist, intermingling and in a limited degree absorbing from and retroacting favorably or unfavorably upon each other—trifling aberrations in the inexorable law which binds each to its own place.

The most enlightened and philosophic have, either apparent or secreted in their inmost consciousness, superstitious weaknesses—negative, involuntary, more or less barbaric, and under greater or lesser control in correspondence with their education, their present environment, and the degree of their development—in the control of the imagination and emotions. These in various degrees predominate over the understanding where reason is silent or its authority weakens.

Sónya Kovalévsky (1850–1890), one of the most brilliant mathematicians of the century, who obtained the Prix-Bordin from the French academy, " the greatest scientific honor ever gained by a woman," " whose love for mathematical and psychological problems amounted to a passion," and whose intellect would accept no proposition incapable of a mathematical demonstration, all her life maintained a firm belief in apparitions and in dreams as portents. She was so influenced by disagreeable dreams and the apparition of a demon as to be for some time thereafter obviously depressed and low-spirited.

A well known and highly cultured American mathematician recently said to me that his servant had seven years ago nailed a horseshoe over a house door, and that he had never had the courage to remove it.

There is in the Chemnitzer-Rocken Philosophie, cited by Grimm, a register of eleven or twelve hundred crude superstitions surviving in highly educated Germany. Buckle declared that " superstition was the curse of Scotland," and in this regard neither Germany nor Scotland are singular.

Of the origin of this superstition in Rhode Island or in other parts of the United States we are ignorant; it is in all proba-

bility an exotic like ourselves, originating in the mythographic period of the Aryan and Semitic peoples, although legends and superstitions of a somewhat similar character may be found among the American Indians.

The Ojibwas have, it is said, a legend of the ghostly man-eater. Mr Mooney, in a personal note, says that he has not met with any close parallel of the vampire myth among the tribes with which he is familiar. The Cherokees have, however, something analogous. There are in that tribe quite a number of old witches and wizards who thrive and fatten upon the livers of murdered victims. When some one is dangerously sick these witches gather invisibly about his bedside and torment him, even lifting him up and dashing him down again upon the ground until life is extinct. After he is buried they dig up the body and take out the liver to feast upon. They thus lengthen their own lives by as many days as they have taken from his. In this way they get to be very aged, which renders them objects of suspicion. It is not, therefore, well to grow old among the Cherokees. If discovered and recognized during the feast, when they are again visible, they die within seven days.

I have personal experience of a case in which a reputed medicine-man was left to die alone because his friends were afraid to come into the house on account of the presence of invisible witches.

Jacob Grimm* defines superstition as a persistence of individual men in views which the common sense or culture of the majority has caused them to abandon, a definition which, while within its limits sufficiently accurate, does not recognize or take account of the subtile, universal, ineradicable fear of or reverence for the supernatural, the mysterious, and unknown.

De Quincey has more comprehensively remarked that "superstition or sympathy with the invisible is the great test of man's nature as an earthly combining with a celestial. In superstition is the possibility of religion, and though superstition is often injurious, degrading, and demoralizing, it is so, not as a form of corruption or degradation, but as a form of non-development."

In reviewing these cases of psychologic pre-Raphaelitism they seem, from an economic point of view, to form one of the strongest

*Teutonic Mythology.

as well as weirdest aguments in favor of a general cremation of the dead that it is possible to present. They also remind us of the *boutade* of the Saturday Review, "that to be really mediæval, one should have no body; to be really modern, one should have no soul;" and it will be well to remember that if we do not quite accept these demonic apparitions we shall subject ourselves to the criticism of that modern mystic, Dr Carl du Prel, who thus speaks of those who deny the miraculousness of stigmatization: "For these gentlemen the bounds of possibility coincide with the limits of their niggardly horizon; that which they cannot grasp either does not exist or is only the work of illusion and deception."

HONEY SUPERSTITIONS.—Honey is believed to have power over spirits because honey is one of the earliest foods, yields an intoxicating drink, has many healing virtues, and prevents corruption. Old honey is a cure for cough, wind, and bile. It also increases strength and virility. Honey is used by the Hindus for washing their household gods. The Dekhan Brahman father drops honey into the mouth of his new-born child. Among higher class Hindus, especially among Brahmans, when a child is born honey is dropped into its mouth from a gold spoon or ring. Among Dekhan Hindus, when the bridegroom comes to the bride's house honey and curds are given him to sip. This honey-sipping is called *madhuparka;* its apparent object is to scare evil from the bridegroom. Honey is considered by the Hindus a great cleanser and purifier. It is also the food of their gods. In Bengal the Braham bride has part of her body anointed with honey. How highly the early Hindus valued honey appears from the hymn, "Let the winds pour down honey, the rivers pour down honey, may our plants be sweet. May the night bring honey, and the dawn and the sky above the earth be full of honey!" This intense longing is probably for honey-ale, *madhu*, or mead. In Africa an intoxicating drink is made from honey. The Feloops of West Africa made a strong liquor out of honey, and the Hottentots are fond of honey beer. Mead made from honey was the favorite drink of the Norsemen. In England honeysuckle still keeps off witchcraft.—*J. M. Campbel in Indian Antiquary, Bombay, September, 1895.*

The early Christians were possessed, or obsessed, by demons, and the so-called demoniacal possession of idiots, lunatics, and hysterical persons is still common in Japan, China, India, and Africa, and instances are noted in western Europe, all yielding to the methods of Christian and pagan exorcists as practiced in New Testament times.

The Hebrew synonym of demon was serpent; the Greek, diabolus, a calumniator, or impure spirit. The Rabbins were divided in opinion, some believing they were entirely spiritual, others that they were corporeal, capable of generation and subject to death.

As before suggested, it was the general belief that the vampire is a spirit which leaves its dead body in the grave to visit and torment the living.

The modern Greeks are persuaded that the bodies of the excommunicated do not putrefy in their tombs, but appear in the night as in the day, and that to encounter them is dangerous.

Instances are cited by Calmet, in Christian antiquity, of excommunicated persons visibly arising from their tombs and leaving the churches when the deacon commanded the excommunicated and those who did not partake of the communion to retire. The same writer states that "it was an opinion widely circulated in Germany that certain dead ate in their tombs and devoured all they could find about them, including their own flesh, accompanied by a certain piercing shriek and a sound of munching and groaning."

A German author has thought it worth while to write a work entitled "*De Masticatione mortuorum in tumulis.*" In many parts of England a person who is ill is said to be "wisht" or "overlooked." The superstition of the "evil eye" originated and exists in the same degree of culture; the evil eye "which kills snakes, scares wolves, hatches ostrich eggs, and breeds leprosy." The Polynesians believed that the vampires were the departed souls, which quitted the grave, and grave idols, to creep by night into the houses and devour the heart and entrails of the sleepers, who afterward died.*

The *Karems* tell of the *Kephu*, which devours the souls of men who die. The *Mintira* of the Malay peninsula have their water demon, who sucks blood from men's toes and thumbs.

* Foster's Observations During a Voyage Around the World.

"The first theory of the vampire superstitions," remarks Tylor,* "is that the soul of the living man, often a sorcerer, leaves its proper body asleep and goes forth, perhaps in the visible form of a straw or fluff of down, slips through the keyhole, and attacks a living victim. Some say these *Mauri* come by night to men, sit upon their breasts, and suck their blood, while others think children are alone attacked, while to men they are nightmares.

"The second theory is that the soul of a dead man goes out from its buried body and sucks the blood of living men; the victim becomes thin, languid, bloodless, and, falling into a rapid decline, dies."

The belief in the *Obi* of Jamaica and the Vaudoux or Vodun of the west African coast, Jamaica, and Haiti is essentially the same as that of the vampire, and its worship and superstitions, which in Africa include child-murder, still survive in those parts, as well as in several districts among the negro population of our southern states. The negro laid under the ban of the Obi or who is vaudouxed or, in the vernacular, "hoodooed" slowly pines to death.

In New England the vampire superstition is unknown by its proper name. It is there believed that consumption is not a physical but a spiritual disease, obsession, or visitation; that as long as the body of a dead consumptive relative has blood in its heart it is proof that an occult influence steals from it for death and is at work draining the blood of the living into the heart of the dead and causing his rapid decline.

It is a common belief in primitive races of low culture that disease is caused by the revengeful spirits of man or other animals—notably among some tribes of North American Indians as well as of African negroes.

Russian superstition supposes nine sisters who plague mankind with fever. They lie chained up in caverns, and when let loose pounce upon men without pity.†

As in the financial and political, the psychologic world has its periods of exaltation and depression, of ebb and flow, of confidence and alarm. In the eighteenth century a vampire panic beginning in Servia and Hungary spread thence into northern

* Primitive Culture.

† Cited from Götze's Russ., Volkls., p 62.

and western Europe, acquiring its new life and impetus from the horrors attending the prevalence of the plague and other distressing epidemics in an age of great public moral depravity and illiteracy. Calmet, a learned Benedictine monk and abbé of Sénones, seized this opportunity to write a popular treatise on the vampire, which in a short time passed through many editions. It was my good fortune not long since to find in the Boston Athenæum library an original copy of his work. Its title-page reads as follows: "Traité sur les apparitions des esprits et sur les vampires ou les revenans de Hongrie, de Moravie, etc. Par le R. P. Dom Augustine Calmet, abbé de Sénones. Nouvelle edition, revisée, corregie, et augmentie par l'auteur, avec une lettre de Mons le Marquis Maffei, sur la magie. A Paris: Chez debure l'aine quay des Augustins à l'image S. Paul. MDCCLI. Avec approb et priv du roi."

Calmet was born in Lorraine, near Commercy, in 1672, and his chief works were a commentary and history of the Bible. He died as the abbé of Sénones, in the department of the Vosges.

This curious treatise has evidently proved a mine of wealth to all modern encyclopedists and demonologists. It impresses one as the work of a man whose mental convictions do not entirely conform to the traditions and dogmas of his church, and his style at times appears somewhat apologetic. Calmet declares his belief to be that the vampires of Europe and the brucolaques of Greece are the excommunicated which the grave rejects. They are the dead of a longer or shorter time who leave their tombs to torment the living, sucking their blood and announcing their appearance by rattling of doors and windows. The name vampire, or *d'oupires*, signifies in the Slavonic tongue a bloodsucker. He formulates the three theories then existing as to the cause of these appearances:

First: That the persons were buried alive and naturally leave their tombs.

Second: That they are dead, but that by God's permission or particular command they return to their bodies for a time, as when they are exhumed their bodies are found entire, the blood red and fluid, and their members soft and pliable.

Third: That it is the devil who makes these apparitions appear and by their means causes all the evil done to men and animals.

In some places the specter appears as in the flesh, walks, talks, infests villages, ill uses both men and beasts, sucks the blood of their near relations, makes them ill, and finally causes their death.

The late Monsieur de Vassimont, counselor of the chamber of the courts of Bar, was informed by public report in Monravia that it was common enough in that country to see men who had died some time before "present themselves in a party and sit down to table with persons of their acquaintance without saying a word and nodding to one of the party, the one indicated would infallibly die some days after."*

About 1735 on the frontier of Hungary a dead person appeared after ten years' burial and caused the death of his father. In 1730 in Turkish Servia it was believed that those who had been passive vampires during life became active after death; in Russia, that the vampire does not stop his unwelcome visits at a single member of a family, but extends his visits to the last member, which is the Rhode Island belief.

The captain of grenadiers in the regiment of Monsieur le Baron Trenck, cited by Calmet, declares "that it is only in their family and among their own relations that the vampires delight in destroying their species."

The inhabitants of the island of Chio do not answer unless called twice, being persuaded that the brucolaques do not call but once, and when so called the vampire disappears, and the person called dies in a few days. The classic writers from Sophocles to Shakespeare and from Shakespeare to our own time have recognized the superstition.

Mr Conway quotes from the legend of Ishtar descending to Hades to seek some beloved one. She threatens if the door be not opened—

> "I will raise the dead to be devourers of the living;
> Upon the living shall the dead prey."†

Singularly, in his discourse on modern superstitions De Quincey, to whom crude superstitions clung and who had faith in dreams as portents, does not allude to the vampire; but his contemporary, Lord Byron, in his lines on the opening of the

---

*Cited by Calmet.

†Tablet K 162, in British Museum.

royal tomb at Windsor, recognizes this belief in the transformation of the dead:

> "Justice and death have mixed their dust in vain,
> Each royal vampire wakes to life again."

William of Malmsbury says that "in England they believed that the wicked came back after death by the will of the devil;" and it was not an unusual belief that those whose death had been caused in this manner, at their death pursued the same evil calling. Naturally under such an uncomfortable and inconvenient infliction some avenue of escape must, if possible, be found. It was first necessary to locate the vampire. If on opening the grave of a "suspect" the body was found to be of a rose color, the beard, hair, and nails renewed, and the veins filled, the evidence of its being the abode of a vampire was conclusive. A voyager in the Levant in the seventeenth century is quoted as relating that an excommunicated person was exhumed and the body found full, healthy, and well disposed and the veins filled with the blood the vampire had taken from the living. In a certain Turkish village, of forty persons exhumed seventeen gave evidence of vampirism. In Hungary, one dead thirty years was found in a natural state. In 1727 the bodies of five *religieuse* were discovered in a tomb near the hospital of Quebec, that had been buried twenty years, covered with flesh and suffused with blood.*

The methods of relief from or disposition of the vampire's dwelling place are not numerous, but extremely sanguinary and ghastly.

In Servia a relief is found in eating of the earth of his grave and rubbing the person with his blood. This prescription was, however, valueless if after forty days the body was exhumed and all the evidences of an archivampire were not found. A more common and almost universal method of relief, especially in the Turkish provinces and in the Greek islands, was to burn the body and scatter the ashes to the winds. Some old writers are of the opinion that the souls of the dead cannot be quiet until the entire body has been consumed. Exceptions are noted in the Levant, where the body is cut in pieces and boiled in wine, and where, according to Voltaire, the heart is torn out and burned.

* Cited by Calmet.

In Hungary and Servia, to destroy the demon it was considered necessary to exhume the body, insert in the heart and other parts of the defunct, or pierce it through with a sharp instrument, as in the case of suicides, upon which it utters a dreadful cry, as if alive; it is then decapitated and the body burned. In New England the body is exhumed, the heart burned, and the ashes scattered. The discovery of the vampire's resting-place was itself an art.

In Hungary and in Russia they choose a boy young enough to be certain that he is innocent of any impurity, put him on the back of a horse which has never stumbled and is absolutely black, and make him ride over all the graves in the cemetery. The grave over which the horse refuses to pass is reputed to be that of a vampire."

Gilbert Stuart, the distinguished American painter, when asked by a London friend where he was born, replied: "Six miles from Pottawoone, ten miles from Poppasquash, four miles from Conanicut, and not far from the spot where the famous battle with the warlike Pequots was fought." In plainer language, Stuart was born in the old snuff mill belonging to his father and Dr Moffat, at the head of Petaquamscott pond, six miles from Newport, across the bay, and about the same distance from Narragansett Pier, in the state of Rhode Island.

By some mysterious survival, occult transmission, or remarkable atavism, this region, including within its radius the towns of Exeter, Foster, Kingstown, East Greenwich, and others, with their scattered hamlets and more pretentious villages, is distinguished by the prevalence of this remarkable superstition—a survival of the days of Sardanapalus, of Nebuchadnezzar, and of New Testament history in the closing years of what we are pleased to call the enlightened nineteenth century. It is an extraordinary instance of a barbaric superstition outcropping in and coexisting with a high general culture, of which Max Müller and others have spoken, and which is not so uncommon, if rarely so extremely aggravated, crude, and painful.

The region referred to, where agriculture is in a depressed condition and abandoned farms are numerous, is the tramping-ground of the book agent, the chromo peddler, the patent-medicine man and the home of the erotic and neurotic modern novel. The social isolation away from the larger villages is as complete

as a century and a half ago, when the boy Gilbert Stuart tramped the woods, fished the streams, and was developing and absorbing his artistic inspirations, while the agricultural and economic conditions are very much worse.*

Farm-houses deserted and ruinous are frequent, and the once productive lands, neglected and overgrown with scrubby oak, speak forcefully and mournfully of the migration of the youthful farmers from country to town. In short, the region furnishes an object-lesson in the decline of wealth consequent upon the prevalence of a too common heresy in the district that land will take care of itself, or that it can be robbed from generation to generation without injury, and suggests the almost criminal neglect of the conservators of public education to give instruction to our farming youth in a more scientific and more practical agriculture. It has been well said by a banker of well known name in an agricultural district in the midlands of England that "the depression of agriculture is a depression of brains." Naturally, in such isolated conditions the superstitions of a much lower culture have maintained their place and are likely to keep it and perpetuate it, despite the church, the public school, and the weekly newspaper. Here Cotton Mather, Justice Sewall, and the host of medical, clerical, and lay believers in the uncanny superstitions of bygone centuries could still hold high carnival.

The first visit in this farming community of native-born New Englanders was made to ———, a small seashore village possessing a summer hotel and a few cottages of summer residents not far from Newport—that Mecca of wealth, fashion, and nineteenth-century culture. The ——— family is among its well-to-do and most intelligent inhabitants. One member of this family had some years since lost children by consumption, and by common report claimed to have saved those surviving by exhumation and cremation of the dead.

In the same village resides Mr ———, an intelligent man, by

* Rhode Island has the largest population to the square mile of any State in the Union The town of *Exeter*, before mentioned, incorporated in 1742–'43, had but 17 persons to the square mile in 1890, and in 1893 had 63 abandoned farms, or one-fifth of the whole number within its limits. *Foster*, incorporated in 1781 and taken from Scituate (which was settled by Massachusetts emigrants in 1710), had in 1890 a population of 1,252, and in 1893 had eight abandoned farms, Scituate having forty-five. *North Kingston* had 76 persons to the square mile in 1890. Mr Arnold, in his history of the State, says that "South Kingston was in 1780 by far the wealthiest town in the State." It had a special provision made for the "maintenance of religion and education."

trade a mason, who is a living witness of the superstition and of the efficacy of the treatment of the dead which it prescribes. He informed me that he had lost two brothers by consumption. Upon the attack of the second brother his father was advised by Mr ———, the head of the family before mentioned, to take up the first body and burn its heart, but the brother attacked objected to the sacrilege and in consequence subsequently died. When he was attacked by the disease in his turn, ———'s advice prevailed, and the body of the brother last dead was accordingly exhumed, and, "living" blood being found in the heart and in circulation, it was cremated, and the sufferer began immediately to mend and stood before me a hale, hearty, and vigorous man of fifty years. When questioned as to his understanding of the miraculous influence, he could suggest nothing and did not recognize the superstition even by name. He remembered that the doctors did not believe in its efficacy, but he and many others did. His father saw the brother's body and the arterial blood. The attitude of several other persons in regard to the practice was agnostic, either from fear of public opinion or other reasons, and their replies to my inquiries were in the same temper of mind as that of the blind man in the Gospel of Saint John (9 : 25), who did not dare to express his belief, but "answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

At ———, a small isolated village of scattered houses in a farming population, distant fifteen or twenty miles from Newport and eight or ten from Stuart's birthplace, there have been made within fifty years a half dozen or more exhumations. The most recent was made within two years, in the family of ———. The mother and four children had already succumbed to consumption, and the child most recently deceased (within six months) was, in obedience to the superstition, exhumed and the heart burned. Dr ———, who made the autopsy, stated that he found the body in the usual condition after an interment of that length of time. I learned that others of the family have since died, and one is now very low with the dreaded disease. The doctor remarked that he had consented to the autopsy only after the pressing solicitation of the surviving children, who were patients of his, the father at first objecting, but finally, under continued

ARM WRESTLING

Event has grown into a spectacle

BY ZACH EWING
Californian staff writer
zewing@bakersfield.com

It's the fun way to decide a bar-room argument and a manly man's way of determining the leader of the pack.

But arm wrestling also has quite the organized following — not that any of the fun is lost.

So say those in charge of the seventh annual Ryan Sheets Memorial Arm-Wrestling Championships, scheduled for noon Saturday at Veterans Hall in Oildale.

"We started out at (the California Highway Patrol Hall) and just threw it together," said Billy Joe Sheets, one of the event's organizers and uncle of the tournament's namesake. "And we packed that place, so we had to move it somewhere bigger. We're in our sixth year now at Veterans Hall. What we thought was just going to be a few local arm wrestlers has turned into over 100 arm wrestlers from all over the United States."

It's the Sheets family's way of paying tribute to Ryan Sheets, a former North High and Cal State Bakersfield wrestler who died while attending CSUB because of complications from a neck injury suffered while wrestling that was worsened by a car accident.

That was in 2001. The tournament started two years later as a way to raise money for high school and youth wrestling programs throughout Bakersfield. Some of the tens of thousands of dollars raised over the years went this past year to send Centennial state high school champ Seth Hicks to the High School Senior National Wrestling Championships in Virginia Beach, Va., and to send Frontier sophomore Alex Gomez to the USA Wrestling Girls Folkstyle National Championships in Oklahoma City.

The event's success probably can be traced to a combination of including old-fashioned fun — think refreshments and T-shirts, and, yes, alcohol — with a darn good athletic display.

Read more at Bakersfield.com

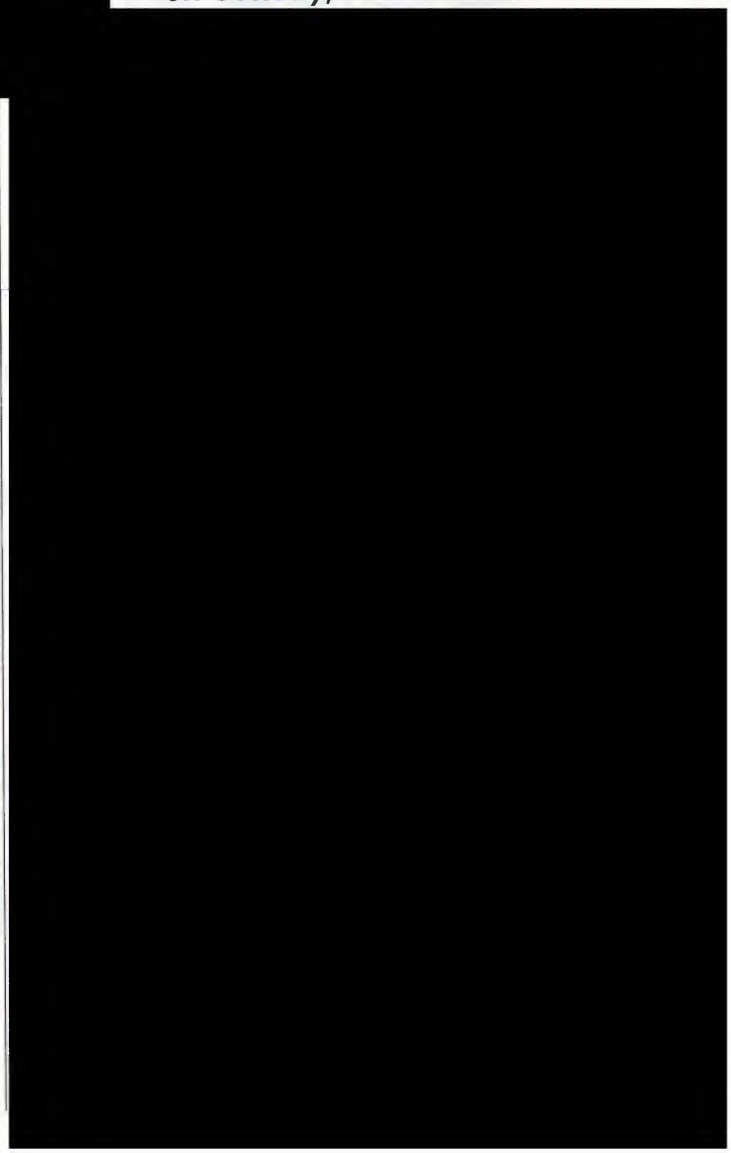
from a bridge in Wexford. Earlier reports had suggested the victim was female.

There had been 24 deaths in the Enniscorthy-to-Wexford stretch of the river over 27 years; then there were five in a week. "Nobody knows what to make of it," said Sgt Mick Morrisey, the Garda sergeant in Enniscorthy. "The last [death in the river] we had was three years ago next February. There is a dark cloud over Enniscorthy at the moment."

Irish Times, 19+20 Nov; Scotland on Sunday, 1 Dec 2002.

OVER SIX DAYS IN NOVEMBER IN A string of unconnected incidents, six men jumped into the fast-flowing River Slaney in County Wexford, Ireland. At 9am on Monday, 11 November, Peter Barron, 41, jumped into the river off a bridge in Enniscorthy after delivering his two children to school. His body was still missing a week later. At 1.35am on Saturday, 15 November, David Kehoe, 28, was seen jumping into the river from the bridge. His body was recovered later that morning.

Four men jumped into the river on Sunday, 17 November, three of whom drowned. At 1.35am, Billy Dwyer, 34, was seen jumping from the same bridge. His body was not immediately recovered. At 4am, a man believed to be from Latvia, 39 or "in his late twenties", jumped from the bridge and was rescued. At 11pm, John Foley, 19, jumped in at Bunclody about 13 miles (21km) away, and his body was recovered three hours later. Finally, some time before midnight, a man aged 23 jumped



Babalu Aye (also known as Omoluaye, Asojano, or Shopona)

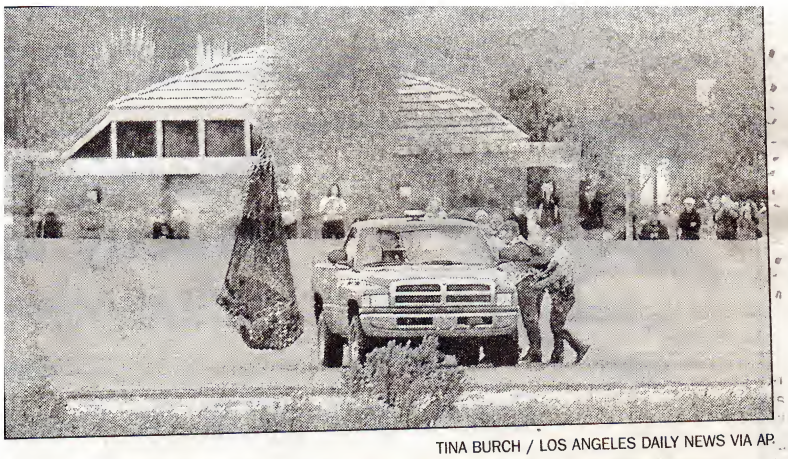
Orisha who rules over infectious diseases and healing. He is one of the most feared and revered orishaw because of his power over life and death. Babalu Aye's worship originated with the Fon tribe of Benin, in Western Africa, but his influence was so powerful that tribes up and down the West African coast adopted his worship. He is the patron of those suffering from many infectious diseases. Babalu Aye has a special relationship with the orisha Shango because he was the only one who reached out to assist him when he was sick and homeless. Babalu Aye is frequently called upon for help with healing and overcoming these plagues.

BABY SWAP: A woman accused of trying to trade her seven-month-old daughter for a Chihuahua puppy in Enid, Oklahoma, was charged with trafficking in children. Kathryn Smith, 21, offered to give her mother's neighbour the child if the woman gave her the Chihuahua she was selling for $200. *NY Post, London Eve. Standard, 3 April 2002.*

ARRESTED FOR DREAM

An unnamed 40-year-old woman turned up on Alfredo Baldeschi's doorstep and told him she had dreamed about the accident which had killed his sister. Loredana Balseschi, 40, was found dead in her overturned Astra at Latina, south of Rome. Alfredo told police about the encounter and they advised him to ask her to go through the "dream" again and secretly record her. After listening to the tape, police charged the woman with manslaughter because she recounted details known only to investigators.

Ananova, 4 Mar 2003.



TINA BURCH / LOS ANGELES DAILY NEWS VIA AP

The tiger shot and killed by trackers on Wednesday is lowered into a California Department of Fish and Game truck in Moorpark.

Mystery tiger shot, killed by trackers in Southland

Animal tracked by paw prints, spotted near back yard in hills of Simi Valley

The Associated Press

LOS ANGELES — A tiger mysteriously on the loose in the hills of Southern California was shot and killed by government trackers early Wednesday after being spotted slinking along the back yards of suburban homes.

The 425-pound cat had eluded hunters for days after its presence was given away by the size of the huge paw prints it left in the ground as it roamed the hills of Simi Valley near the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library. They finally caught up with the orange tiger as it darted through green brush in Moorpark, northwest of Los Angeles.

The tiger was shot several hundred yards from soccer and baseball fields at the edge of a housing development, said Lorna Bernard, a spokeswoman for the California Department of Fish and Game.

"It's unfortunate that we had to kill it," Bernard said. "It's even more unfortunate that the person who owned it didn't come forward and alert us immediately. We might have been able to capture it."

Trackers with the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Wildlife Services and state Fish and Game had to shoot to kill because a tranquilizer would have taken five to 10 minutes to bring down the animal, Bernard said. They were concerned the animal might attack them or bolt onto a nearby highway.

Authorities received a call just after 6 a.m. from a resident who reported the tiger walking past his back fence. He said his children took pictures from inside their home.

Ken Tucker told KCBS-TV the tiger walked to a nearby house and "was just staring down" the neighbor's dogs.

The trackers had been looking for the animal for eight days, using infrared equipment at night. They had set traps with goat meat and chicken.

The hunt began after the discovery of paw prints on a ranch near the library that were far too large for native bobcats or mountain lions.

Bernard said the owner could have told authorities about the tiger's temperament and eating habits, which might have helped them catch the animal sooner.

As the cat roamed the hills, it became hungrier and disoriented, making it more dangerous to the nearby community of horse ranches and sprawling homes.

Authorities said they were investigating how the cat got loose in the hills.

"Obviously we'll be looking at all the facilities in the area that housed big cats," Bernard said.

Two weeks ago, authorities removed nearly two-dozen large cats, including lions and tigers, from property rented by Abby and Emma Hedengran not far from the library, Bernard said. All the animals that inspectors found on the property were accounted for, she said.

A telephone message left Wednesday for the Hedengrans by The Associated Press was not immediately returned.

Bernard said the couple had a permit to keep the animals in a facility in Temecula in Riverside County but had moved them to Moorpark in Ventura County, where they did not have a license to keep the animals.

The only facility in that area with a license to house exotic cats is Moorpark College's teaching zoo, said Kathy Jenks, director of the Ventura County Department of Animal Regulations. No tigers have escaped from the facility, she said.

A necropsy will be performed on the tiger, which could help provide clues to its history.

TurnTo23.com

Salute To Central Bakersfield: Great Fire Of 1889

Flames Consumed The Business District On July 7, 1889

POSTED: 7:16 pm PDT May 12, 2009
UPDATED: 4:14 pm PDT May 15, 2009

BAKERSFIELD,Calif -- The "Great Fire" of 1889 is known for the utter destruction it caused to the downtown business community.

Flames consumed the business district on July 7, 1889, following a cooking accident from Kelsey Home. With many of buildings at the time in the downtown area built from wood, and insufficient fire department techniques, the inferno raged.

Related To Story

Video: Salute To Central Bakersfield: Great Fire Of 1889

For modern day reference the fire started on 20th and I streets and torched the block until it sizzled to a halt on Chester and 19th streets. Despite losing the entire business district, many of the residents were spared according to records at the Kern County Museum.

In addition, Jeff Nickel of the Kern County museum went on to add that, " the rules and regulations for building codes were very unrestricted at the time allowing mass building to happen at in a short period of time."

Report a typo or inaccuracy

Copyright 2009 by TurnTo23.com. All rights reserved. This material may not be published, broadcast, rewritten or redistributed.

TurnTo23.com

Saluting Central Bakersfield: Wild Wild West

POSTED: 7:32 pm PDT May 13, 2009
UPDATED: 10:50 am PDT May 14, 2009

BAKERSFIELD, Calif. -- Wednesday's salute to Central Bakersfield looks at the Wild West -- in particular, a day in 1903 when part of the Wild West died.

Besides being a well known drunk, Jim McKinney was also known as the "lasts bad man of the West."

After McKinney killed his best friend in Porterville in 1902, he started zigzag across the southwest United States.

Related To Story

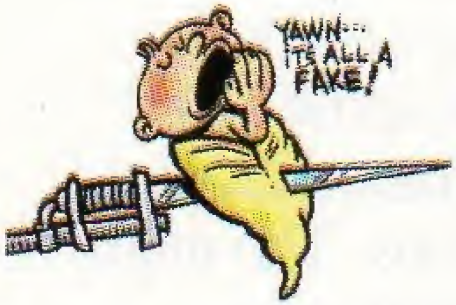
Video: Wild Wild West Shootout

His journey as a horseback outlaw brought him back to the Central Valley in 1903. McKinney came back to Bakersfield in 1903 to meet up with some friends. His crew got together at the "Joss House," which at the time was located on 22nd and L streets. Local law enforcement caught wind of McKinney's whereabouts and confronted the outlaw. After a gun battle, the Bakersfield city marshal, deputy sheriff and McKinney were all left dead.

The day of massacre left an indelible mark here in Bakersfield.

Report a typo or inaccuracy

Copyright 2009 by TurnTo23.com. All rights reserved. This material may not be published, broadcast, rewritten or redistributed.



UPDATE

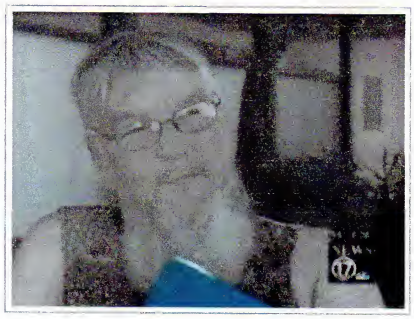
No earliest date for the "Babies on Bayonets" [*FT156:24*] yet, but a debunking of the most notorious recent example of the story appeared in *The Independent* (20 Feb 2002). In November 1990, a teenager testified before the US Congress that she'd seen Iraqi soldiers leaving babies to die on a Kuwaiti hospital floor and stealing their incubators. It later transpired that the girl was the Kuwaiti ambassador's daughter, her testimony organised by a PR company hired to get America into the Gulf War.

Bearded lady reunites with son after 30 years

ShareThis
Quantcast

Last Update: 8/20 9:16 pm

Print Story | ShareThis



Vivian Wheeler embraces her ability to grow a beard, and currently holds the Guinness world record for the woman with the longest beard alive: Eleven inches. But she says her childhood was dark. "Daddy didn't want me around."

Wheeler was born a hermaphrodite, which means half man and half woman. While doctors removed the male organs at birth, she still has testosterone. "I refused shaving, and daddy said I'd never belong, said I'd never marry or anything cause society would never let me."

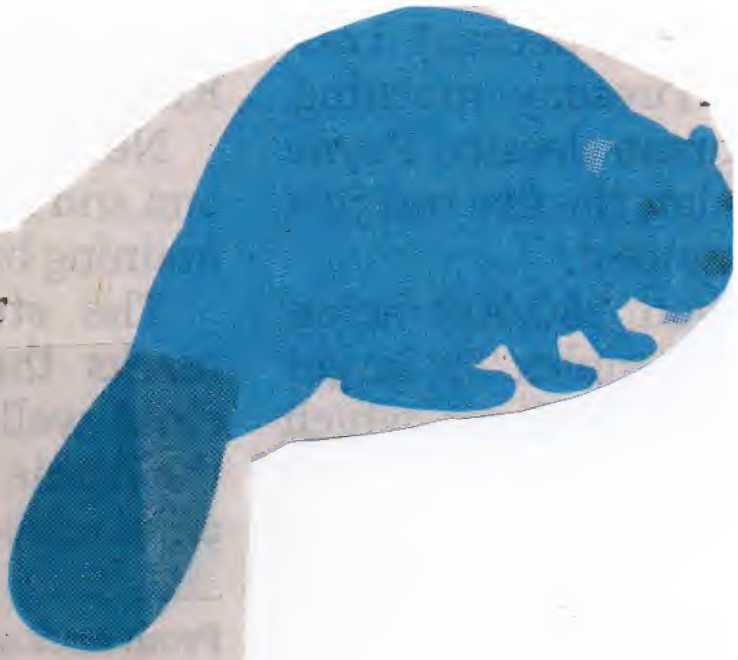
Wheeler says her father forced her into the sideshow life, and took the money she earned. And it was a rough life. "They would take me to a fair, to a sideshow, to a fair, I never knew where I was going."

But as an adult, she proved her father wrong, and fell in love. She shaved at her boyfriend's request, and gave birth to a baby boy. Then, her worst nightmare began. "His father took him when he was three." Depressed and in despair, Wheeler returned to the only life she knew - the side show, but at each appearance she would look for her son. Thirty years went by without a trace.

Then one day, her son Richard Lorenc saw her in a book entitled American Sideshow, and tracked her down. He came to Bakersfield in June, and brought along a scrapbook filled with pictures of his family, her daughter-in-law and her two grandkids.

Wheeler says having her son back in her life, has changed everything. "He calls me mother, and it means a lot. It makes me feel like I really do belong, in a way. That I do really matter."

Wheeler says her son wants her to move to Kansas and be with his family.



IDAHO Eagle: A beaver and her baby have been captured after trying to get into a grocery store and will be released into the wild. Animals in Distress spokesman Tony Hicks said the beaver and her kit will be released north of Idaho City in an area with plentiful willow and aspen bark.

Bell Witch Cave open for Halloween visitors

By STACY LEISER
The Leaf-Chronicle

HALLOWEEN

If you're looking to get away this weekend, you can enter a whole new realm by visiting the Bell Witch Cave in Adams, Tenn. The cave is a 30-minute drive from downtown Clarksville, but the renowned ghostly gathering place feels worlds away from home.

The site was the home of John Bell and his family, who were tormented by a spiteful and sometimes violent witch from 1817 to 1821. The phenomenon was witnessed by many people outside the Bell family.

"No supernatural story in American history is more famous than that of the Bell Witch," states the cave's Web site, www.bellwitchcave.com. "In fact, tales of the spirit were so widespread that they caught the attention of a general and future president, Andrew Jackson."

Although the many witness accounts lend credence to the stories of clear, disembodied voices speaking in the Bell house and people being struck and kicked by invisible aggressors, there is much curiosity about who the witch was and why she chose to harass the Bells.

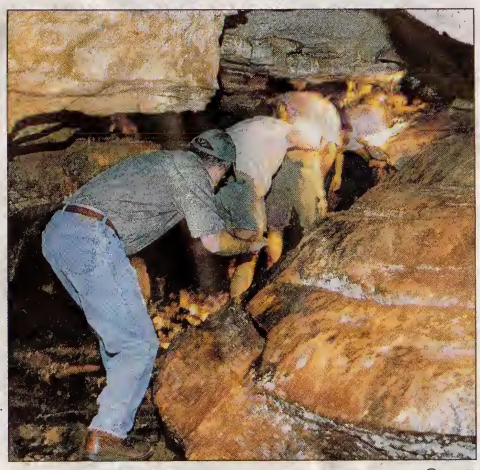
"The prevailing account is that the Bell Witch claimed to be the spirit of Kate Batts, a mean old neighbor of John Bell who believed she was cheated by him in a land purchase," the Web site states. "On her deathbed, she swore that she would haunt John Bell and his descendants."

Visitors can tour a cave on the property, said to be haunted, for $10, or tour a reproduction of the Bells' log cabin for $7. In honor of Halloween, Bell Witch Cave also will have haunted hayrides ($10) and psychic readings ($15) available on site today through Sunday.

Stacy Leiser is a features writer for The Leaf-Chronicle. She can be reached at 245-0720.

IF YOU GO

- **WHEN:** 6 p.m.-midnight today, noon-midnight Saturday, and noon-5 p.m. Sunday. The attraction is closed during heavy rains and immediately after, so calling ahead on rainy days is recommended.
- **WHERE:** 430 Keysburg Road, Adams. To get there, take Highway 76 toward Adams or Interstate 24 to Exit 11 and follow the signs to Adams.
- **COST:** Cave tours $10 per person, recommended for 10 and older. Cabin tours $7 per person, daylight hours only. This weekend's special Halloween offerings include psychic readings, $15 each, and, after dark, haunted hayrides, $10 per person.
- **CALL:** 615-696-3055
- **ONLINE:** www.bellwitchcave.com



Gannett

Visitors to the Bell Witch Cave duck down to enter the various rooms of the cave Sept. 30, 2007, on a tour in Adams, Tenn.

The Official Home of the Historic Bell Witch Cave
615-696-3055

HOME
THE LEGEND
THE CAVE
PHOTOS
THE BELL CABIN
HALLOWEEN
SPECIAL TOURS
CANOE RENTALS
ONLINE STORE
OUR LOCATION

Historic Bell Witch Cave

The Historic Bell Witch Cave Inc. has been placed on the National Historical Registry by the United States Department of Interior effective April 2008.

This property and the cave were once owned by John Bell. This is the very land that the Bell Witch tormented the Bell family on in the early 1800's.

Special tours are available by appointment only. Please call us for details at 615-696-3055.

Daytime cave tours of the Bell Witch Cave are available from 10:00 AM til 5:00 PM. The last tour of the day starts around 4:15 PM.

Cave tours are $10.00 per person, with a minimum required $20.00 per cave tour.

We accept Visa & MasterCard.

May - Open On Weekends Only

June through Labor Day - Open 6 Days a week

(Closed on Tuesdays)

Labor Day through Oct.31st - Open On Weekends Only

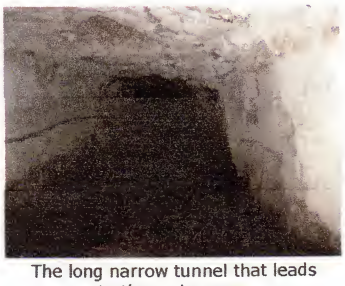
Special Dates and Times in Oct. for Halloween (see the Halloween page)

Special Dates and Times in November and December - call for details.

The Cave Is Closed During and After Heavy Rain Due to Flooding.

(Click On An Image Below For A Larger View)

The Bell Witch Cave entrance.



The long narrow tunnel that leads to the main room.

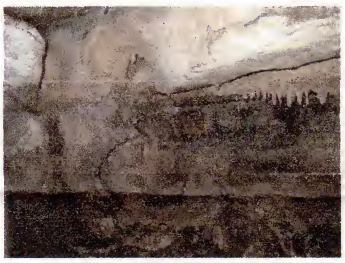
The cave ceiling.

An Indian was buried in this very spot.
Some theives broke into the cave
and stole the bones.

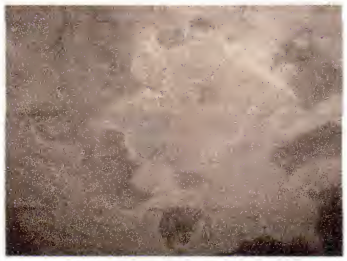
Professional Spelunkers have estimated
the cave to be 15 miles deep.

You will not want to go very deep.
Some of these passages are very tight!

After heavy rain the water
is several feet deep.



The Flowstone looks like lava
pooring from the walls.



Can you see her?
Some say this looks like
the face of the Bell Witch.

Closeup of Flowstone.
Composed of iron oxide minerals.

Bell Witch Cave Home | Legend Of The Bell Witch | Bell Witch Cave | Bell Witch Photos | Bell Witch Cabin
A Bell Witch Halloween | Bell Witch Special Tours | Bell Witch Canoe Rentals | Bell Witch Online Store
Website Design by Tennessee Web Technology, LLC ©2009. All Rights Reserved.

The Bell Witch

From Stephen Wagner,
Your Guide to Paranormal Phenomena.
FREE Newsletter. Sign Up Now!

The tormenting spirit of America's best-known poltergeist case

ADAMS, TENNESSEE, in 1817 was the site of one of the most well-known hauntings in American history – so well known that it eventually caught the attention and then the involvement of a future president of the United States.

Known as The Bell Witch, the strange and often violent poltergeist activity that provoked fear and curiosity in the small farming community has remained unexplained for nearly 200 years, and is the inspiration for many fictional ghost stories, including the recent film, The Blair Witch Project. The facts of The Bell Witch case share little in common with the mythology created for *The Blair Witch Project*, except they both attracted a great deal of public interest. And because it really happened, The Bell Witch is far scarier.

The Historical Record

One early account of The Bell Witch haunting was written in 1886 by historian Albert Virgil Goodpasture in his *History of Tennessee*. He wrote, in part:

> A remarkable occurrence, which attracted wide-spread interest, was connected with the family of John Bell, who settled near what is now Adams Station about 1804. So great was the excitement that people came from hundreds of miles around to witness the manifestations of what was popularly known as the "Bell Witch." This witch was supposed to be some spiritual being having the voice and attributes of a woman. It was invisible to the eye, yet it would hold conversation and even shake hands with certain individuals. The freaks it performed were wonderful and seemingly designed to annoy the family. It would take the sugar from the bowls, spill the milk, take the quilts from the beds, slap and pinch the children, and then laugh at the discomfiture of its victims. At first it was supposed to be a good spirit, but its subsequent acts, together with the curses with which it supplemented its remarks, proved the contrary. A volume might be written concerning the performance of this wonderful being, as they are now described by contemporaries and their descendants. That all this actually occurred will not be disputed, nor will a rational explanation be attempted.

The Vengeful Ghost

What was the Bell Witch? Like most such stories, certain details vary from version to version. But the prevailing account is that it was the spirit of Kate Batts, a mean old neighbor of John Bell who believed she was cheated by him in a land purchase. On her deathbed, she swore that she would haunt John Bell and his descendents. The story is picked up by the *Guidebook for Tennessee*, published in 1933 by the Federal Government's Works Project Administration:

> Sure enough, tradition says, the Bells were tormented for years by the malicious spirit of Old Kate Batts. John Bell and his favorite daughter Betsy were the principal targets. Toward the other members of the family the witch was either indifferent or, as in the case of Mrs. Bell, friendly. No one ever saw her, but every visitor to the Bell home heard her all too well. Her voice, according to one person who heard it, "spoke at a nerve-racking pitch when displeased, while at other times it sang and spoke in low musical tones." The spirit of Old Kate led John and Betsy Bell a merry chase. She threw furniture and dishes at them. She pulled their noses, yanked their hair, poked needles into them. She yelled all night to keep them from sleeping, and snatched food from their mouths at mealtime.

Oregon farmer finds live artillery shell

By KVAL News Published: Oct 19, 2011 at 12:15 PM PDT

- http://www.katu.com/news/132176203.html

Photo courtesy Polk County Sheriff's Office

MONMOUTH, Ore. - A farmer looking for a lost cow found a fully operational pre-World War II artillery shell backed with 15 pounds of TNT, the Polk County Sheriff's Office said.

The farmer reported finding the shell 500 yards off Elkins Road, just south of Monmouth, in an area that used to be part of the artillery ranges for Camp Adair.

"The Sheriff's Office use to respond to two or three of these calls a year back in the 1970s," Polk County Sheriff Bob Wolfe said.

But the farmer's find last Friday was the first in a long time, Wolfe said.

Deputies secured the area. The Salem Bomb Squad and the United States Air Force Explosive Ordinance Disposal unit from Portland responded to the scene and took over the disposal process for the shell.

The EOD unit decided to wait until Saturday morning to dispose of the shell for safety reasons. Sheriff's office personnel guarded the area overnight, and bomb disposal crews returned to the scene Saturday and disposed of the shell.

Military personnel on scene identified the shell as a pre-World War II artillery shell with a range of 12 miles.

The shell was fully operational with a high explosive tip attached.

The shell measured over two feet in length and weighed approximately 113 pounds. The high explosive tip contained approximately 15 pounds of TNT.

No word yet on whether the farmer has found his cow.

BIG CATS ON THE PROWL

A large black cat kills one pet, terrorises another and manages to elude police marksmen

COURTESY OF EVENING POST, SWANSEA

BAD CAT: Mike Sheppard points to where Mrs Reynolds' pet dog was found

THERE HAVE BEEN several dramatic Alien Big Cat incidents since our feature on the subject last issue.

On Sunday evening, 5 January, 90-year-old Joan Reynolds called her home help Michael Shepherd. The housebound widow was worried that she had not seen her seven-year-old whippet, Peter, or her Bedlington terrier, Jason, for some time. Mr Sheppard, 62, drove to Mrs Reynolds's farmhouse in the Black Mountains near Llangadog, Carmarthenshire, and searched the farm with his torch. He found the whippet lying dead with its throat torn out, and an enormous jet black cat standing over it with blood on its face. Then he noticed a smaller cat nearby. When the big one hissed at him he retreated and called the police.

An armed response unit arrived within 10 minutes and officers began a torchlight search. One of them saw the larger beast, but it vanished into the woods before he could get a clear shot. According to *The Times*, he reckoned it was 9ft to 10ft (2.7m-3m), nose to tail. The Bedlington terrier was found hiding terrified behind a shed. DNA samples were taken from hairs found in the whippet's mouth and sent to Swansea University, in an attempt to identify the species of the predator. Two years ago, Mr Sheppard had seen the same (or a similar) large cat emerging from Mrs Reynolds's chicken run with a hen in its jaws. By the time police arrived that time the animal had gone, although officers took casts of its pawprints.

Police warned farmers not to go out alone after dark

On 6 January police warned all local farmers not to go out alone after dark, and marksmen armed with sniper's rifles and automatic weapons staked out Mrs Reynolds's farmhouse. The police turned down an offer of tranquilliser darts from the RSPCA. "My main concern is to kill [the big cat]," said Inspector Phil Edwards, putting him at odds with the British Big Cat Society and most other researchers. At 2am on 8 January, a lorry driver saw a big cat in his headlights at the Associated Co-operative Creamery in Llangadog, not far from Mrs Reynolds's farm. By the time police marksmen arrived, it had gone.

The next day, there was another sighting on the edge of woodland at Ffairfach, about seven miles (11km) south-west of Llangadog. Pawprints of various sizes were found in the snow and police said they could be looking for between five and seven animals. There was a further sighting near Llangadog in the early hours of 12 January, by two police officers using night vision glasses.

Danny Bamping of the British Big Cats Society has been told by several different sources that two panthers were released into the wild in that area in 1995. A man who used to use the panthers to guard his scrapyard was sent to prison and left the cats with a friend to look after, but he got scratched by them and released them into the wild. *Shropshire Star, 7+13 Jan; Times, D.Post, Eve. Post, 8 Jan; D.Mail, BBC News, 11 Jan 2003.*

The Big Cats in Britain feature erroneously stated that "the ABC reports in Gwent gave birth to the legend of the 'Best of Brechfa'" [***FT167:33***]. Gwent is in south-east Wales, while Brechfa is in a forested area near Carmarthen, a good 40 miles (64km) further west. Also, the Beast of Bont (p34) doesn't prowl South Wales, but the area round Pontrhydfendigaid in Mid Wales.

The lynx that escaped from Kirkudbright Wildlife Park, Dumfries & Galloway [***FT167:33***] was recaptured on Friday, 13 December at Cannee Farm, Kirkcudbright, after 17 days on the loose. It was a little leaner, but in good health.

At 9.30am on the same day in Cardrona, Peebles-shire, John Smith and his wife Violet saw an odd-looking sheep on a hillside overlooking their back garden about half a mile (0.8km) away. Through his binoculars, Mr Smith saw that it was a pure white ABC, at least 3ft (90cm) long. Dashing for his video camera, he took two minutes of footage. The animal leapt onto a 5ft wall and prowled along a stone dyke. Around the same time, a farmer nearby complained of his horses being spooked.

JOHN SMITH

NOT AN ODD SHEEP: The white cat of Cardrona

The hand-held camera and digital zoom gave a poor picture quality, but Mark Fraser and other members of the Scottish Big Cat Society agreed it was a felid and larger than a domestic cat. As even snow leopards have markings, its identity was a mystery.

Albinism occurs in all cats; there was until recently an albino puma in Frankfurt Zoo. In early March 2000, a white ABC, "bigger than a large dog" with small ears, "yellowy eyes" and a bushy tail of 18in (46cm), was seen from about 200 yards (183m) by a family of three near their house to the south of Bodmin in Cornwall, and three others also saw it [*FT146:16*]. *D.Telegraph, 14 Dec; Southern Reporter (Scottish Borders), 24 Dec; D.Record, 28 Dec 2002.*

At 3.20am on 23 December, residents of Ardrossan in Ayrshire, on Scotland's west coast, called police after hearing shrill screams coming from wasteland near the railway line.

From a distance of about 35 yards (32m), three officers saw a puma-type big cat with a dark coat, at least 3ft (90cm) tall with a long black tail. Its piercing yellow eyes were reflected in their torch beams. It retreated into undergrowth, and a search was unsuccessful. On 18 November, a motorist saw a brown ABC at Dalgarven, 4 miles (6.4km) inland, and on 24 December, three people reported a large black ABC on the outskirts of Beith, 10 miles (19km) inland from Ardrossan. *Glasgow Herald, 24+28 Dec; Scotsman, 24+27 Dec 2002.*

World's largest aquatic insect specimen found in China

By **Zoe Li**, CNN
updated 7:52 AM EDT, Tue July 22, 2014

(CNN) -- The world's largest flying aquatic insect, with huge, nightmarish pincers, has been discovered in China's Sichuan province, experts say.

According to the Insect Museum of West China, local villagers in the outskirts of Chengdu handed over "weird insects that resemble giant dragonflies with long teeth" earlier this month.

Several of these odd critters were examined by the museum and found to be unusually large specimens of the giant dobsonfly, which is native to China and Vietnam.

The largest one measured 21 centimeters (8.27 inches) when its wings were open, according to the museum, busting the original record for largest aquatic insect held by a South American helicopter damselfly, which had a wingspan of 19.1 centimeters (7.5 inches).

Large enough to cover the face of a human adult, this scary-looking insect is also known among entomologists as an indicator of water quality, says the museum.

The giant dobsonfly makes its home in bodies of clean water and is highly sensitive to any changes in the water's pH as well as the presence of trace elements of pollutants. If the water is slightly contaminated, the giant dobsonfly will move on to seek cleaner waters.

The insect can be found in other provinces in China, India's Assam state, and in northern Vietnam. This is the first time it has appeared in Sichuan province.

desertsun.com

The Desert Sun CALIFORNIA

Too big for the bathtub

Sheila Gonzales, a community program manager for the Port of Los Angeles, kisses an inflatable rubber duck on the steps of City Hall on Friday. The duck is promoting the Tall Ships Festival L.A., a daylong celebration of tall ships on Aug. 20. This year's festival features an oversized duck by Dutch artist Florentijn Hofman, whose Rubber Duck project has brought the world's largest ducks to harbors across the world, including Japan, Brazil, Australia and Taiwan. MATT HAMILTON/AP

Washington Whispers

Offering a fun, insider's view of Washington since 1933

A model of the USS Constitution called the "Black Ship," at the National Museum of the United States Navy, has a storied past of tragedy.

Nobody Wants the 'Black U.S.S. Constitution' in Their Office

There's a model boat with a haunting history sitting in a glass case at the National Museum of the United States Navy.

A model of the USS Constitution called the "Black Ship," at the National Museum of the United States Navy, has a storied past of tragedy.

A model of the USS Constitution called the "Black Ship," at the National Museum of the United States Navy, has a storied past of tragedy.

By Nikki Schwab June 26, 2014 | 4:49 p.m. EDT

There's a model ship at the National Museum of the United States Navy that has a history so creepy, that nobody in the U.S. government wants the toy boat in their office.

"We call it the 'Black Constitution,'" said Capt. Henry J. Hendrix, the outgoing director of Naval History and Heritage Command, as he gives a tour of the museum, part of Washington's Navy Yard. The "black ship," as it's also called, is a replica of the USS Constitution, a relic from the 1790s that remains in Boston.

[**READ**: How Would the U.S. Navy Handle Godzilla? 'Successfully!' Says Secretary Ray Mabus]

"It was returned to us from the White house because that [USS] Constitution had sat in the office of President John Kennedy, and then was in the press secretary's office with James Brady, and then after both of them were shot, the White House said, 'We want to send this back,'" Hendrix explained. "No one wants to take the risk … I wouldn't have it in my office, for instance."

So instead the boat remains behind a glass case in the museum – what used to be the old Naval Gun Factory – on the same campus where the September 2013 Navy Yard shooting occurred. (The public can tour the facility if prior arrangements are made.)

It's Hendrix's last full day on the job, after serving "26 years, two months, 17 days" in the Navy. He's ending his career at the helm of the unit charged with looking after its archives, artifacts, art and museums. The captain, a history buff who holds two master's degrees and a Ph.D., came on board after the Navy Inspector General put out a 2011 report saying that the Navy's history was endangered: There was mold growing on some documents and even more documents were piling up. The entire museum in Washington needed to be seriously upgraded, explained the Navy Times, all thanks to being "chronically underfunded."

"But literally we have undertaken what we call band-aid solutions," Hendrix said, ticking off improvements like upgrading temperature and humidity control in the museum. "It's a lot of minutiae – that's quite frankly one of the good things about having a Navy captain installed, because we're into minutiae."

[**ALSO:** U.S. Navy Sets Its 'Phasers' to 'Stun' With New Drone-Killing Laser]

Progress has been made. On the same day as Hendrix's retirement, the Naval History and Heritage Command is being awarded a Meritorious Unit Commendation for getting the archives back on track.

And much has been discovered going through the documents, microfilm and crates.

"We came across one of the first radios to be installed in the White House," Hendrix said. The reason it was "Navy" was because its twin resided on the presidential yacht, the USS Mayflower.

After the USS Mayflower, in presidential yacht history, came the USS Sequoia.

"Now these are the benches of the Sequoia, see over there?" Hendrix pointed. "So, literally, Harry Truman and John Kennedy sat on those benches."

And speaking of presidents' bottoms, Hendrix then pointed out Abe Lincoln's old chair.

"We believe that he sat in that when he drafted the Emancipation Proclamation," Hendrix said.

The back story with that chair is that it came off the USS Princeton, a ship that suffered a major explosion in 1844 when one of its guns – dubbed the "Peacemaker" – blew up, killing the country's secretary of the Navy and secretary of state. Much of the furniture came off, including the chair, which ended up in the building we today call the Old Executive Office Building.

"That's where Lincoln would go to take telegraphs from the field," Hendrix said. "So, it's a Navy chair, but through it's own unique story came to be there, so Lincoln was making use of it."

Nikki Schwab

• Nikki Schwab is a reporter for U.S. News and World Report. You can follow her on Twitter or reach her at nschwab@usnews.com.

In "A Literary Analysis of *The Scarlet Letter*" (18-19) Johnson relates how some Puritans believe that Chillingworth was tainted during his stay with the Indians. She captures the irony of the Puritan community embracing Chillingworth as a respected healer within the community when, in fact, he practices "the most heinous black magic," something they assume to be confined to evildoers (witches or Indians) in the wilderness forest. (courtesy of Greenwood Press).

[NOTE: Numbers in parentheses in Johnson's text refer to the Signet Classic edition of *The Scarlet Letter* (1959)]

> "In one aspect of human nature, however, Chillingworth is like no other. While not sharing in the full range of human warmth and emotions encompassed by the 'A,' he becomes monomaniacally supreme in one aspect alone, sacrificing all things good, even his own life and health, for that diabolical distortion of human character-revenge. He embodies the 'A' for avenger. Torturing the man who has fathered a child with his wife becomes the sole purpose of Chillingworth's life. Then, through his determined searching, he discovers at last that Dimmesdale, too, has an 'A' on his heart corresponding to Hester's.
>
> Chillingworth's 'A' may also stand for alchemist and artist, for he is both. While intent on probing into Dimmesdale's heart, he says that he is determined to continue, 'were it only for the art's sake' (135). Later he tells Hester, 'What art can do, I have exhausted on him' (165). Unlike Hester's creative art, however, his is a wholly destructive black art, clearly meaning black magic and witchcraft. Some in the community are suspicious of his connection with Dr. Forman, a man accused of witchcraft in England, and also suspect that among the Indians he may have picked up what is described as 'their skill in the black art.' This refers to the Puritans' early beliefs that God had prepared a way for them in the wilderness and that the native Indians were minions of the devil.
>
> **CONCLUSION**
>
> The close association of Chillingworth (who, as avenger, becomes the Black Man or devil) with the community creates a number of ironies. These affinities are established as soon as Chillingworth enters the community, when they rejoice that he, the old physician, can treat the ailing young minister Dimmesdale, who initially, and secretly, rejects this. Despite Dimmesdale's resistance, however, the community successfully elevates Chllingworth and presses Dimmesdale to move in with the 'leech': "There was much joy throughout the town when this greatly desirable object was attained" (123). By this time, however, some of the community sense something unsavory about Chillingworth, one of them reporting that Chillingworth had been connected with 'Doctor Forman, the famous old conjurer' (125). But the community leaders, of course, are the ones who prevail.
>
> From this allegiance of Chillingworth and the community come several other ironies. While the community thinks that the Black Man abides in the forest, he actually abides among them in the form of their honored guest and 'healer,' Chillingworth. And while the community believes that witchcraft is practiced somewhere in the depths of the forest, the most heinous black magic is practiced with their approval and cooperation

right under their noses in Chillingworth's laboratory.

The conclusion that the reader is given to draw, then, is that Hester and Pearl are not respectively, lover and daughter of a Black Man or Satan who inhabits the forest. Rather it is the community itself which has a close relationship to the Black Man, in the person of Chillingworth, and encourages his dark arts.

Finally, in exploring the meaning of the 'A,' the reader arrives at Hawthorne's stated moral: 'Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait whereby the worst may be inferred!' (242). The true nature of every human is both sinful and angelic, somber and joyful, selfish and loving. To 'be true' means to recognize that we all wear a scarlet letter.

Page citation: http://www.hawthorneinsalem.org/page/11466/

Praying Indians and a Tentacled Lake Monster

When Tony and I recently went out to Acton we also stopped by the neighboring town of Littleton. My parents lived in Littleton before I was born, but I had ever been there before this. It has some very beautiful rural areas, including Sarah Doublet Forest, the site of one of the 17th century praying Indian villages.

In the 1640s Reverend John Eliot of Roxbury, Massachusetts began trying to convert local Indians to Christianity. He had some success, and word spread to England. Donors there sent Eliot a significant amount of money to support his missionary efforts.

Eliot used the money to found fourteen villages in Massachusetts for his so-called "praying Indians", including Natick, Ponkapoag (now Canton), and Nashoba (now Littleton). Although the villages had native names, Eliot expected their inhabitants to adopt not just Christianity but also an English way of life. Apparently hunting, gardening and a seasonally nomadic life were just too pagan. Instead, the Indians lived in wooden houses, raised livestock, and farmed like

their Puritan neighbors. Men and women cut their hair in the English fashion and discarded their traditional dress for wool clothes.

It's estimated that up to 20% of Massachusetts Indians eventually lived in these villages, but since no villages remain you can correctly surmise things didn't turn out well. In 1675 the other 80% of the native population rose up to oust the English from Massachusetts in the conflict called King Philip's war. Although the praying Indian's pledged their support to the colonists they were nonetheless rounded up and confined to Deer Island and Long Island in Boston Harbor. Hundreds starved and froze to death during the winter of 1675 - 1676.

One of those who survived was Sarah Doublet of Nashoba. Sarah and a few others had made their way back to Nashoba, but eventually she became the last survivor of that praying Indian village. When she died in 1736 she willed whatever land had not already been taken by her English neighbors to Ephraim and Elnathan Jones, two local men who had cared for her when she grew infirm. The land eventually came into the hands of two women named Edith Jenkins and Fanny Knapp, who willed the land to Littleton in the 1970s.

The forest encompasses 500 acres, and includes old stone walls, the remains of a farmhouse, and lots of interesting rocks. I don't believe there is anything left of the Indian village. Despite it's tragic history the landscape is beautiful and peaceful.

Over at his blog, the author John Hanson Mitchell describes Sarah Doublet before her conversion:

> She fixed pendants of swan's down or shells in her pierced ears, placed a

bird wing headdress in her hair, and strung herself with shell necklaces and ropes of wampum, and perhaps --- all this is conjecture --- an amulet at her breast, a winged thunderbird, or the carved image of A'pcinic, the horned water monster who lived in the depths of the pond below her village.

A'pcinic the lake monster would have lived in Lake Nagog, which is adjacent to Sarah Doublet forest. Perhaps he still does. A'pcinic, who had a beak and horns, supposedly dragged his tentacled arms along the shoreline when hungry to find his next meal. Happily, I'm unable to confirm his existence through personal experience.

Squeeze This Rice, and It Drips Blood

- by Cathryn Wellner
- November 8, 2011
- 9:30 pm

Put away the Halloween costume. This is not a vampire joke. Chinese scientists at Wuhan University have been working on a genetically modified rice that can yield a human blood protein called human serum albumin (HSA).

Normally HSA protein is manufactured by the liver and harvested the same way any other blood ingredients are, through donations. In heavy demand for both medicinal (severe burns, cirrhosis of the liver, hemorrhagic shock) and laboratory (vaccines, drugs, cell cultures) uses, HSA is in perennially short supply.

China has experienced both chronic shortages of HSA and problems with tainted blood supplies. So Professor Daichang Yang, a plant biotechnologist, and his colleagues set to work to develop a rice that could carry the albumin gene.

According to *Nature News*, HSA-yielding plants such as potatoes have been used for the last two decades, but they have been too high cost and low yield for commercial use. Rice seeds, with their high protein content and high yields, are proving to be attractive carriers of the HSA gene.

Test results are promising. *Nature News* reports:

> The rice-derived protein was shown to be functionally equivalent to the version found in human blood plasma. Not only were the two chemically and physically identical, but they were also similar when tested for medical efficacy and immune reactivity. In rats with liver disease, both types of HSA proved equally effective in relieving symptoms associated with cirrhosis. And rats that were given rice-derived HSA showed no stronger immune reaction than animals that had been given the plasma-derived version.
>
> Yang is hoping the US Food and Drug Administration will grant permission for human trials within the next two years. If clinical trials prove successful, rice may replace donor

blood as the source for HSA.

In its report on the genetically modified rice, the *Calgary Herald* cautions:

> Large-scale planting of genetically modified rice fields that could produce enough seed for mass production of the protein also raises environmental and food supply contamination concerns, since rice is a major world food staple.

Cross pollination among rice varieties occurs less frequently than among some cultivars such as canola. However, the Rice Knowledge Bank maintained by the International Rice Research Institute suggests up to 5% of a rice crop can be cross pollinated through wind, insects, birds, snails and water.

Given the biotech industry's penchant for ignoring research that reveals numerous problems with genetically modified crops, enthusiasm for this new supply of HSA needs to be tempered with considerable caution.

Blue Ridge Parkway never steers you wrong

Carri Wilbanks
Special for USA TODAY

Buckle up, sit back and enjoy "America's Favorite Drive," from Virginia to North Carolina, to the tune of some good ol' mountain music along the famed Blue Ridge Parkway. The scenic link between Shenandoah National Park and the Great Smoky Mountains National Park is a meandering drive that winds visitors slowly (at 45 mph or less) through the southern highlands of Appalachia. It's the country's longest road planned as a single unit. Jump on or stop off at a number of major cities along the way such as Roanoke, Va., or Asheville, N.C., or get lost among the 469 miles of hills and hollers.

STAYING AROUND THE PARK

Aside from staying at one of the many quaint towns just a few miles off the parkway, visitors have several overnight options along the route itself. Open from spring to fall, the Peaks of Otter Lodge is located at Milepost 86 and greets weary travelers with a full-service restaurant and lounge, as well as 63 rooms with views of Abbott Lake. If car camping is more your speed, reserve your spot at one of several campgrounds along the drive, such as the park's largest, Julian Price Park. Open from May 9 through the fall, it offers campers options to rent canoes, fish and hike among the hemlocks and hickory trees that shade the campground.

WILDLIFE

For the naturalist in the car, the Blue Ridge Parkway offers ample opportunity to use your Audubon Society guidebook and digital camera to identify and photograph the vast array of plants and animals found along the drive. Dozens of unique species of mammals, amphibians and reptiles call the parkway corridor home, as well as 130 species of trees. Visitors should keep their eyes out for black bears, river otters, 31 salamander species and even the occasional peregrine falcon.

JAYNE CLARK, USA TODAY

Mabry Mill at Milepost 176 in Virginia is said to be the most photographed spot along the Blue Ridge Parkway. The mill features interpreters who demonstrate early Appalachian life.

BILL SANDERS, ASHEVILLE CITIZEN-TIMES VIA AP

Cars exit Buck Spring Tunnel to a colorful fall mountainside at Milepost 407 just north of Mount Pisgah in North Carolina.

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

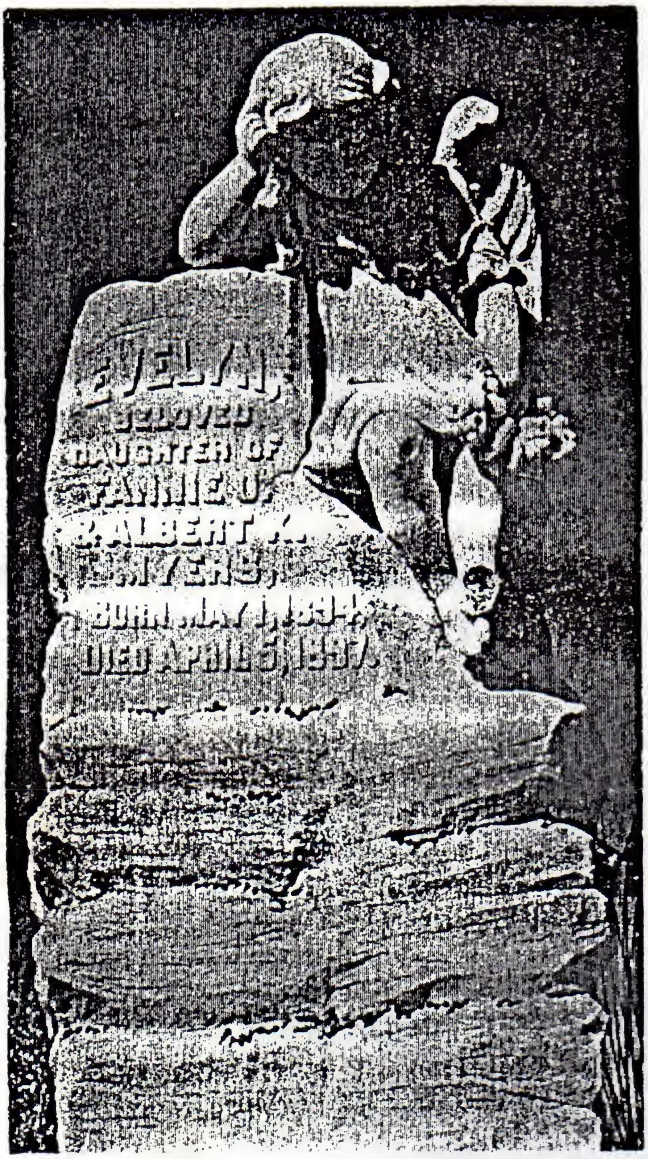
Along the parkway, stop and stretch your legs on a short stroll to Humpback Rocks and explore the 19th-century farm buildings at the site near Milepost 5.8. For more strenuous excursions, pull off the parkway at Rocky Knob near Milepost 169 for a variety of trails to choose from, including the Rock Castle Gorge Trail (10.8-mile loop) and the Smart View Trail (2.6-mile loop). Nearby, one of the most photographed buildings on the drive, Mabry Mill, is a must-see destination and the perfect place for a post-hike picnic. The Blue Ridge Parkway also offers a great opportunity to take in the dazzling autumn fall foliage, starting in October, or rhododendrons and other wildflowers blossoming in spring.

ICONIC FEATURES OF THE PARK

More than just breathtaking overlooks, hiking and bird watching, the parkway also offers visitors true mountain culture including mountain music at a number of concerts throughout the year. Bluegrass, mountain gospel music and flatfoot dancing opportunities abound along the drive. The Blue Ridge Music Center (Milepost 213) celebrates the music and musicians of the area. It features an outdoor amphitheater and an indoor interpretive center/theater. You can hear traditional fiddle, banjo and guitar music wafting out of the center via free presentations each weekday from noon to 4 p.m.

Be sure to take note of the relics of the pioneer past as you drive by preserved log structures and other historical settlements, some of which are among the oldest in the country.

BODIE CEMETERY



THE LIVES WITHIN

Bodie State Historic Park
P.O. Box 515
Bridgeport, CA 93517
760-647-6445

THE FRIENDS OF BODIE

The Friends of Bodie is a non-profit organization dedicated to the preservation and interpretation of the gold mining ghost town of Bodie.

Many of the stones in the cemetery are missing due to theft, vandalism and weather, but Friends of Bodie is working to prevent that in the future. Proceeds from the sale of this brochure are to be used for the stabilization and restoration of the cemetery.

For more information contact Bodie State Historic Park.

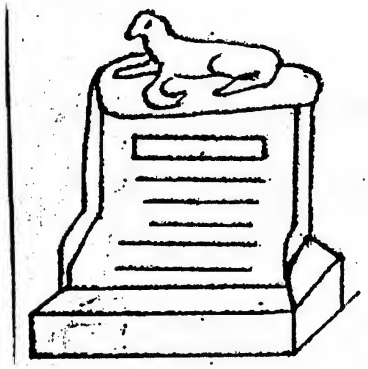
To assist Friends of Bodie in their efforts with the cemetery, please follow these rules:

- **Do not desecrate the graves.**
- **Do not touch or lean on the markers.**
- **Stay on designated paths.**

36. Alleia Mattos Dec.13, 1902 Age 1 yr , 9 mos, 17 ds Myrtle on reverse side

37. Anna Leslie McDonell March 8, 1893 Age 1 yr, 4 mos, 27 ds

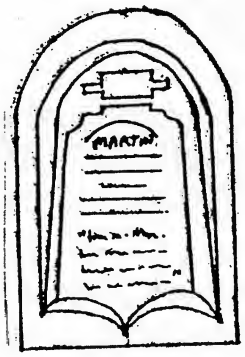
38. L.H. Arrild April 29, 1903 19 yrs, 8 mos "He shall sleep but not forever."



39. Anthony Jackson Nov. 9, 1880 48 yrs A native of Ireland

40. John Dolan Deignan Died Sept. 19, 1889 Age 38 yrs "Brother" on base

41. Martha, beloved wife of John Letcher Born in Cornwall, Eng. April 20, 1882 35 yrs. "Amiable she won all, Intelligent she charmed all, Fervent she loved all, And dead she saddened all."



42. Alexander Nixon Native Tyrone, Ireland Born 1847- June 13, 1878 Age 31yrs. "Gone but not forgotten." He was President of the Miners Union. He was killed in a shootout at Gallagher and O'Brien's Saloon over words about who was a better man after the offer of a drink by his friend Tom McDonald.

43. Mateo Petralli Nov. 10, 1850-Feb. 2, 1915. Native of Switzerland.

44. AnnaMaria Petralli June 24, 1852- June 30, 1915

Follow the path out and up the hill

ON TOP OF THE HILL AT BODIE

45. W.A.R. Loose Warren Born Quincy, Illinois August 6, 1848 Died Bodie Aug. 19, 1917 Footstone says "Brother" A small splintered wooden marker is next to this site. Was a part owner and manager of the Syndicate Mine. Also known for suing Leland Stanford, of Stanford University, over the colt from a race horse.

Return to Miners Cemetery

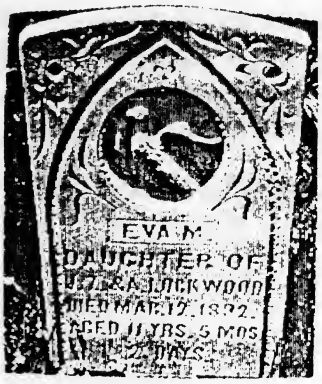
46. Name Unknown "Had he asked us, well we know. We should cry, oh spare this blow. Yes with streaming tears should pray. Lord, we love him, let him stay."

47. Arthur McQuaid May 18, 1899 Aged 51 yrs Arthur McQuaid Dec. 26, 1890. Hugh McQuaid Sept. 7, 1883. Mother: Maria McQuaid Oct. 10, 1909 Inside intact iron fence.

48. Martha B. Daughter of J.Z. & A. Lockwood April 13, 1892 Aged 3 yrs, 15 ds "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

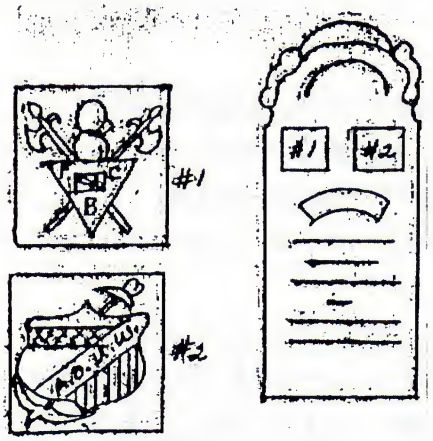
49. Pagdin Part of marker missing, probably bronze Low iron fence with gate

50. Eva M. Daughter of J.Z. & A. Lockwood March 12, 1892 Age 11 yrs, 5 mos, 2 ds "Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep."



51. Gustav A Seiler 1888-1891

52. W.H. Wereley "Brother We lay thee now to rest." Dec.20, 1848-Feb. 9, 1890 A Native of Ontario, Canada



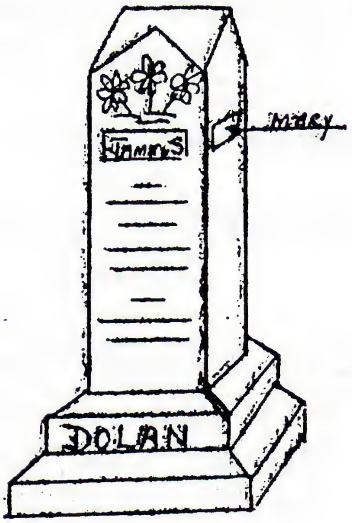
53. John S. McCracken April 19, 1905 Age 45 yrs "McCracken" on base Ivy on reverse side of stone

54. G.C. Wood 1848-1917 Mary Wood 1847-1908

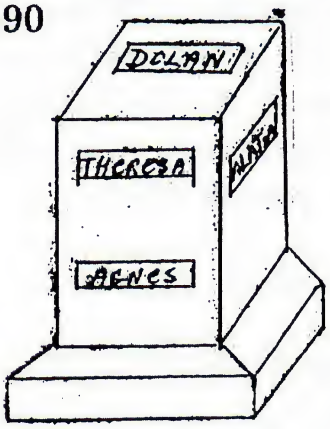
55. James P. Native... Died August... Age 64 yrs Intact iron fence

56. Harry F. Dolan 1880-1936 James Edwin Dolan 1916-1917

57. Dolan Mary April 10, 1851-Feb. 3, 1917 James S. Jan. 1, 1841-March 11, 1904



58. "Dolan" Alatia 1889-1890 Theresa 1888-1888 Agnes 1888-1919 Charles 1886-1890

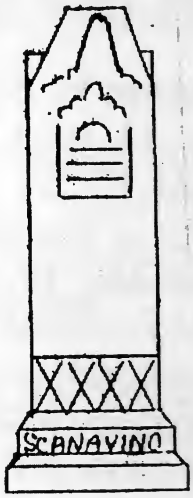


59. George W. Dolan April 4, 1884-Nov. 21, 1905

60. James Cordon Son of N.G. & M.A. Welsh Sept. 19, 1907 Age 1 yr, 2 mos, 22 ds

61. John Scanavino Born Aug. 22, 1889-Sept. 5, 1904

62. Joe Scanavino Born 1842-Died 1909 An Italian immigrant who spoke little English, he owned and operate the Goat Ranch south of Bodie for many years. The father of eight children, Mono Co. hired a teacher to live and teach at his ranch.



63. Louis Scanavino Died at Camp Sheridan, Alabama. 1891-1918 U.S. Soldier.

64. David Scanavino Dec. 15, 1903-Nov. 8, 1921.

65. Joe Scanavino May 21, 1896-April 19, 1955.

66. Steven A. Scanavino April 19, 1895-Dec. 20, 1970 Worked as an electrical engineer for several large firms.

67. Ernest Campana 1855-1923 Native of Switzerland.

68. Peter Noonan Feb. 25, 1848-July 10, 1894 Native of Ireland

69. McMillan at bottom. "Mother" Caroline Faure 1861-1937 Infants John McMillan Dec. 5, 1882-June 10, 1884 George McMillan Jan 18, 1884-June 7, 1884

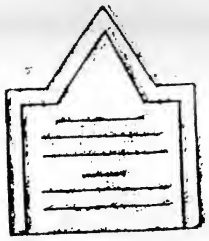
70. Mary Louise Moore March 23, 1871-April 26, 1891 Age 21 yrs. "A precious one from us has gone, A voice we loved is stilled; A place is vacant in our hearts, Which never can be filled."

Back through gate to Masonic

71. In memory of James A. Garfield President of the U.S. Died Sept. 19, 1881 Erected Jan. 1889 This monument was originally cut for "Bill Bodey," father of the town. But in December 1881 the following article appeared in the local paper: "A Good Proposition. There was some talk on the streets Monday in the direction of raising a subscription to buy the monument which was cut a couple of years ago in Bodie, and have it erected in the cemetery in honor of the late President Garfield. Why not direct a monument to Bill Bodey-he was the father of this town?"

The fickle public did take and use the monument meant for Bill Bodey and erected it to the memory of President Garfield, while the remains of Bill Bodey rested in an unmarked grave.

72. Edith E. Richards April 9, 1876-Jan. 23, 1906



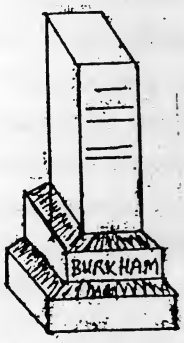
Go back through gate to Wards Cemetary

73. In Loving memory Christine" Daughter of George & Alice Parker March 18, 1903-Aug. 14, 1905 Gray with ivy on sides, white base

74. Solomon B. Burkham Died Jan. 13, 1904 Aged 49 yrs, 16 ds Native of W. Virginia Mary L. Burkham Feb. 14, 1860-Jan. 17, 1945 Native of N.Y. Owner of the Merchandise Store, he also had stage transport contracts to Hawthorne, NV.

75. Kathryn Lee Burkham 1892-1912

76. Harlan V. Burkham 1883-1914



77. Thomas Miller Aug 4, 1858-Dec 17, 1903 "Father" Odd Fellow's Emblem Ran the Mono Mills Store.

78. William D. Miller CA Private 164 Depot Brig. Feb 7, 1933 American Legion Emblem

79. Mary A. Miller 1893-1963 "In God's Care" "Mother"

Exit cemetery, turn right and follow fence to next marker

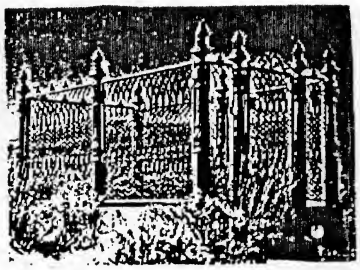
80. Rosa May Oalaque

ROSA MAY

She was born in Pennsylvania, January 1855. In1871, at the age of 16, Rosa ran away from home. She drifted to New York, where she fell in with a hard crowd of men and women. Soon she was prostituting to survive. She moved to mining camp brothels in Colorado and Idaho for 2 years, and then on to Virginia City and Reno. In the early 1890's she moved to Bodie for the riches to be found. Because of the life she led, when she died in Nov. of 1911 or 1912, she was buried outside the cemetery fence. A

new marker stands near her grave.

LOTTIE JOHL



Another local prostitute named Lottie was a little more fortunate. She married a local butcher Eli Johl and, they lived in town for many years. When Lottie Johl died in Nov.1899, her husband Eli fought hard to have her buried inside the cemetery. The townspeople finally gave in and let him bury her at the far southwest corner of the cemetery. A strong black iron fence surrounds her now unmarked grave.

CEMETERY SYMBOLS

One way to learn about the past is through information found in cemeteries. Besides names, birth and death dates and other personal information, cemetery symbols used by stone carvers and monument companies from the 1700s forward included traditional and religious symbols. Here's a list of some of them:

Angels of heaven, trumpeting they accompany the soul heavenward, announcing arrival.

Eye-divine wisdom.

Flowers-impermanence.
- Calla Lilly-majestic beauty
- Daisy-youth
- Morning glory-resurrection
- Lily-purity, chastity
- Pansy-humility
- Rose-love
- Shamrock-holy trinity
- Thistle-fall of man

Gates-passageway to heaven

Hands-clasped, showing love and eternity.
Heart-the soul triumphant over death

Lamb-symbol of Christ, the death of a child

Laurel-reward, glory

Plants-heavenly garden
Ivy-immortality
Wheat-death of an adult
Grapes-blood of Christ
Pine Cone-regeneration

Open Book-divine knowledge

Sun-glorified souls

Trees-Cut tree-death
Cypress-hope
Weeping Willow-sorrow

Urns--death of an adult

In New England during the 1700s and early 1800s, the Puritans had a very serious, gloomy view of death that was evident in epitaphs like this one: As you are now, So once was I: As I am now, So shall you be. So prepare for death and follow me.

By the mid 1800s and 1900s, Victorians sentimentalized death using epitaphs like "Gone but not forgotten."

FURNITURE—UNDERTAKING.

H. WARD.

I. O. O. F. BUILDING,

(BODIE, CALIFORNIA.)

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

Bedding and Carpets, Wall Paper and Window Shades, Paints, Oils, Varnish and Glass, Pictures and Picture Frames,

TOILET SETS, CABINET HARDWARE, ETC.

Furniture Repaired.

CHAS. H. KELLY & CO.,

LEADING

UNDERTAKERS,

MAIN STREET, BODIE.

Everything in the undertaker's line fully attended to. Embalming and the preparation of bodies for transportation will receive special attention. je29tf

H. WARD,

UNDERTAKER!

—AND—

FUNERAL DIRECTOR!

(I. O. O. F. Building, Bodie, Cal.)

LONG EXPERIENCE IN THE UNDERtaking business enables me to give it the proper attention.
Special care taken in preparing bodies for transportation.

COFFINS, CASKETS AND SHROUDS Always on hand. f

LOST

These persons are known to be buried in Bodie; the location of their graves is unknown. Some are buried in Boothill outside the respectable cemeteries.

Eleanor Dumont "Madame Mustache." Died Oct. 7, 1880. Suicide by poisoning.

William "Billy" O'Hara Died 1880. African American. At one time owned the Bunker Hill mine.

U.P. Jack Died in a duel. Jan. 15,1878.

Jack O'Hara Died of gun shot wounds when he and 3 others jumped a mining claim. Aug. 27, 1878.

Andy Hagerday Oct. 4, 1878. Killed in Champion Mine by falling timber.

BUT

Elrod Ryon Feb.6 1879. Slipped on ice and fell 450 ft. down Bodie Mine shaft.

W.J. O'Brien July 10,1879 Died in explosion of powder magazine at Summit Mine.

Tioga Mine Shaft; brakes failed on the cage, plummeting 520 ft. Killed J.R. Cassidy, H. Richards, Sam Martin, Manuel Garcia and Joseph Brodrier. Oct. 9, 1879.

Thomas Travis Jan. 1,1880. Knifed by Tom Dillon. As he lay dying he fired one shot critically wounding Tom Dillon who survived. Tom was tried for murder, but was released for lack of evidence!

James Kennedy July 5,1880. His fumbled draw and bad aim put him 6 ft under!

NOT

Chatto Encinos July 1880. Killed by Sam Chung for raiding his vegetable garden.

Bob Whiteacre Sept. 2, 1880. Assassinated by George Watkins.

George Watkins Sept. 3, 1880. Committed suicide in his jail cell by drinking a bottle of poison.

Killed by fire at Goodshaw Hoisting Works: Duncan McRay, Arthur Jackson, Hugh Smith, John Blake. Nov. 8 1880.

Thomas Treloar Jan. 15, 1881. Shot in the back by Joseph DeRoche, when he objected to DeRoche dancing with his wife.

James Blair Died in a duel Jan 18, 1878

FORGOTTEN

Antone Valencis Died 1878 Shot by Jesus Revis

James Doyle Killed in the Bodie Mine June 19, 1878

John Goff Shot in a claim jumping dispute Aug 23, 1879

Almond Parks Fell 50 ft down shaft in Black Hawk Mine Oct 1879

Michael J. Cody U.S. Land Agent. Died in explosives accident. July 25, 1905

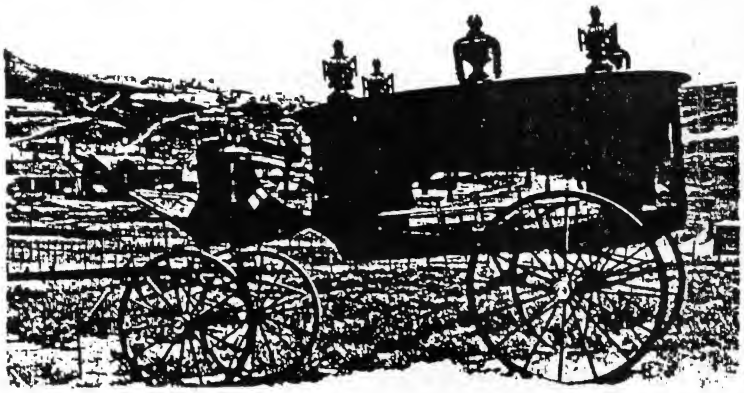
A.C. Robertson Feb. 1880 Spaulding mine. Tried to thaw out frozen powder in his oven?

John Enright Shot and killed by James Harrington in Teagues Saloon. John fired the first shot and missed. James didn't! Sept. 3,1878.

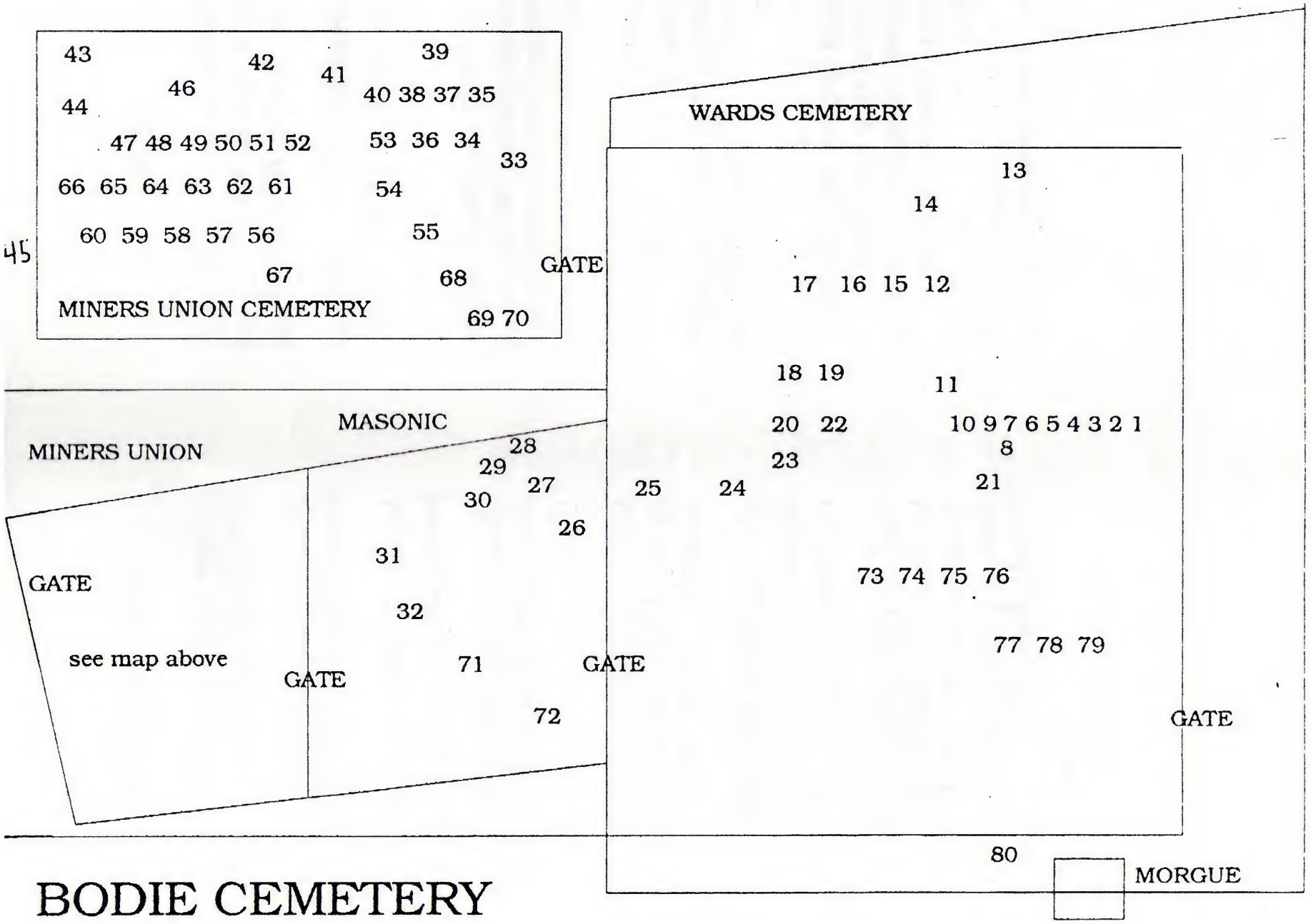
THE BODIE CEMETERY

The present site of the Bodie Cemetery was established in 1877 and consists of three discrete burial areas within the perimeter fence. The People's or Ward's Cemetery is located on the north end of the cemetery. The Freemason's or Masonic, and the Miner's Union plots are on the south end. By 1880 the cemetery contained 160 graves: 109 in the Wards, 43 in the Miner's Union Plot and 8 in the Masonic cemetery.

As of June 24, 1994, only 140 of the gravesites could be located. The last burial to take place in the cemetery was on August 14,1994 when Kenneth L. McKeough, born in Bodie in 1908 was interred. Due to Bodie's status as a landmark, there are only about a dozen citizens left who may be buried here.

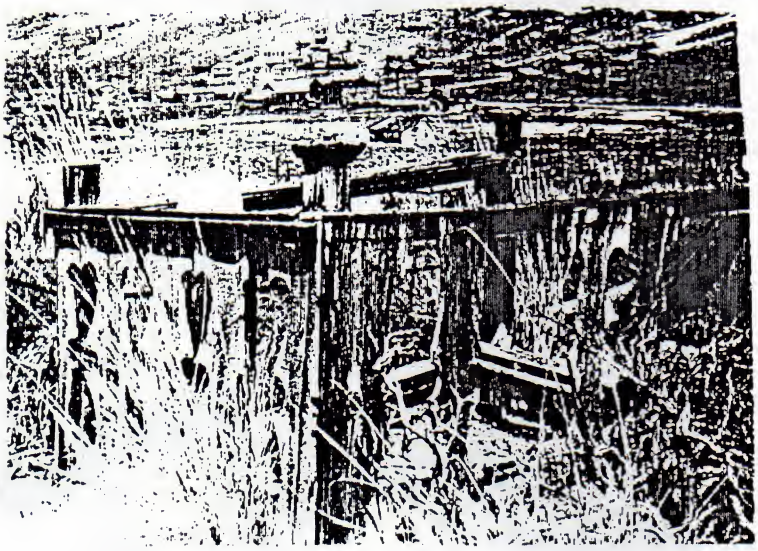


The first Bodie cemetery was originally located approximately 880 ft. east-southeast of it's present location around the old hospital, and was called Boothill. However the high water table in this area caused the graves to fill with water, and in 1877 the cemetery was moved to its present location. Not all of the burials were defined by monuments, or the markers were missing in the old cemetery. As a result, an unknown number of graves remain in the original location.



BODIE CEMETERY

A perimeter fence not only defined the physical boundaries of the cemetery but also was an indicated the social status of the persons buried within. The area within the fence was reserved for the "Respectable," and those "Outside the Pale of Decency" such as prostitutes, gunmen and illegitimate children were buried outside the fence.
Before the establishment of a cemetery at Bodie, the earliest burials took place 18 miles northeast of Bodie at Aurora in the early 1860's and at Bridgeport, located 12 miles southwest, established in the late 1850's.



CHINESE IN BODIE

Chinese migration started in early 1878. Nearly all the Chinese originally arrived in San Francisco and moved from camp to camp, coming to Bodie from Virginia City. A census list showed 42 Chinese in all of Mono County in 1870 and in 1880, 363 in Mono County

Bodie's Chinatown was located in an area northwest of the central part of town and was concentrated west of Prospect St., along King Street. The Chinese owned and operated many businesses, even in the main part of town. A few Chinese mined their own claims, which had been deserted by Euro-American miners. However, the Bodie Miner's Union and the Workingman's Party prohibited them from working in the quartz mines.

Both the Chinese and Euro-American population began to decline as the economic downturn began in town. An 1890 census showed 146

Chinese in Mono County. By 1914 only two or three Chinese remained in town.

Early Chinese cemeteries were only marked by wooden headboards and inscribed with the name and often the location in China where the remains were to be sent for final burial. It was the belief of the Chinese immigrants that the final resting-place of their dead must be in family plots in China. Burials in America were only temporary as the graves would be reopened after several years and the bones shipped back to the deceased's home village when financially possible. According to their religious beliefs the spirit of the dead person remains near the body, requiring care and attention from the descendants. The saints may be forgotten or rituals ineffective if the bones are not returned to the home village.

While social customs were responsible for determining whom among the Euro-American population could be buried within the main cemetery, ethnic background of the individual was also a crucial factor in location of the burial. Racial prejudice required that the Chinese be buried on the slope above the west perimeter fence, where the remains of several hundred Chinese were buried.

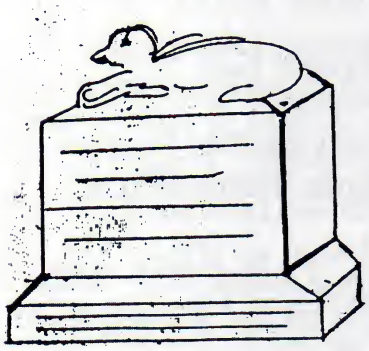
By 1870 approximately 11 thousand Chinese had died in the U.S. and the remains of over 6 thousand had been shipped home to China. In June 1994 a ground penetrating radar survey was conducted and shoed no evidence of disturbances in an area southeast of the current cemetery thought to have been used as the Chinese cemetery. This showed the cemetery never extended to that area as previously thought.

WARDS CEMETERY

1. John W. DeChambeau 1875-1918

2. J. Emit DeChambeau Born Nov. 6, 1900 Died April 23, 1905

3. Nathan Cook Gregory Son of Nathan H. & Catherine C. Gregory Jan. 12, 1887-Sept. 22, 1890 "Suffer little children to come unto me. Forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."



4. Nathan Hall Gregory Nov. 19, 1841-April 9, 1926. "Work well done. Rest in Peace." He operated a cattle ranch between Bodie and Aurora, and maintained a residence still standing in Bodie today.

5. Catherine C. Gregory May 14, 1854-March 31, 1912. "Weep not, for she is not dead, but sleepeth." Luke 8:52 Wife of Nathan H. Gregory (4), mother of Nathan C. Gregory(3)

6. Belived to be grave of Henry Miller Died Oct. 1, 1886. Aged 52yrs

7. Sacred Memory J.E. Boone March 6, 1843-Oct. 20, 1881

8. Anthony Thumann Aug. 17-Nov. 14, 1883 Floor manager at Masonic "Grand Balls."

9. Believed to be infant son of N.W. & Katie Boyd Born July 29, 1881 White marble N.W. Boyd owned

and operated the Occidental Hotel from 1883 to the time it burned down in the 1932 fire.

10. James D. Perry Native Ireland Died June 9, 1896 Aged 63yrs Odd Fellows emblem and all seeing eye on shield A spray of ivy Served as Supervisor of Mono Co. The 1932 fire started in the restaurant building operated by Mrs. James Perry.

11. I.N. McKean March 24, 1860-May 30, 1923 or 1928 Independent Order of Odd Fellows Emblem at top (I.O.O.F.)

12. Clarence C. Burks 1897-1961 "Father" Watchman 1950-1961

13. E Clampus Vitus This marker placed in memory of Wiiliam S. Bodey "Let him repose in peace amid these everlasting hills." Erected by Snowshoe Thompson Chapter ECV Oct. 5, 1957. A second marker was put in place on Sept. 6, 1976 by Boone's Memorials. "Buried here are the mortal remains of William S. Bodey 1814-1859 Native of Poughkeepsie, N.Y."

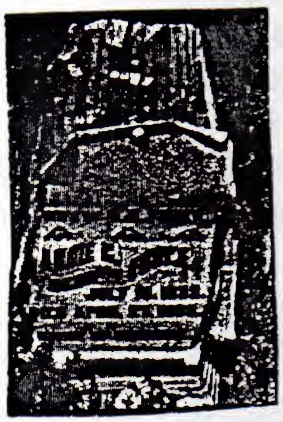
14. Alfred E. Tye 1864-1934

15. Lester L.Bell Jan. 24, 1888-July 5, 1950 Managed the Standard Mill in later years. Known as "Honest Old Lester." It was said no matter how much gold passed through his hands, none of it stuck.

16. Mrs. Lester Bell Buried July 1976 No marker

17. Leslie S. Nicholls Born June 17, 1908 Died Oct. 4, 1908 "Our Darling"

18. Annie C. Fouke Wife of R.R. Fouke July 19, 1859-April 27, 1896 Native of Denmark



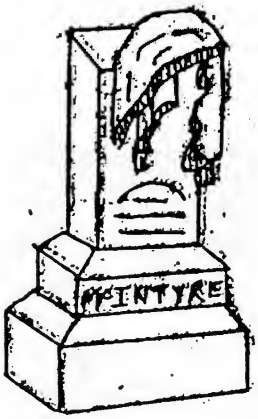
19. Evelyn, Beloved daughter of Fannie O. & Albert K. Myers May 1, 1894-April 5, 1897 White marble child angel, wreath in hand wearing dress and heart locket Also known as the "Angel of Bodie." She died after she was accidentally struck in the head with a pick axe while drainage was being dug around her house.

20. Louisa May McIntyre Died April 17, 1899 Aged 3mos. 28ds.

21. William D. Miller CA. Private 164 Depot Brig. Feb. 7, 1933 American Legion Emblem

22. Pauline wife of W.J. McKeough 1883-1909 Alis Volat Propbis Erected by Women of Woodcraft

23. Duncan McIntyre Died April 4, 1902 Aged 54yrs.



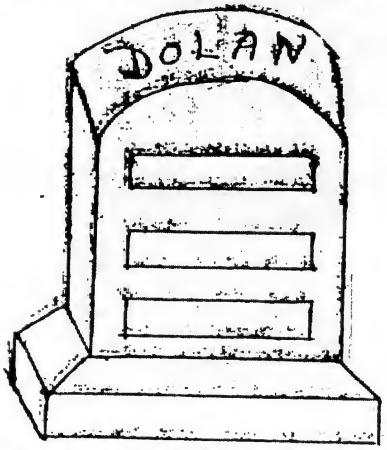
24. David McKinney May 1881 Aged 49yrs, 5 mos, 12ds. Native of Ohio "Gone before us, O Our Brother, To the spirit land, Vainly look we for another, In thy place to stand."

25. Mary Elizabeth Butler On east side of stone "Elizabeth my wife" On west side of stone "Mary Elizabeth wife of B.F. Butler" Died Nov. 24, 1878 Aged 30yr, 8mo, 8ds. "Thus star by star declined, Till all are passed away, As morning high and higher shines, To pure and perfect day." Her obituary states that Mary was mourned by a large circle of friends after a long illness. She left behind a husband and four children.

Head downhill to the fence opening

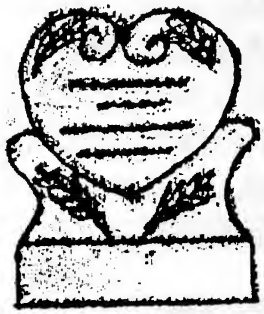
MASONIC CEMETERY

26. Lucille Edna Dolan August 27, 1906-Sept. 14, 1909



27. Solomon G. Stebbins Died Oct. 20, 1881 Aged 56yrs Native of N.Y. Broken marble Masonic emblem on top. Served as a Bodie town constable for several years.

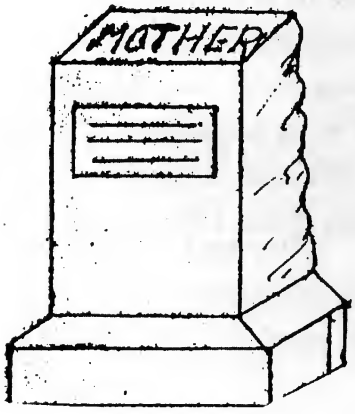
28. John Jeffery Died Jan. 18, 1914 Age 47 yrs



29. William Hick Died Nov. 24, 1901 Age 54 yrs Native of Cornwall, Eng. Masonic Emblem on top At the time of his death, he was one of the oldest resident miners. He died of a punctured lung sustained in mine accident.

30. William T. Owens "Billy" 1855-Bodie 1933 MO

31. Mrs. A.J. Johnson Feb. 24, 1828-Nov. 25, 1905 Mother



32. Wood Larson Died Sept. 29, 1900 Aged 66 yrs, 7 mos, 18 ds "At rest in loving remembrance"

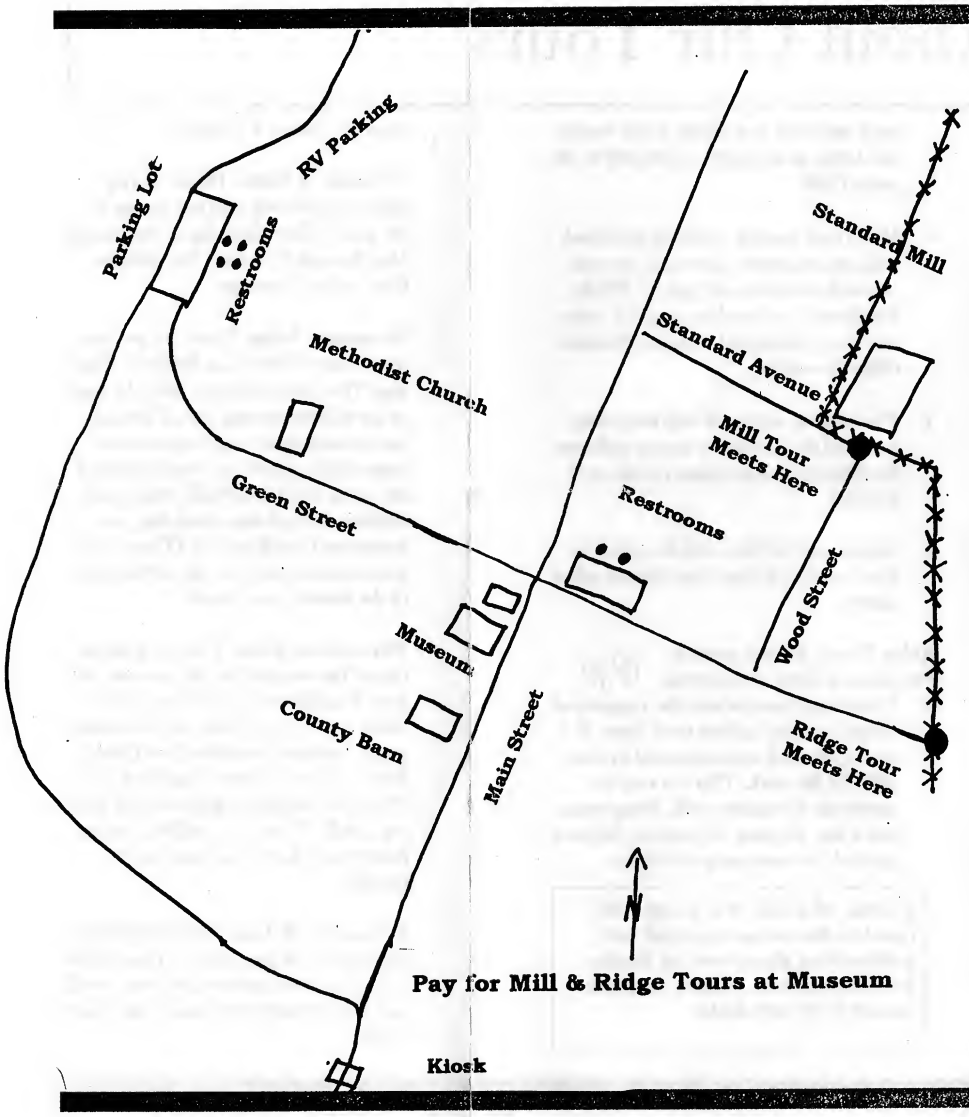
Head downhill to the fence opening

MINERS UNION CEMETARY

33. John F. Kennedy July 11, 1902 Age 39yrs Arrived in San Francisco in 1851, and found his way to Bodie from there. He worked for many years as a butcher for the City Market.

34. Arthur E. Son of B.I. & L.M. Barlow Nov. 11, 1899 Aged 3 mos, 18 ds

35. George W. Son of J.A. & M.A. Conway May 20, 1901 Aged 1 yr, 2 mos, 28 ds



Welcome to Bodie State Historic Park

This brochure contains our current tour schedule and map. Enjoy your visit!

June 13-Labor Day 1998

About Our Tours

Self-Guided Tour Brochure: Cost: $1

- Available at the kiosk and museum. Enjoy exploring Bodie on your own with this booklet that describes over 65 marked sites in the town.

Self-Guided Cemetery Brochure: Cost: $1

- Available at museum & cemetery

History Talk: Free
Time: 2:15 p.m.

- A 30-minute talk about Bodie's beginnings and heyday. Meets at Methodist Church on Green Street.

Bodie Video: Free
Time: 12:15 p.m. at County Barn, near museum

- A 30-minute video about the origins and glory days of Bodie. WEEKENDS ONLY

Mill Tours: $3 per person.
Times: 11 a.m., Noon, 1:30 p.m., 3 p.m., 3:30 p.m. Purchase tickets in advance at museum.
Please, no dogs on tour

- A 50-minute tour of the Standard Consolidated Mill, where the majority of Bodie's gold and silver was processed after being mined. Many of our tours are presented as "Living History," where the tour guide is in period costume. Journey back into time and decide if you would like being an employee at the mill in the early 1900s.

- Mill Tours involve climbing stairs and walking on uneven ground in an area normally closed to the public. While the distance covered is not great, tours may be challenging for those who have difficulty walking.

- The historic nature of mill tours may not hold the interest of young children. Strollers are not permitted in the mill building.

- Adults and children may be asked to leave tours if their actions disturb other visitors.

Ridge Tour: $3 per person
Purchase tickets at museum. 1 P.M.

- A look at an area where the majority of Bodie's mining activity took place. It is part of the 515 acres acquired in June 1997 by the park. This is a easy to moderate 45-minute walk. Bring water and a hat. Because of hazards, this area can only be seen on guided tours.

Friends of Bodie is a group dedicated to the preservation of the gold-mining ghost town of Bodie. For information, contact museum or call (760) 647-6445.

Special Tours & Events:

"Friends of Bodie Photo Days," allow special early and late access to the park. Third Saturday of the month, May through October. For information, contact museum.

90-minute Ridge Tour: $5 per person. Time: 4:30-6 p.m. Friday & Saturday. This expanded tour will take you to the railway station, site of Bodie's last cyanide plant, and entrances to mine shafts. Great panoramic view of the town. Moderate walk; wear good walking shoes, bring water, hat, sunscreen and windbreaker. (Three-hour tour replaces this tour on 1st Saturday of the month; see below)

Three-hour Ridge Tour: 1st Saturday of the month. $10 per person, 3-6 p.m. In addition to sites seen on the above tour, we will walk the old railway grade, visit the site of the Red Cloud Mine and end up atop Standard Hill. This tour requires a great deal of walking uphill. Wear good walking shoes, bring water, hat, sunscreen, windbreaker.

Evening Mill Tour: 2nd Saturday of the month. $5 per person. Time: 6:30-7:45 p.m. At conclusion of tour, a walk and talk through town ends your visit to Bodie.

MORTUARY CO-OWNER CHARGED WITH ABUSE

The co-owner of a Texas mortuary where eight decaying bodies were found has turned himself into police.

The Fort Worth *Star Telegram* reported Sunday that 39-year-old Dondre Johnson had bail set at $10,500.

Johnson's wife, 35-year-old Rachel Hardy-Johnson, was arrested Friday at her Arlington, Texas, home on seven warrants.

Both are accused of treating in "an offensive manner" the remains of seven bodies.

Grave Of Boy, 12, Killed In 1911 Dug Up In Butler Co.

Posted: 10:51 am EDT September 28, 2011Updated: 11:06 am EDT September 28, 2011
http://www.wpxi.com/news/29327930/detail.html

BUTLER, Pa. -- Police in Butler County are looking for the person who dug up the grave of a 12-year-old boy who died 100 years ago.

Officials said the superintendent at the North Side Cemetery made the discovery on Monday.

He said he believes someone used a shovel to dig up the grave sometime over the weekend.

Police said they think the action was planned because of how neatly it was done.

The boy was struck and killed by a train in August 1911.

Nov 12, 9:15 PM EST

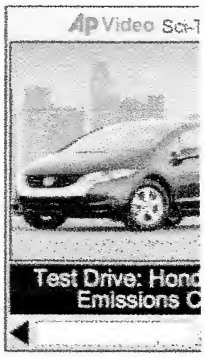
Doctors say marrow transplant may have cured AIDS

By PATRICK McGROARTY
Associated Press Writer

BERLIN (AP) -- An American man who suffered from AIDS appears to have been cured of the disease 20 months after receiving a targeted bone marrow transplant normally used to fight leukemia, his doctors said Wednesday.

AP Photo/Michael Sohn

While researchers - and the doctors themselves - caution that the case might be no more than a fluke, others say it may inspire a greater interest in gene therapy to fight the disease that claims 2 million lives each year. The virus has infected 33 million people worldwide.



Dr. Gero Huetter said his 42-year-old patient, an American living in Berlin who was not identified, had been infected with the AIDS virus for more than a decade. But 20 months after undergoing a transplant of genetically selected bone marrow, he no longer shows signs of carrying the virus.

"We waited every day for a bad reading," Huetter said.

It has not come. Researchers at Berlin's Charite hospital and medical school say tests on his bone marrow, blood and other organ tissues have all been clean.

However, Dr. Andrew Badley, director of the HIV and immunology research lab at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., said those tests have probably not been extensive enough.

"A lot more scrutiny from a lot of different biological samples would be required to say it's not present," Badley said.

This isn't the first time marrow transplants have been attempted for treating AIDS or HIV infection. In 1999, an article in the journal Medical Hypotheses reviewed the results of 32 attempts reported between 1982 and 1996. In two cases, HIV was apparently eradicated, the review reported.

Huetter's patient was under treatment at Charite for both AIDS and leukemia, which developed unrelated to HIV.

As Huetter - who is a hematologist, not an HIV specialist - prepared to treat the patient's leukemia with a bone marrow transplant, he recalled that some people carry a genetic mutation that seems to make them resistant to HIV infection. If the mutation, called Delta 32, is inherited from both parents, it prevents HIV from attaching itself to cells by blocking CCR5, a receptor that acts as a kind of gateway.

"I read it in 1996, coincidentally," Huetter told reporters at the medical school. "I remembered it and thought it might work."

Roughly one in 1,000 Europeans and Americans have inherited the mutation from both parents, and Huetter set out to find one such person among donors that matched the patient's marrow type. Out of a pool of 80 suitable donors, the 61st person tested carried the proper mutation.

Before the transplant, the patient endured powerful drugs and radiation to kill off his own infected bone marrow cells and disable his immune system - a treatment fatal to between 20 and 30 percent of recipients.

He was also taken off the potent drugs used to treat his AIDS. Huetter's team feared that the drugs might interfere with the new marrow cells' survival. They risked lowering his defenses in the hopes that the new, mutated cells would reject the virus on their own.

Interactives

Latest News

Buy AP Photo Reprints

Blog Roundup
The most blogged Associated Press arti

Mishandling of Germs Rise at US Labs
8 new links

Chertoff: Illegals 'Deg Environment
8 new links

Ford Sales Down As I Labor Talks
6 new links

$2M Bond Set for Mot

YAHOO! NEWS

Nepal jails 19 over 'Himalayan Viagra' murders

AFP – Tue, Nov 15, 2011

A court in Nepal has convicted 19 villagers over the murder of a group of farmers during a fight over a prized aphrodisiac plant dubbed the "Himalayan Viagra", an official said Tuesday.

Seven farmers were killed in the remote northern district of Manang in June 2009 after going to forage for Yarchagumba, a rare parasitic plant that is a major source of income for many Himalayan communities.

The accused claimed the farmers died accidentally when a fight broke out over the right to harvest the plant, which is in particular demand in China where a kilogramme can fetch tens of thousands of dollars.

The valley near the border with China where the victims went missing in June 2009 is among the most remote parts of Nepal, and it was several weeks before authorities learned of the deaths.

"Six have been found guilty of murder," Shambhu Baral, a court registrar at Manang District Court told AFP, adding that they had been given 20-year sentences.

"A group of 13 have been sentenced to two years in jail, but they have already spent their time in custody," he added.

"Evidence showed that the six were directly involved in the murder while the rest had provided indirect help. Another 21 defendants have been declared innocent," he said.

The court, which is a two day walk from the nearest road, has had to delay the verdict more than a dozen times due to absent judges and lawyers.

Local authorities say police had to walk for days to reach the area where the bodies of the seven men were discovered.

They initially arrested the entire village, but later released the women and children.

© 2011 AFP

Copyright © 2011 Yahoo! Inc. All rights reserved. | Yahoo! News Network | /

OCKNEY BRAIN DRAINED

rchæologists have discovered the mains of the earliest Londoner to have ndergone major head surgery. The per half of the adult male skull came to ght last October during archæological ork on the foreshore of the Thames at nelsea. The man, who lived around 1750 C, had been trepanned – a portion of e skull was removed using a scraping ol, probably a flint. There was no evi- nce of post-operative infection, and ne had re-grown around the edge of e hole, indicating that the man had sur- ved his treatment. Jane Sidell, English eritage Adviser in Archæological cience, said: "It [the River Thames] may ve been the subject of a ritual burial as e river seems to have become a focus of spiritual and ceremonial attention dur- ing the Bronze Age. Several hundred skulls dating from prehistoric times, many of them men aged between 25 and 35 without any accompanying skeletons, have been recovered from the Thames, as well as high status metalwork such as swords, shields, rapiers, daggers and spearheads." It is difficult to determine why drilling holes into peoples' heads has been a feature of almost every culture in world history, but the procedure may have alleviated cranial fractures or been believed to relieve the effects of then- inexplicable mental illness. *English Heritage press release, 17 Sept 2002. [For an early Saxon trepanned skull found in Thames mud at Bull Wharf in 1991, see* ***FT58:24****.]*

FRIGHTFUL FUNGUS

An American couple, house-hunting in the borough of Waltham Forest, east London, walked through a forest glade, off Whipps Cross Road, Leytonstone, where they came upon what they thought was evidence of a pagan ritual: a human brain attached to a tree and a bloodstained T-shirt lying nearby. Detectives cordoned off the area and forensic experts made a fingertip search. Then forest manager Peter Adams arrived and identified the 'brain' as a beefsteak fungus. "It can look quite repulsive," said Trisha Moxey, Epping Forest information services manager, "but it's more like a liver than a brain." The 'blood stains' on the T-shirt turned out to be red dye. *Walthamstow Guardian, 23 Oct 2002.*

COURTESY OF WALTHAMSTOW GUARDIAN

NOT TO EVERYONE'S TASTE: Beef-steak fungus.

TWO YEARS AGO, FAYE AND STEPHEN Beuby, an American couple, bought a villa in the hilltop village of Benabbio, near the spa resort of Bagni di Lucca in northern Tuscany. On 30 November 2002, workmen broke through a bricked-up door to create space for a wine cellar, and found the skeleton of Nemo Cianelli, 57. With the skeleton lay a suitcase, rifle, bricklayer's trowel, bucket, pile of bricks and suicide note in a Chianti bottle.

The note, on paper headed with Cianelli's name, explained that he had an incurable disease and wanted to spare his family grief. In April 1958, he told everyone he was going to America and was never heard from again. He had evidently walled himself up in the basement and shot himself. He left instructions with a local builder to come in after his "departure" and replaster the wall. The builder never suspected what lay behind the brickwork.

Cianelli had been a wealthy businessman who lived in the villa with his wife and daughters. He worked for a local tannery, drove a sports car and travelled frequently to America on business. His wife died several years ago without learning what had become of her husband. His daughters have left the area. One has to wonder why none of them was curious about the new brickwork in the cellar.

An extra twist to the story is given by the family doctor, Francesco De Paulis, who said that the medical records of Cianelli, whose first name means "no one" in Latin, showed that he had been in perfect health at the time of his disappearance. Even though the note was in Cianelli's handwriting, police are considering an alternative theory: that he was murdered and bricked in by his killer. *Times Guardian, 5 Dec 2002.*

[redacted]

California wildfires temporarily suspend search for aliens

By **Melodi Smith** and **Kate Grise**, CNN
updated 8:13 AM EDT, Wed August 6, 2014

SETI

Smoke and fire close in on SETI's telescope array.

STORY HIGHLIGHTS

- Scientists at SETI Institute's telescope array had to flee as wildfires closed in
- Blazes approached facility from both the east and west
- Scientists were later given the OK to return

(CNN) -- Wildfires raging in Northern California briefly halted the search for extraterrestrial life on Tuesday.

The Eiler Fire, burning some 200 miles north of Sacramento, forced employees at the SETI Institute's Allen Telescope Array to evacuate and temporarily shut down all of their computers, Internet and power.

"We can't listen when all that is down," said Seth Shostak, senior astronomer and director of SETI Research.

At SETI -- which stands for Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence -- scientists search the heavens for signs of extraterrestrial life by "listening" with an array of small satellite dishes.

The blaze came within a mile of the facility, located near Hat Creek, California, on both the east and west, according to Shostak.

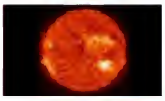
"The fire on the west had jumped the road, burnt down our favorite lunch place, got within a mile of the telescopes," he said. As the flames got closer, the staff fled to safer ground and shut down the satellites.

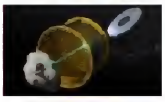
"We just lost some search hours," he said. "To expect that E.T. will somehow reach out at this moment, that would be very bizarre."

The Eiler Fire may not have cost the researchers their chance to find aliens, but it's already burned more than 31,000 acres and threatened over 700 homes. However, fire offficials say the fire is 35% contained and is expected to be fully contained by August 20th.

The search for life can continue at SETI's telescope array. The scientists were eventually given the all clear to return to the facility.

Part of complete coverage on
Space

Massive solar storm barely missed us in 2012
updated 4:16 PM EDT, Fri July 25, 2014

"Here comes the sun" indeed, and it w as just barely all right.

New space threat has NASA over the moon
updated 12:53 PM EDT, Wed July 23, 2014

Seems NASA's fascination w ith the moon is in the past. It's focused on something far more menacing: incoming asteroids

Scientists: We're 'very close' to finding another Earth
updated 11:56 PM EDT, Mon July 14, 2014

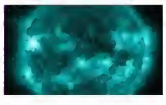
Scientists looking for signs of life in the universe -- as w ell as another planet like our own -- are a lot closer to their goal than people realize.

U.S. reveals secret plans for '60s moon base
updated 8:36 AM EDT, Fri July 25, 2014

The U.S. Army brainchild "Project Horizon" w as born. Its proposal to leap beyond the Soviets opened w ith the line: "There is a requirement for a manned military outpost on the moon."

Buzz Aldrin: After moon, next stop Mars
updated 8:37 AM EDT, Fri July 25, 2014

Back in July 1969, I stood on the talcum-like lunar dust just a few feet from our home aw ay from home, Eagle, the lunar module that transported Neil Armstrong and me to the bleak, crater-pocked moonscape.

Space weather: Fine, with a chance of solar flares
updated 9:11 AM EDT, Wed July 16, 2014

From Earth, the sun appears as a constant circle of light, but w hen viewed in space a brilliant display of motion is revealed.

Pacific Northwest wildfires char a million acres, spur warnings of bad air

Citizen scientists shape 'destiny of humanity' with SETI

Dave Alsup contributed to this report.

614
Comments »

Print
Email
More sharing

615 Comments CNN Login

Sort by Best Share Favorite

Join the discussion...

LikeABoss · 18 hours ago
I'm grabbing my binoculars... these aliens always come when nobody is lookin'.
157 · Reply · Share ›

NCSubVet ➦ LikeABoss · 13 hours ago
I think the aliens set the fire so that they could sneak in unnoticed!
61 · Reply · Share ›

Bindy ➦ LikeABoss · 15 hours ago
Ya, perfect opportunity to pay a visit...during a raging wildfire.
20 · Reply · Share ›

A E ➦ LikeABoss · 14 hours ago
Or when the only guy lookin is the proud owner of the very first prototype camcorder.
11 · Reply · Share ›

40words ➦ LikeABoss · 14 hours ago
The sniveling cowards that they are.
10 · Reply · Share ›

John Grant ➦ LikeABoss · 11 hours ago
Will we send them back if they come here?
4 · Reply · Share ›

Garrett Mobley ➦ John Grant · 10 hours ago
That depends on their political affiliation.
13 · Reply · Share ›

billybob ➦ John Grant · 6 hours ago
Could we keep them from running screaming out the door if they came here?
1 · Reply · Share ›

Dave Kaplan ➦ John Grant · 6 hours ago
One look at this place and they will leave post haste.
5 · Reply · Share ›

VEW2012 ➦ Dave Kaplan · 6 hours ago
What self-respecting alien would want to land on a plague-ridden planet populated by warring tribes?
4 · Reply · Share ›

The summer of supermoons is here
updated 1:31 PM EDT, Thu July 17, 2014

The full moons of this summer -- July 12, August 10 and September 9 -- are supermoons, as NASA calls them.

NASA tests flying saucer craft
updated 11:51 AM EDT, Sun June 29, 2014

If you think you saw a flying saucer over Hawaii, you might not be crazy -- except what you saw didn't come from outer space, though that may be its ultimate destination.

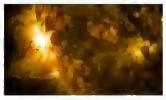
NASA's deep-space craft ready
updated 9:47 PM EDT, Thu June 26, 2014

The U.S. space shuttle program retired in 2011, leaving American astronauts to hitchhike into orbit. But after three long years, NASA's successor is almost ready to make an entrance.

Inside a passenger spaceship
updated 10:21 AM EDT, Fri June 13, 2014

When I first poked my head inside Virgin Galactic's newest spaceship, I felt a little like I was getting a front-row seat to space history.

NASA cameras capture huge solar flares
updated 7:03 PM EDT, Tue June 10, 2014



The sun is putting on a fireworks show again.

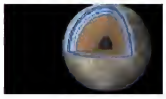
What has the Mars rover been up to?
updated 7:02 PM EDT, Tue June 24, 2014

A year is a very long time on Mars -- 687 days. NASA's Curiosity rover can attest that it's enough time for some unexpected life changes.

How our universe grew up
updated 6:05 PM EDT, Thu May 8, 2014

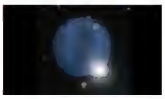
It's hard to describe billions of years of cosmic history. But scientists have used a code to create a model of how the universe as we know it today might have evolved.

This may support life on Jupiter's moon Ganymede
updated 2:00 PM EDT, Fri May 2, 2014



At least one corner of the solar system may be serving up an ice-and-water sandwich, with the possibility of life on the rocks.

'Diamond engagement ring' in space
updated 11:03 AM EDT, Wed April 9, 2014



Planetary nebula Abell 33 has taken on romantic proportions.

guardian.co.uk

Caligula's tomb found after police arrest man trying to smuggle statue

Police arrest tomb raider loading part of 2.5 metre statue into lorry near Lake Nemi, south of Rome, where Caligula had a villa

Tom Kington in Rome
guardian.co.uk, Monday 17 January 2011 20.10 GMT

A larger | smaller

Lake Nemi, south of Rome, where Caligula's tomb is believed to be. Photograph: MARKA / Alamy/Alamy

The lost tomb of Caligula has been found, according to Italian police, after the arrest of a man trying to smuggle abroad a statue of the notorious Roman emperor recovered from the site.

After reportedly sleeping with his sisters, killing for pleasure and seeking to appoint his horse a consul during his rule from AD37 to 41, Caligula was described by contemporaries as insane.

With many of Caligula's monuments destroyed after he was killed by his Praetorian guard at 28, archaeologists are eager to excavate for his remains.

Officers from the archaeological squad of Italy's tax police had a break last week after arresting a man near Lake Nemi, south of Rome, as he loaded part of a 2.5 metre statue into a lorry. The emperor had a villa there, as well as a floating temple and a floating palace; their hulks were recovered in Mussolini's time but destroyed in the war.

The police said the statue was shod with a pair of the "caligae" military boots favoured by the emperor – real name Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus Germanicus; as a boy, Gaius accompanied his father on campaigns in Germany; the soldiers were amused he wore a miniature uniform, and gave him his nickname Caligula, or "little boot".

The statue is estimated to be worth €1m. Its rare Greek marble, throne and god's robes convinced the police it came from the emperor's tomb. Under questioning, the tomb raider led them to the site, where excavations will start today.

guardian.co.uk © Guardian News and Media Limited 2011

TWO SISTERS DIED ON 17 NOVEMBER when their matching Cherokee Jeeps collided head-on at 60mph (97km/h) near Six Mile, Alabama, as they travelled to visit each other. Sheila Wentworth, 45, and Doris Jean Hall, 51, were killed, along with Mrs Hall's husband, Billy Joe, 45. Two children – one riding in each vehicle – were injured. The sisters often visited each other unannounced and had travelled the road countless times, mostly at weekends. *[AP] 20 Nov; D.Mirror, 21 Nov; Eve. Standard, 26 Nov 2002.*

canada.com
WHERE PERSPECTIVES CONNECT
Log in
Help
Register today
Benefits of registration
Home > Topics > News > National

Canada's Hokey Pokey cause of England dust up

Randy Boswell, Canwest News Service
Published: Wednesday, January 21, 2009

It's a musical staple of nursery schools and seniors' fitness classes throughout the English-speaking world.

But *The Hokey Pokey* - the right-hand-in, right-hand-out ditty that sparked a 1950s dance craze - has become the focus of a bizarre controversy in Britain that has drawn in politicians, the Catholic Church in Scotland and soccer fans accused of exploiting the song's alleged anti-Catholic roots to taunt opposing teams.

Now, the son of the famed Irish songwriter Jimmy Kennedy - the man credited with penning the lyrics to one of the world's most familiar melodies - has weighed in to the furor by revealing what he calls the true inspiration for his father's hit: a traditional Canadian folk tune sung by miners in the early 20th century as a drug anthem celebrating the therapeutic powers of cocaine.

Ottawa schoolchildren do The Hokey Pokey on the lawn of Parliament Hill last May as part of Physical Education Day. The song has caused a ruckus in Britain that has drawn in politicians, the Catholic Church in Scotland and soccer fans.
Julie Oliver

Email to a friend Printer friendly
Font:
BOOKMARK

The song is known in Britain as *The Hokey Cokey*, and was originally published by Kennedy during the Second World War as *The Cokey Cokey* before various U.S. recordings of *The Hokey Pokey* gave the song and its accompanying movements global popularity.

In December, the song sparked an uproar in Scotland when fans of the Glasgow Rangers soccer team were accused of planning to sing it to insult rival Glasgow Celtic, a club with Catholic roots. A Catholic Church spokesman warned that *The Hokey Cokey* had centuries-old origins as a Protestant song meant to mock the words and actions of Catholic clergy presiding over the Latin mass.

"This song does have quite disturbing origins. Although apparently innocuous, it was devised as an attack on and a parody of the Catholic mass," Peter Kearney, a spokesman for Scottish Catholic Cardinal Keith O'Brien, said at the time.

He added that soccer authorities should monitor the situation to assess "if there are moves to restore its more malevolent meaning."

Michael Matheson, a Nationalist member of the Scottish Parliament, also issued a warning about *The Hokey Cokey* in December: "It is important that the police and football clubs are aware of the sinister background to this song, and take the appropriate action against individuals and groups who use it at matches or in other situations to taunt Catholics."

But that suggestion was quickly panned by Murdo Fraser, deputy leader of the Scottish Tories: "I can't believe Scottish children performing the *Hokey Cokey* are doing so in pursuit of any sort of anti-Catholic agenda," he told reporters.

For weeks, allegations of historical bigotry behind The Hokey Pokey have been the focus of a lively debate in the letters pages and websites of British newspapers.

Now, in a letter published Tuesday in the Financial Times newspaper, Jimmy Kennedy Jr. has written that the version created by his late father - the renowned Teddy Bears' Picnic lyricist, who died in 1984 - "was founded on a traditional Canadian song and is the one copyrighted and played and danced to all over the world - and still earns royalties."

Kennedy Jr. then quoted his father's own recollections about how the future children's classic emerged from a 1942 gathering at a London nightclub where Canadian soldiers stationed in Britain were enjoying a riotous party.

"They were having a hilarious time, singing and playing games, one of which they said was a Canadian children's game called *The Cokey Cokey*. I thought to myself, wouldn't that be fun as a dance to cheer people up! So when I got back to my hotel, I wrote a chorus based on the feet and hand movements the Canadians had used, with a few adaptations. A few days later, I wrote additional lyrics to it but kept the title, *Cokey Cokey*, and, as everybody knows, it became a big hit."

Kennedy Jr. said his father told him "the unusual title was to do with drugs taken by the miners in Canada to cheer themselves up in the harsh environment where they were prospecting."

And Kennedy Jr. said his father even wrote a message about the song's unsavoury Canadian genesis on the back of the sheet music: "The word 'cokey' means a dope-fiend."

© Canwest News Service 2009

Car crashes into sheriff's department's helicopters

Gene Hartley Gene Hartley, digital content editor/producer, ghartley@schurz.com
POSTED: 05:56 PM CDT Aug 07, 2014 UPDATED: 06:11 PM CDT Aug 07, 2014

MOUNTAIN HOME, Ark. -

An unusual accident damaged at least two Baxter County Sheriff's Department helicopters on Thursday afternoon. A car crashed through a wall next to the jail and landed on its roof in a yard where the department's three helicopters are stored.

A car ended up on its top after crashing through a wall into a yard where the Baxter County Sheriff's Department parked three helicopters. An ambulance took the driver, Otis Ivie, 71, to the hospital after the crash, which was about 3:20 p.m. Witnesses told investigators that Ivie was driving erratically before the crash.

Sheriff John Montgomery and his deputies are assessing how badly their helicopters were damaged.

Copyright Schurz Communications 2014

24 July 2014 Last updated at 11:56 ET

Flying car smashes into first floor of house

http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-lincolnshire-28460739

A car careered off the road, flew through the air and smashed into the first floor of a house in Lincolnshire.

The Vauxhall Corsa ended up on its side alongside the house on Carrington Drive in Hop Pole, near Spalding.

The 25-year-old driver escaped the wreckage with broken ribs and a dislocated shoulder.

No-one is thought to have been in the property at the time of the crash, which demolished part of a rear bedroom of the semi-detached house.

Dick Holmes, from Lincolnshire Police, said the car demolished a fence as it flew through the air.

Firefighters worked into the early hours to stabilise the building and structural engineers were assessing the damage.

A huge hole was left in the side of the house

Posted: Sunday, 25 April 2010 12:12PM

Brooklyn Teacher Gets Stolen Car Back, All Souped Up

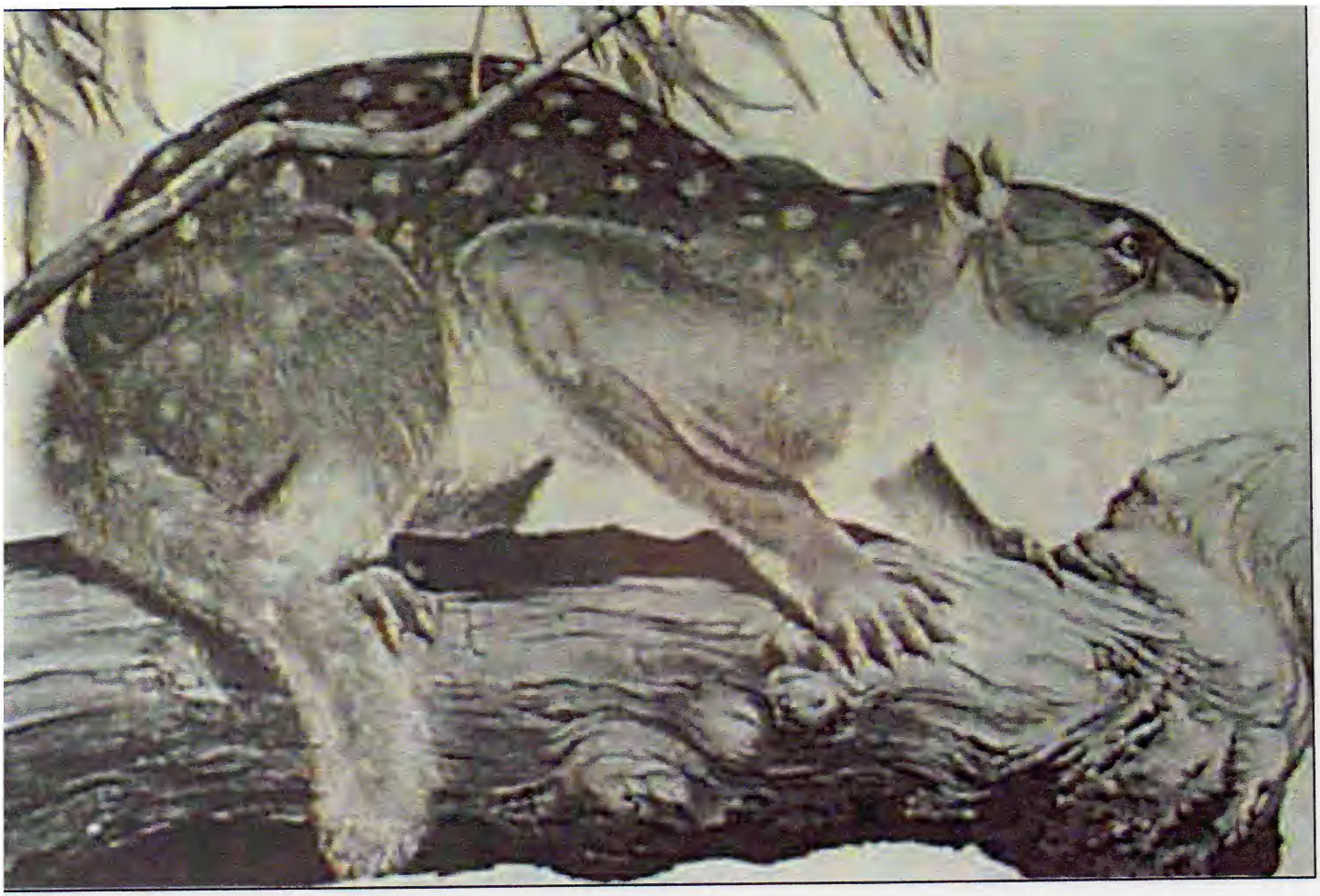
NEW YORK (AP) – A Brooklyn schoolteacher whose car was stolen three years ago has gotten it back, totally souped up and unrecognizable.

Amanda Pogany's 1996 Honda was returned to her drag-race ready, with a new V-8 engine, manual transmission, leather interior, tinted windows and oversize tires.

Police found the car at an illegal chop shop and were able to trace it to Pogany even though the VIN number had been filed off.

Pogany had given up on ever getting the car back. She hasn't driven the new version of the Honda yet because she doesn't know how to drive a stick shift.

TM and Copyright 2010 CBS Radio Inc. and its relevant subsidiaries. CBS RADIO and EYE Logo TM and Copyright 2010 CBS Broadcasting Inc. Used under license. All Rights Reserved. This material may not be published, broadcast, rewritten, or redistributed. TheAssociated Press contributed to this report.



Carnifex Sketch

Sarasota cat calls 911 to report e-meow-gency
http://www.mysuncoast.com/news/local/sarasota-cat-calls-to-report-e-meow-gency/article_11fe7b68-1287-11e4-a9ad-0017a43b2370.html
Posted: Wednesday, July 23, 2014 12:32 pm

ARASOTA, Fla. -- A cat at a Sarasota animal rescue caused a bit of a hubbub Monday when he somehow managed to dial 911 when nobody was looking.

Zeke the cat lives in one of the offices at Cat Depot on 17th Street in Sarasota. Staff there say that on Monday, when the office's human resident left for lunch, Zeke dialed 911 on the office phone.

Sarasota County dispatch got no response when they answered, so they called back and spoke to a volunteer at the front desk, who had no idea who placed the call.

Further investigation led them to find Zeke sprawled across the phone, with the handset off the hook.

Staff there tells ABC 7 that Zeke has a reputation for walking on laptops and other electrical devices.

He did not appear to be missing any of his 9 lives.

NEW YORK **Tonawanda Island:** Hundreds of feral and abandoned cats are on this small island near Buffalo in the Niagara River. Danielle Coogan has launched Operation Island Cats to trap the animals and have them spayed or neutered by veterinarians.

Times ONLINE.com
Beaver County Times & Allegheny Times

03/10/2007

Charlie No Face: The life and the legend

Bob Bauder, Times Staff

Ask 10 people about the legend of Charlie No Face, aka the Green Man, and you'll hear a different story each time.

He's a ghost. He's a bogyman. He's a poor factory worker who fell into a vat of acid. He was hit by lightning. He worked for a power company and was zapped while climbing a utility pole, or while climbing a tree as a boy to retrieve a kite, or to look at a bird's nest.

He haunts Koppel-New Galilee Road in Big Beaver, or a deserted industrial area near New Castle, or an old railroad tunnel in South Park, or any one of a half-dozen other places around the Pittsburgh region.

He was one of the kindest human beings on the face of this earth, despite his horrible disfigurement.

That last one is the truth, according to a relative, but the truth has been obscured by decades of hyperbole.

The true story of Charlie No Face, which is how Beaver Countians typically refer to him, is a little less sensational than the legend.

His real name was Raymond Robinson. He lived in Big Beaver for most of his life and had a habit of walking a lonely stretch of highway between Koppel and New Galilee for pleasure.

He did this at night because the injuries he suffered at a too-young age were so horrific that he probably would have caused mass hysteria otherwise.

Photo courtesy of the Pennsylvania Trolley Museum

Photo courtesy of Jim Matuga

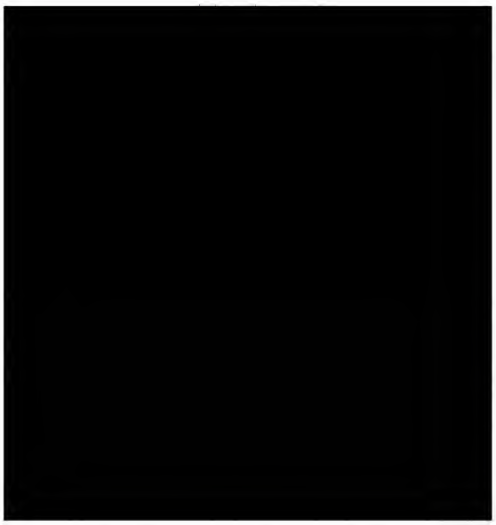
TOP: The Morado Bridge just north of Beaver Falls where Raymond Robinson was severly burned. BOTTOM LEFT: Raymond Robinson. BOTTOM RIGHT: The story of Raymond Robinson's electrocution from The Daily Times of June 19, 1919.

Robinson's nocturnal wanderings, which spanned parts of at least five decades, attracted the attention of local folks, who told their friends. Friends told other friends, and the story spread across western Pennsylvania and neighboring states like ripples in a pond.

Robinson became a supernatural creature who haunted isolated country lanes and railroad tunnels from Youngstown to South Park.

More than 20 years after his death, people are still gabbing about him in local coffee shops and beer gardens and via Internet chat

rooms. At least two Web sites contain in-depth, albeit highly exaggerated, accounts of his deeds and those of people who went to see him.



Someone has featured his character in a play. A college professor wrote a poem about him. Magazines dedicated to folklore and the paranormal have featured Robinson in their pages.

A folklore specialist from Pittsburgh regularly features Robinson in talks.

But very few people, if any, actually know how Raymond Robinson became Charlie No Face.

MORADO LAD

Raymond T. Robinson was born Oct. 29, 1910, in Beaver County, but little is known about his early years. He was a son of Robert and Louise Robinson, and the family lived on the outskirts of Beaver Falls. Robinson's father died in 1917, when Raymond was 7.

His widowed mother married her brother-in-law, who was a widower. Between them, they had at least seven children, including Raymond.

Until the spring of 1919, Raymond Robinson was a typical kid. He swam the Beaver River in the summer, hung out with his playmates around the Morado section of Beaver Falls and, like a typical boy, took dares.

On June 18, 1919, he and several friends were heading for a swimming hole on the Beaver River when they came upon the Pittsburgh, Harmony, Butler and New Castle Railway Co. bridge spanning Wallace Run. The bridge, which was torn down years ago and has been replaced by a Route 18 highway bridge, had connected Beaver Falls and Big Beaver.

The Harmony Line, as it was known, had regular daily trolley service between Ellwood City and Beaver Falls. It crossed the Beaver River at Koppel and paralleled the river as it made its way south into Beaver Falls. It came to a dead end just over the Wallace Run bridge in Morado, where passengers transferred to Beaver Valley Traction Co. trolleys serving Beaver County.

Both trolley lines ceased operations in the 1930s.

Bill Fronczek of Peters Township, who has done extensive research on the Harmony Line for the Pennsylvania Trolley Museum in Washington, Pa., said Harmony trolleys were powered by 1,200 volts DC. The line from Ellwood City to Beaver Falls, which opened in 1914, also featured a main transmission line carrying 22,000 volts AC.

The Wallace Run bridge would have carried both voltages, Fronczek said.

The massive wooden structure was an attraction for local youths. In September 1918, another Beaver Falls boy - Robert Littell, 12 - died from electrical burns he received while playing on the bridge with friends.

Robinson and his four companions knew about that fatal accident when they ventured onto the span at twilight on June 18, 1919. But a newspaper account the following day reported that the boys had spied a bird's nest high on the bridge structure.

The Beaver Falls Evening Tribune re-created the following conversation between the boys:

"Who will see how many birds are in that nest," young Robinson said.

"Not me, for there are electrical wires up there and a little fellow was nearly killed up there six months ago," one of his companions replied.

"Well, I will find out," Robinson said, and he began climbing a "girder" (The Daily Times of Beaver reported that he climbed on a box).

Robinson was horribly burned by high voltage. The Beaver Falls paper gave him little chance for survival: "Morado Lad, 8,

After that, Robinson established a routine. Several times a week in good weather, he would grab his walking stick around 10 p.m. and head outside. He walked for miles, and he usually stayed out until after midnight.

Robinson's mother and stepfather hated it.

"Why do you have to go?" Louise Robinson would plead with her son.

But he would go anyway. He was an adult, and his family couldn't stop him. Whether it was for exercise, or to talk with people other than his relatives, the family never knew for sure. What they do know was it caused no uncertain amount of worry and anguish for the family.

His mother couldn't sleep until he returned. If he came home before 11 p.m., things were fine. If he didn't, the entire household was out looking for him. The nephew recalled family members walking the road in the middle of the night.

Sometimes Robinson would be gone all night.

Word soon spread about the strange man who walked the road, and people - at first it was local teenagers - began driving out there trying to get a look at him. The story snowballed, spreading across the region.

Somebody - nobody knows who - coined the name Charlie No Face. In outlying areas, people began calling Robinson the Green Man.

Scores of cars loaded with kids from all over the region were soon driving up and down Koppel-New Galilee Road in search of Charlie No Face. They brought beer and cigarettes, which they used to barter for a few words with the legendary figure.

Robinson's family never understood what drew the crowds. They resented the derogatory nicknames and particularly disliked the fact that people gave him booze. Alcohol was never consumed in the Robinson home.

Robinson would occasionally get drunk and lose his way. Once his family found him on the side of the road. He had spent the night in woods and crawled to the roadside after hearing traffic. Another time, they found him lying in a farm field. The incidents only served to increase their worry.

No matter how innocent, gawkers drove the family crazy.

People would pull up to the house at all hours and honk their horns, shouting, "We want to see Charlie." One time during a carnival in Koppel, one of the owners came to see whether he could hire Robinson for the freak show.

"He was lucky to get out of there alive," the nephew said, adding that he nearly came to blows several times with people.

RITE OF PASSAGE

Jim Tripodi of Beaver considered Charlie No Face a friend.

Tripodi, 57, grew up in the College Hill section of Beaver Falls in the 1960s and began visiting Koppel-New Galilee Road when he was in high school. He and his buddies made numerous trips to see Robinson in the late 1960s.

The visits began as curiosity, Tripodi said, but as time wore on, they realized Robinson was just a lonely guy who wanted company. They like to think they befriended him.

They always treated Robinson with dignity. Others weren't as kind.

Stories have circulated about people picking up Robinson and taking him for rides to local bars. None of the stories has been confirmed, but Tripodi and several others said Robinson told them personally that people were nasty to him.

For Tripodi, the visits usually began as he and his friends were sitting around on a summer evening with nothing better to do.

Somebody would say, "Let's go see Charlie," and they'd pile into a car, drive out to the Ohio line for quarts of beer and cigarettes,

and then motor off to Big Beaver, hoping to see Robinson.

Similar scenes played out time and again across the region over the 30 years or more that Robinson walked the highway.

Joe Nardone, 80, of Koppel remembers kids visiting Robinson in the 1940s; Bob Zahorsky, 67, who grew up in Aliquippa, remembers the same thing from the 1950s; and the late John "Butch" Maranciak, 51, who grew up in Hopewell Township, remembered in a 2005 interview that he and his friends would drive out to see Robinson in the 1970s.

"I guess like everybody else, somebody had a friend, who knew a friend, who knew about this individual, who roamed the road at night out there," said Zahorsky, who now lives in Fort Myers, Fla. "We'd be sitting around the State Soda Grill, or someplace like that, and somebody would say, 'Let's go out and see that guy.' You'd just roll down the window and talk to him as he stood outside of the car."

Robinson typically remained in the shadows and often hid when cars approached. He would talk, but it was hard to understand him. And he appreciated the beer and cigarettes.

"He wouldn't come out for everybody," Maranciak said in 2005. "When you saw him on the road, he used to hide behind trees. We used to pull over by an oak tree on the side of the road. I think there was a spring there with a pipe stuck in it. Once he got to know you, he'd come over to you. He'd talk about the weather, how hot it was, things like that. We never asked about his disability, and he never brought it up."

Tripodi said he and his friends sometimes took dates to scare the daylights out of them. It was a way to get the girls to sit closer, Tripodi said. They had a code name for it: COD (Come Over Darling).

Going to see Charlie No Face became a rite of passage for Beaver Valley teens. They christened landmarks along the road "Charlie's Rock" or "Charlie's Tree" after places where they would pull over and talk to him.

"On Friday nights, especially after football games, it was a parade of cars going out there," Tripodi said. "There were times when there were policemen there because of the flow of traffic."

MAN OR MYTH?

As decades passed, the Charlie No Face story spread far and wide.

Ann Steele, 71, of Koppel wrote to local soldiers stationed overseas during the Vietnam War, and they would ask her about Robinson in their letters. She said some of them told her they prayed for Robinson, who was struck several times by cars while walking the road.

"They would say they had pictures of him over there," she said. "The pictures went all over the world."

The Charlie No Face story was passed along from generation to generation. With each telling, it changed a little, according to Tom White, archivist and curator of special collections at Duquesne University, who has done much research into local folklore.

White, 31, researches local urban legends and is particularly interested in stories about Charlie No Face and the Green Man. The Green Man, he said, grew out of the Ray Robinson legend.

Green Man stories always involve a man who was electrocuted or injured in some type of industrial accident. He is called the Green Man because the accident left him with a greenish tint to his skin. He typically haunts deserted, out-of-the-way places. To get him to appear, people have to do something ritualistic such as blow a car horn or yell, White said.

White has documented purported Green Man sightings at various locations across the Pittsburgh region, including North and South Park, Brookline, McKees Rocks, West Mifflin, Ross Township and New Castle. The Green Man also pops up around Youngstown, Ohio.

Tripodi remembered a carload of people from West Virginia pulling up at a local pizza shop one time and asking for directions to the Green Man.

A story passed down for years by residents of Pittsburgh's South Hills has the Green Man haunting a deserted South Park

railroad tunnel. The tunnel is known as Green Man Tunnel. South Hills kids have been visiting the spot for decades.

Such pilgrimages are known as "legend trips," White said.

"It's where people, especially young people, seek out some contact with the supernatural as a test of their bravery," he said. "Ultimately, they know it's really safe. They don't really think there's going to be some green monster walking down the road."

White, who gives talks about urban legends, always includes Charlie No Face and the Green Man.

"I've encountered (teenagers) who have heard versions of this story," he said. "They're often shocked to hear that it was based on a real person."

CHARLIE'S END

Ray Robinson died on June 11, 1985 - seven days before the 66th anniversary of his accident - at the Beaver County Geriatric Center, now Friendship Ridge, in Brighton Township, where he spent the last few years of his life. He is buried in Grandview Cemetery, overlooking the site of the old Wallace Run trolley bridge.

Robert Littell, the Beaver Falls boy who was fatally burned on the bridge nine months before Robinson, also is buried there.

Robinson stopped walking Koppel-New Galilee Road several years before he moved to the nursing home, but his legend is permanently ingrained in the folklore of western Pennsylvania.

"Going to see Charlie was a part of summer, like going to Hank's (frozen custard) and American Legion dances," Tripodi said. "It was a Beaver County tradition."

Bob Bauder can be reached online at bbauder@timesonline.com.

Charon's Obol: How ancients paid the ferryman!

Charon's obol (aka danake) is the coin placed in or on the mouth of a dead person before burial. Greek and Latin literary sources explain it as a payment or a bribe for Charon, the ferryman who conveyed souls across the River Styx, which divided the world of the living from the world of the dead.

More precious gold or silver coins were seldom buried with the deceased so a type of "ghost money" was made instead by making an impression of a real coin into thin gold foil. These types of pseudo-coins were too flimsy to use as currency. This particular gold piece (c. 5th-1st century BC) was obviously modeled from the bee drachms from Ephesos (or Arados). Actual coins were also buried with the dead as well, though they were generally small denominations.

Two more examples of Charon's Obols can be seen here and here.

FLOWERS ADD TO *GHOST* STORY

Wednesday, May 8, 2002
NEWS 12B

By John Switzer
Dispatch Columnist

Yesterday, I began the tale of the most frequently seen ***ghost*** in Columbus : the mysterious Lady in Gray.

She supposedly has haunted Livingston Park in front of Children's Hospital over the decades.

She also has been reported at Camp Chase, now the Confederate cemetery along Sullivant Avenue, said Lois Neff, historian for the Hilltop Historical Society.

It is believed that the ***ghost*** is searching for a grave of a Confederate soldier.

Neff said fresh flowers have appeared regularly on the grave of Benjamin E. Allen, Company D, 50th Tennessee Regiment. Who puts them there -- mortal or ***ghost*** -- no one knows.

Cindy Steinke, president of the society, said flowers also are found on the unknown soldier's grave in the cemetery.

Steinke has never seen the lady ***ghost***, but she said she's talked to many people who have.

"They have seen her walk right through trees and float through the cemetery gate. She is always looking down and weeping."

She is described as being in her late 20s, 5 feet 8 inches tall, a slim 130 pounds, with light-brown hair. She is dressed in a gray, wool traveling suit with black buttons and black trim in the style of the 1860s or 1870s. Her hair is in a bun, and she is wearing a gray hat.

Last summer, a Civil War re-enactment was held at Camp Chase. "During the ceremony, people said, they heard someone crying," Steinke said.

It was perfectly quiet that afternoon when a sudden wind swept through the gate and over the cemetery. The wind blew down the tent set up for the re-enactment, scattering materials on tables in the tent. After that the wind quieted.

"There were a lot of witnesses," Steinke said.

Does Steinke believe the Lady in Gray haunts Columbus?

"Very much so," she said.

John Switzer recently retired from The Dispatch. This series of old columns, which will run through June, will be compiled into a book.

Caption: John Switzer

industry. Shipment by rail from

$1.00

Proceeds go to the Montgomery County Archives.

THE LEAF-CHRONICLE

Cumberland Lore

www.theleafchronicle.com

Wednesday, October 14, 2009

Union-held Clarksville surrenders to guerrilla attack

Union colonel surrenders town without firing a shot

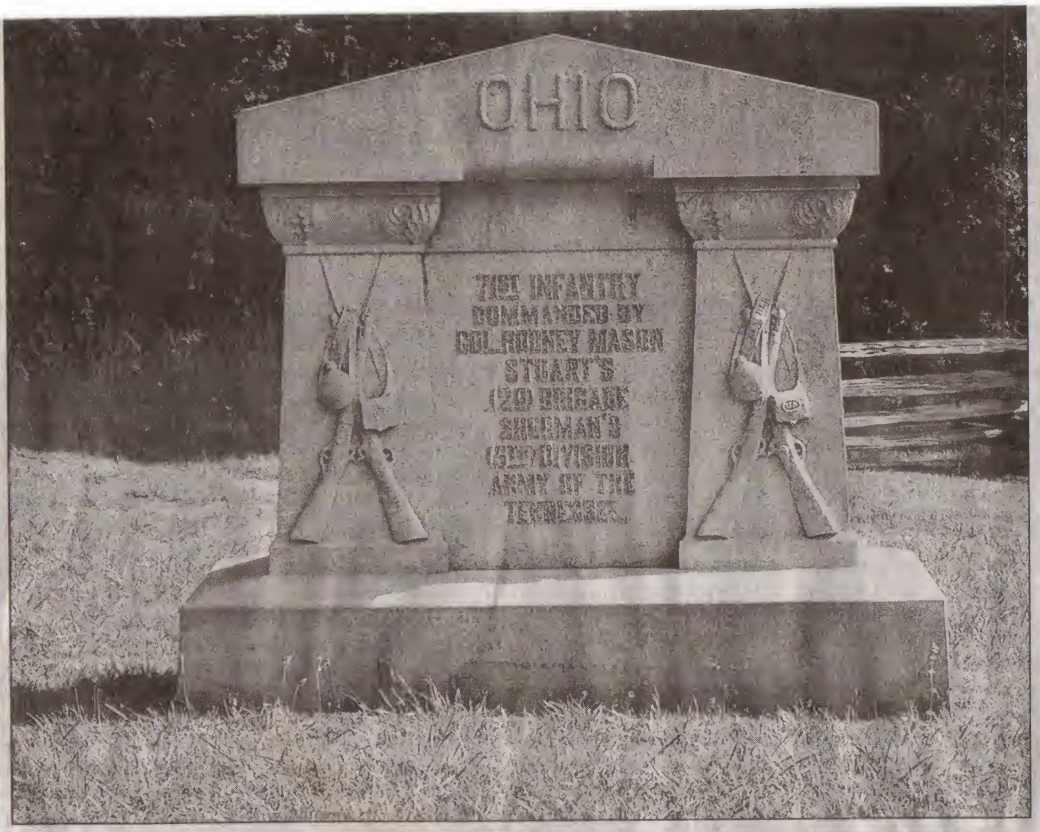
By Irene M. Griffey

In the grand scheme of the Civ-

ll War, Clarksville, Tennessee was just a blip on the screen, but for the Union Colonel of the 71st Ohio Infantry, who surrendered Clarksville to rebel guerrillas without firing a shot, it was the end of his military career. After the surrender, President Abraham Lincoln cashiered (dismissed in disgrace) the Colonel and twelve of his officers for cowardice.

Without question, "The War" was the most serious occurrence Clarksville ever lived through. With the exception of Virginia, there were more battles fought in Tennessee than any other state. Folks said people in Clarksville could hear the roar of the battle at Fort Donelson. Afterwards, as a "secessionist" town under Union occupation, Union law was vigorously enforced. Everyone who could find a place to go outside the city, left. There is probably more in print about the Civil War than about any other subject. Every minute details of the battles have been fought and refought numerous times, as well as lengthy opinions expressed, on *Why the South Lost the War, Where the South Lost the War, or Why the North Won the War.* It was an awful time to live through.

Occasionally, we remember the makeshift hospital in Clarksville and how, both Union and Confederate soldiers alike



Contributed photos

Above, 71st Ohio Infantry commanded by Col. Rodney Mason, who surrendered Union-held Clarksville to guerrillas without firing a shot. On back of monument: This regiment formed line of battle here at 11 a.m., April 6, 1862, but was soon driven back to the ravine in the rear. Lt. Col. Barton S. Kyle was killed while attempting to rally the regiment. Its loss was one officer and 13 men killed; 44 men wounded; one officer and 50 men missing; total, 109.

Col. Thomas G. Woodward used stovepipe cannons to fool Union Col. Rodney Mason into surrendering Union-held Clarksville.

ply General Buell. But dry weather in August had caused the depth of the Cumberland River to become so shallow the larger boats could not travel up that far. Union provisions stockpiled in Clarksville and were to be ferried by smaller boats to Nashville after the fall rains raised the depth of the Cumberland. A large store had accumulated in the tobacco warehouses, now vacant because the war had closed that

suffered a lingering death there. Locally most of us are familiar with the clever trickery used by Confederate Colonels Thomas G. Woodward and Adam Rankin "Stovepipe" Johnson in recapturing Clarksville from the Union. Guerrilla Colonel Woodward received most of the credit for pulling off the ruse, but Colonel Johnson, less than a month before, had pulled the very same stunt in capturing Newburgh, Indiana. He concealed logs inside stovepipes and mounted them on wheels to look just like cannons causing the enemy to believe they were heavily armed when actually they had very few weapons. Nearly 150 years later, we still remember with extreme joy how "we outsmarted them Yanks," but we never get past these episodes to wonder about the other side — the Union side — and the repercussions they faced.

Who was the Yankee Colonel who surrendered Clarksville to those guerrillas with their fake cannons? What were the conditions surrounding the surrender and what happened to the Colonel afterwards? According to the sensational newspaper stories the Union Colonel asked Woodward to pose for photographs so he could tell his friends about the little runt (Woodward was small) he surrendered to.

No one recognized his instructor's name, Thaddeus Wood, and no one knew Mason well enough to make recommendation for his admission. Finally, someone suggested that he contract Caleb Atwater, who lived in Circleville. Mason rode many miles to find Atwater, who did indeed know Wood and who returned with him through a fierce winter storm to testify to Wood's authenticity. Mason immediately entered the bar in Ohio in 1818. The following accomplishments testify to how quickly he excelled in his chosen profession.

He served as prosecuting attorney of Clark County in 1822. He was a member of the Ohio State Senate from 1829-1831; he was president-judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1834; he was a congressional representative from Ohio; he was elected as an Anti-Jacksonian to the 24th U. S. Congress and re-elected as a Whig to the three succeeding congresses. He held the much-coveted position of Chairman of the Committee on Revisal and Unfinished Business at the 25th House of Representative in 1845 and 1846; afterwards, served as United States attorney for Ohio from 1850-1853; was a delegate to the Ohio Constitutional Convention; and served in the state senate from 1862-1864. In the state

approved the election of their superior, Assistant Adjutant General Rodney Mason. Politically the stage was set. Rivalry must have existed from the beginning.

Barton S. Kyle, appointed Lieutenant Colonel, had been one of Ohio's most popular citizens. He had held several political posts including Clerk of Courts, President of the Board of Education, and Deputy United States Marshall of Miami County, as well as serving as delegate to the Republican Presidential Conventions for the years of 1856 and 1860. When Kyle was shot during the beginning minutes of the battle at Shiloh Church (Pittsburg Landing), hometown newspapers clamored immediately that Colonel Rodney Mason was negligent, charged him with cowardice on the battlefield, and said that he had sacrificed Kyle by running from the battle, while Kyle was attempting to rally the troops. Actually Kyle was sick that morning and sitting on a log when he was shot. Mason's men said Mason never ran from the battle. Conflicting newspaper stories emerged. Déjà vu! Was the media controlling things even then?

George W. Andrews, appointed a major of the 71st Ohio, had already successfully served in the 15th Ohio Regiment as a colonel — now he was only a major

eral Ulysses S. Grant explained how Mason had approached him with tears in his eyes asking for a second chance. Grant gave him that chance by placing him in command of the occupation of Fort Donelson and Clarksville, adding that he thought he could handle that. General Grant did not remember why he failed to come to Mason's defense when the rumors of cowardice surfaced. Grant may not have been aware of the Union stockpiles accumulating in Clarksville but should have known if Mason had requested additional forces on numerous occasions as he said he did. It did not appear that any of the other Union Generals knew either. Was the truth that the Generals did not realize what was happening in Clarksville and when made aware of the situations afterwards, they let Mason take all the blame rather than accepting any negligence themselves?

Immediately after the fall of Fort Donelson citizens of Clarksville, mostly Confederate sympathizers, surrendered to occupation by the Union army without incident. In Clarksville, Mason selected Southwestern University, now APSU, as an appropriate facility for his soldiers and horses and settled in. Perhaps, that was his biggest mis-

industry. Shipment by rail from Clarksville to Nashville was not always dependable because the rebels kept removing parts of the tracks. Things were just right for a rebel attack.

Mason reported he realized the drastic situation that was occurring in Clarksville. He sent Major Hart to Fort Donelson to replace Lieutenant Colonel Andrews there and brought Andrews to Clarksville, while he sought aid from Nashville.

He said he tried desperately to obtain additional forces, even appealing to Union Governor Andrew Johnson in Nashville, who tried to help him, but to no avail. The Generals left him stranded out on the limb and apparently did not appreciate the perilous situation developing. In addition, General Halleck published an order changing the boundaries of the district of General Buell and provided, among other things, that General Buell should relieve the forces of General Grant then in garrison at Clarksville. This order was never carried out. Did someone drop the ball? Communication was primarily dependent upon the telegraph, and those wires were often cut and down. Did they even know whether Buell or Grant was in charge of Clarksville? Just a small fact afterwards, conveniently forgotten by Generals Halleck, Buell and

They also reported how they toasted each other over dinner. Did that really happen?

Rodney Mason's family

His name was Rodney Mason. He was born Oct. 10, 1824 in Ohio and died Jan. 22, 1893 in Michigan. He and his father, Sampson Mason, were both prominent lawyers in Springfield, Ohio and had been involved in several sensational civil cases. Nine years after Rodney was born, Edwin, the second child joined the family. This child lived up to every expectation of his father, ending his career with the rank of Brevet General and they buried him in Ferncliff Cemetery in Springfield beside his esteemed father.

The career of Sampson Mason is most impressive. He was born about 1793 in New York. After serving in the War of 1812, he studied the required time in law and with certificate in hand he presented himself to several Ohio courts for admission to the bar. militia, he rose from Captain to Major General. That was quite a career for one man to have. He tried to help his son Rodney, but he could do nothing for him. The records show even Supreme Court Judge Salmon Portland Chase promised to do all he could about Colonel Mason and a trial, but he could do nothing for him either. Suspicions of cowardice haunted Colonel Rodney Mason from the Battle at Shiloh and peaked in Clarksville. President Lincoln finally cashiered him for his actions in Shiloh and Clarksville during the Civil War.

Rodney Mason's military life

When the war broke out, Rodney Mason was assistant adjutant general of Ohio. Easily mustered into service as a colonel, he had no real military training.

Barton S. Kyle and George W. Andrews recruited the men for the 71st Ohio from the counties of Auglaize, Mercer, and Miami. Kyle and Andrews both rejected the offer of colonelcy and both [illegible] When recommended to fulfill the vacancy of Kyle, his fellow soldiers described him as faithful, unflinchingly brave, and unexceptionally gallant during the battle at Shiloh. Later actions in Clarksville would find this questionable, and some of them changed their opinion about him.

As one studies the actions of these soldiers leading up to and after the unfortunate "cashiering", one detects a strong political undercurrent both at home and in battle. They were astute politicians, but unprepared for the rigors of war. The outbreak of the Civil War catapulted many, who lacked training and experience, into battles they were completely unprepared to fight. It was unfortunate that these men, now in battle together, had been either friends or political opponents back home.

The Clarksville affair

After the battle of Shiloh, General [illegible] take. Their location was not the best available for a fort. They built a few rifle pits but did not build earthen fortifications and the Cumberland and Red Rivers surrounded them on three sides. The rebels hemmed them in and they lacked sufficient forces and had no artillery with which to fight their way out. As an infantry of five companies, they were completely unprepared to fight a cavalry of guerrillas. In addition, they truly believed the rebels outnumbered them and had cannons. They did not have the services of a cavalry of their own to provide them with intelligence of the enemy – where they were and what they were doing. The only artillery they had was a small broken gun picked up at the rolling mills on their way from Fort Donelson to Clarksville. They were more or less isolated with a sneak attack imminent from the beginning.

The Union Army was storing provisions in Nashville to resup- [illegible] Grant.

Did Mason and his officers really anticipate their exposure to attack? Was that really the reason they sought reinforcements? Or, were they unaware of their exposure and no match for the backwoods activity of guerrillas, who were completely uncontrolled by superior officers operating from distant headquarters. These guerrillas were fourth or fifth generation descendants of those ragtag backwoodsmen who conquered King's Mountain. They fought the way they lived using whatever tactics fit the situation. The War Between the States, considered a "gentleman's war", dictated that the captured regiment would voluntarily turn themselves into prison, but guerrillas using trickery and stovepipes for cannons apparently were not subject to that same standard.

Colonel Woodward, a West Point graduate, and Colonel

See Surrender, 2

news.com.au

World Breaking News

Corpse left on police roof for two years

From correspondents in New Dehli, IndiaAgence France-PresseOctober 28, 2009 08:56pm

THE corpse of a man has been found on the roof of a police station in northern India where it was placed over two years ago during an inquiry, a report said today.

The body of Chukkan Nishad, a 22-year-old who went missing in July 2007, was meant to be sent for DNA testing but was instead put in a body bag and placed on the roof, the *Mail Today* newspaper said.

The newspaper, citing Nishad's father and local officials, said the family kept requesting the body at the police station but were repeatedly told there was an investigation underway.

"I admit it is a horrible case, possibly the first of its kind," said Ram Sabad Ram, the new station master in Azamgarh in northern Uttar Pradesh state.

"I joined here only recently and didn't know that the corpse was kept on the roof."

The Mail said the body was placed there after local authorities refused to release the funds for the DNA test on Nishad, whose death remains a mystery.

Mr Ram said police were now completing the formalities to return Mishad's remains -- no more than bones after two years exposed to the elements - to his family.

Nishad's father was led to the rooftop three days ago by a "sympathetic constable", the paper said.

YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE: *Nikola Tesla (above), posing in 1910 with one of his many bright ideas*

The Cult of the Volt

Inventor Nikola Tesla didn't get much glory when he was alive, but to hipsters now, he's a real turn-on.

By JENNIE YABROFF

THERE'S A SCENE IN THE FILM "Coffee and Cigarettes" where Jack and Meg White, of the band the White Stripes, are discussing the Serbian inventor Nikola Tesla. The two hipsters are slouched at a table in a café, staring moodily at Jack's homemade Tesla coil, a high-voltage transformer that looks like something from a 1950s sci-fi movie. Talking about the inventor, the usually taciturn Jack becomes animated with enthusiasm for his unsung hero's accomplishments. Without Tesla, White explains, our world would look and sound radically different: we'd have no radio, no television, no AC electricity, no induction motors, no X-ray technology, no fluorescent lights. Meg nods in agreement, and then adds, "Or the band Tesla."

Such is the tragicomic legacy of a scientist who was a celebrity in his time but is today overshadowed by his rivals Guglielmo Marconi (often credited with inventing the wireless radio) or Thomas Edison (DC electricity), while being most often linked to an '80s hair band. Yet to a growing group of artists, writers, musicians and filmmakers, Tesla has become an inspiration. "He thought of invention as an art form, and that appeals to artists," says Samantha Hunt, author of the new novel "The Invention of Everything Else," a fictionalized depiction of Tesla's life. Laurie Anderson's performance piece "Like a Stream" was inspired by a photograph of Tesla in front of one of his enormous coils. Paul Auster discovered Tesla while writing his novel "Moon Palace" and later said he found the inventor "such a fascinating character, he threatened to throw the book out of whack." Or, as Douglas Rushkoff, who made Tesla a character in his novel "Ecstasy Club," says: "If you're a weird kind of post-psychedelic technologically aware artist type, you gotta know Tesla."

Tesla immigrated to New York in 1884 and worked briefly with Edison developing an alternating-current motor, but he resigned after the financially shrewd Edison, who championed direct current, refused to pay him. Later, Tesla worked with George Westinghouse on AC energy sources, including fluorescent light bulbs. He filed the first patent for the radio and investigated remote-controlled robotics and wireless communication. Broodingly handsome and dashing, Tesla was, for a while, the toast of New York. He socialized with J. P. Morgan, Mark Twain and John Muir, but over time his ideas became more farfetched, including claims of communication with Mars and a "death ray" particle-beam weapon he thought would end war. By the time he died, in 1943, he was penniless, living in the New Yorker Hotel and tending to a flock of wild pigeons.

The key to Tesla's appeal is not only his prodigious inventions, but the sad fact that credit for his greatest ideas was usurped by more market-minded rivals. "Tesla was definitely the underdog," says Hunt, who portrays him as an eccentric who wanders to Bryant Park to talk to Goethe's statue. Tesla was also an idealist who ripped up a $12 million contract with Westinghouse rather than see his benefactor bankrupted by the expense. This anti-materialistic bent may be what both endears him to artists and has prevented him from getting his due. "He was a horrible capitalist," Hunt says. "America tends to remember successful capitalists."

But Tesla's making a comeback. In addition to the books by Hunt, Auster and Rushkoff, he's appeared in a Thomas Pynchon novel and been name-checked by Aaron Sorkin. Last year David Bowie played him in the film "The Prestige." There's even an electric car, the Tesla Roadster, being developed by Silicon Valley's Tesla Motors. "We're probably interested in him now because we're having much more intimate relationships with technology," says Rushkoff. "We're looking for a bit of soul in the machine and Tesla seems to embody that." Plus, as anyone who knows about him will tell you, Tesla had an electric personality. ■

Everyone Wants to Join the Electric Company

In life, Tesla was robbed of glory, but his legacy lives on through his many artistic admirers.

Rock On: Tesla, the hair band. Of course they used lots of AC.

Car of the Future: A prototype of the electric Tesla mobile

It's Magic: Bowie's Tesla (center) in 'The Prestige'

Tesla Fan Club: The Whites in 'Coffee and Cigarettes'

BETTMANN-CORBIS (TOP), FROM LEFT: TIM MOSENFELDER—GETTY IMAGES, GUS RUELAS—REUTERS, © TOUCHSTONE PICTURES—EVERETT COLLECTION, © UNITED ARTISTS—EVERETT COLLECTION

CURSE OF THE KOH-I-NOOR

How did the Queen Mother's death and funeral lead to a holiday park fire?

ALBAN DONOHOE PICTURE SERVICE/JERRY DAWS

FIRE AND ICE: Was the Elvedon Center Parcs blaze caused by the Koh-i-Noor being moved?

FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN Mother on 30 March, it seemed as if the famous curse of the Koh-i-Noor, the great diamond at the top of her crown, struck again. On 4 April, when the crown was moved from the Tower of London in preparation for the state funeral the following day, a fire gutted the main complex at the Center Parcs holiday village in the grounds of Elveden Hall in Suffolk. A 300ft (90m) pall of smoke hung over the site as 150 firemen from three counties fought the flames.

Elvedon Hall was once the home of the diamond's last male owner, Duleep Singh, Maharajah of the Punjab (1837-93), who had inherited the jewel after a clutch of claimants had killed each other during the 18th and 19th centuries. "He who owns this diamond will own the world, but will also know all its misfortunes," runs a supposedly ancient Hindu curse. "Only God or a woman can wear it with impunity." It was discovered in the Golconda mines in southern India, around AD 1100 according to one story - but *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates* says it was found there in 1550. Or maybe the first record of it dates from 1304, or 1306, when it belonged to Sultan Allah ed Din. Contradictions of dates, ownership and weight have accompanied the jewel for centuries.

Babur the Great Moghul allegedly obtained the famous stone in 1525, while the Moghul Emperor Aurangzeb (1618-1707) set it as the eye of the peacock in the legendary peacock throne in Delhi. The Persian warrior king Nadir Shah defeated the Moghul Empire in 1739 and sacked Delhi - but didn't find the diamond until a disgruntled concubine told him the emperor hid it in his turban. Nadir offered to exchange turbans, an offer the vanquished monarch could not refuse. Nadir unwound the muslin and the stone fell to the floor. Holding it to the sun he exclaimed: "koh-i-noor!" (mountain of light).

After a bloody reign, Nadir was murdered in 1747, while his son and successor was dethroned and blinded by his brother. The stone passed into Afghanistan, but when Shah Shuja was deposed he gave it to Ranjit Singh, ruler of the Punjab (1780-1839), who vainly promised to help him regain the Afghan throne. Ten years after Ranjit's death, the Punjab was absorbed into the British Raj and the stone given by treaty in 1849 to Queen Victoria as Empress of India, nominally as tribute from the nine-year-old Maharajah Duleep Singh.

After reputedly disappointing the public at the Great Exhibition of 1851, the Koh-I-Noor was recut at Garrards, the royal jewellers. The machinery was started by the Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington, who rode to the shop in Regent Street on his white horse. The stone gained in brilliance but shrank from 186 to 106 carats - losing more than 40 per cent of its bulk. One source states it originally weighed 787 carats before being twice cut down to 186. The jewel has passed down from one Empress of India to the next. Alexandra (1902), Mary (1911) and Elizabeth (1937) all wore it at their enthronements, set in different crowns. There is, of course, no empress now to pass it to. The Taliban demanded its return to Afghanistan in 2000, and India, Pakistan and Iran have all claimed it.

"This is the first time that the crown has been moved for 50 years and disaster strikes Elvedon immediately," said Christy Campbell, author of Duleep Singh's biography, *The Maharajah's Box*. "To me, the fire seems more than just a spooky coincidence." After a life of enforced idleness as an English country gentleman, a broken and impoverished Singh died in Paris in 1893. *D.Mail, 3 April; D.Telegraph, 5+6 April 2002; Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

HE WHO OWNS THIS DIAMOND WILL OWN THE WORLD

Dangers I Had Passed

by Richard Vath

Prior to 1943, I neither knew or really understood the word "predestination." Since that time I have become an apostle of the theory.

During the summer of 1944, I arrived in England as a member of the U.S. Army Medical Corps. The German Luftwaffe had unsuccessfully smashed at the island with what became popularly known as "the Blitz." Hitler then called off the planned invasion and turned toward his other enemy, Russia.

The Buzz Bomb

One week following the invasion of the continent on D-Day, the first of Germany's secret weapons fell on Britain. It was named *Vergeltung*, for vengeance, as Berlin was being bombed at that time. The V1, also known as the "buzz bomb" or the "doodlebug," was a pilotless flying bomb that looked like a small plane. As it flew in from the Belgian coast, it made a ratcheting noise. When it ran out of fuel, it dropped like a stone and exploded. Three months later, the V2 made its debut. This was a rocket that flew straight up and, by gyroscope, flew over England and dropped down. It was a silent killer. At that time, I was on detached service from the U.S. Army to Pinewood Studios outside London as an actor playing an American soldier in English documentary films. I was housed in London near Marble Arch as the V1s and V2s were falling. Night after night I would lie awake, listening, wondering, am I predestined to die at the age of 18?

Before dawn one morning, there was a terrific blast that hurled me out of my bed and into an old tub in the bathroom. My roommate, Walter, was also badly knocked about from the concussion. Realizing that we had been hit, we pulled on some clothes, grabbed our few possessions, and raced for the door, but, as I opened it, we were met by a wall of fire and smoke. "We've had it," screamed Walter. I ran to the window, but the fire was as all-consuming there as it was at the door. Was my predestination to perish as a teenager?

For some reason unknown to me, then or now, I ran back to the door and opened it to the fire which was still as intense. *Oh, God!* I thought, *please get us out of here!* Suddenly the wall of fire seemed to roll back on both sides, and all I could think of was the parting of the Red Sea. I grabbed Walter and we dashed down the hall to the staircase. Looking back, we saw the inferno close in, engulfing the hall. We clattered down the steps and into the street where people had gathered.

"Were you in that hotel?" a man asked. I nodded. He shook his head. "You must have a guardian angel. You are the only ones that made it out to safety."

Predestination? Luck? Or were my prayers answered...very fast. Much later, when I was home on furlough, my mother pointed to a turned-back calendar page where a day was circled in red.

"Where were you that night?" she asked. I consulted the small notebook I always carried to record events and saw it was the night of the fire. I told my parents about it, and my father said, "That was the night your mother awoke screaming, 'Richard is in trouble! I see him surrounded by fire!' "

The Theater

Another night, Walter and I decided to go to a movie. We scanned the newspaper, picked a theater, and set out on a double-decker bus. But, when we neared the theater and started to get off, I suddenly said, "Let's skip this one. *Meet Me in St. Louis* is playing further on. Let's go see that instead." Why I was saying that, I had no idea. It was as if I had no control over my mind or my mouth. We went on to the second theater and, the following morning, the newspaper carried an article on the theater we had planned to attend. It had taken a direct hit, and dozens of people had died. Walter, with eyes as big as saucers, stared at me. "What made you change your mind?"

I just shook my head and quietly said, "I don't know." We were both pretty shook up.

About a week later, we wanted to visit the Soho District of London. It was the Bo-

hemian capital of England, like the Left Bank is in Paris. It was also very dangerous and off limits to Americans. Thieves, murderers, and such were said to gather there, but we were young and adventurous, so off we went. We toured about, then wound up in a low-life pub with people who might have just stepped out of the police lineup. We were eyed suspiciously. "What are you blokes doin' 'ere?" The pub was very old with ornate, heavy wood. Rough oak tables stained by spilled beer, cigarette butts, and spittle stood about on the sawdust-covered floor. The bar, on one side, was backed by a mirrored wall that was cracked and filthy. In front of the dirty mirror were rows of bottles and glasses. Cigarette smoke, noise, and horrible music from a broken-down piano filled the room. The air was stifling.

The Exploding Pub

I heard the crash of a glass that had been knocked off a table. Immediately, the pub owner came running with a tin box. Glass was very scarce in England at that time, so if you broke a glass, you put some shillings in a box. Suddenly the cacophony of the pub was overshadowed by the blast of a V2. For a split second, the wall with the mirrors and bottles rose up in the air. It seemed to hang there. I grabbed Walter's arm and shouted, "Hit the deck!" I dragged him under the table with me just as the entire wall of glass crashed atop and around our heavy oak shelter. From there we watched as the pub disintegrated. The roof was crumbling as fire broke out. Once again, I thought I was breathing my last!

Flaming timbers, bricks, and plaster fell on our table, but it remained solid. I heard myself shouting my prayer: "Oh, God! Please get us out of here!" Looking through the smoke and fire, I could see the outside door but questioned whether we could get there or not. However, with the whole building collapsing, it was now or never. I grabbed Walter and we dashed for the door, stepping over burning wood and bodies. The pub owner was smashed lifeless, still holding his tin box. The irony of the situation was not lost on us.

How we made it to the door still remains a mystery in my mind but make it we did, with just minor cuts and bruises. At the door, I turned just in time to see the entire roof cave in and, finally, our table gave way—the table that had saved our lives. We were outside and safe. We made our way, in the blackout, back to our hotel, where we cleaned up and dressed our wounds. The next morning, the paper's front page read, "Soho District Hard Hit! Casualties High!" Walter and I were not among them.

Destined to Survive?

Predestination? Luck? Or answered prayers? To this day, I do not know. All I do know is that I survived the war, the blitz, and other dangers. That all took place over 50 years ago. As I write this, I am in my 70s and have had a fine career in the theater. I also have a wonderful wife, a son who is a professional military man, and four outstanding grandchildren. Was this my predestination? One thing I do know is that, in my mind, I am the most fortunate man on the face of this earth. ♈/≈

Richard Vath *is a former actor and director who has retired to Mexico as a professional writer. He is the author of five books and numerous articles.*

Time change linked to heart attacks

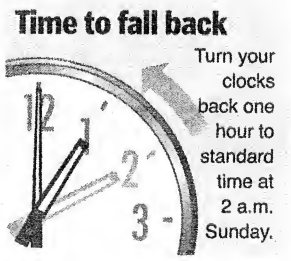
BY KAREN KAPLAN
Los Angeles Times

Turning your clock back one hour Sunday for the end of daylight saving time could do your own ticker some good.

Researchers have found a 5 percent drop in heart attack deaths and hospitalizations the day after clocks are reset each year to standard time, according to a study published today in the New England Journal of Medicine.

The Swedish researchers also found that the onset of daylight saving time in the spring appears to increase the risk of heart attacks.

Physicians can now add daylight saving time to the list of everyday events that affect heart attacks, said Dr. Ralph Brindis, a vice president of the American College of Cardiology who practices in Oakland. The risk also rises on holidays and anniversaries, although no one knows why, he said.



"This study is fascinating," Brindis said.

The culprit is probably sleep. Scientists have known that sleep deprivation is bad for the heart — the body responds by boosting blood pressure, heart rate and the tendency to form dangerous clots — but they didn't realize a single hour could have a measurable effect.

More than 1.5 billion people change their clocks twice a year to make the most of the available sunlight. William Willett, a British builder, proposed the idea in 1905 after watching Londoners sleep through so many perfectly good hours of morning sunshine. (He also complained that his afternoon golf games were cut short by an unnecessarily early dusk.) The idea gained traction in 1916 as World War I turned coal into a precious resource.

As they were setting their clocks ahead in March, two Stockholm-based epidemiologists who study the relationship between heart attacks and sleep decided to investigate the effect of moving into and out of daylight saving time. Dr. Imre Janszky of the Karolinska Institute and Dr. Rickard Ljung of Sweden's National Board of Health and Welfare examined data from the Swedish Myocardial Infarction Register, a catalog of all heart attacks in Sweden.

The researchers counted the number of heart attacks on the seven days after clocks were changed from 1987 to 2006. They also looked up the number of heart attacks a few weeks before and after each of those days, calculated the average and made a comparison.

The researchers found the typical number of heart attacks on an autumn Monday was 2,140, but that fell to an average of 2,038 on the Monday after daylight saving time ended — a 5 percent decline. The rate also dipped on five of the other six days of the week, although none of those drops was large enough to be considered statistically significant.

In the spring, the number of heart attacks spiked on the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday after daylight saving time began. The increases ranged from 6 percent to 10 percent.

Dr. Martha L. Daviglus, a professor of preventive medicine at Northwestern University's Feinberg School of Medicine in Chicago, cautioned that it was frivolous to worry much about daylight saving time when so many people still fail to address the basics, such as smoking and overeating.

"Ninety-nine percent of the people that die of myocardial infarctions, they have risk factors for cardiovascular disease," she said. "Changing the clock, in my opinion, is nothing compared to the major risk factors."

azfamily.com

Dead animal hoarder partially eaten by pets

by azfamily.com

Video report by Ashleigh Barry

Posted on August 6, 2014 at 3:25 PM

Updated yesterday at 7:58 PM

WITTMANN, Ariz. -- A 78-year-old man described as an animal hoarder has been found dead in his Wittmann mobile home and authorities say he was partially eaten by his pets.

Maricopa County sheriff's officials said the body of Jerry Brown was discovered Tuesday morning and he likely died about a week ago.

Neighbor Robert Halstead said he found Brown dead on the bed. Halstead said he hadn't seen Brown in a week and he became concerned.

"When I went up to the house the smell was overwhelming," said Halstead, who had never been in the house before. "There's 50 to 75 cats. There's feces on the ground, anywhere from 6 inches to a foot deep."

Halstead said he could not recognize Brown because the body was so decomposed. He also said there was a gun lying on the bed beside him.

"You couldn't tell if he had inflicted any wounds on himself or died of natural causes," said Halstead.

No cause of death has been determined.

Every room of the home was filled with boxes from floor to ceiling, according to Halstead.

The home is near Jomax Road and 207th Avenue.

"This came as a big shock to us," said Brown's daughter-in-law, Cheryl Brown. "We were notified by the sheriff's department yesterday that he had passed away. Obviously we had no clue of the conditions out here."

Brown said authorities told her that it would be the family's responsibility to remove the animals from the property.

She doesn't know how that will happen. She said her husband is in the hospital with stage 4 non-Hodgkin lymphoma and she has an autoimmune disorder.

"There's so much going through my mind I wouldn't know where to begin," said Brown. "Obviously we wouldn't want to see any of them (animals) harmed if that was possible but we're just really not in a place in our lives to foot a huge bill to try and have the animals taken care of so that we can clean up the property and get it suitable for the neighbors and for us to figure out what we're going to do from that."

Sheriff Joe Arpaio said his deputies are working with officials from the Arizona Humane Society to rescue the animals and take them to a facility for care and keeping. One of the animals is a 4-month-old black kitten that is missing both eyes.

Raw video: Interviews about dead animal hoarder partially eaten by pets

NEVADA Las Vegas: A man has been ordered to life in prison without the possibility of parole for killing a 4-month-old baby with a medieval-style battle ax and critically wounding the child's mother in a random attack on a sidewalk. Harold Eugene Montague, 38, was sentenced after pleading guilty but mentally ill to first-degree murder with a deadly weapon, attempted murder and battery on a police officer.

GERMAN TOURIST ISABEL VON JORDAN, 25, was in the Sari nightclub in Bali an hour before the explosion which killed at least 191 people on 12 October. She then travelled to Australia with her sister to visit friends hurt in the explosion, but the Grim Reaper had marked her card. On 23 October, her body was pulled from the jaws of a 13ft (3.9m) crocodile in the northern Australian outback after she took a late night swim in the Sandy Billabong water-hole in Kakadu National Park. *D.Mail, 24 Oct; Ananova, 25 Oct 2002.*

Deep Cover Peering through a 55-pound brass helmet, marine biologist Roy Waldo Miner "prepares to make movie actors of the rainbow-hued residents of a coral reef" off Andros Island, Bahamas. Miner's expedition, which he wrote about in the June 1934 issue of *National Geographic,* also harvested some 40 tons of coral from the site. Specimens were hoisted from the sea bottom, bleached and dried, then shipped to New York City's American Museum of Natural History, where they were coated with beeswax and painted to resemble a colorful living reef. That coral is still on display, part of a two-story-tall diorama in that museum. *—Margaret G. Zackowitz*

Flashback Archive Find all the photos at **ngm.com.**

PAGES

- Home
- Surnames - Pedigree to 3rd GGparents

DO YOU MEET THE CHALLENGE?

Thanks to Stories to Tell Books for suggesting

SUBSCRIBE TO

Posts

Comments

CLICK COVER TO ORDER AUTOGRAPHED COPY

See the Video Book Trailer

ABOUT ME

Dr. Bill

(William L.) Smith

I have stories to tell. Blogs are one of my tools; see below. If you find a common interest, I invite you to become a "follower." Also see Google Profile: http://www.google.com/profiles/billsmith2003

View my complete profile

CLICK COVER TO BUY NOW; NOW ALSO AVAILABLE AT AMAZON.COM

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 2009

Deer Lodge Montana Fire - 1872

My great-grandfather, James P. Preston was co-owner with John Coffee of the large livery stable mentioned in the following news account of the time:

From Saturday morning, Feb. 24, 1872, New North-West, Deer Lodge, Montana Territory.

A Disastrous Conflagration.

An Entire Business Row of Deer Lodge in Ashes.

Sixteen Buildings Burned
LOSS, $68,325.

[From the New North-West Extra, Feb. 18.]

Almost simultaneously, at a little before 3 o'clock this morning, Mr. Wm. Rowe, night watchman, and Mr. Robert Wiles discovered flames issuing from the rear portion of the roof of Coffee & Preston's large livery stable, standing at the corner of Main and Second streets, and at once gave the alarm, Mr. Rowe rousing Main Street in a few minutes. When discovered it had gained but little headway, but almost a gale prevailing from a point or two east of south it was fanned to fury in a few minutes, and the eager flames swept from the immense stable front and rear around the adjoining store of Parchen, Paynter & Co. gathering its rich store of combustibles to its assistance, and presaging almost inevitable destruction to the two principal business blocks of Deer Lodge. In a few minutes hundreds of men were at the scene, and to save the most valuable goods from the stores in the certainly doomed block, was accepted as a first duty, and, like Trojans, scores of willing men applied themselves to the task, in some instances standing by their dangerous task until the flames enveloped them, and skins were parched in the on sweeping furnace.
But on sped the fire, Mrs. Wright's, Sharp & Napton's, and D. B. Halderman's buildings ignited in quick succession, and the ferocious flames lashed by the quartering gale reaching eagerly on and across swept almost over the 100 feet wide Main Street, a spray of fire sweeping up against Valiton's, Thompson's, the Scott House, Emerson's and the Occidental, and fairly raining fire upon the scores of earnest workers who battled and beat it as manfully as ever men met and vanquished the fire fiend. So fierce was the heat that thoroughly saturated blankets on these buildings repeatedly ignited, and the face of them is browned - almost blackened - and the paint is crisped and peeled. In some places the pitch from the pine exuded under the heat and fried like a spider. Fortunately not a blaze started on that side, for the sheet of flame would have flashed along the entire block almost instantly and no man could have withstood it.

BACK TO THE HOMEPLACE - NOW ON AMAZON.COM

TOP 100 RECOGNITION

Visit each of them if you can!

GLAD YOU STOPPED BY!

Welcome mat photo used under Creative Commons 3.0 License courtesy of King Dumb at Flickr.

FACEBOOK BADGE

facebook

Bill Smith is a fan of

William Leverne Smith William Leverne Smith

Create your Fan Badge

DO YOU WATCH ROOTS TELEVSION?

I do!

FACEBOOK BADGE

13 Ways to Tell Your Ancestor Stories by Dr. Bill (William L.) Smith

Do you have stories to tell?

GENEABLOGGERS BADGE

GENEABLOGGERS GROUP

on Facebook

FACEBOOK BADGE

Bill Smith | Create Your Badge

COPYRIGHT STATEMENT

You may NOT use the contents of this site for commercial purposes without explicit permission from the author and blog owner. Commercial purposes includes blogs with ads and income generating features, and/or blogs or sites using feed content as a replacement for original content. Full content usage is not permitted.

CARNIVAL OF GENEALOGY

While this was going on, Bein's Brewery, Robinson & Thornton's, Grant's large City Hall and adjoining Restaurant, the Harris Building, Welch Building
(Wolf's Barber Shop), and the Welch & Willey Building (Kleinshmidts), caught in quick succession, and at 4:30 o'clock the entire block was in blaze - a grand, glowing mass of flame and coal, an alter on which was sacrificed
this Sabbath morning the hard earnings of many and the all of more than one good, honest, industrious man.
While the Grant Building was burning hottest there occurred one of the heroic
incidents of the fire, seen by hundreds, and its success was rewarded with
a round cheer of grateful appreciation. The roof of the "old Decker Building," an eye sore and standing iniquity of the town, was fired
in three places by wafted brands. In anticipation of this, ropes had been put to it, the corner posts and tenons cut, and all in readiness to pull
it down if need be, as it commanded, and its burning made inevitable, the destruction of Dance & Murphy's Planing Mill and the yard containing
over a million feet of piled lumber. When it caught it was found impossible with the force of men available to pull it down. At this juncture, John Murphy, Chas. Murphy, and "Bob" Bouier, ascended inside, and Bouier mounting on the shoulders of the others jumped through a burning hole in the steep roof to the outside with a pail of water, sprang up it, ran along the high comb like a Blondin, and extinguished a burning spot inaccessible from the inside. The other places were easily reached, and no other places
igniting, in that portion of the town, the valuable machinery and lumber requisite to rebuild the burnt district was saved. Bob Bouier is a hero.

Meantime the fire was slacking. It had burned the entire block; its expansion
had been prevented, walls and chimneys were crumbled to their bases. The
apprehension was over - the actual could be realized. So far as we are enabled
to learn today, the following will approximate closely to the actual losses:

Buildings Burned.
Coffee & Preston - livery stable and adjoining store building, $ 6,000

Wm. Copinus - clothing [Coffey's building], 2,000
Parchen, Paynter & Co. - house and drug stock,
$5,000; burnt in cash $500, 5,500
[Fireproof with $10,000 stock saved, will open
tomorrow adjoining Gas & Klein]
Cohen - groceries, [Mrs. Wright's building] 3,000
Mrs. A. Wright [owned Cohen building] 1,500
Joseph Rosenthal - clothing and dry-goods,
house and merchandise 8,000
[The fire-proof burned; no goods of any consequence in it.]
Wm. Coleman - grocer - stock, from $500 to 600
Sharp & Napton - law office and Coleman building, 1,500
C. Elias - clothing - stock $2,500 to 3,000
[Largest part of stock in fire-proof]
D.B. Halderman [owned Elias building,] 3,000
M. Bien - brewery - building, saloon, and brewery, 6,000
[malt house save, value $1,000]
E.T. Heuson - tobacco and cigars, 800
[fire-proof safe, and nearly all stock saved.]
R. W. Donnell owned Heuson building, 2,500
Thornton & Robinson - law office and building, 800
H. Lansing - shoe shop, 100

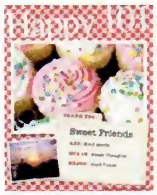
Name:
13 Ways to Tell Your Ancestor Stories by Dr. Bill (William L.) Smith
Status:
What ancestors stories have you heard or...
Fans:
77

Promote Your Page Too

AWARD

Thank you!

HAPPY 101 AWARD RECEIVED



KREATIVE BLOGGER

Award

BLOGGER'S BEST FRIEND AWARD

Comments on Blogs are appreciated!

BLOG ARCHIVE

► 2010 (308)

FOLLOWERS

MY BLOG LIST

Dr. Bill on Retirement
Bolgers visit us in Hollister
2 weeks ago

Dr. Bill's Book Bazaar
It's Monday, What are You Reading? Rival Rails
3 weeks ago

FAMILY LINKS

- Allison's Attic of Books
- Rathsack Geocaching Journal
- Lamb and Johnson Travel Logs
- Smith Family Activities and History

LABELS

- 13 Ways (1)
- 1929 (1)
- 2010 (1)
- 3-generation (1)
- 50th (1)
- 52 Weeks (5)
- Abraham Lincoln (1)
- Adkins (1)
- Advent Calendar (1)
- Alabama (1)
- Allison (2)
- Alonzo (3)
- Ancestor (5)
- angel food (2)
- Annette (3)
- anniversary (2)
- Arrion (5)
- Asenath (1)
- Ask (3)
- Audubon County (1)
- Award (4)
- Ballard (2)
- Baseball (2)
- Bell (1)
- Belmont Co (2)

Jon. Grant - City Hall and restaurant building, 8,000
Billiard table, etc., 1,000
Deer Lodge Club, 100
John Anderson, (col.) - restaurant, 250
Harris Bros. - shoemakers - building and stock, $1,500 to 2,000
[Saved nearly all the stock.]
Dr. O. B. Whitford - instruments and furniture, 1,000
D.J. Welch - [Wolff building,] 1,500
Estate of B. Wolff - barber shop, 800
R.C. Hancock - butcher fixtures, etc., 500
Kleinschmidt Bros. - grocers - m'd'se $1,500;
personal property $200, 1,700
Commission goods, 800
[saved fire-proof and $40,000 worth of goods.]
Welch & Willey - Klienschmidt building, 1,800
Total.....
$63,530

DAMAGES TO BUILDINGS, MOVING, ETC.
N. Thompson & Co..... $ 200
H.G. Valiton 500
R. Boisvert 75
Chas. Blum 500
Gilbert & Meyer 50
Aspling & Son 250
Dance & Stuart, on Buildings 500
Emerson & Co., 500
Richardson Bros 200
Scott House, 1,000
Total..... $4,775
Grand Total..... $68,325
The following diagram will give a fair idea of the locality of the fire:
{Coffee & Preston Livery Stable listed as "Coffee & CO."}

And thus, at last has the valuation of fire fallen upon us. An entire block is in ashes. We do not believe that any time after fifty men reached the scene, a fire engine could have saved any building that was burned, but in a less vigorous breeze, with engine, hooks, and ladders, some might have
been saved, but they could not have been with the appliances at hand this morning. The saving of the Scott House block was not miraculous, but it was an astounding result of energy, endurance and determination. Men never
worked better, and although some were indifferent, some paralyzed, and some
were poltroons who stood back with the Chinamen and absolutely refused to
assist, nearly every one came forward nobly when shown where he could be
of service. We join with the Independent in giving the colored men of Deer Lodge due mention. Every one of them worked manfully, and fought the fire
like salamanders. The Chinese, with one exception, positively refused to render any assistance. We acknowledge gratitude to the employees of the
New North-West, to others who assisted us, and to the many, including our
Independent friends, who proffered service when the situation was perilous.
However, the wind happened to hold firm in one direction, and that with the night thaw - the first of the year - which flooded the streets and made water plentiful, saved a large portion of the town. It is an unhappy fact

▼ 2009 (65)
► December (24)
► November (28)
▼ October (7)
Surname Saturday - Kinnick
More on Daily Blogging Themes
Surname Saturday Blog Entry
Deer Lodge Montana Fire - 1872
Episode 8
Episode 7
Episode 6
► September (6)

RECENT POSTS

RECENT COMMENTS

- Bill (10)
- Billie (6)
- Black Hawk (1)
- Blogger (1)
- Blogiversary (1)
- Bolger (9)
- Book (1)
- Box (1)
- Brightwell (5)
- Brown (2)
- Bufkin (1)
- Bulter (1)
- Bureau (3)
- businesses (3)
- Butler (6)
- Buzz (3)
- Bytes (1)
- Camera (2)
- Carle (2)
- Carlisle (2)
- Carnival (5)
- Caroline (1)
- Carroll (1)
- Carroll County (2)
- Carter (1)
- Cause (2)
- Cedar (4)
- celebration (2)
- Census (1)
- Challenge (1)
- Cheryl (1)
- Chickens (1)
- Christmas (1)
- Citronelle (1)
- Civil War (13)
- Clennon (1)
- clipping (1)
- Coffee (1)
- COG (1)
- Coles (1)
- Conant (3)
- Coon Rapids (50)
- CWSS (1)
- Dad (24)
- Daily Blogging Themes (2)
- Dallas (1)
- Dalrymple (1)
- David (1)
- Deer Lodge (1)
- Defiance (2)
- Denmark (5)
- diary (2)
- Dolan (4)
- Dorene (1)
- Dorothy (8)

that not one of the force pumps in the vicinity of the burning block was in working condition. The cool wind, too, favored the west side of Main street. Nearly all the glass on that side is broken, and also the large glass in Donnell, Clark & Larabie's Bank, the intense heat splitting the panes in innumerable fragments across 80 feet and 100 feet streets.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE
is unknown; but the general belief is that the fire was started by an incendiary.
There had been no fire in Coffey's stable, and no one, that Coffey knew of, occupying it since Feb 1st.
We think Deer Lodge would be a pretty warm ant-room to Hades for the wretch
who fired it, if he were known.

INCIDENTS, ETC.
Coffey had just removed his last buggy from the stable yesterday, and it only contained two tons of hay.
Hank Valiton cut his sixty horses loose, and got nearly all them out of the stable and across the river without trouble, where they and the other horses of the neighborhood behaved frantically till morning, but were prevented
from recrossing the bridge.
We noticed Mr. Stevens, painter and glazier, at work at Chas. Blum's by noon today.
So rapid did the fire sweep over some buildings that not even the money was saved from the tills.
Thornton & Robinson will rebuild at once, and doubtless many others purpose (sic) doing the same.
We have noted but briefly and hastily, for the information of other localities,
this disaster to our fair village. Before midsummer we believe the entire block will be rebuilt with better structures. But it is bad enough; Thank God it is no worse.
Deer Lodge, Sunday, Feb. 18, 6 p.m.

* * * * *
Monday, P. M.

Kleinschmidt Bros. opened today in Louis & Coleman's building, adjoining Gans & Klein's.
The losses to the Scott House and Emmerson & Gerber's, omitted in first account, are inserted today.
Mr. Henry M. Parchen informs us that $5,000 will cover their entire loss, inclusive of cash.
R.C. Hancock, butcher, opened yesterday adjoining the Metropolitan Billiard
Hall.
Cohen, grocer, has re-opened adjoining Sweeney & Frazier's.
Higgens & Murphy and Dance, Stuart & Co., will erect two large fire-proof stores next to Osborn & Dennee's, as soon as material can be used.
Emmerson & Gerber are repairing their hall in first-class style before re-opening.
The Burnt District was thronged with workers today, clearing off rubbish, collecting "rich dirt," and removing goods from firs-proofs.
Phil. E. Evans authorizes us to say he will furnish all his customers who were burned out, with milk without cost for two months from date.
Parchen, Paynter & Co. reopened adjoining Gaus & Klein today.
Dr. O. B. Whitford announces his office at C. N. Bowie's drug store until further notice.
Thornton & Robinson contracted with John Murphy this afternoon to erect them a law office 13 x 30, on the site of the burned building. It will be commenced tomorrow morning.

- Duncan (4)
- Eileen (6)
- Elias (2)
- Eliza (2)
- Elizabeth (1)
- Ellis (5)
- engine (1)
- Enterprise (2)
- Episode (8)
- Estella (1)
- Evelyn (1)
- Expo (15)
- family tradition (2)
- farm (4)
- farmer (3)
- Farmington (3)
- Ferguson (1)
- Festival (2)
- FindaGrave (1)
- fire (1)
- Firestone (2)
- Flashback Friday (1)
- Follow (50)
- Form and Style (2)
- France (1)
- Frances (1)
- Friday (50)
- FTM for Mac (2)
- Fun (1)
- Funeral Card (1)
- Genea-Musings (2)
- GeneaBloggers (2)
- Genealogy (3)
- generations (3)
- GOUDY (1)
- Gower (2)
- grandchildren (3)
- Grandma (1)
- Graveyard (1)
- Greene (1)
- Greene County (1)
- Greenfield (2)
- Greta (1)
- Grimes (1)
- Guernsey (1)
- Gunshop (1)
- Guthrie County (1)
- Healey (4)
- Hekla (2)
- Henry Co (1)
- Heritage (1)
- Highchair (1)

Jos. Rosenthal has reopened Dry Goods Store adjoining Aspling & Son.

* * * * *

FIRE ENGINE

On Wednesday and Thursday Mr. Wm. H. Richardson and Dr. Mitchell interviewed
Deer Lodgers on the Fire Engine question to the following effect:
We, the undersigned, agree to pay the amount set opposite our respective
names, for the purpose of purchasing a Fire Engine, complete:
Strang & Richardson $100 C.N. Bowie $100
Chas. P.H. Bielenberg 100 H.G. Valiton 100
Sam. Scott 100 Murphy, Higgins & Co. 100
Murphy & Co. 100 Dance & Stuart 100
F.B.Miller 100 Donnell, Clark & Larabie 100
Emerson & Gerber 100 Con Kohrs & Bro 100
Jas. Talbot & Co 100 S.A. Willey & Co 100
Kerley, Smith & Co 50 Osborn & Dennee 50
J.V. Suprenant & Co 50 D.S. Kenyon 50
Mitchell & Holmes 50 Rev R. DeRyckere 50
Peter Valiton 50 Chas. Blum 50
Jas. H. Mills 50 R. Boisvert 50
Ah Kane Co 30 A. Heath 25
J. M. Steward 25 R.T. Kennon 25
R. Plummer 25 Wm. Wilson 25
Chas. Warren 10 Jas. E. Owings 10
O.B. O'Bannon 10 Wes. W. Jones 10
V.A. Smith 10 Henry DeWitt 20
D.Gamer 10 Wm. Hyde 10
Thos. F. Frasier 10 Cash 10
C.Elias 10 G. Bogk 10
Gem Kee 20 Jas. O. Grady 10
L. J. Sharp 10 R.C. Hancock 10
O.B. Whitford 10 B. Levy 15
J.C. Thornton 25 Louis McMurtry 10
Jno. Glass 5 A. Elliott 50
M. Goodman 5 Jno. Maxwell 5
Gans & Klien 50

The total amount to date is $2410. It is designed to buy a Button & Blake Engine, 40-man power, throwing a 2-inch stream, with 600 feet of 4-inch
hose, hose-carriage, etc., the net cost of which, at the manufactory, is $2,040. Arrangements are being made to have it brought through direct. It will cost, probably, as much more to supply the requisite cisterns, engine house, etc. That done, and an efficient company organized, the town will be comparatively safe. Deer Lodge has done tip-top in this matter, and there
is plenty of property yet subject to danger, although "a horse was stolen" before "the door is locked."

* * * * * * * * * *

Megan Thompson (Genealogy Researcher), of Deer Lodge, in a letter of August 20, 1996 stated:
Within two weeks after the fire, the town had raised the necessary funds for a
new fire truck and established the first volunteer fire department here which continues today. Most of the buildings were immediately replaced by
the owners with brick and granite "fireproof" buildings, many

Defanged

Photograph by Nikolay Doychinov, AFP/Getty Images

http://news.nationalgeographic.com/news/2012/07/pictures/120724-vampire-skeleton-toothless-bulgaria-science/

The discovery of a 700-year-old skeleton in Bulgaria—seen at the country's National Museum of History in June—offers evidence that the fear of vampires is far older than Bram Stoker's *Dracula*.

The "vampire" was found entombed among church ruins in the Black Sea town of Sozopol (map) earlier in the month. The skeleton had been stabbed in the chest with an iron rod (upper right), which was in the tomb next to the body.

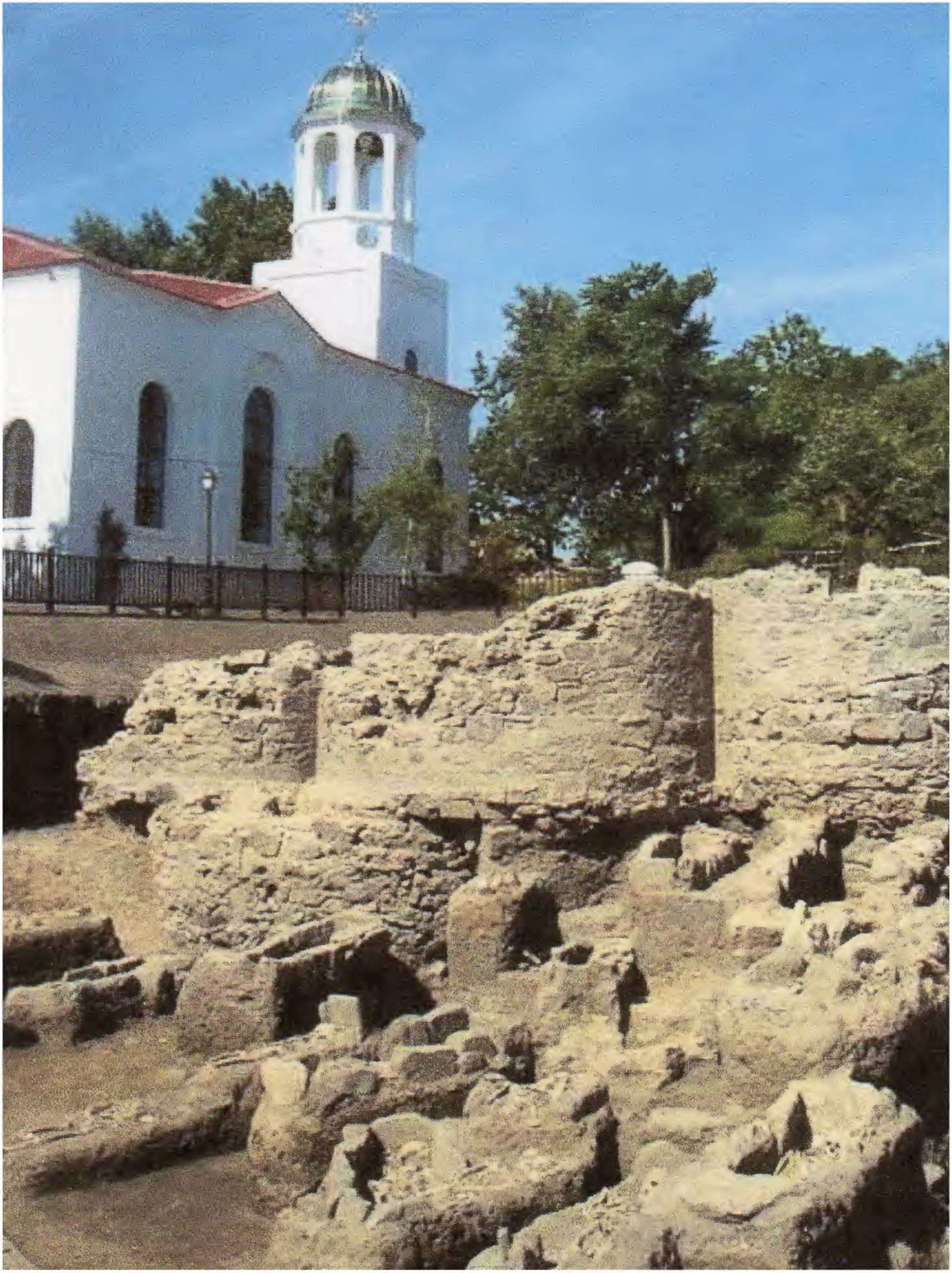
In addition, the skeleton's teeth had been pulled. Scholars believe the rod and tooth-pulling were techniques villagers used to prevent dead men from turning into vampires.

The vampire obsession dates back millennia in countries across Europe.

"In graves thousands of years old, skeletons have been found staked, tied up, buried facedown, decapitated ... all well-attested ways of preempting the [attacks] of wandering corpses," wrote former National Geographic historian Mark Collins Jenkins in his book *Vampire Forensics*.

(Also see "Vampire Expert Digs His Fangs into *True Blood, Twilight.*")

—*Claire Saravia*



Smirking face of the Devil discovered in Giotto fresco

The smirking face of the Devil has been discovered hidden in a fresco by the Italian medieval artist Giotto after remaining undetected for more than 700 years in the Basilica of St Francis in Assisi.

The discovery of the face, in a fresco which depicts the death of St Francis, was made by Chiara Frugoni, a medievalist and an expert on the saint Photo: EPA / REUTERS

By Nick Squires, Rome

11:04PM GMT 06 Nov 2011

The Satanic image went unnoticed until now because it is artfully hidden in the folds of a cloud and is invisible from ground level.

The discovery of the face, in a fresco which depicts the death of St Francis, was made by Chiara Frugoni, a medievalist and an expert on the saint.

"It's a powerful portrait, with a hooked nose, sunken eyes and two dark horns," Ms Frugoni said in an article in a forthcoming issue of the **St Francis** art history periodical.

"The significance of the image still needs to be delved into. In the Middle Ages it was believed that demons lived in the sky and that they could impede the ascension of human souls to Heaven.

"Until now it was thought that the first painter to use clouds in this way was Andrea Mantegna, with a painting of St Sebastian from 1460, in which high up in the sky there's a cloud from which a knight on horseback emerges. Now we know that Giotto was the first (to use this technique)."

Sergio Fusetti, the head of the restoration work in the basilica, said the devil face may have been a dig at somebody the artist had quarrelled with.

Claudio Strinati, an art historian, said it was not unusual for Renaissance artists to include hidden

meanings in their works. "Paintings often had two facets – an explicit one and an implicit one."

Millions of pilgrims and tourists have trooped through the basilica in Assisi, in Umbria, since the fresc was painted in the 13th century without noticing the devil's face.

It was only discovered during restoration of the fresco, the 20th in a series of images of St Francis's life and death by Giotto.

Born near Florence in the late Middle Ages, Giotto di Bondone became one of the most important figures of the Early Renaissance.

Among his most celebrated works are a series of frescoes in Padua, frescoes and altarpieces in Santa Croce church in Florence and a painting of the Madonna which is on display in Florence's Uffizi Galleries.

A Macabre Texas Chainsaw-like Discovery Made in New York!

- Reality
- The Texas Chain Saw Massacre

By Steve Barton
August 7th, 2014

A Macabre Texas Chainsaw-like Discovery Made in New York!

A jogger in New York could not have expected nor wished to see as much of the mad and macabre as she saw recently while on a run. Could the Sawyer clan have moved up to the Big Apple? Read on for a truly weird story!

NBC LA reported on a rather interesting story: Police launched an unusual investigation after one runner made a surprising, creepy discovery while on a jog in Brooklyn's Prospect Park Wednesday, August 6th.

The jogger, Kate Steciw, found what appeared to be a human skeleton wearing a Brooklyn Nets hat, a T-shirt, goggles, and sweatpants standing up on display behind a wrought iron fence near a path in the southeastern portion of the park, near Ocean Avenue. Filling out the tableau were four paintings of flowers arranged in the foreground and an American flag hanging from the trees behind.

Police removed the skeleton on Wednesday and on Thursday determined that it was a plastic prop. But the twisted scene still gave residents pause.

"*I took a picture of it, and then I got a queasy feeling because it looked so, so real*," said Steciw, who then called the police but had a hard time getting her point across. *"I was trying to explain to them that it was a skeleton standing upright, dressed in clothes with objects arranged around it."*

Photo Credit: Lauren Wolfe via NBC LOS Angeles

Source:

NAZI WAR SUSPECT, 89, DIES AS EXTRADITION APPROVED

An 89-year-old Nazi war crimes suspect died in custody hours before a U.S. ruling Wednesday that he should be extradited to Germany to face trial.

Johann Breyer died Tuesday night at a Philadelphia hospital, where he had been transferred Saturday after a month in jail, his lawyer and the U.S. Marshals Service said.

U.S. Magistrate Timothy Rice had just approved the extradition request, which would have needed final U.S. government review.

Rice found probable cause that Breyer was the person being sought by German authorities over his suspected service as an SS guard at the Auschwitz death camp during World War II.

IOWA **Sioux City:** A local complex that was once home to a repair and maintenance terminal for steam locomotives will be the site of an archaeological dig next month. *The Sioux City Journal* reported the Siouxland Historical Railroad Association hopes the dig will boost efforts to have the complex placed on the National Register of Historic Places.

SOUTH DAKOTA Rapid City: The City Council is seeking a federal grant of $500,000 to match with an equal amount of city money to overhaul Dinosaur Park, an historic park featuring concrete and steel statues of dinosaurs, the *Rapid City Journal* reported.

THE LEGEND OF THE DOBHAR-CHÚ

AN OLD IRISH STORY TELLS OF A WOMAN WHO WAS KILLED BY A GIANT OTTER FROM LOUGH GLENADE. WHILE IT SOUNDS LIKE THE STUFF OF LEGEND, HER GRAVE CAN STILL BE SEEN TO THIS DAY. GARY CUNNINGHAM PURSUES A TALE THAT SEEMS TO HAVE JUMPED FROM MYTH TO REALITY, AND GOES IN SEARCH OF A FEARSOME AND NOT-SO-LEGENDARY BEAST. MAIN ILLUSTRATION BY NICK DEWAR.

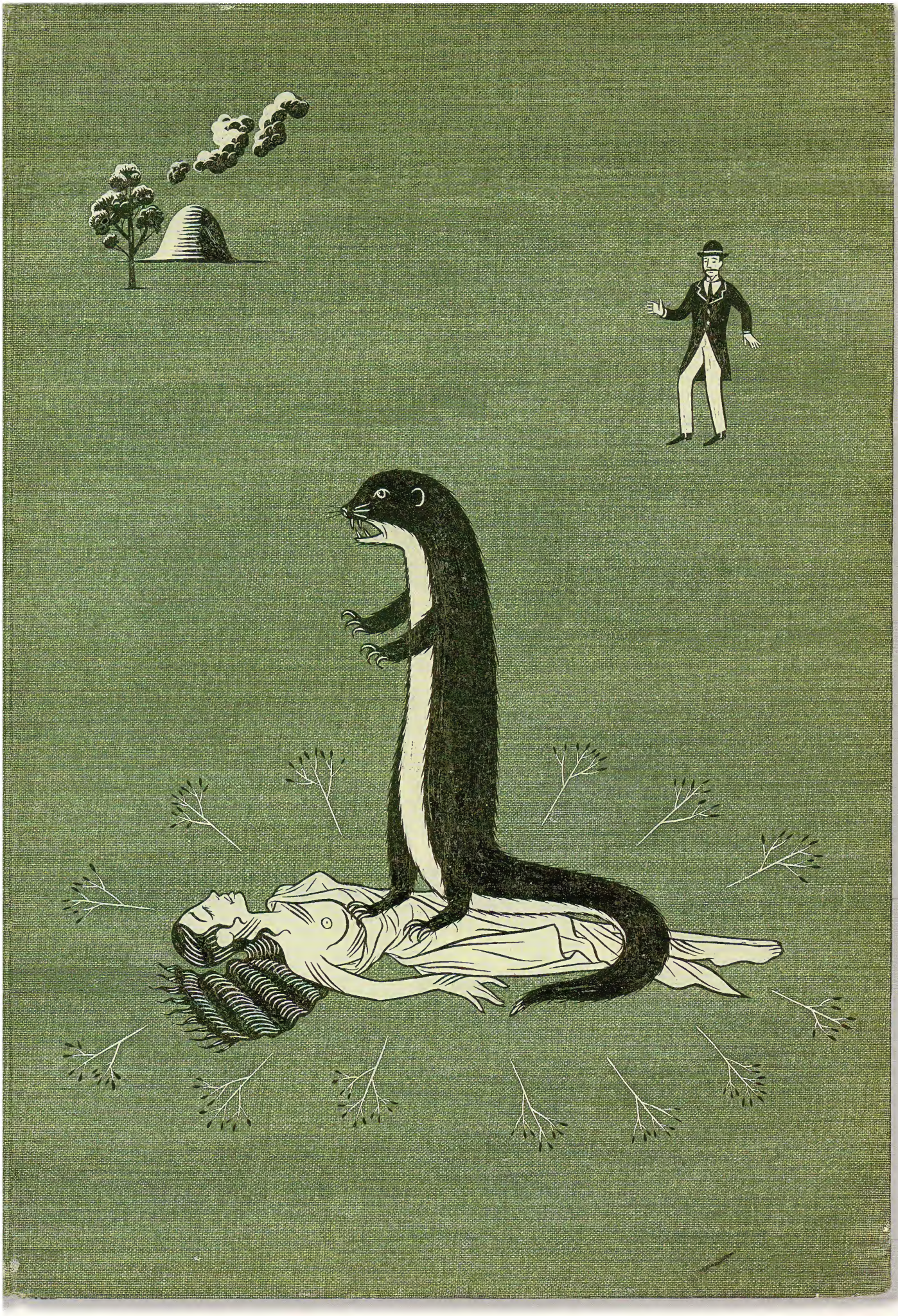
GRACE CONNOLLY'S GRAVE, CONWALL CEMETERY/GARY CUNNINGHAM

Although there are many accounts of lake monsters residing in Irish waters, some of them going back centuries, they have tended to become irreversibly entwined with the country's mythology and folklore. However, there is a considerable body of modern-day sightings of these elusive, and supposedly legendary, inhabitants of the loughs, known locally as 'horse-eels'. They have been seen quite regularly (particularly from the 1950s to the 1970s) in the west of Ireland, more specifically in the sparsely populated area of Connemara in Co. Galway.

While Ireland's lake monsters conform to the familiar pattern of such entities all over Europe, there is another creature of Irish legend that, while inhabiting a similar environment, is quite distinct from the better-known 'horse-eels'.

This creature was known as the Dobhar-Chú (pronounced Dovar-Ku; interestingly, the Irish otter is sometimes known as the Mada Uisge – both phrases roughly translate as 'hound of the flowing water' or, more simply,'water hound'). It was said to be an extremely rare breed of otter with unusual, and even supernatural qualities. It was believed to have been of unusually large size, sometimes holding court over five or six regular sized otters; thus it was sometimes known as the 'master otter' or 'king otter' (a rare human glimpse of such a creature is supposed to have taken place at Dhu-Hill, where the master otter was said to have had a retinue of 100 normal-sized otters!). The Dobhar-Chú was also thought to possess certain mythical qualities; one notion was that even the slightest portion of its pelt could save a ship from being wrecked, a horse from drowning or a man from gunshot wounds and other serious injuries. It was believed that the only way to kill the animal was by shooting it with a silver bullet – a motif uncannily familiar from the werewolf legend.

When researcher Patrick Tohall was investigating the Dobhar-Chú legend, he was told by an old man in the records office of the Commission for Boundaries, Co. Donegal, that an old Irish phrase said the Dobhar-Chú is the seventh cub of the common otter, and that this was connected with its status as a super or master-otter. Within Ireland, this supposedly mythical beast has all but vanished from memory – with one notable exception. In the county of Leitrim (bordering counties Sligo and Donegal), the local population has a very good reason for being unable to erase the 'master otter' from its memories and folklore – a local woman is said to have been killed by a Dobhar-Chú.



THE DOBHARCHÚ OF GLENADE

An anonymous poem, possibly dating from the early 20th century

By Glenade lake tradition tells,
two hundred years ago
A thrilling scene enacted was,
to which as years unflow,
Old men and women still relate,
and while relating dread,
Some demon of its kind may yet
be found within its bed.

It happened one McGloughlan lived
close by the neighbouring shore,
A lovely spot, where fairies oft in rivalry
wandered o'er,
A beauteous dell where prince and chief
oft met in rivalry,
With Frenchmen bold and warriors old
to hunt the wild boar, free.

He and his wife Grace Connolly
lived there unknown to fame,
There, years in peace, until one day
from out the lakes there came
What brought a change in all
their home and prospects too.
The water fiend, the enchanted being,
the dreaded Dobharchú.

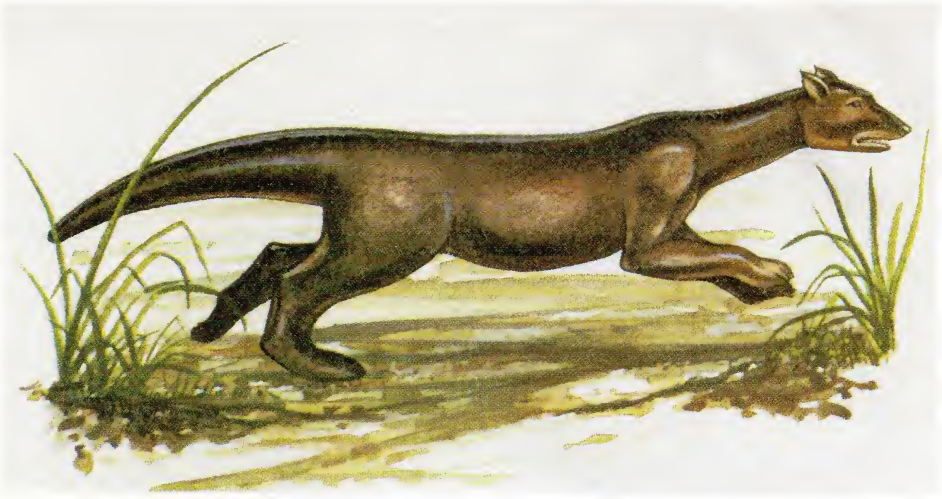
It was a bright September morn,
the sun scarce mountain high,
No chill or damp was in the air
all nature seemed to vie,
As if to render homage proud
the cloudless sky above
A day for mortals to discourse
in luxury and love.

And whilst this gorgeous way of life
in beauty did abound,
From out the vastness of the lake
stole out the water hound,
And seized for victim her who shared
McGloughlan's bed and board,
His loving wife, his more than life,
whom almost he adored.

She having gone to bathe it seems
within the waters clear,
And not having returned when she
might, her husband fraught with fear,
Hasting to where he her might find,
when on, to his surprise,
Her mangled form, still bleeding warm,
lay stretched before his eyes.

Upon her bosom, snow white once,
but now besmeared with gore,
The Dobharchú reposing was,
his surfeiting being o'er.
Her bowels and entrails all around
tinged with a reddish hue.
"Oh God", he cried, "tis hard to bear
but what am I do do".

He prayed for strength, the fiend lay
still, he tottered like a child,
The surge of life within his veins
surged rapidly and wild.
One long last glance at her he loved,
then fast his footsteps turned,
To home, while all his pent up rage
and passion fiercely burned.



THE MONSTER OF SRAHEENS LOCH: An artist's reconstruction of the beast sighted in 1968.

ACROSS HER BODY LAY A DOBHAR-CHÚ

The creature was believed to inhabit Glenade Lough, located in the southern part of the county (it can be reached by following the R280 northwards from Manor Hamilton to Bundoran). The lough itself is approximately a mile (1.6km) in length and half a mile wide, and is on the left side of the road if one is driving north.

Local legend tells of a woman called Grace Connolly (sometimes she is called Grace McLoughlin or McGlone; in fact her married name would have been McLoughlin, but the custom was for the woman to retain her maiden name) who one day in 1722 (usually given as 22 September) went to the lough to wash her clothes (again, variants have her bathing in the lake). When Grace failed to return, her husband Terence went to search for her. Eventually, he found her, but the sight that confronted him was a terrible one, for lying across his wife's motionless body was her assailant – a Dobhar-Chú. Terence killed the beast, but its dying cries attracted its mate from the nearby lough. Terence fled on horseback, along with his brother Gilmartin, but they were pursued relentlessly by the second Dobhar-Chú.

The two men eventually reached a place about 20 miles (32km) distant, known as Castlegarden Hill, where they lay hidden and waited for the beast to appear. The Dobhar-Chú easily traversed the intervening mountains and difficult terrain, eventually reaching the spot where the two men lay in ambush. In some versions of the story, the Dobhar-Chú killed one of the unfortunate horses and, before it could visit the same fate on the men's remaining steed, Terence surprised it and stabbed it to death.

The event is also commemorated in verse, and there are at least two poems dealing with the unfortunate death of Grace Connolly. One of these is 'The Old House', which was included in a 1950s collection *Further Poems* by

GARY CUNNINGHAM

GRAVE MATTERS: The tombstone of Grace Connolly in Conwall cemetery, showing the strange creature.

PHILIPPA FOSTER/FORTEAN PICTURE LIBRARY

KING OF THE OTTERS: A 'master otter', represented with a white coat and a black cross on its back.

THE LEGEND IS A PART OF DAILY LIFE

Katherine A Fox, who was herself from County Leitrim. The second is an anonymous piece, possibly dating from the1920s, which runs to 16 verses and is simply entitled 'The Dobhar-Chú of Glenade' – see sidebars.

The story of Grace Connolly's death and her husband's slaying of the Dobhar-Chú would appear to be a rather fanciful and unbelievable folk legend; however, there is actual evidence for this event in the form of the slain woman's grave. It is located in Conwall cemetery, in the townland of Drummans, approximately 2-3 miles (3.2-4.8km) from the lake where she is said to have met her untimely death. [1]

The tombstone is about four and a half feet (137cm) by 2ft (61cm), laid horizontally in the ground. The date is very hard to discern due to the erosion of the sandstone and the presence of lichen, but reads 'September 24 1722' – two days after the date usually given for Grace Connolly's fatal meeting with the Dobhar-Chú [2]. On the stone's surface is carved a very odd animal indeed. Its bizarre identikit appearance is as follows: Its hind and front legs are equally long and powerful; it has a long tail with a barely conspicuous tuft at its tip (the portion showing the tuft was a thin slice of sandstone and has since flaked off), and it has a deep-set powerful chest. The creature's small head and paws are very like an otter's, and so too is its neck (which is doubled over its shoulder and consequently can be easily missed when examining the tombstone). However, its barrel chest and long muzzle are morphologically canine rather than lutrine.

Up until the First World War, a similar tombstone existed not far from the first, in a town called Kilroosk. This stone was also said to show a Dobhar-Chú, and was the gravestone of Grace's husband Terence. Unfortunately, at some point, it was placed on a boundary wall after it had broken in two and was subsequently lost.

The very fact that at one point in time the two gravestones existed within the same locality demonstrates that the story of the Dobhar-Chú had a genuine significance for the local population. Also noteworthy here is the mention in Patrick Tohall's article that the incident was still fresh in local memory, which strengthens any case for the story's authenticity.

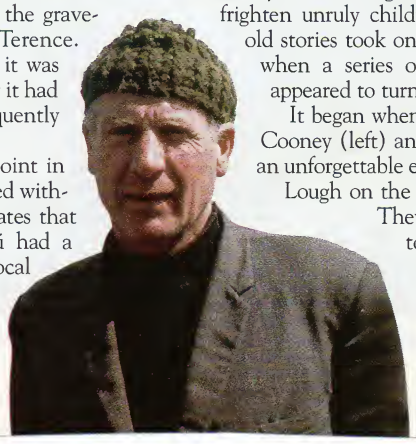
There have been other reports from Irish loughs of mysterious denizens that do not fit easily within the category of the familiar 'horse-eel' of Connemara. One of these (possibly the last of its kind) was spotted in Sraheen's Lough, a small body of water on Ireland's largest island – Achill Island in County Mayo.

Sraheen's lough (which also goes by the name of Glendarry lough) is circular and roughly 400ft (122m) in diameter. There are dense rhododendron bushes growing around most of its shoreline and, considering its location on the western extremity of Europe, a more windswept and isolated wilderness would be hard to imagine.

Significant within the context of the legend is the lough's proximity to Glenade Lough in County Leitrim. Achill is situated just off Co Mayo, which is the county immediately west of Counties Sligo and Leitrim where the Dobhar-Chú legend is still a part of daily life.

Even in the 20th century, there was an oral tradition of water monsters in and around Sraheens Lough, with many sightings claimed in the 1930s. Such tales were remembered and retold by the older generation (and used to frighten unruly children) but in 1968 the old stories took on an air of literal truth when a series of inexplicable events appeared to turn myth into reality.

It began when two local men, John Cooney (left) and Michael Nulty, had an unforgettable experience at Sraheens Lough on the night of 1 May 1968. They were driving home to Achill Sound, on the mainland, from the village of Keel, when at about 10pm a bizarre ani-



TONY HEALY/FORTEAN PICTURE LIBRARY

He reached his house, he grasped his
gun which clenched with nerves of
steel,
He backwards sped, upraising his
arm and then one piercing squeal
Was heard upon the balmy air.
But hark, what's that that came,
One moment next from out of its
depth as if revenge to claim.

The comrade of the dying fiend
with whistles long and loud,
Came nigh and nigher to the spot
Mr McGloughlan growing cowed,
Rushed to his home, his neighbours
called their council, asked. And flight
was what they bid him do at once,
and not to wait 'till night.

He and his brother a sturdy pair
as brothers true when tried,
Their horses took, their homes
foresook and westward fast
they did ride,
One dagger sharp and long,
each man had for protection too
Fast pursued by that fierce brute
the Whistling Dobharchu.

The rocks and dells rang with
its yells, the eagles screamed in dread.
The ploughman left his horses alone,
the fishes too 'tis said,
Away from the mountain streams
though far, went rushing to the sea.
And nature's laws did almost pause
for death or victory.

For twenty miles the gallant steeds,
the riders proudly bore,
With sadness strain o'er hill and dale
that ne'er was seen before,
The fiend, fast closing on their tracks,
his dreaded cry more shrill,
'Twas brothers try, we'll do or die
at Castlegarden Hill.

Dismounting from their panting
steeds
they placed them one by one,
Athwart the path in lengthways
formed, within the ancient wall,
And standing by the outmost horse
awaiting for their foe,
Their daggers raised, their nerves
they braced to strike that fatal blow.

Not long to wait, for nose on trail,
the scenting hound arrives,
And through the horse
with a plunge to force
himself he tries,
And just as through the outmost
horse his head and foremost part,
McGloughlan's dagger to the hilt lay
buried in his heart.

Thank God, Thank God,
the brothers cried in wildness and
delight,
Our humble home by Glenade lake
shall shelter us to-night,
Be any doubt to what I write,
go visit old Conwell,
And see the grave where sleeps the
brave whose epitaph can tell.

THE "IRISH CROCODILE"

There is one rarity more, which we may term the Irish crocodile, whereof one, as yet living, about ten years ago had sad experience. The man was passing the shore just by the waterside, and spyed far off the head of a beast swimming, which he took to be an otter, and took no more notice of it; but the beast it seems lifted up his head, to discern whereabouts the man was; then diving swam under the water till he struck ground: whereupon he run out of the water suddenly and took the man by the elbow whereby the man stooped down, and the beast fastened his teeth in his pate, and dragged him into the water; where the man took hold of a stone by chance in his way, and calling to mind he had a knife in his jacket, took it out and gave a thrust of it to the beast, which thereupon got away from him into the lake. The water about him was all bloody, whether from the beast's blood, or his own, or from both he knows not. It was the pitch of an ordinary greyhound, of a black slimey skin, without hair as he imagines. Old men acquainted with the lake do tell there is such a beast in it, and that a stout fellow with a wolf dog along with him met the like there once; which after a long struggling went away in spite of the man and his dog, and was a long time after found rotten in a rocky cave of the lake when the waters decreased. The like they say is seen in other lakes in Ireland, they call it doyarchu, i.e. water-dog, or anchu which is the same.

from *A Description of West Connaught* (1684), by Roderick O'Flaherty

A BIZARRE ANIMAL DARTED ACROSS THE ROAD

mal darted across the road from the direction of the lake and disappeared into the thick undergrowth. They were able to see it clearly as it was illuminated by their headlights, and described it as being eight to 10 feet long (2.5-3m), four-legged, black or dark brown in colour, having a thick tail, a long neck like a swan's and a head like that of a sheep or a greyhound. It was about 2.5 feet tall (.076m) and when it ran it rocked from side to side. John Cooney also noted that it was moving at an angle, weaving and curving as it ran.

Only a week after Cooney and Nulty's sighting, a 15-year-old boy, Gay Dever, stopped whilst cycling by the lough on his way home from Mass. He had dismounted from his bike when he heard splashing sounds. It was early evening, and he saw a creature emerging from the lough and climbing the bank. Visibility was still good, as there was adequate light, and he observed an animal "bigger than a horse" (a possible exaggeration caused by such a shocking and unprecedented sight) with a sheep-like head on a long neck, a long tail and four legs, of which the hind ones were noticeably larger than the front. It moved in a rather jumpy way, "like a kangaroo" and was about 12 ft (3.7m) long.

The incidents on Achill Island may seem at first glance to be unrelated to the legend of the Dobhar-Chú. However, there is a fascinating link between the two. As highlighted by Dr Karl Shuker in his Menagerie of Mystery column on the Dobhar-Chú in *Strange* magazine, an artist's reconstruction of the Sraheens Lough creature appeared in an article on lake monsters by Janet and Colin Bord in *The Unexplained* (the early 1980s part-work).

This reconstruction, based on the eyewitness accounts of 1968, is strikingly similar to the animal depicted on Grace Connolly's tombstone in Drummans. How do we explain the undeniable similarity between a creature seen on Achill Island as recently as 1968, and the beast of Irish legend depicted on a tombstone nearly 250 years earlier?

The obvious, if incredible, answer would seem to be that the legendary Dobhar-Chú was very much extant and had been residing in a small lough in western Ireland as recently as the late 1960s.

Whilst researching the legend I was intrigued to discover a chapter on Achill Island in Peter Sommerville-Large's book *Ireland's Islands* which draws extensively on an earlier work, *Achill Island* by Theresa Macdonald).

In the chapter on Achill, the author talks about the island's early history and discusses the region's impressive flora and fauna, areas of natural beauty and other attractions for visitors, including the famous seal caves, one of which was known as the Priest's Cave.

According to an old man by the name of Harris Stone, who lived in Dooaghart around 1906, there was a rare species of sea otter that lived in a stagnant pool in the Priest's Cave. The cave was to be found on the north slope of Slievemore, but sadly its entrance is no longer accessible. This sea otter could be distinguished by its unusual colour – black, or at any rate almost black – with a white patch on its throat.

The above information is intriguing to say the least; could the early inhabitants of the island have been familiar with a very different, even unique, species of otter and have incorporated it into their folklore?

Also noteworthy is the very mention by the author of a 'sea otter' – there are of course no sea otters (*Enhydra lutris*) residing in Europe, let alone Ireland. The 'sea otter' described by the elderly Harris Stone must at one time have been indigenous to the island for it to be included in Achill's oral traditions. The only other possible explanation for a 'sea otter' cropping up in the island's folklore would be

TONY HEALY/FORTEAN PICTURE LIBRARY

TROUBLED WATERS: John Cooney, one of the witnesses to the 1968 sightings on Achill Island, stands

SIGNS: A battered roadsign points to Conwall graveyard and church – and Grace Connolly's tombstone.

sightings and observed behaviour of the common and endearing Irish otter. Both the Eurasian otter and the Irish subspecies (which is slightly darker) do indeed inhabit the coastal regions of both Scotland and Ireland. Local folklore might have incorporated this fact (intentionally or unintentionally) into the legend of the 'sea otter' residing in the particular area where the seal caves are located. Even the black coloration of Stone's 'sea otter' could be attributed to one of the physiological characteristics by which early zoologists endeavoured to procure full species status for the Irish form of the Eurasian otter.

If Theresa Macdonald gathered the information concerning the seal-caves and the 'sea otter' independently of any articles concerning the Sraheens Lough monster, then this could be a significant piece of evidence with

Loch, possible home of the mysterious beast.

THE STORY MAY HAVE A TRAGIC ENDING

regard to the animal seen in and around the lough (especially the flurry of late-1960s sightings). It also suggests that the strange animal was (or is) indigenous to Achill and its existence recognised by the islanders long before the incidents at Sraheens Lough in 1968.

The story of the mysterious master-otter, whether legend or reality, may have a tragic ending. No creatures resembling the Dobhar-Chú of folklore, such as the Sraheens Lough monster, have been reported from Ireland since the events of 1968.

If there ever was a 'real' creature – whether endemic to Achill Island or a transient visitor to Irish shores – the changes wrought to the region's delicately balanced ecosystem since the early 1970s may have been the final nail in its coffin. Tourists in search of isolated beauty spots, the increase in water sports and other recreations and the growth in population, traffic and pollution have all taken their toll on the area, leading to a dramatic reduction in unspoilt wilderness. The area's fish-farming industry, too, may have impacted on the food chain; sea-lice and disease caused by fæcal material from cultured salmonoid species can eventually filter into an already fragile ecosystem, potentially devastating natural stocks. Any animal returning to once traditional sanctuaries would discover a wholly different environment today. If the Sraheens Lough creature was a large predator, at the top of the food chain, it would, in any case, have been considerably scarcer then its prey; such an animal, already small in numbers, could have died out completely.

If, however, the creatures were merely visitors to Achill Island, then perhaps they sought sanctuary elsewhere, in another remote island habitat or coastal shoreline. Perhaps they travelled to a country farther north, towards the Arctic circle, or even westwards towards Iceland and Greenland – to become incorporated into the folklore of those lands.

But the Dobhar-Chú is not forgotten, at least not in Co Leitrim. When I spoke to retired Irish Water Spaniel breeder Eddie Lennon, he told me that while he was conducting his own research at Grace Connolly's grave in Conwall cemetery, a woman had approached him and begun to talk about the legend. She told him that the people of Conwall and neighbouring townlands intended to stage a festival sometime in the future to commemorate the Dobhar-Chú legend and to keep the folklore of Grace Connolly and her ghastly fate alive for generations to come. FT

NOTES

1. The stone can be located within the cemetery by walking roughly 20ft (6m) in a north-westerly direction after leaving the small path from the entrance gate.

2. Patrick Tohall, in 1948, deciphered the tombstone thus: "Line by Line the text reads: --(1) (Illegible), (2) ??ODY OF (3) GRACE CON (4) N?Y WIFE (5) TO TER MAC (6) LOGHLIN WHO (7) DYD 7BER (8) THE 24TH (9) ANN DMI (10) MDCCXXII. Points of note are: (a) The woman is still spoken of as 'Grainne' (not 'Grace') around her home; (b) The name 'Ter' is obviously a contraction for 'Terence', the modern baptismal name adopted to supplant the traditional 'Toirdhealbhach'. Only recently has the spoken language surrendered to the change, as down to our own time those who signed 'Terence' were called 'T'ruílach' in this locality. I have heard it so pronounced, exactly as John O' Donovan did here about 1835, when he wrote the names as 'T'raolach';(c) Adherence to contemporary classical forms: the contraction '7ber' for September and the use of the 'possessive dative' case; (d) the Gaelic custom of a married woman keeping her maiden name is incongruous in the English text."

RESOURCES

RECOMMENDED READING

David Cabot *Ireland – A Natural History* (Harper Collins 1999)

Bjorn Kurten *The Age of Mammals* (London 1971)

David Macdonald *The Velvet Claw – A Natural History of Carnivores* (BBC Books 1992)

Theresa Macdonald *Achill Island* (date unknown)

Karl Shuker 'Menagerie of Mystery', *Strange* Magazine 16, pp32-33, 49

Karl Shuker *Mysteries of Planet Earth – An Encyclopædia of the Inexplicable* Dr Karl Shuker (Carlton books 1999)

Patrick Tohall 'The Dobhar-Chú Tombstones of Glenade, *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, vol 78, (1948) pp 127-129.

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

Gary Cunningham lives in Co Down, Northern Ireland, where he is a manager in retail grocery. He devotes his spare time to researching Irish lake monsters, and plans to write a book on the subject some time in the future. This is his first piece for *Fortean Times*.

ROBIN HOODLUM: An intruder who broke into a house in Charmouth, Dorset, stole nothing, but left behind a television and a bottle of alcopop. ***Western Daily Press, 4 Jan 2002.***

First Lady Takes Action As Invaders Attack Washington, D.C.

by Rick Bromer

When Dolley Madison moved into the White House in 1809—following the inauguration of her husband, President James Madison—she was dissatisfied with the unfinished appearance of her new home.

Although the nine-year-old White House was the largest private residence in the United States, some rooms were bare of furniture, while others held drab offices.

Dolley Madison wanted to redecorate some of the barren spaces in the White House to create rooms in which she could host gala social events.

Previous first ladies had avoided publicity and public events, but Dolley Madison loved a party. She believed that she could increase her husband's popularity and help him push his political programs through Congress if she became the leading hostess in Washington, D.C. She therefore drew up plans to create an elegant dining room, a drawing room, and a parlor in the White House. She discussed her plans with her husband, who was taken aback when he learned that the first lady's proposed redecoration would cost more than his entire $25,000 annual salary as chief executive of the United States. He told her that she would have to figure out some way to raise the necessary money.

First Lady Dolley Madison.

The fifty-seven-year-old president, who was sixteen years older than his wife, did not share her enthusiasm for entertaining. He was the principal author of the United States Constitution, but he was too bashful to make small talk at parties. Happiest at his desk among books and papers, James Madison seemed nervous in social situations. He was aware that his physical presence was not impressive. Pale and thin, with a weak, boyish voice, Madison was a short man, five feet, four inches tall. He had a solemn manner and he dressed in plain black suits that were said to make him "always look like a man on his way to a funeral."

Dolley Madison, who sometimes called her husband "the great little Madison," thought that he ought to attend more parties in order to develop a public image as a cheerful, friendly man. As if trying to counterbalance her husband's subdued demeanor, the first lady cultivated a flamboyant style. For parties, she liked to dress up in imported French dresses with daringly low necklines. She also wore turbans adorned with feathers. Although her wardrobe raised some eyebrows, her manner was so warm and unpretentious that almost everyone who met the first lady immediately liked her. The writer Washington Irving described her as "a buxom dame who has a smile and pleasant word for everyone."

To finance her redecoration of the White House, Dolley Madison decided to seek help from the United States Congress. She invited congressmen of both political parties to tea at the White House, and when they arrived she took them on tours of the building. She showed them the bare rooms, which she described as a national embarrassment.

Eager to improve America's image and to please the charming first lady, a majority of congressmen voted an appropriation of $12,000 for repairs and $14,000 for new furnishings at the White House.

Dolley Madison then hired Benjamin Latrobe, the noted architect, to help her choose furnishings. Latrobe spent $2,150 for three mirrors, $556.15 for new china, and $220.90 for silverware. At the request of the first lady, he also spent $28 for a guitar and $458 for a piano.

Latrobe's taste was more sedate than Dolley Madison's. He was dismayed when she insisted on buying some velvet curtains that he found too gaudy for the drawing room. "The curtains!" Latrobe wrote. "Oh the terrible velvet curtains! Their effect will ruin me entirely, so brilliant will they be."

With her new decor in place, Dolley Madison began holding "receptions" every Wednesday at the White House. At these weekly gatherings, congressmen mingled with foreign diplomats, celebrities, important businessmen, and distinguished visitors to Washington, D.C. Slaves and servants served the guests French cuisine, fine wines, and plentiful liquor. Dolley Madison carefully introduced every new guest to her husband, but James Madison usually stayed in a corner with a few close friends, intensely discussing political issues.

The first lady herself was the star attraction at her parties. She became so popular that the press began calling her "Queen Dolley." Celebrated writers and artists who attended the receptions usually seemed more eager to meet the first lady than to meet the president.

Dolley Madison's real goal was to increase her husband's popularity, rather than her own, and for several years she seemed to be succeeding. Then, in the summer of 1812, President Madison caused a controversy in America when he asked Congress to vote for a declaration of war against Great Britain.

The British government, which was at war with France, had provoked the United States by seizing American merchant ships bound for French ports, by forcibly conscripting Americans into the British navy, and by allowing traders in Canada to arm the Indians who killed settlers in the American west. Madison, a Democrat, and members of his party in Congress were ready to declare war, but members of the conservative Federalist Party wanted peace. The Federalists preferred the British monarchy to the radical dictatorship of Napoleon Bonaparte, and they hated the idea of helping a French dictator to fight against liberty-loving Englishmen.

Every Federalist in Congress voted against President Madison's request for a declaration of war but, after exceptionally angry debates, the declaration passed by 79-49 votes in the House of Representatives and by 19-13 votes in the Senate.

After that, Dolley Madison's parties began to be disrupted by shouted arguments between antiwar Federalists and pro-war Democrats. To keep everyone as calm as possible, the first lady restricted her own conversation to small talk and laughter. "Politics is the business of men," she liked to say. "I don't care what office they hold or who supports them. I only care about people."

In an effort to encourage national unity, the first lady threw more parties than ever, but her husband's political problems grew worse. Congress refused to raise taxes for what the antiwar congressmen called "Mister Madison's war."

The president called for fifty thousand volunteers to invade Canada, but only five thousand signed up. James Madison's popularity fell further when his underfunded attempts to invade Canada failed disastrously.

Dolley Madison became alarmed in 1813 when she heard rumors that British sympathizers and spies in Washington, D.C., intended to set fire to the White House to avenge the burning of the Canadian Parliament buildings at York (now Toronto) by American invaders. To defend her redecorated Executive Mansion, Dolley Madison began sleeping with a saber under her bed, so that she would be equipped to fight off any arsonists who might try to climb through her bedroom window. (The president, who was an insomniac, slept in a separate bedroom to avoid disturbing the first lady when he jumped out of bed, several times each night, and rushed to his desk to write down ideas that had occurred to him as he slept.)

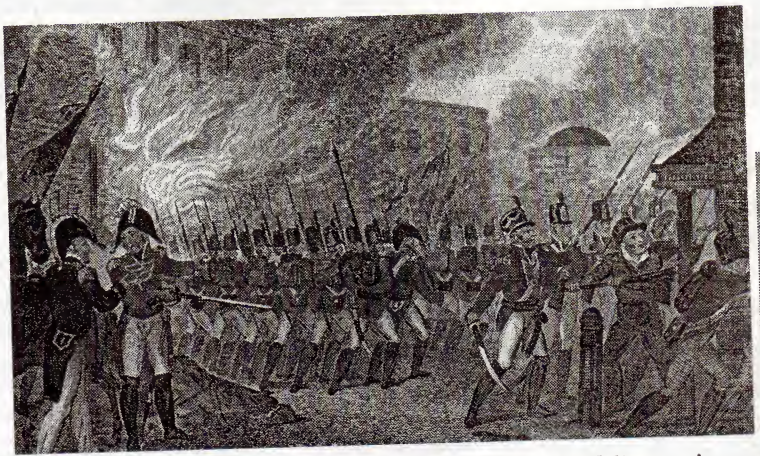
In the summer of 1814, a fleet of twenty-one large British warships sailed up the Chesapeake Bay towards Washington, D.C. The United States Navy was too small to oppose the enemy ships, which on August 19 landed an army of four thousand British regulars on the shore of the Patuxent River in Maryland.

As the British began marching toward Washington, D.C., Dolley Madison was alarmed not only by the enemy advance, but also by the depth of hatred that antiwar Americans began expressing towards her husband. One young Federalist lady in Washington, who had exceptionally long and beautiful hair, expressed her feelings by halting her carriage in front of the White House, loosening her hair, and shouting, "I pray that I may have the privilege of parting with this hair, in order to make a noose to hang Mr. Madison!"

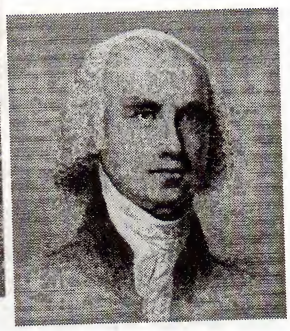
Nobody in Washington seemed to feel much confidence in the American army of one thousand regulars, backed by several thousand ill-trained militiamen, who marched from Washington to confront the British invaders. President Madison felt that the troops needed some encouragement to cheer them up. On August 23 he told his wife that he felt it was necessary for him to address the troops in the field, and he asked her if she would be afraid to stay alone at the White House that night.

Dolley Madison replied, "I have no fear except for you, and for the success of our army." Her husband expressed confidence in the American army, but he also showed her cases of secret documents that he did not want the British to see. He told her that, if she was forced to flee from the White House, she should be sure to take the documents with her.

The president then kissed his wife goodbye and rode off towards Bladensburg, Maryland, six miles northeast of Washington, where



British soldiers set fire to public buildings in Washington, D.C.



James Madison.

the American forces were concentrated.

On the morning of August 24, Dolley Madison received an alarming dispatch from her husband. It warned her that "the enemy seem stronger than was at first reported, and they may reach the city with the intention of destroying it."

The first lady immediately loaded the secret papers into trunks and had them carried to her carriage. She found that the trunks completely filled the carriage, leaving hardly any room for her personal possessions. She tried to hire a wagon, but none was available because many of the city's residents were fleeing with all their goods.

Dolley Madison was secretly worried that her husband might be lynched by antiwar Federalists. She felt that her own popularity might protect him, so she was eager to join him. In a letter to her sister, written while she waited at the White House for the president's return, the first lady wrote,

"Our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, so that he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him. Disaffection stalks around us."

At noon Dolley Madison went to the roof of the White House with a spyglass, hoping to see her husband returning from the battlefield. Instead she saw small groups of American soldiers running back towards Washington without their guns.

She went downstairs and told the house steward, Jean-Pierre "French John" Sioussat, to prepare a meal in case the president and his party returned soon. Then, resuming her letter to her sister, the first lady wrote, "French John (a faithful servant), with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder, which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken."

At three p.m. a messenger from the front galloped up to the White House waving his hat. "Clear out! Clear out!" he shouted. "General Armstrong [the American field commander] has ordered a retreat!"

Before departing, the first lady wrote in a letter to her sister:

> Will you believe it, my sister? we have had a battle, or skirmish, near Bladensburg, and here I am still, within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us! Two messengers, covered with dust, come to bid me fly; but here I mean to wait for him. . . . Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out. It is done! and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell!

Unable to bear the thought of leaving behind her velvet curtains, she took them down and tossed them into the carriage, along with a small clock, some books, and some silver; then she departed for Virginia, where she spent an anxious night with friends.

The first lady's fears for her husband's safety were relieved when he joined her the next day in Virginia, but she was upset to learn that the victorious British troops had marched into Washington, D.C.. They had burned both the Capitol Building and the White House; they had then marched back to their ships.

Dolley Madison was told that British troops had done no damage to private property in the city, and that they had been "perfectly polite" to the citizens. She nevertheless expressed the opinion that only insensate barbarians could have committed such a hideous act of vandalism as the burning of the White House.

Returning to Washington, D.C., the Madisons moved into the Octagon House, which had recently been vacated by the French ambassador. There the first lady resumed holding her weekly receptions, but with fewer guests, because there was not enough room for large crowds in the smaller house. Congress voted to rebuild the White House, but Dolley Madison was disappointed to learn that the work would not be completed before the end of her husband's final term in office.

This portrait of George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, decorated the White House in 1814.

The burning of the White House angered most Americans and therefore helped to unite the country behind President Madison. The Americans won the next major battles of the war, when they successfully defended Baltimore and New Orleans from British attacks.

These victories, quickly followed by a peace settlement, restored President Madison's popularity, and boosted his first lady's reputation to new heights.

In 1817, when James Madison completed his second term in office, he and Dolley Madison retired to their farm in Virginia. That same year the White House rebuilding was completed, and the official portrait of George Washington, which Dolley Madison had saved from destruction, was returned to the Executive Mansion.

After her husband died in 1836, Dolley Madison returned to Washington, D.C., where she resumed her social activities, attending parties in her signature turbans and French gowns. Until her death in the summer of 1848, she was the most sought-after guest in Washington, attending many parties in the rebuilt White House, where various presidents, eager to be seen in her presence, escorted her from one brilliantly-lit parlor to another.

Although her White House redecoration did not endure, Dolley Madison's public persona was so successful that it became the model for subsequent first ladies, most of whom have tried to boost the popularity of their presidential husbands by being fashionable, sociable, and cheerfully apolitical.

SOURCES:

Madison, Dolley. *Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison.* Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 1886.

Seale, William. *The President's House.* Washington, D.C.: White House Historical Association, 1986.

Whitcomb, John and Claire. *Real Life at the White House.* London: Routledge, 2000.

By SARAH FIGALORA 6 hours ago Good Morning America

https://gma.yahoo.com/police-probe-mysterious-porcelain-dolls-left-front-homes-230420655--abc-news-topstories.html

Police are investigating a strange case in a California community, where porcelain dolls are being left on the doorsteps of girls they hold an eerie resemblance to.

At least eight families have received the dolls in the Talega community of San Clemente, with all of the girls targeted around 10 years old.

Families began filing police reports about the dolls as early as June 16, but the mystery of their origin continues.

"It caught me by surprise," Lt. Jeff Hallock from the Orange County Sheriff's Department told ABC News. "It spun of control."

"We're trying to connect the families and the girls," he added. "We're trying to figure out if there is a correlation."

Though some of the girls do attend the same school, some families don't know each other, making it difficult for investigators to uncover who is leaving the dolls.

"The dolls were being left at these homes, but everybody thought they were the only one," said Hallock. "When the families started communicating and put it together, they became concerned."

Police are trying to figure out if the dolls were homemade or bought at a local retailer.

Though the situation may seem eerie, the police see no foul play.

"At this point we don't have a specific crime," Hallock said. "It's very suspicious activity and we're following up on it. We're trying to find answers as we speak."

Investigators Solve Mystery of Porcelain Dolls Left on Doorsteps

Jul 25, 2014, 2:04 AM ET

By ABC NEWS via Good Morning America

Investigators in California say they've solved a strange case involving porcelain dolls being left on the doorsteps of girls to whom they hold an eerie resemblance.

At least eight families received the dolls in the Talega community of San Clemente, with all of the girls targeted around 10 years old.

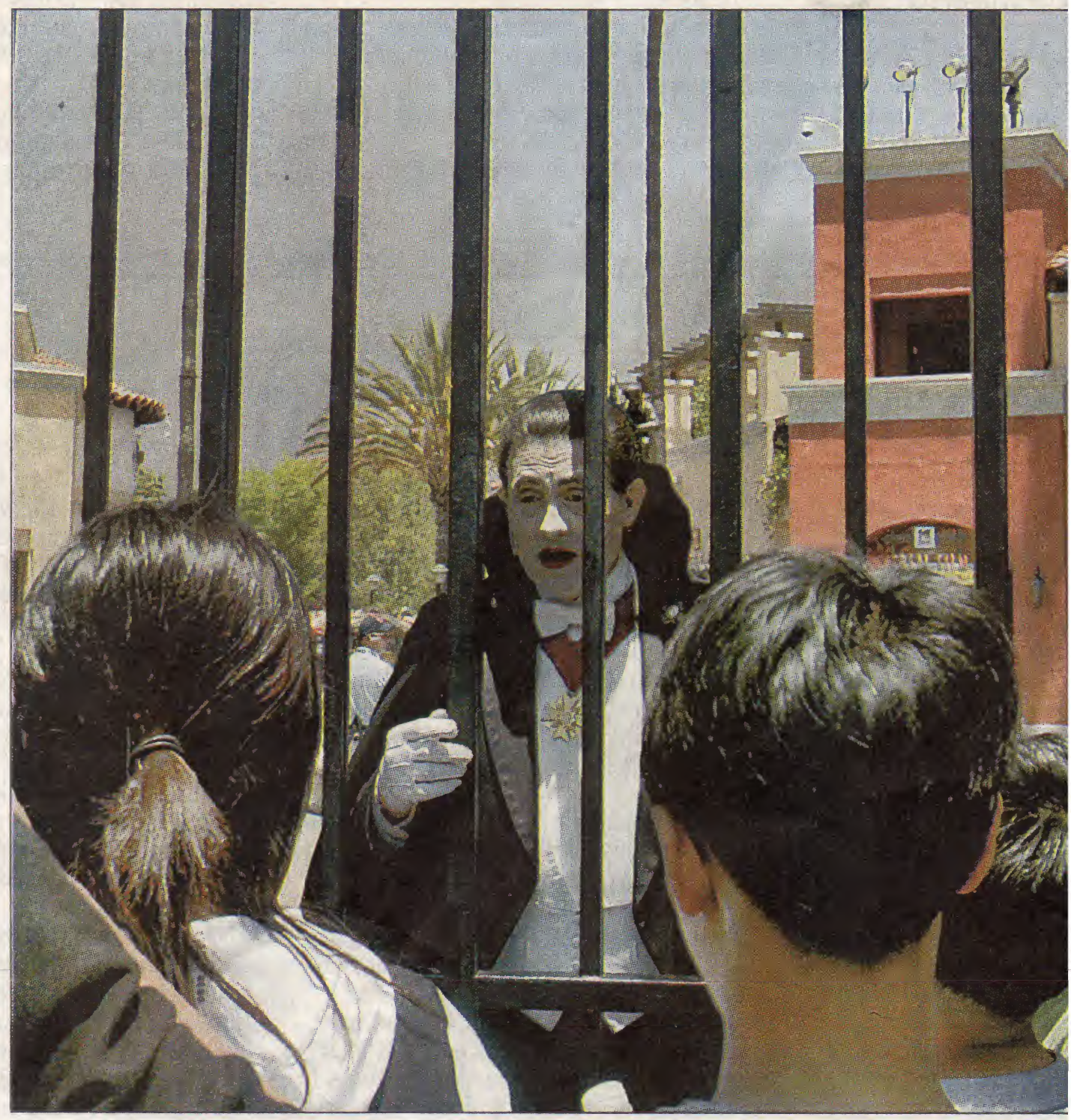
Police Probe Mysterious Porcelain Dolls Left in Front of Homes of Girls They Resemble

Families began filing police reports about the dolls as early as June 16. Initially, police didn't have a crime to investigate. But as the mystery grew, and as the families learned of the other dolls, authorities began examining the dolls and meeting with the affected families, trying to find patterns.

The investigation focused on a woman who attends church with many of the families who found the dolls, according to a news release issued late Thursday by the Orange County Sheriff's Department.

"Investigators made contact with the female adult who admitted to placing the porcelain dolls on the porch of the various residences in the community. Investigators have concluded that her motivation was out of goodwill and that she intended it as a kind gesture," the news release says of the woman whom authorities have not identified.

"There will be no further investigation of this case."



NICK UT / AP

SORRY, KIDS, WE'RE ON FIRE TODAY

A man dressed as Dracula talks to visitors who wait outside as smoke rises from a fire Sunday at Universal Studios in Los Angeles after a fire tore through a studio lot. See Page A1

Dragon Head Raising — Holiday

Thursday, February 23, 2012 | By: Juling He (何菊玲)

Feeling fiery today? That's probably because it's Dragon Head Raising Day, which falls each year on the second day of the second lunar month, as recorded by the proverb: "On the second day of the second month in Chinese lunar calendar, the dragon is awaked, raising his head" (二月二，龙抬头 Èr yuè èr, lóng táitóu).

If you didn't know already, dragons are a prominent totem in Chinese culture, believed to dominate natural forces like wind and rain. On this day, they "raise their heads" (or awaken) with the sound of rumbling thunder, a sign of the coming rains that will revitalize the earth. Around this time (theoretically, anyway), the earth is bursting with life, grass and trees are beginning to sprout and farmers are getting ready to till the fields. In ancient China, people would worship the dragon god beside a river or a lake, praying for the precious spring rains to nurture their crops.

This holiday is also based heavily on ancient astronomy. Ancient China used a constellation system called Twenty Eight Mansions to measure the locations of the sun, moon and stars and to decide the season. One constellation, called "the Double Dragon of the East," was hidden all winter beneath the eastern horizon. But on the second day of the second lunar month, the dragon's head emerged above the eastern horizon, a phenomenon called long taitou (龙抬头, dragon raising its head).

This day is also sometimes called Longtoujie (龙头节， Dragon's Head Festival) and Chunlongjie (春龙节，Spring Dragon's Festival).

Traditionally, food eaten on this day was renamed after parts of the dragon. For instance, dumplings were called "dragon's ears," spring pancakes were called "dragon's scales," rice was called "dragon's son" and wontons were called "dragon's eyes." The special foods usually eaten on this day include dragon's scales, popcorn, soy beans, pig's head and shepherd's purse-fried rice.

Other forms of celebration, however, differ from region to region. In the town of Nanzhan (南山镇) in Shandong Province, this day was the first big celebration after Spring Festival, and occasion for their famous mule and horse fair.

Even people from Inner Mongolia and Xinjiang would participate in the fair, herding their domestic animals here in advance. In Shanxi, meanwhile, people get their hair cut in a symbolic move to ditch the old (i.e. unlucky) and embrace the new (i.e. lucky). In the countryside in Hebei Province, people would fetch water from a well at the crack of dawn, a practice known as "loading the dragon's eggs" (挑龙蛋 tiāo lóng dàn). It was believed that on this day the well was full of dragon eggs and that bringing them home would bless the collector with a year of favorable weather and good harvest.

These days many of these traditions have fallen wayside. But you can still celebrate spring by swinging by the salon for a special Dragon Head Raising 'do!

Share this
Facebook Twitter LinkedIn Tumblr Reddit Email

You might also like:

Dunbar Cave 'haunting' in 10th year

By MARIA RICE McCLURE
The Leaf-Chronicle

This weekend, there will be a "haunting" filled with facts, memories and questions from 5 to 8 p.m. at Dunbar Cave.

Now in its 10th year, "Haunting History" is a volunteer effort supported by Friends of Dunbar Cave, Tennessee Trails Association and the Roxy Regional Theatre. "Haunting" guided tours will leave the visitors' center every 15 minutes starting at 5 p.m. sharp, said David Boen, president of Friends of Dunbar Cave.

The "haunting" will happen rain or shine. All you'll need is sturdy shoes, a jacket if you're easily chilled, a flashlight, and $5 per person. Participants are required to be at least 3 years old, and must be able to walk 1/4 of a mile without being carried.

Once inside the cave, the guide will lead participants to three different scenes where students from the Roxy School of the Arts will act out skits pertaining to the Dunbar Cave area. The skits are directed by Brendan Cataldo.

"The tour takes about 40 minutes," Boen said.

• **Scene One:** Facts about the cave — "This scene is about how bats are beneficial to the environment and why they are important to Dunbar Cave," Boen said.

• **Scene Two:** Memories — A vignette of people who have lived and grown up around Dunbar Cave. "The information for this was taken from interviews with these people," Boen said.

• **Scene Three:** Questions — This scene focuses on questions left behind by former residents of the cave, including American Indians who used the cave, as well as a discussion about the cave art found inside.

Money raised from this event will be used for new interpretive signage for the natural area.

Bill Larson/Contributed photo

The cast of "Haunting History of Dunbar Cave" pose at the mouth of the cave. They are Becca Winters, Patrick Long, Hallie Sampson, Tim Smith, Kayla Coleman, Jacob Ritchart, Emily Ritchart, Autumn Crafton, Jaymin Burr, Frances Dennis and Christian Boyd. The students from the Roxy Regional Theatre's School of the Arts will perform three skits inside the cave 5- p.m. Friday and Saturday.

THE CAST

• Scene One — "Haunting Facts"
Becca Winters
Patrick Long
Hallie Sampson
Tim Smith

• Scene Two — "Haunting Memories"
Kayla Coleman
Jacob Ritchart
Emily Ritchart
Autumn Crafton
Jaymin Burr

• Scene Three — "Haunting Questions"
Frances Dennis
Christian Boyd

IF YOU GO

• **WHEN:** 5-8 p.m. Friday and Saturday.
• **WHERE:** Starting at the Visitors' Center of Dunbar Cave State Natural Area,
• **COST:** $5 per person.
• **CALL:** 648-5526.

Maria Rice McClure is the features and custom content editor at The Leaf-Chronicle. She can be reached at 245-0203.

Explorers head to S. Pacific to confirm Earhart's plane wreck

Wednesday - 3/12/2014, 8:39pm ET

By Megan Cloherty

WASHINGTON - Amelia Earhart's plane disappeared in 1937 and it remains one of the world's enduring mysteries. Now, explorers are excited about new evidence that could confirm that artifacts found on a remote South Pacific island are from the wreckage of her plane.

Experts say the rivets and their pattern on this plane fuselage discovered on the island match the repair records of Earhart's Lockheed Electra. (WTOP/Megan Cloherty)

The National Group for Historic Aircraft Recovering is making its 11th trip this coming fall to the island of Nikumaroro where increasingly, evidence of a plane crash there points to the Earhart wreck.

The TIGHAR team of archaeologists and plane crash recovery experts are going back yet again to connect the dots they know of, and experiment with new technology which could help them uncover more.

"My personal goal is to find out for sure what happened to Amelia Earhart. If there's a whole chapter of her life surviving as a castaway on a waterless Pacific atoll. We should know that," says TIGHAR executive director Ric Gillespie.

The collected details thus far are these: Human remains were found on the island three years after Earhart's plane disappeared that are believed to be a woman's. There is a piece of plane fuselage that the team's director believes washed up on shore many years ago which has rivet marks that match repair records of Earhart's Lockheed Electra. Finally, campsite artifacts recovered on the island date to the 1930's and were manufactured in America.

Some of those items were a women's compact and freckle-cream jar manufactured in the U.S. around that decade.

"The fact that we have artifacts from the '30s from America on this island doesn't mean they were Earhart's, but if they're not Earhart's we've got to ask, 'Whose were they?'," says archaeologist Thomas King.

He is concerned with preserving whatever the team finds on the island or around its reef slope. He pointed specifically to any remnants of the plane, which was aluminum, submerged for this long would be particularly difficult to bring back for lab testing.

"I've seen aluminum come out of salt water after 40, 50 years and practically explode. It just has a very dramatic oxidation. So you really want to be very careful and anything we find is going to have to be either left down there or brought into a controlled environment very quickly," King says.

The island of Nikumaroro is uninhabited, very hot and full of wildlife, Gillespie says. The group is looking for sponsorship and funding, even reserving four spots for individuals who want to pay to experience the exploration first-hand.

To Men Only.

How

Electrocure Cures.

THE amount of animal Electricity which a man possesses is the true measure of his mental and bodily vigor, and when it falls below the normal or health-standard through overwork, excesses or accidental causes, nature is often unable to restore it unaided, and a seriously impaired mental, physical and sexual condition is the result.

It is only by the renewal of the vital force that we can reasonably expect to cure, and experience has proven positively that the gentle, long-continued current used during sleep when Nature is doing the repair work of life is THE ONLY CURE.

Astonishing Effects of Electricity.

In that peculiar form of nervous exhaustion which results in sexual weakness or general sexual debility, electricity rightly applied produces marvelous results. As the nervous system is gradually strengthened, sexual vigor returns and all annoying symptoms disappear, and the patient speedily finds himself restored to a better condition than he ever expected to enjoy.

Electric Shock Kills Ohio Man, Elephant

SPRINGHILL, La. (AP) — An animal trainer and a two-ton Burmese elephant died of electric shock yesterday when the circus tent pole they were raising for the night's two performances touched overhead electrical lines, Jim Silverlake, supervisor of the Roller Brothers Circus, said.

Mr. Silverlake identified the trainer as Tim Mericash, 23, of Norwalk, O., and said the elephant was Ellie, a 40-year-old.

Another circus employee, Mickey King, of Halls, Tenn., was injured in the accident and was hospitalized in satisfactory condition at Baptist Medical Center in Little Rock, Ark., with second-degree burns on his legs and back.

The circus was in this northwestern Louisiana town of 6,800 people near the Arkansas line for a fund-raising event sponsored by the Jaycees, Mr. Silverlake said.

The elephant was pulling the chain to hoist the central pole into position when the metal pole hit the electrical lines in a vacant lot behind the Piggly Wiggly Shopping Center, Mr. Silverlake said.

The elephant was jolted by the electric shock, then fell on Mr. Mericash, who also died of electrical

elephant died of electric shock yesterday when the circus tent pole they were raising for the night's two performances touched overhead electrical lines, Jim Silverlake, supervisor of the Roller Brothers Circus, said.

Mr. Silverlake identified the trainer as Tim Mericash, 23, of Norwalk, O., and said the elephant was Ellie, a 40-year-old.

Another circus employee, Mickey King, of Halls, Tenn., was injured in the accident and was hospitalized in satisfactory condition at Baptist Medical Center in Little Rock, Ark., with second-degree burns on his legs and back.

The circus was in this northwestern Louisiana town of 6,800 people near the Arkansas line for a fund-raising event sponsored by the Jaycees, Mr. Silverlake said.

The elephant was pulling the chain to hoist the central pole into position when the metal pole hit the electrical lines in a vacant lot behind the Piggly Wiggly Shopping Center, Mr. Silverlake said.

The elephant was jolted by the electric shock, then fell on Mr. Mericash, who also died of electrical shock, Jerry Stephens, chief of the Springhill police, said. Mr. King, who was standing nearby, was hit by sparks, he said.

HTTP://NEWS.GOOGLE.COM/NEWSPAPERS?NID=1350&DAT=19840418&ID=7EVPAAAAIBAJ&SJID=GGMEAAAAIBAJ&PG=6709,6497417

EMILY'S BRIDGE

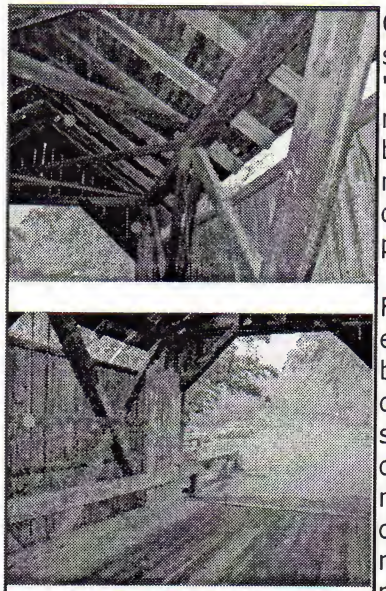
by Davy Russell, Editor
POSTED: 1 June 2001

People will warn you that you must be careful when crossing Emily's Bridge in Stowe, Vermont, and many refuse to cross it after dark. It is said that a ghost named Emily haunts the historic covered bridge, and she's not just a spooky specter that allows the watcher a fleeting glimps before vanishing back into nothingness. This ghost is feared as she is known for shaking cars and slashing victims with invisible claws.

The Gold Brook Bridge, also known as Emily's Bridge for the famous ghost that haunts it.

For about 150 years, horses and cars have been mysteriously clawed. People have heard a woman's voice, seen ghostly figures, and witnessed strange lights at Emily's Bridge. Photographs often develop improperly without explanation, and many have found whispy streaks or "orbs" appearing in the photos.

In Joseph Citro's excellent book, "Passing Strange, True Tales of New England Hauntings and Horrors", he describes a chilling tale of some locals who sat in terror as Emily's Ghost circled their car and shook it one night. There are a variety of legends about Emily ranging from a jilted lover who hung herself from the bridge 150 years ago to a woman who claims she invented the ghost story in the 1970's to scare her own children. Kevin Kierstead, founder and president of the newly formed Paranormal Research America, has been staking out the haunted bridge during the past few weeks shooting video, taking pictures, EMF readings, sound recordings, even scattering flour on the bridge to check for footprints or unexplained disturbances. So far, he has gotten some interesting results, although inconclusive.



Orbs fill these, photographs taken inside Emily's Bridge. Click on the picture to enlarge it.

On 28 May, the X-Project Magazine was invited to Kierstead's most recent stakeout at the bridge. While Emily did not appear during the four-hour-long "ghost watch", some interesting things did happen. As was expected, numerous "orbs" showed up in some of the photographs taken from within the bridge. While often associated with hauntings, orbs are likely caused by moisture or dust particles in the air that reflect light into the camera lense causing tiny luminous globes that are unseen until inspection of the photograph.

Furthermore, as is also reported at haunted places, our photography equipment repeatedly malfuntioned while taking photographs inside the bridge. One digital camera turned itself off after taking each photo, and displayed photos while the lens was open (something this camera is not supposed to be able to do and never has done before). Even though the high-quality batteries were purchased that afternoon, the camera repeatedly malfuntioned in the bridge. When taken outside the bridge, the camera turned off less frequently. Away from the bridge completely, the camera functioned normally. The second digital camera drained it's new batteries after only 40 photographs were taken. Perhaps it was only the cold, humid air.

After dark, we stood in the center of the bridge and listened. While no distinctly human voices were heard, many peculiar sounds suggested a plethora of causes...footsteps, grunting, things rubbing the sides of the bridge. Due to the hollowness of the structure and the very loud, babbling brook just below the bridge, I am certain one would hear just about anything, especially with the wind howling through the wooded surroundings or the rain beating upon the roof. Interestingly, numerous fireflies were seen near the bridge. Could these account for the lights that witnesses have described associated with Emily's Ghost? While Emily's Bridge has a serene beauty by day, at night the covered bridge takes on a more dramatically spooky look. It takes a certain bravery to enter alone after dark; and with the loud rushing of water clouding your sense of hearing, and the pitch blackness of nightime in the country, the mind easily recalls every chilling story associated with the bridge.

For more information on Emily's Bridge, read Joseph Citro's book, *Passing Strange, True Tales of New England Hauntings and Horrors*.
Also, check out Kevin Kierstead's web site, Paranormal Research America to read about his previous visits.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED! A monk from Surpatele monastery in Romania had a vision in a monastery on Mount Athos in Greece. A light appeared before him and then a voice from heaven told him that the archangel Michael will sound his trumpet on 11 August 2002, heralding three days and three nights of fire and earthquakes which will be the end of the world. *OTV TV, Bucharest, Romania, 3 May 2002.*

England's Mysterious Petrifying Well

By Tracy Morris | Published Yesterday | The Paranormal | Unrated

Country's Oldest Attraction Once Thought to be Magic.

On the banks of the river Nidd, near the town of Knaresborough in North Yorkshire, England is a spring that was once thought to have been cursed by the devil.

Locals feared the place. The use of witchcraft was clearly in evidence, they whispered. You could tell just by looking at the springs. Anyone could see that the waterfall over which the spring flowed looked like a giant's skull.

If anyone could pluck up the courage to get close to the well into which the water fell, they would see that anything the water touched had been turned to stone. The leaves of the trailing Ivy, sticks, even a dead bird. Nothing was safe from the power of the springs.

Some said that if you let the mysterious and frightening waters of the well touch you, then you would also be petrified.

Eventually he more adventurous citizens of Knaresborough realized (or perhaps they knew all along) that the waters of the well wouldn't cause something to instantly be turned to stone. Instead, if an object was left in the waters, it was gradually petrified. Because of this, townspeople sought out the well in order to leave objects that would gradually turn to stone.

About that time, the well was experiencing a boom in popularity due to its proximity to the local soothsayer, Ursula Southeil (who is better known as Mother Shipton). These days, Mother Shipton is credited with foretelling everything from the Great Fire of London to Australia to cellular phones to the end of the world. (All in rhyme. Think Dr. Seuss meets Nostradamus.)

According to popular legend, Mother Shipton was the daughter of Agatha, a local prostitute and the devil (or possibly just a mysterious stranger who kept her in the lap of luxury).

Although the legend says that Agatha's lover continued to support her, she chose to have her child in a cave near the supposedly devil-cursed, witchcraft plagued petrified well.

So it's not really surprising that when Agatha's baby was born misshapen, people began to talk. The talk continued throughout the future Mother Shipton's childhood and through the point of marriage. At that point, Mother Shipton gave them plenty of other things to talk about with her lyrical prophecies. As Mother Shipton's notoriety grew, so did the fame of the petrifying well.

In 1538 John Leyland, Antiquary to Henry VIII noted that many people came to the well to bathe and drink from the water because it was thought to have curative properties (So much for witchcraft).

In the early 1600's medical physicians examined the waters, and pronounced that they could cure any malady that the body might have. Then, in 1630, King Charles I sold the land that the well sits on to Sir Charles Slingsby. Sir Slingsby must have been able to recognize a business opportunity when he saw one, because he immediately put the well on exhibition and charged money for guided tours around his new property. The well

Tracy Morris

Tracy S. Morris is the author of the award-winning Tranquility series of Southern paranormal humor mysteries.
http://www.yarddogpress.com/allen8.htm

Morris's story *Fish Story* will appear in the Baen anthology *Strip Mauled*

Her new novel *Bride of Tranquility* will be released in August.
Her website is
http://www.tracysmorris.com/

View all articles by Tracy Morris

Article Options

Email to Friend
Print Article
Add to Favorites
Add to 'Articles to Read'

Popular Articles

Movie Review: My Sister's Keeper (2009)
By Aubrey Ward III | 07/3/2009

DVD Review: Street Fighter - The Legend Of Chun Li (2009)
By Aubrey Ward III | 07/5/2009

Movie Review—Blood: The Last Vampire
By Peter Gutiérrez | Yesterday

Review – Burn Notice: "Fearless Leader"
By barbara mountjoy | 07/2/2009

Review: Guiding Light Week of June 29, 2009 "As Goes Phillip, There Goes the Show Also"
By Karen L. Newman | 07/4/2009

Seven Must-See Asian Films: An NYAFF'09 Wrap-Up
By Peter Gutiérrez | Yesterday

England's Mysterious Petrifying Well
By Tracy Morris | Yesterday

Escaflowne movie to be released on Blu-Ray
By Phyl Good | Yesterday

Movie Review: Away We Go (2009)
By Aubrey Ward III | Today

Categories

Quick News
Animation
Anime and Manga
Blogging For Writers
Books and Zines
Celebrities
Comics/Graphic Novels
Editorials
Fandom
Interviews
Movies
Music
Original Fiction
Press Releases
Reviews
Television
Theatre
Video Games
Horror Films and Thrillers
The Paranormal
Technology
Convention and Event

and its surrounding area have been in continuous operation as an attraction since then.

Eventually, scientists debunked the witchcraft theory by explaining exactly what happened during the well's "petrifying" process: Mineral deposits in the water formed a hard shell around whatever was left in the water.

Over the years, celebrities including Queen Mary, John Wayne and Agatha Christie have left items behind to be petrified in the well. A soft toy can take anywhere from three to five months to petrify, while larger, nonporous items can take up to 18 months.

Calendar
The Blogs

Spread The Word

del.icio.us it Digg this Furl Reddit Yahoo! this! StumbleUpon
Google Bookmarks Live Favorites Technorati

Related Articles

The Ozarks Howler . . . Howling About A Hoax.
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: Writer of Mystery. Teller of Tall Tales. Man in Need of Mythbusters.
The Curse of the Pharaohs: Truth, Myth or Microbiology?
UFO Spotted Over East Coast
A Mystery Worthy of Sherlock Holmes: The Story of the Mary Celeste
H.H. Holmes and The Bloody Benders. Do the cases that haunt us really Haunt Us?
The New Jersey Devil: Bigger than the Beatles. More devilish than Ozzy.
Arkansas Fouke Monster Stuff of Legends
Ouija Board: The Devil's iPhone, or Over-Hyped Magic 8 Ball?
Declassified Documents Reveal Close Encounter
The Night the Devil - Or Possibly a Kangaroo - Walked

Related Links

http://www.mothershiptonscave.com/main.htm
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Petrifying_well
http://www.totaltravel.co.uk/travel/north-england/vale-of-york/harrogate-knaresborough/attractions/heritage/mother-shiptons-cave

Comments

No Comments Found.

How would you rate the quality of this article?

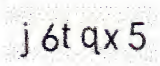
Rating: * Poor ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ Excellent

Your Name:

Your Email:

Your Comment: *

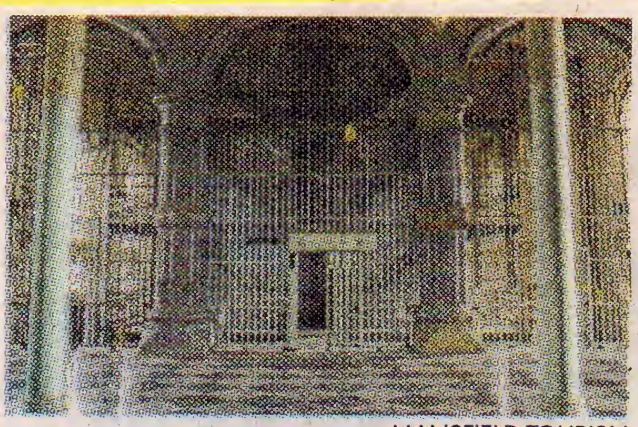
Verification * j 6t qx 5



Please copy the characters from the image above into the text field below. Doing this helps us prevent automated submissions.

Submit Cancel

All Articles Copyright 2006-2009 by the respective authors unless otherwise noted. All rights reserved.
Firefox News is not affiliated with Mozilla, however, we highly recommend the Firefox Browser and other Mozilla products.
Please do not reproduce articles from this site in their entirety on forums, blogs, or other Web sites without our express permission. We have no objection to short quotes from our articles being posted on other sites.
Firefox News is powered by ArticleLive
Privacy Policy



MANSFIELD TOURISM

If these walls could talk: The Ohio State Reformatory in Mansfield.

Escape into 'Shawshank'

More than two decades after the last inmate checked out of the Ohio State Reformatory, it remains a fixture in Mansfield, thanks, in part, to Hollywood.

It was the setting for *The Shawshank Redemption*, one of the most critically acclaimed prison movies ever, and draws visitors for events from April to November. This Labor Day weekend (Aug. 29-31), organizers are saluting the film's 20th anniversary. Highlights include a two-day bus tour to 13 sites on Mansfield's Shawshank Trail; a jazz cocktail party in the prison; lodging packages; and a Sunday prison service. Details: *shawshank20.com*.

And in other prison-can-be-fun news, Philadelphia's Eastern State Penitentiary hosts Family Weekend: Pets in Prison Aug. 9-10 and Sept. 27-28. The all-ages event highlights the role of animals at the historic penitentiary. Details: *easternstate.org*.

Jayne Clark

Osty, Eugene (1874–1938) French physician and psychical researcher, for many years director of the INSTITUT METAPSYCHIQUE INTERNATIONAL (IMI) in Paris.

Eugene Osty was born on May 16, 1874. His father was a restaurateur, and later a farmer. He studied medicine, and, after obtaining his degree in 1901, established a practice in a small town in central France.

Osty first became interested in the psychic in 1909, when a palmist impressed him with her apparently accurate knowledge of subjects known to him but not to her. After an intensive study of palm reading, he became convinced that clairvoyance was the operative function, and that the palm merely served to focus the mind. He began to divide his time between his medical practice and the study of professional sensitives, resulting in his book, *Lucidité et Intuition* (translated as *Lucidity and Intuition* in 1913). He began close collaboration with other European researchers, including Henri Bergson and Charles Richet.

After serving with the French Army Medical Corps in World War I, Osty published *The Meaning of Human Life* (1919), in which he linked the mental evolution of human beings with their psychic potentials. In 1921, he settled permanently in Paris, began to lecture on his work with psychics, and became a member of the governing committee of the IMI, which had been founded in 1918. An important book, *Supernormal Faculties in Man*, in which he summed up his thinking on clairvoyance and human nature, appeared in 1923. Following the death of Gustave GELEY in an airplane crash in 1924, Osty took over as director of IMI. He was by this time well respected for his work on clairvoyance, and his appointment was hailed, even in the public press, as a brilliant move.

During his period at the IMI, which lasted until his own death in 1938, Osty took up the study of physical mediumship. Innovative in his research methodology, he developed a technique of photography using ultraviolet light for use in the seance room, and he devised a system of control involving an infrared beam, which if crossed would cause a battery of automatic cameras to take pictures. The idea was to catch any trickery in the act, but every time the beam was crossed and the cameras went off, the medium, Rudi Schneider (see SCHNEIDER BROTHERS), was hunched in his chair, in deep trance. At the same time, however, objects on the table or elsewhere in the room were displaced.

In this way, Osty was able to establish that some invisible emanation from the medium was responsible for the movement of objects at a distance (see PSYCHOKINESIS). His 1930 experiments with Schneider are widely regarded as among the most important in psychical research history. They are reported in his book, *The Unknown Powers of Mind over Matter* (1932), coauthored with his son, Marcel.

Eugene Osty died on August 20, 1938, at the age of 64.

Further reading:

Inglis, Brian. *Science and Parascience: A History of the Paranormal, 1914–1939*. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1984.

Osty, Marcel. "Eugene Osty: Pioneer Researcher." *Tomorrow Magazine* (Winter 1959):96–102.

Pleasants, Helene. *Biographical Dictionary of Parapsychology*. New York: Helix Press, 1964.

Neighbors: Cemetery work leads to hassles

By JAKE LOWARY
The Leaf-Chronicle

Restoration and improvements are routine at Mount Olive Cemetery, and are often met with wide approval and support.

But one nearby resident says the dozens of people who volunteer on occasion could be more respectful of her property.

Jessica Saunders, who lives right next to the nearly 200-year-old African American cemetery, insists she is not against the cemetery's presence or even the improvements being made, but says there could be more prudence given to her property and privacy while the work goes on.

"I'm all for it," Saunders said Saturday during a tour of her property while describing the discussions and, in some cases fear, she feels when people she doesn't know are there.

"They're strangers," she said.

Saunders said flocks of people venture onto her property, have cut down her trees, and sometimes refused to cooperate with her requests to stay off her family's land. She said she has called the police several times, along with neighbors, but has not been met with kind favor.

"How am I to say someone is going to step on my property and fall and sue me," she

See Cemetery, A3

Cemetery

Continued from A1

said.

Saunders and her family, a husband and six children, live on a limited budget and aren't able to afford an attorney, she added.

Saunders said inmates from the Montgomery County Jail also have been taken to the cemetery to clean it up, but that leaves Saunders with fear for herself and children with only one or two officers monitoring the inmates — sometimes as many as two dozen in number.

Saunders' husband is in the military at Fort Campbell and is preparing to deploy, adding to her worry.

"I'm scared to death," she said.

A planned 500-person cleanup effort is set for April 24, organized by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Part of that project is the construction of a fence in front of Saunders' house along the access road, which she does not favor. Saunders said she has no problem with a fence along the cemetery property line, which would prevent teenagers from entering the cemetery to "smoke and do drugs," something she says she's witnessed, but the fence would separate two pieces of her property and not make the property any more attractive. Geneva Bell, executive director for the Mount Olive Cemetery Historical Preservation Society, said she and other volunteers have always offered to cooperate with Saunders about her worries, but feels Saunders "just doesn't want the cemetery to be there."

Beth Liggett Cogbill/The Leaf-Chronicle

A "no trespassing" sign is posted on the property of Jessica Saunders, who says volunteers helping restore Mount Olive Cemetery do not respect her property or privacy while doing the work.

Bell is also firm about the construction of the fence.

"I stand on that, the fence will go up," she said.

There's been particular problems with a triangle-shaped piece of land between Rollins Road and an access road to the cemetery. Saunders says it's hers — exhibited by a paid survey of the parcel — but Bell also says she's been told by the city of Clarksville it belongs to the cemetery.

Bell admitted she ignored Saunders initially, but said later she decided "that's just not right" and agreed to stay off the small piece of land.

Saunders said it's not even necessary to use the road, as there is supposed to be access through a church parking lot off Cumberland Drive.

There also have been differences in opinion over prejudicial motive. Bell suspects the Saunders of being prejudiced to a degree, but Saunders insists she and her husband and family are not.

"We're the farthest thing from racists, we just want respect for our property," she said.

Saunders said there's also a privacy issue, as she has seen people standing in her front yard chatting in the morning and allegedly looking into her windows. Part of the reason she and her husband purchased the home in 2004 was because of its seclusion, and now she says that privacy is gone. "I dont want to close my windows during the day," she said.

Saunders said she and her husband have also had to install a costly water pump to remove flooding from her land every time it rains, which she says is caused by brush placed in a ravine on the cemetery's property that allows the water to flow away.

Saunders said she also had to foot the bill when a large tree on the cemetery's property fell onto hers, damaging a shed.

Bell said she is willing to work with Saunders about her concerns, and doesn't want any more bad blood.

"We'll do whatever we can, we want to be good neighbors," she said.

Jake Lowary covers military affairs. He can be reached at 245-0719 or by e-mail at jakelowary@theleafchronicle.com.

'There was a very wonderful warlock, an uneducated man gifted with second sight whose prophecies north of Tay rival True Thomas's. He is known as the Brahan Seer. This Kenneth Mackenzie divined what was to be in a pebble his mother bequeathed to him, having received it from a dead Norse princess who was buried in Scotland.

When the graves gave up their dead for an hour at midnight she had far to journey overseas to revisit her native land. Mrs. Mackenzie, watching her flocks one night, saw the emptied kirk-yard refill, but the one who came in the track of the Norland wind was delayed, and being a brave woman, Kenneth's mother laid the staff, which she had been herding the cattle with, across the grave. The spirit could not enter, and desired the woman to remove the hindering stick, promising her as a reward a stone for her son Kenneth in which the future would be reflected.

She told his mother, how she, a daughter of the King of Norway, was drowned while bathing, and that her body had drifted to Scottish shores and was there buried. It was thus, so tradition avers, that Kenneth Mackenzie, who lived in the seventeenth century, became possessed of the stone which gave him the power of divination. He was only a day labourer, but he was sought after by the gentry throughout the length and breadth of the land, and no special assembly was complete unless the shrewd-witted Kenneth was there.

He foresaw ships, full-rigged, sailing eastward and westward through the land, or as another Gaelic version of the coming Caledonian Canal puts it, 'The day will come when English mares with hempen bridles shall be led round the back of Tomna-hurich." A gentleman who was writing down the seer's prophecies, when he gave tongue to this, flung them all in the fire, as he deemed this was too absurd.

'The day will come when the hills of Ross will be strewed with ribbons," Kenneth had told him, and any one of us who has climbed an eminence in the Highlands and looked down sees below the Brahan Seer's 'ribbons," the white roads among the heather.

He also foretold that a white house would be on every hillock, and schools and shooting lodges verify this statement. 'Big sheep," vowed Mackenzie, 'will overrun the country until they strike the Northern Sea," and whether it is deer or improved flocks he meant we wot not, for we have driven the clansman from his " lone shieling on the misty isle 'to seek new homes in the British Dominions over the ocean."
"

— Excerpt From: Evelyn Blantyre Simpson. 'Folk Lore in Lowland Scotland." J. M. Dent & company, 1908.

'What the Irish designate 'Fetches," the English call 'Doubles." The Fetch approximates to the Highlander's " second sight," and is a mere shadow, resembling in stature, features, and dress, a living person well known to the beholder. If the apparition appears in the morning a happy longevity for the original may be confidently predicted ; but if it appears in the evening the immediate dissolution of the living prototype may be as surely anticipated. When the Fetch appears agitated in its movements a violent or painful death is indicated for the doomed prototype, who is known at the time to be labouring under some serious illness. Individuals often behold their own Fetches, and the Phantom may make its appearance at the same time, and in different places, to several persons. Spirit-like, it flits before the sight of the beholder, walking leisurely in front, and mysteriously vanishing."

— Elder faiths of Ireland, woodmartin

'A series of trials which took place in Orkney in 1615-1616 shows the same mingling of beliefs. Katherine Carey, a healer, admitted that at sundown among the hills, " ane great number of fairie men mett her," among them 'a maister man," perhaps the devil.

Another woman, Janet Drever, found guilty of sorcery, had caused the removal of a child into a fairy hill and had conversation with the fairies for twenty-five years.

A third, Katherine Jones-dochter, who was able to transfer disease, had seen the trow's come out of their hills and knew too much about them. Elspeth Reoch had been taught her craft by a man in green tartan who appeared to her 'wath another man in black. The latter, who called himself 'a farie man," was the spirit of a dead relative, neither dead nor living, and doomed for ever to go betwixt the heaven and the earth, i.e. he was with the fairies. Her sapient judges regarded him as the devil.

A fifth woman, Isobel Sinclair, was under fairy control, as a result of which she had second sight.
"

— Excerpt From: Folklore Society (Great Britain). 'Folklore." London, Folk-lore Society

PLEASE RELEASE ME

A 51-year-old woman picketed the Catholic diocese of Norwich, Connecticut, after she was refused the services of an exorcist. She claimed to be possessed by 19 demons that had been speaking in tongues and "moving her eyes without permission". *Sunday Times, 9 Feb 2003.*

WORKING LUNCH: Two zoo keepers in Recklinghausen, north-west Germany, were suspended after being caught barbecuing five Tibetan mountain chickens and two Cameroonian sheep at the zoo, popular with children who were allowed to stroke the animals. *[R] 12 Oct 2002.*

SALTON SEA

FACES *of the forgotten* LAKE

111

*ea was in
, or in
he Salton
is now."*

y and the pro-
tech batteries
gets.
cts us a lot. It
people away,"
solution is "a
e can do."
nployers in the
– an am/pm off
d Salton Sea
by 89 people,

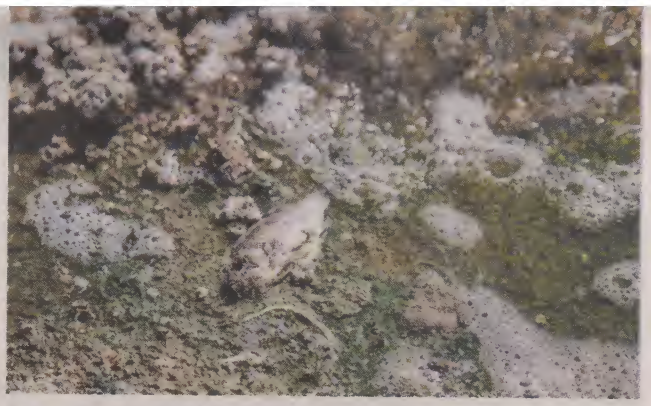
bers are mod-
nowbirds from
onsin still trek
ctober to April,
former snow-

le living here
esilient.
High School in
the midst of a
around. This
iating seniors
nt acceptance
the California
and University
tems.
s ago, the ac-
s in the teens.
ne students —
their colleges
high school's

ly a feel-good
e we were five
Richard Pimen-
West Shores
and Juana are

resident said
ositive culture
alton City com-
West Shores

etter," he said.
future) hangs
people are not
nd go away."



A dead fish lies along the shore in Desert Shores on July 24.
ZOE MEYERS/THE DESERT SUN

THE SALTON SEA'S TIMELINE

1901: The Imperial Valley begins receiving Colorado River water in 1901 through the Alamo Canal.

1905: Flooding causes a break in the Alamo Canal, which creates the Salton Sea. Over two years, it grows to become the largest lake in California.

January 1918: The Coachella Valley Water District (CVWD) is formed.

Nov. 24, 1922: The Upper Colorado Basin states (Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico), the Lower Basin States (California, Arizona and Nevada) and the federal government sign the Colorado River Compact.

1928: Boulder Canyon Project Act authorizes construction of Boulder (now Hoover) Dam and the All-American Canal. The act also prescribes how the annual 7.5 million acre-feet would be divided among the Lower Basin States.

Aug. 18, 1931: Seven Party Agreement designates amounts and locations for use of the water.

1938: Construction begins on the Coachella Canal, a branch of the All-American Canal. Construction is halted by World War II, then completed in 1949.

1963: CVWD and Desert Water Agency enter into agreements to purchase water from the California State Water Project (SWP) to alleviate declining water tables. To avoid the estimated $150 million cost of constructing a pipeline to bring SWP water to the Coachella Valley, an exchange agreement is made with the Metropolitan Water District for part of its entitlement to Colorado River water.

1964: U.S. Supreme Court decrees that Arizona's annual apportionment is 2.8 million acre-feet, California's is 4.4 million acre-feet and Nevada's is 300,000 acre-feet. California had been diverting up to 5.3 million acre-feet.

1968: CVWD builds Lake Cahuilla to store Colorado River water.

1984: State Water Resources Control Board investigates wasteful watering practices in the Imperial Valley.

Oct. 13, 2003: Quantification Settlement Agreement allocates water rights in the Lower Basin. Beginning in 2018, it will accelerate the sea's shrinking as water long used for agriculture — creating runoff that fed the sea — is transferred to urban markets such as San Diego.

Les, Kaleb and April Crawford run along the rocks of Salton City's beach on June 26. ZOE MEYERS/THE DESERT SUN

The dying Salton Sea is a refuge to some, a beautiful lady with a bad reputation to others

By Ricardo Cano and Zoe Meyers
The Desert Sun

In summer, Lolita Springer fished with her family and swam with the other kids in inflatable tubes. They'd catch orange-mouthed corvina as fast as they could pull them up using cane poles.

There were boat races, water-skiers, parasailers. The shores of Bombay Beach were exciting.

The Salton Sea was salty, of course, but nothing a good rinse-down couldn't shed from your skin.

That was 50 years ago.

Springer, 61, smiles at the memory.

Behind the counter at the Bombay Market, the only store in the community of 250, she rings up a customer.

In the 1960s, at the height of the Salton Sea's popular allure, her family drove up from Brawley for weekend getaways to Bombay Beach.

But those were the "olden days."

Today, Bombay's shores are desolate. Wood houses and cement taverns have slumped back into the landscape. Prime real estate, with uninterrupted views of the sea, has been abandoned.

"Buried Alive," in neon-green paint, is written on one hollowed-out structure.

"We're seen as the last outpost," Springer said, "with nothing important going on here."

MEET THE PEOPLE

» Visit DesertSun.com/SaltonSea to watch a video about the people in the story who live along the shores of the state's largest lake.
» You can also view engaging photo galleries of the beauty that is the Salton Sea.

ABOUT THIS SERIES

Saturday: The Salton Sea Museum and its countless archival photos of boat races, birds and visitors remains without a home.
Sunday: The once-bustling Salton Sea that drew stars and tourists is still a spot of beauty that has drawn residents to its shores.

Accidental lake will continue drying up

The Salton Sea's ailing health has not turned everyone away.

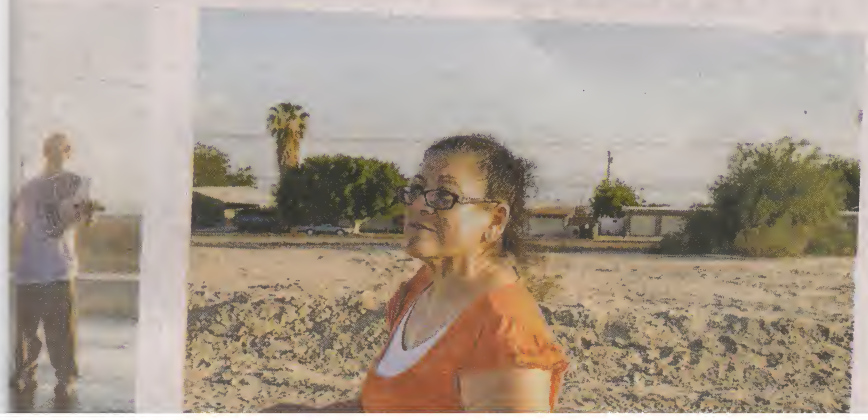
As vacationers and snowbirds fled, families in search of affordable housing and people drawn to life at the edge of the grid moved into the small 'burbs that dot the sea's 100 mile-plus shoreline. They are the sentinels for the storms of dust and stench that kick up when deoxygenation wipes out schools of tilapia and the wind scours the sea's exposed playa.

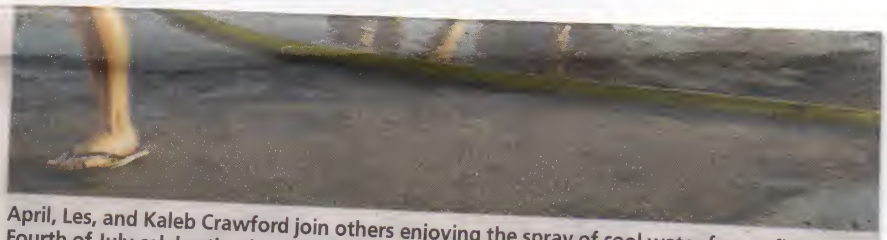
Up close, the sea is cola-colored, con-

Please see SEA, A14

Remnants of the old marina at the North Shore Yacht club fill the view of the Salton Sea fro

m what is now the North Shore Community Center. ZOE MEYERS/THE DESERT SUN





April, Les, and Kaleb Crawford join others enjoying the spray of cool water from a fire hose du
Fourth of July celebration in Salton City on June 28. ZOE MEYERS/THE DESERT SUN

The Crawfords test the water along the shore of the Salton Sea in Salton City on June 26.
ZOE MEYERS/THE DESERT SUN

The North Shore Yacht Club still stands on the shore of the Salton Sea. No longer home to any yac
building now houses the North Shore Community Center. ZOE MEYERS/THE DESERT SUN

Linda Lemus walks her dog on trails overlooking the Salton Sea in North Shore on Monday. ZOE MEYERS/THE DESERT SUN

ring an early

nts, the

Sea

Continued from A1

taminated with agricultural runoff and decomposing algae.

California's accidental lake began filling in 1905 when an irrigation channel off the Colorado River breached and flooded the basin at a point some 225 feet below sea level. The water flowed until 1907, when engineers plugged the gap.

Since then, the lake has been fed by runoff from nearby farms, some flowing in from the Alamo, New and Whitewater rivers. But that runoff has been decreasing and is set to decline dramatically in the coming years as water is transferred to San Diego County and the Coachella Valley.

Starting in 2018, water deliveries to the Imperial Irrigation District, which rims a majority of the sea, will be cut under the 2003 Quantification Settlement Agreement, or QSA, the nation's largest agricultural-to-urban water transfer deal.

'Real people live here'

Springer lived out-of-state before moving three years ago to the Salton Sea shore with her son and daughter-in-law and their children.

It was an impulse decision spurred by vivid memories of her childhood.

Bombay Beach is a tight-knit community, she said. "Everybody has a nickname."

"Cowboy." "Doughboy." "Gypsy." "Hansel." "Gretel."

Some days, the market is busy. Other days, not so much.

Houses along the edge of the road closest to the sea's water are intact, but their windows are boarded up or broken. Graffiti tags color the walls.

The community's biggest worry, Springer said, is the belief that, one day, the community will cease to exist.

She stopped for a moment to tape together two crumbled pieces of a $20 bill handed to her by an elderly customer.

"I believe most of us think that's what's coming in store for Bombay Beach," she said. "But real people live here, and real people love it and want to stay."

'A fresh start'

As the Salton Sea ebbed so did its once-bustling reputation.

Frank Sinatra and the Beach Boys stopped coming and tourists stayed away, businesses closed, homes depreciated.

As doors closed, others opened.

April and Les Crawford and their son, 6-year-old Kaleb, were homeless after a family emergency strained their finances. They slept in their Ford Escape or stayed at motels.

Victims of bad credit, they eventually found a place to rent in Vista Del Mar, near the seashore north of Salton City. For $600 a month, they share a three-bedroom house.

April, 35, is a caretaker for the elderly. Les, 39, is a handyman, working odd jobs.

"We're trying to make a new start," Les said.

The cost-of-living at the Salton Sea is a "blessing."

"I walk 10 feet out from my house and I can see the beautiful sea," Les said.

'A beautiful lady with a bad reputation'

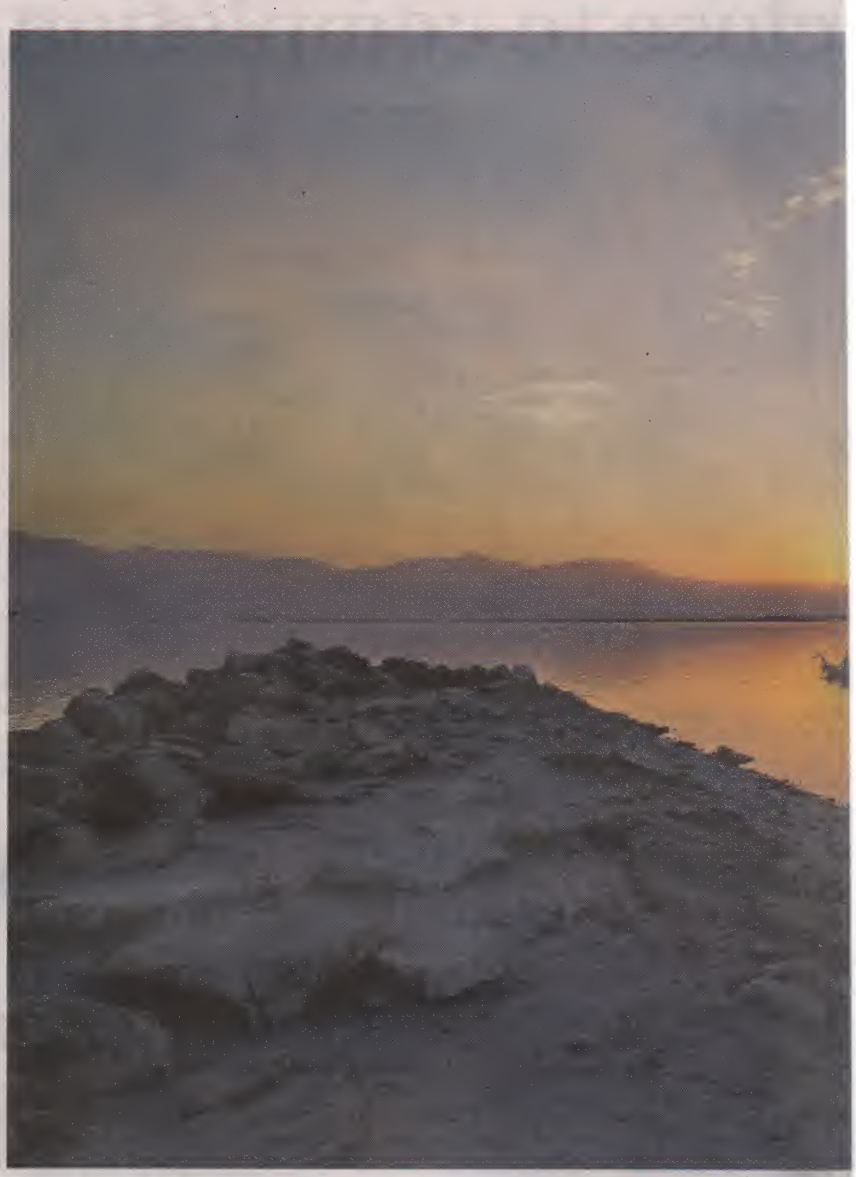
Juana Pimentel, 40, is a mother of four living in the lake's northeast community of North Shore.

She moved here six years ago for the peace and safety.

Yet, she is worried about the air. High asthma rates are linked to dust storms, which will grow worse as the sea shrinks. How will her kids play outside and what will clouds of seabed do to their lungs, Pimentel said.

In 2013, about 10.1 percent of Coachella Valley adults reported they had asthma — up from 7.9 percent in 2007, according the Palm Desert-based Health Assessment Resource Center (HARC). Hospital and emergency room visits due to asthma among Imperial County residents is double the state average.

There is a park a block from her house on Neptune Drive. Slides and monkey bars were built and funded by the community but there is no shade. In the



The sun sets over the Salton Sea on July 28. ZOE MEYERS/THE DESERT SUN

Lolita Springer speaks about her life in Bombay Beach on June 26.

ZOE MEYERS/THE DESERT SUN

summer heat, the metal bars are scorching.

The Salton Sea is not an option, either.

"We have a beautiful lake in our backyard, but we can't enjoy it the way we want to," Pimentel said in Spanish, standing outside her home. Her three youngest kids fought to play games on her cell phone.

The sea looked like a vacation paradise when Pimentel and her family first moved to the area. But when they visited the shore, ground fish bones overtook the sand in spots.

"From here, it looks very beautiful," said Pimentel's 14-year-old son, Jacob. "But when you're actually over there, you can't really do anything. If they could actually clean it, it'd be huge for the community."

The North Shore Community Center off Highway 111 serves as a cooling center for nearby residents without air conditioning and offers a "Summer By the Sea" program where kids participate in arts and crafts and water balloon fights. The center opened in 2010 and occupies a building once exclusive to the North Shore Yacht Club.

Endless fields of fruit and vegetables, and the labor required to pick miles of fields in the blazing sun, drew a large Latino community to North Shore. The eastern Coachella Valley's $500 million agriculture industry produces a majority of U.S. table grapes and dates, and significant supplies of other seasonal produce.

"There's a lot of work to be done here," said Rosendo Cervantes, a *mayordomo* who manages a group of 70 farmworkers. "Many people come from Arizona to work. They move in here," he said one recent morning, swatting flies from his face as his crew harvested grapes.

The community of about 3,300 worries about the future.

They wonder if, like the sea, they are being forgotten.

The Salton Sea is "a beautiful lady with a bad reputation," said North Shore resident Linda Lemus, 61. "We feel like we're not being heard."

Lemus, who moved here a decade ago, is a volunteer at the North Shore Community Center. Her neighbors are "lower-income," mainly work on farms and lack voting power.

"I guarantee you that if the Salton S Rancho Mirage, or in Palm Springs downtown L.A. or Orange County, t Sea would not be looking the way it

LINDA LEMUS, North Shore resident

"Where are all the promises being made by our supervisors, our congressmen, our representatives?," she asked. "I guarantee you that if the Salton Sea was in Rancho Mirage, or in Palm Springs, or in downtown L.A. or Orange County, the Salton Sea would not be looking the way it is now. There would be no way in hell."

The sea's a 'treasure'

Proposals to deal with the Salton Sea are endless, from restoration to a slow death. Some push desalinization, others would build a canal to carry water from the Sea of Cortez. One idea would cut the lake into smaller, more manageable lakes, another focuses on preserving mini-wetlands.

"It's the million-dollar question, but unfortunately nobody knows the answer," said Mitch Mansfield, 56, general manager of the Salton Community Services District, which serves as Salton City's de facto government.

The most aggressive proposals would cost more than a billion dollars, one as much as $9 billion. Sourcing the funds has been as problematic as the sea itself.

Expanding geothermal power production along the lake's southeastern shore is a recent favorite proposed fix for the sea and has the added benefit of adding jobs. Proceeds could be reinvested in the sea. Lithium extraction from salty brine holds the promise of marrying renewable energ duction of high- for cars and gad

The sea "affe keeps a lot of Mansfield said. lot bigger than w

The largest er Salton City area- Highway 86 ar Realty — empl Mansfield said.

While the nun est these days, s Canada and Wisc to the sea from O said Mansfield, bird himself.

And the peo year-round are r

West Shores Salton City is in stunning turn year's 57 grad had a 92 perce rate to colleges i State University of California sys

Just two yea ceptance rate w

Pictures of t and the names o — decorate the cafeteria.

"It's definite story from whe years ago," said tel, principal o High. (Richard not related.)

The Indio there's been a p shift within the munity and at High.

"They want t "Yes, (the sea's over all of us, bu going to get up

Facing a wolf

In 1975–76, aged 17, I was living in New Zealand. I missed my friends in England and was homesick. I took up an interest in UFOs and started reading all the books I could get hold of. I was half way through John Keel's *Operation Trojan Horse* when my parents left me alone in the house for the weekend.

That night I had the vivid impression that a woman, dressed in a purple Victorian ball-gown, was in the bedroom with me. It unnerved me a bit, but I soon put it out of my mind and went to sleep. A few nights later (when my parents had returned) I was woken by what I thought were small children jumping across my bed. After searching the room for likely suspects, I went back to bed and started to doze off again. Then, as I lay on my back, I became aware of a weight sitting on my chest. When I opened my eyes I was face to face – about 6in (15cm) away – with what I can only describe as a wolf. I can still picture its black face, slobbering mouth, teeth and pink tongue. To say I was scared is an understatement, and when I tried to move I found that I couldn't (evidence of sleep paralysis perhaps?) My eyes were open and I was able to move my head but not my body. After an uncertain period of time, I managed to move and the apparition was instantly gone.

After that incident, I had a lot of nocturnal visitations. Either someone would be sitting on the edge of the bed or leaning over me, and each time I found it impossible to move. I had a large wardrobe at the end of my bed, which also started getting in on the act. It was as if it was being punched, only once a night, causing the same loud and distinct thud. I locked it but it still continued to make the same sound.

These experiences continued, on and off, for about three months and although I thought it best to halt my interest in UFOs, I never told my parents about what was going on.

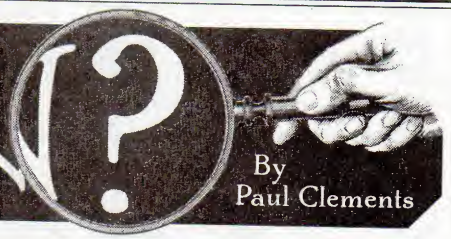
Six months later we moved and I felt an amazing relief at being able to get away from the house (I was convinced that I was on the point of a nervous breakdown). The new house initially had no after-dark visitors and I had a chance to renew my interest in the unknown. Then, three months later, it started up again.

This time something was in bed with me again, and I had the distinct impression that it was a woman with her arms wrapped around me, gripping me tightly and not allowing me to move. I managed to break free, but instead of being frightened, I was fuming. I remember saying quite clearly: "That's it. I've had enough. Just f**k off!" and it has never happened again from that day to this.

Far from dampening my curiosity about the unknown, in some ways it was the beginning of my interest, almost like an initiation. I developed a dislike for German Shepherds as they remind me of the wolf, and I cringe every time I see a wardrobe like my old one.

Mr C Ham
Ramsgate, Kent

FACT or FICTION?



By Paul Clements

The Jackson-Dickinson Duel

FACT or FICTION? An insulting remark about Rachel Jackson was a primary cause of the duel between Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson.

Dickinson was killed in the famous 1806 duel with Jackson, and his remains were exhumed on Aug. 11, 2009, on Carden Avenue in Nashville (see page 3). A resulting newspaper story quoted Dr. Daniel Feller, editor of *The Papers of Andrew Jackson* and a professor of history at the University of Tennessee, as saying that the role of Rachel Jackson in the event was "folklore."

The official explanation is that the duel resulted from a series of events that began when Andrew Jackson was accused of questioning the integrity of Charles Dickinson and his father-in-law Joseph Erwin. A horse race between Ploughboy, owned by Erwin and Dickinson, and Truxton, owned by Jackson, was postponed due to an injury to Ploughboy. Because their horse could not run, Erwin and Dickinson were obligated to surrender a forfeiture fee of $800, which was to be paid to Jackson in notes—the IOUs of that day. The notes to be used to satisfy a forfeit had been agreed to before the day of the race. Later, Jackson reportedly said that the notes he was initially offered by Dickinson and Erwin were not the ones they had previously agreed upon, thus raising questions of the two men's honor and leading to the duel.

There is no shortage of documentation to substantiate the role the notes played in bringing about the duel. But there is reason to believe that a great deal more was involved—something beyond notes and impugned honor.

The first written indication that the duel might have a deeper cause appears in James Parton's *Life of Andrew Jackson* (p. 268-9), written only 15 years after Jackson's death in 1845. Parton wrote that "a report reached General Jackson's ears that Charles Dickinson had uttered disparaging words of Mrs. Jackson ... Upon hearing this report, General Jackson called on Dickinson and asked him if he had used the language attributed to him. Dickinson replied that if he had, it must have been while he was drunk. Further explanations and denials removed all ill feeling from General Jackson's mind, and they separated in a friendly man-

when it is put in context.

In a letter written for publication (*The Gazette*, June 28, 1806), John Hoggatt, a highly respected citizen of Davidson County, described a conversation that had occurred in his presence on Christmas night, 1805, three days before the meeting at Winn's Tavern. During that conversation, Joseph Erwin said in front of his son-in-law, Dickinson, that "he expected that they would have to fight a duel," because of Jackson's alleged remarks. Then he publicly questioned whether Dickinson would "flinch," or in other words, back down. After Dickinson assured him that "he was dam'd if ever he would flinch," Erwin reportedly said, "by God, sir, I think you can kill him." Hoggatt was a neighbor and close associate of Jackson, and it seems highly likely that he would have disclosed such important information. But whether Jackson heard about the conversation or not, the atmosphere surrounding the meeting at Winn's Tavern would have been especially ominous.

Given that context, it is difficult to imagine that the initial subject from which Dickinson diverted the conversation could have been any less serious than what he steered the conversation to—the notes.

What else could
been but somethi
the unnamed relat
reported—a public
Jackson by Charles

It is true that in
letter Jackson did
what "the subject"
about an insult to R
have mentioned it?
to have acknowled
might be made pub
been cast as an ad
been unthinkable.

There was a gre
duel than can fully
There were the d
early life with Rach
set of circumstanc
their trip down the
Dickinson had re
There was Jackso
ity for, and his pol
John Sevier of Ea
Jackson's suspicion
picking a fight wit
Jackson's political e
the duel itself, inclu
Dickinson's experti
Jackson's strategy,
triumph. There wa

time Jackson confidant, was Parton's source for information that a second indiscretion had occurred–"a second time ... Dickinson uttered offensive words respecting Mrs. Jackson... ."

So what had Dickinson allegedly said? In 1878, Jo. C. Guild's *Old Times in Tennessee* was published, and the probable answer to that question appears on page 218:

> I have been informed by a relative of Mrs. Jackson, a gentleman of high character, still living, that she was present, in her carriage, on the track, to witness the race, and when the forfeit was declared, she remarked, with an air of pardonable exultation, to some of her friends, that 'Truxton (the General's horse) would have left Plowboy (Capt. Erwin's horse) out of sight.' This was repeated to Dickinson, who, being somewhat excited by his losses, and probably under the influence of liquor, rejoined, 'Yes, about as far out of sight as Mrs. Jackson left her first husband when she ran away with the General.'

Although there is no smoking gun revealing that the duel was brought about by an insult of Rachel Jackson by Dickinson, there is something fairly close: the words of Andrew Jackson himself.

In Feller's *The Papers of Andrew Jackson, Volume II, 1804-1813* (p. 79-81) is a copy of the letter Jackson wrote on January 7, 1806, in response to Thomas Swann. Swann was involved in circulating Jackson's supposed remark about Dickinson and Erwin, and after Jackson denied the accusation and referred to Swann as "a damned liar," Swann wrote a letter challenging Jackson to a duel. In the postscript of his response to Swann, Jackson pointed out a pair of inaccuracies in Swann's letter:

> Note, sir, there was no notes delivered at the time of making the race as stated in your letter, neither was the meeting between me and Mr. D. (Dickinson) at Mr. Wins on that subject–it was introduced by Mr. D. to change the subject I took him out to converse on–.

So Jackson had come to Nashville to take up a personal matter with Dickinson. He had stepped outside of Winn's Tavern with Dickinson, and then there had been a discussion of some length about what Jackson "took him out to converse on." Jackson's postscript reveals that what Jackson took Dickinson outside to talk about had *nothing* to do with the notes. The subject of the notes "was introduced by Mr. D. to change the subject." That piece of information becomes more telling

What else could the initial topic have been but something similar to what the unnamed relative of Mrs. Jackson reported–a public insult of Rachel Jackson by Charles Dickinson?

It is true that in the postscript of his letter Jackson did not specifically say what "the subject" was. But if it was about an insult to Rachel, why would he have mentioned it? For Andrew Jackson to have acknowledged, in a letter that might be made public, that his wife had been cast as an adulteress would have been unthinkable.

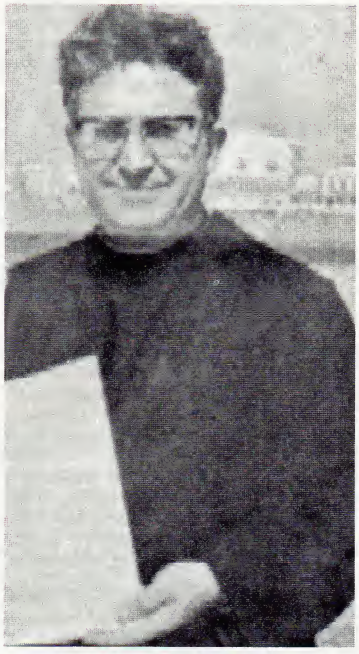
There was a great deal more to the duel than can fully be examined here. There were the details of Jackson's early life with Rachel, and the complex set of circumstances that surrounded their trip down the Mississippi to which Dickinson had reportedly referred. There was Jackson's deep animosity for, and his political rivalry with, John Sevier of East Tennessee, and Jackson's suspicion that Dickinson was picking a fight with him on behalf of Jackson's political enemies. There was the duel itself, including the details of Dickinson's expertise as a marksman, Jackson's strategy, and his unlikely triumph. There was the presidential campaign of 1828, which so scandalized Rachel that her death, soon after her husband's election, was widely attributed to the emotional toll it took on her. And there was Jackson's death in 1845, which may have been brought about by the bullet fired into his chest by Dickinson nearly 40 years earlier.

The duel contained those aspects and many more, but as for what brought it about, there is far more than folklore to suggest that an insulting remark about Rachel Jackson was a primary cause of the duel in which her husband killed Charles Dickinson.

Paul Clements is a historian and author of A Past Remembered *and the forthcoming book,* Chronicles of The Cumberland Settlements.

FATHER ERNETTI'S MACHINE

DID AN ITALIAN PRIEST INVENT A TIME MACHINE? IS THE VATICAN INVOLVED IN A COVER-UP OF HIS REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES? **JOHN CHAMBERS** - PUBLISHER OF *FATHER ERNETTI'S CHRONOVISOR* (2000) - TRIES TO MAKE SENSE OF A PUZZLING STORY AND THE BOOK'S AUTHOR, PETER KRASSA, IS INTERVIEWED BY **JÜRGEN HEINZERLING**. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BY **BOB RICKARD**.



ERNETTI WAS AN EXORCIST OF GREAT RENOWN

During the mid-1950s, an Italian Benedictine monk made a highly unusual and unexpected claim: Father Pellegrino Ernetti (left), well-known and respected both as a man of God and a rigorous scholar, announced to the world that he had invented a time machine. He called it the 'Chronovisor', and while, unlike H G Wells's famous fictional device, it didn't allow one to travel back physically across the ages, it did allow its operator to *see* into the past, to witness history's key moments as they actually happened. It would have been an outlandish claim for anyone to make; the fact that it came from the otherwise dignified and sober Ernetti made it all the more unusual.

A man of unusual brilliance and learning, Father Ernetti occupied an endowed chair in pre-polyphonic or 'archaic' music (music composed between 2000 BC and AD 1200) at Venice's Conservatorio Benedetto Marcello. His scholarly studies of such early pre-polyphonic music had resulted in some 70 books and hundreds of articles. He directed the choir of the Benedictine Abbey of San Giorgio Maggiore (as well as others) and recorded over 50 LPs of Gregorian Chant and related music. And his knowledge ranged far beyond the world of archaic music; he held a degree in quantum and subatomic physics, and had contributed to significant research in these areas. He was also an exorcist of considerable renown (the most sought-after in Italy), performing huge numbers of exorcisms at the height of his career, and writing a book on the subject, *Satan's Catechism*, in which he described in detail the symptoms and signs of demonic possession.

These achievements – a lifetime's work for most people – would have been remarkable enough, but for Ernetti they were entirely overshadowed by what he considered to be his greatest success: the Chronovisor.

He had apparently been at work on the machine since 1950 – although not alone. According to Ernetti, the Chronovisor was the result of extensive research he had conducted with a group of 12 prominent, but necessarily anonymous, scientists. The shadowy group is supposed to have included physicist Enrico Fermi, who had worked on the atom bomb, and rocket-scientist Wernher von Braun.

Ernetti first attracted the attention of academics with his declaration that, using the Chronovisor as his eyes and ears,

JESUS PHOTO BY FATHER ERNETTI; ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY (FILM CANISTER) BY MICHAEL DUERYNCKX

ADAM WOOLFITT/CORBIS

A CELL WITH A VIEW: Father Ernetti spent much of his monastic career living in the beautiful old Abbey of San Giorgio Maggiore in Venice.

he had witnessed a performance in ancient Rome, in 169 BC, of the long-lost tragedy *Thyestes*, by the father of Latin poetry, Quintus Ennius (see panel below). The scholarly Ernetti transcribed the play from his sessions with the Chronovisor, thus bringing back to the world a lost literary treasure and proving the efficacy of his own wonderful invention.

What really caught the world's attention, though, was Ernetti's further claim that he had used the Chronovisor to tune in to the last days of the life of Jesus. He had watched Christ dying on the cross and had even brought back a photo to prove it (see panel on facing page).

No original plans or photographs of the Chronovisor exist, so we can only speculate as to how it was supposed to work. Supposedly, it consisted of a large number of antennæ, constructed from unnamed alloys; some kind of direction-finding apparatus, driven by the wavelengths of sound and light, which allowed the user to home in on any time, place or person in history; and some complex recording devices to store sound and images. The notorious Christ photo is the only known example of the Chronovisor acting as a camera capable of bringing back images or freeze-frames from the unfurling vistas of the past to which it gave access.

In the years leading up to his death in 1994, Ernetti said less and less about his astonishing creation, leaving little evidence to persuade the doubters, but enough tantalising hints to ensure that rumours about the time-travelling monk of Venice would continue to circulate in Italy for many years to come.

THE CHRONOVISOR IN ACTION

"Do you mean you can see back into whatever time you wish?" asked Father Brune.

"Yes!" replied the Venetian priest enthusiastically. "We can see into any time and place with perfect clarity."

They had begun, declared Ernetti, by trying to tune in on one of Mussolini's speeches. They had captured images of the Italian dictator giving a speech in Rome; so much documentation and footage existed on Mussolini that Ernetti was certain it was him.

SUPER TROOPER: Mussolini

BETTMANN/CORBIS

Next, they set the Chronovisor's dials further back in time, attempting to catch the sounds and images of one of Napoleon's speeches.

Then, the team travelled further back in time, to ancient Rome. A succession of images unfolded before them. A market in the time of Emperor Trajan (AD 98– 117). Next, they watched the great lawyer, orator, politician and philosopher Cicero giving a speech to the senate in 63 BC. Ernetti noticed differences in the Latin pronunciation from what is taught in schools today. Cicero's speech was magnificent: "His gestures, his intonation; how powerful they were! What flights of oratory!"

Next, the time-travellers "dallied," as Ernetti put it, "at a playlet." The year was 169 BC; they watched part of a tragedy, *Thyestes*, by Quintus Ennius. "Have you been able to reconstruct what you heard?" asked Father Brune. "Yes," replied Ernetti enthusiastically. "I've published the entire text."

– Extracted and condensed from Peter Krassa, *Father Ernetti's Chronovisor*, pp 15-16.

THE TEAM TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO ANCIENT ROME

Recently, though, there has been a further turn of the screw, with claims of a Vatican cover-up. According to a recent book by a French Jesuit priest, the Vatican not only ordered Ernetti to keep silent about his discovery, but has also, since his death in 1994, suppressed any material evidence of its existence. Father François Brune (below) – who knew Ernetti personally and had numerous conversations with him up until Ernetti's death – is the author of a number of books on religion and paranormal phenomena, including a bestseller, *Les Morts Nous Parlent* (The Dead Speak to Us, 1988). Now – in *Le Nouveau Mystère du Vatican* (New Mystery of the Vatican, 2002) – he accuses the Vatican of suppressing Ernetti's temporal research documents and construction plans for the Chronovisor.

François Brune first brought Ernetti's account of the Chronovisor before the general public in his 1994 book *En Direct de l'Au-Delà* (Live from the Beyond, written with Rémy Chauvin). Brune's familiarity with the story arose from his accidental encounter with Ernetti in 1962, when Brune – then a young Jesuit priest who had just completed graduate work in Rome – was touring the grounds of Venice's basilica of San Giorgio Maggiore, adjacent to the monastery where Father Ernetti lived. At that first meeting, Ernetti told an astonished Brune about the Chronovisor; afterward, the two met regularly, exchanging ideas on a wide range of subjects.

In 1997, the Viennese journalist Peter Krassa drew heavily on Brune's book to retell Ernetti's story. In *Dein Schicksal ist vorherbestimmt* (Your Fate is Foretold, Langen-Müller, Münich), Krassa added many new details and set the whole against a rich and colourful backdrop of esoteric notions of time-travel that included Madame Blavatsky's 'Akashic Records', Edgar Cayce (see this issue, p38), and much more.

In 2000, New Paradigm Books published an English language translation of Krassa's book with changes and additions. This new American edition was entitled *Father Ernetti's Chronovisor: The Creation and Disappearance of the World's First Time Machine*. Father Brune's *Le Nouveau Mystère du Vatican* is in part a reaction to the New Paradigm version which included the first translation from Latin of Ernetti's *Thyestes* fragment. The translation was made by Dr Katherine Owen Eldred of Princeton, who tentatively suggests, on the basis of internal linguistic evidence, that the passage provided by Ernetti is a fraud, carefully pieced together from other texts by Ernetti, who was himself a noted Latinist.

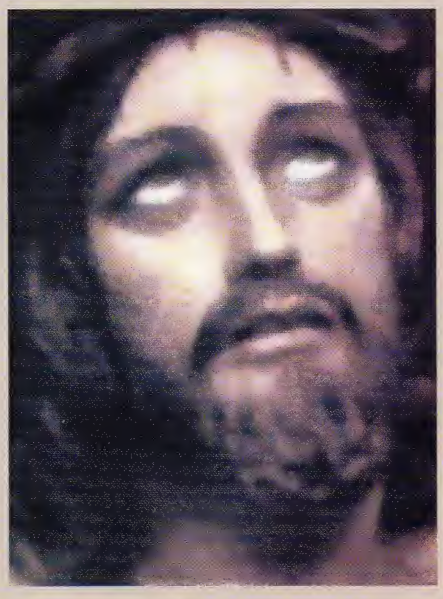
In his book, Father François Brune, also an excellent Latinist, responds vigorously to this muted allegation. He points out a number of errors in Dr Eldred's translation, which, though minor in nature, do serve – as is Father Brune's intention – to undercut Dr Eldred's authority and cast doubt on her hypothesis of fraud.

Father Brune does this because he cannot accept that Father Ernetti might not, in the main, be telling the truth about the Chronovisor. He points to Ernetti's enormous scholarly output to support this belief.

THE FACE OF CHRIST

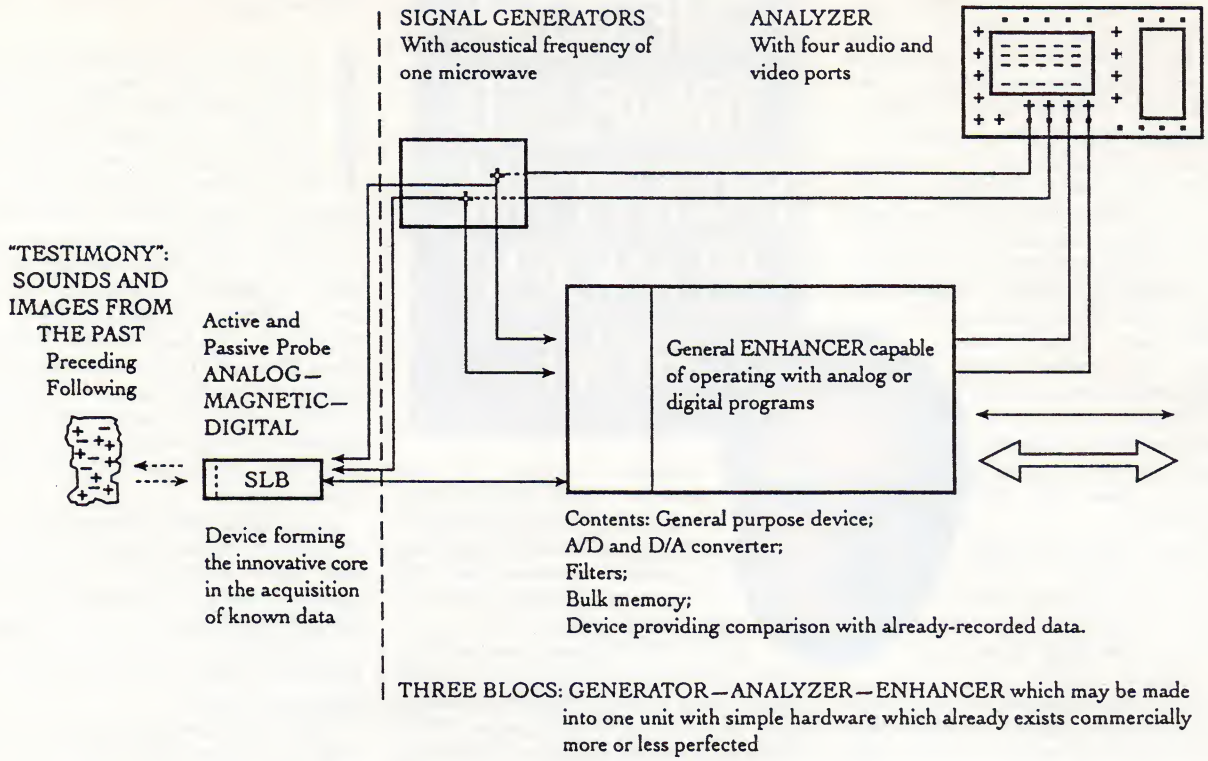
Ernetti confessed to Father Brune that, using the Chronovisor, he had been able to follow the last days of Christ: "We saw everything. The agony in the garden, the betrayal of Judas, the trial... Calvary." Brune records Ernetti's harrowing account of the crucifixion and resurrection, this latter strangely obscured or distorted "as if in silhouette or through a crystal."

As proof of his extraordinary claim, Ernetti offered this brooding, dramatic image of the dying Christ snapped via the Chronovisor (right). The portrait first appeared in public in the Milan newspaper *Domenica del Corriere* on 2 May 1972, heralding a storm of scepticism.



Within weeks of its second airing – in the *Giornale del Misteri* (August 1972), a man wrote in with an identical (although reversed) photo (far right) saying he'd bought it at the gift shop of the Sanctuary of Merciful Love at Collevalenza, near Perugia. This photgraph is a close-up of a hand-painted wooden crucifix in the chapel, sculpted by Cullot Valera and installed in 1931 (bottom right). (See their website: www.collevalenza.it/Inglese/SanctuaryOfMercifulLove.htm)

Whether Ernetti brought this derision on himself through a pious fraud (his sincere desire to believe that this gave proof of the reality of Christianity) or whether he really thought he couldn't let people down (like the girls who made the Cottingley fairy 'photos'), no one will ever know. Believers, however, now claim that Ernetti was deceived by the Devil.



FROM *FATHER ERNETTI'S CHRONOVISOR*, BASED ON A DIAGRAM IN PAOLO BENDA'S *UNKNOWN DIMENSIONS*

SUSPECT DEVICE: Although no photos or original plans of the Chronovisor exist, there have been some imaginative attempts at reconstruction.

Brune insists on his subject's respectability and authority in the face of mounting confusion about Ernetti's obsession with the Chronovisor. During his lifetime, Ernetti had given conflicting accounts of his time-viewer, even claiming that the notorious 'photo' of Christ's agony on the Cross was actually of his own face while he was watching Christ's crucifixion via the Chronovisor. Eventually, the image was identified as a detail of a wooden carving in the Capella dell'Amore Misericordi at Collevalenza, near Perugia (see panel, p33). In one of his later conversations with Brune, Ernetti offered an ingenious explanation for this: that the artist who executed the carving had been inspired and guided in its execution by an Italian nun given to mystical visions of Christ on the cross (for another nun who claimed to have photographed Christ, see ***FT75:15***). Ernetti asserted that the visionary nun might actually have been transported to the time and place of the crucifixion and seen exactly what Ernetti himself had seen through the Chronovisor.

Despite such suspicious material, Brune is unable to completely dismiss Ernetti's assertions. Not only is he overawed by Ernetti's great learning and productivity as a scientist and a scholar, he is convinced of Ernetti's high personal integrity, which he was able to observe closely in the course of many conversations. While aware of the fantastic nature of Ernetti's claim, and the huge implications if it is true, the French Jesuit remains unable to see how a man as learned and respected as Ernetti could have been driven – possibly by some uncontrollable 'mythomania' – to fabricate and lie or, at least, to delude himself.

DID HE FABRICATE, LIE OR DELUDE HIMSELF?

There is more in the New Paradigm edition to try the patience of Father Brune. The final chapter consists of a hitherto unpublished 'deathbed confession' – sent anonymously to me (as the publisher) by a person claiming to be a distant relative of Ernetti who attended his deathbed – that, although he was continually working on the Chronovisor, he had never perfected it and had never travelled with it through time. This strange and gripping document also purports to explain the psychological roots of Ernetti's obsession with *Thyestes*; Ernetti said he remembered living in ancient Rome as a boy, attending a performance of Ennius's play and being fascinated by its portrayal of cannibalism. I cannot say for certain whether this 'confession' is authentic, but I have, after some investigation, reason to believe that it is.

In *Le Nouveau Mystère du Vatican*, Brune examines this 'confession' closely, for it seems to contradict his basic assertion that Ernetti was telling the truth. He points out, quite rightly, a number of errors and contradictions in it – for instance, there would have been no nuns (expressly mentioned by the supposed relative) in the monastery of San Giorgio Maggiore, even if they were serving as nurses to Ernetti. In the 'confession', Ernetti says that it was only during a near-death experience (NDE) the previous night that he "remembered obscurely" that it was not Quintus Ennius, but himself, who had composed the fragment of *Thyestes* that he claimed to have brought back from the past.

Brune wonders how Ernetti, if he had committed this fraud, could have so completely (even pathologically) put it out of his mind, only to remember it (obscurely) in the throes of an NDE. Again, the Chronovisor described by the dying Ernetti is quite unlike the device he had previously described to Brune and others, "a sphere much like a diving device, or one-man submarine, open at eye level in all directions". Brune writes: it is like "something someone would imagine who had never heard Father Ernetti talk about it [..] It seems to me the author of the 'document' has read a little bit too much science-fiction. Perhaps there is a certain influence from the comic strips..."

However, the 'deathbed' account also contains some fascinating original detail. Ernetti reveals to the relative that, during his NDE of the night before, he learned that he had tried to build the Chronovisor in a number of previous lifetimes. In one,

THE VOYEUR OF TIME

JÜRGEN HEINZERLING INTERVIEWS PETER KRASSA, AUTHOR OF *FATHER ERNETTI'S CHRONOVISOR* (NEW PARADIGM BOOKS 2000).

As an author concentrating on Ancient Astronautics and other topics of fortean interest, the Austrian writer Peter Krassa (shown at left of photo) is not quite in the same league as Erich von Däniken or Johannes von Buttlar. Still, with his impressive list of publications over the past three decades, he is well known to the German-speaking part of the Space-God fraternity.

Strangely, Krassa's creative life is entangled with my own. In 1998, each of us published a book that involved the Count of Saint Germain. No competition, really, as his account was non-fictional, while mine was a historical novel that co-starred the infamous charlatan. Despite this amusing coincidence and even sharing a couple of friends in common, I had never been in contact with him until now.

That same year, 1998, also saw the publication of Krassa's book on the Chronovisor. I was already familiar with Ernetti's claims but, frankly, I had never considered them worthy of further investigation. I actually used the Chronovisor as a plot device in one of my *Die Abenteurer* [The Adventurers] suspense novels, written in the summer of 2002. Imagine my surprise when I was asked, out of the blue, to conduct an interview with Krassa for *Fortean Times* – just a couple of days after I had sent my novel's manuscript to the publishers! A coincidence, of course.

JH: I thought that your American publisher acted somewhat unprofessionally when he added his own text to *Father Ernetti's Chronovisor* and also threw out a couple of lines he didn't like. Did this have your authorisation?

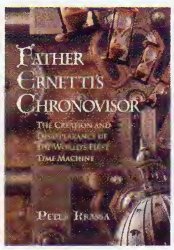
PK: The changes *were* authorised, both by myself and Langen-Müller-Herbig [the German publisher]. Actually, I think they had a positive influence on the book, so I don't mind. Of course, they did not strictly play it by the book – pun intended – but both my German publishers and I see the good intentions behind this.

JH: What started your interest in Ernetti and his Chronovisor?

PK: I first read about his strange apparatus in the 1970s, in a weekly magazine published in Vienna. I was intrigued at first, but then I simply forgot about it until later some friends gave me an article translated from an Italian magazine. You know this: once the apples are ripe, they will all drop to the ground on the very same day. I read a couple of books written by Paul Uccusic, who was my local editor at the Vienna daily paper *Kurier* and, much to my amazement, he mentioned the Chronovisor. Then I read (EVP researcher) Professor Ernst Senkowski's book and, again, I was confronted with this weird machine. So I started researching the story of Pellegrino Ernetti, who was involved in the development of the Chronovisor between 1950 and 1990, apparently cooperating with a number of international scientists. I became increasingly fascinated and, with the help of Senkowski, I made contact with French theologian Father François Brune, a lecturer at the Sorbonne and a close friend of Ernetti. Brune provided me with invaluable documents, which formed the foundation of my book *Dein Schicksal ist vorherbestimmt* (Your Fate is Foretold). This German title refers to the idea of the Akashic Record, a mystical realm or medium which is a record of everything, which is also discussed in the book.

JH: Reading your book, I was somehow anticipating the moment you would declare: "Well, I've seen Ernetti's Chronovisor and it worked." But you never did, and that is why I have my doubts...

PK: You're not the first to say so. As a matter of fact, there is no reliable witness to Ernetti's claims. No one ever saw the Chronovisor, not even Brune or Senkowski, who were both in close contact with him. Also, Ernetti never named the scientists who were cooperating with him because he wanted, he claimed, to protect them from public harassment. The exceptions were Wernher von Braun and Enrico Fermi, who were already dead.



JH: He also mentioned a Japanese scientist and Nobel Prize winner in physics. I looked up the listings on the Nobel committee's website. From the timeline it is rather obvious that he spoke of Hideki Yukawa. Have you followed this lead?

PK: No, I haven't. Some lines of research present too much difficulty, with nothing much to be turned up, in my opinion.

JH: Did you ever meet Ernetti in person?

PK: In the early 1990s, I corresponded with Ernetti, but his answers were rather vague. I did not know then that the Vatican had already ordered him to keep silent because his earlier public statements came close to arousing the interest of the espionage community. Nonetheless, I'm still convinced of Ernetti's honesty, even in the light of all the inconsistencies in his story.

JH: What makes you believe he was telling the truth?

PK: As a theologian, he could not really expect any personal gain from a hoax and, also, he could not seriously hope to make a financial profit. Obviously, the Chronovisor itself would be the best evidence for his claims; but shortly before he died from cancer, Ernetti had the machine disassembled and ordered the single parts to be sent to different locations over the world.

JH: What about Ernetti's rather clumsy attempt to present the public with a faked photo of Jesus?

PK: The photo is arguable, of course. We will never know why Father Ernetti insisted this was an authentic screenshot right off the Chronovisor. But this does not mean that we have to see him as a notorious hoaxer.

JH: But it would certainly imply that he was unbalanced. Perhaps, visions or ideas that were incompatible with his scientific education haunted him. The Chronovisor might be a symbol of scientific reasoning, a self-delusional mental construct.

PK: No, I don't think that Father Ernetti was mentally ill. Nor do I believe that his account of the Chronovisor is purely metaphorical. Just recently, I read a newspaper article in which Professor Giuseppe Marasca – the teacher who claims to have seen Father Ernetti's recording of the lost Roman opera *Thyestes* – says he still possesses this most spectacular videotape. I can hardly be a judge of Ernetti's character, as I never met him in person. Still, from descriptions by others, I assume he was a very charming person, even if he had moments where he was rather egocentric. Nor must we forget that he was a top-notch scientist and renowned academic, an expert on archaic music who had studied nuclear physics. He was also Italy's most sought-after exorcist and one of the pioneer researchers in the field of EVP.

JH: So you are basing your opinion on your belief in his honesty alone. But what if you are wrong? Haven't you been proven wrong on various topics in other books?

PK: Of course. Some theses were proven wrong; others were based on flawed assumptions. It would not be very wise – and would very probably damage my reputation as an author – to stick with my own errors. We will have to wait and see if it also happens with the Chronovisor one day.

Jürgen Heinzerling is a journalist with more than 500 articles published on a large diversity of subjects including loudspeaker building, computer graphics and forteana. Over the last years, he has also become a critically acclaimed novelist with five hardcover books published. His most recent effort is the gothic comedy *Karl May und der Wettermacher*, which one critic described as a successful blend of Sherlock Holmes and *Three Men in a Boat*. He is currently working on a high-tech thriller and a number of other projects he won't even speak about.

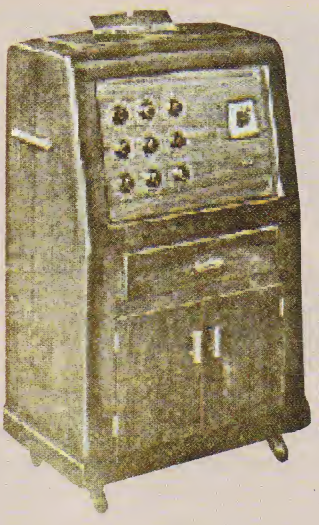
TIME GENTLEMEN, CHEESE: OTHER 'TIME CAMERA' IDEAS

Witches were accused of 'scrying' when they gazed into a crystal, a mirror or bowl of water, usually for the purposes of divination. It has been suggested that this induces a trance-like state which enables 'clairvoyance' (extra-sensory sight) and 'clairaudience' (extra-sensory hearing). Some accounts imply 'real time' visions of things happening long ago or what might yet be – as Frodo saw in Galadriel's mirror in Tolkien's *Fellowship of the Ring*. The tradition continues today in the form of 'remote viewing'.

Another form of time-viewing is experienced by those who 'relive' past lives. The English reincarnationist Jenny Cockell – interviewed in ***FT72:36-39*** – said she had already had previews of a future life.

In the spiritual and folkloric tradition of near-death experiences, your life is said to 'flash before your eyes' and involves the direct reliving of everything you have done, or experienced, and its effect on other people. See 'The Life Review' in ***FT159***.

Robert A Nelson's article on time-travel (Rex Research: www.rexresearch.com/time/time.htm) mentions the experiments of Baron Ernst von



BRIDGING SPACE AND TIME: The Radionic Camera.

Lubek and William D Pelley. Lubek published an account of his attempts at trans-time photography in 1912. His equipment included a cathode ray tube energized by an Oudin coil (a modified Tesla coil). Lance Sieveking (father of the *FT* editor) wrote a story about trans-timephotography called "The Prophetic Camera" (*English Review*, Nov 1922). In 1934, William D Pelley, an American radical and editor of *Liberation* magazine, reported on 'Ultra-Vision', a form of time-camera which he allegedly developed in collaboration with Thomas Edison. The apparatus was confiscated by the FBI.

The 1950s saw much discussion of the Radionic Camera, which was developed by George DeLaWarr from prior experiments by the Americans Albert Abrams, a 19th century physician, and Ruth Drown, a chiropractor. Drown became a martyr to Radionics when she died in 1966, after the FDA had imprisoned her for fraud and confiscated her equipment. DeLaWarr claimed that his Radionic devices could bridge space and time by tuning into sympathetic energies or emanations. A sample could generate an image of the whole it came from, no matter how far away or when it existed or will exist. Some have claimed this to be the scientific basis of dowsing (radiesthesia), including psychometry (dowsing an object's history or dowsing for the cause of illness). See: www.omphalos.net/files/healing/RADONCS1.TXT and, for a sceptical view: www.skeptics.com.au/journal/radionics.htm.

Science fiction is stuffed with variations of the time-travel story; however, we note that when Ernetti proffered a 'photo' of Christ's face in support of his claim of witnessing the Crucifixion, he was emulating HG Wells's time-traveller, who brought back a flower as his evidence of another world. More specifically, Arthur C Clarke and Stephen Baxter invented a 'scientific' basis for something like the Chronovisor in their 2000 novel *The Light of Other Days*, which explores the personal, social and political consequences of a device that can 'see' anywhere and anywhen. You can read Clarke's outline and development notes at this URL: www.cix.co.uk/~sjbradshaw/baxterium/light-outline.html

Father Ernetti has at least one disciple who believes that building a Chronovisor is a genuine possibility. Father Luigi Borello is a priest and physicist who has continued to work on Ernetti's dream of 'Chronovision'. He believes that the device would work by accessing sense impressions stored in sub-atomic matter: "Space is a continuum in which emptiness does not exist. Each time the sounds or images of an event strike matter, they are transformed into a static energy which, under certain conditions, may be retrieved."

Borello speculates that Chronovision may just be "the radio of the future".

Nostradamus himself taught him that such a device might be possible. Ernetti is quoted as stating: "Nostradamus believed it could be done by changing the vaporous body; that the body could be transformed in such a way that it could easily slip through time." Ernetti then swears that he will reincarnate once again to try to complete the Chronovisor. He reveals that there is only one person living who knows the full details of the device, someone who had helped him build it: "A student. Not known to history. He is a priest now, and he will remain very silent."

Father Brune concludes that – despite the sincerity of the editors of New Paradigm Books, who admit that they don't know for sure – the 'deathbed confession' is a fraud. It fails to change his conviction that the Chronovisor actually existed. On the contrary, he believes that the 'confession' is proof that someone has a serious interest in discrediting Father Ernetti's claims. It is a red herring, he says, meant to deflect us from the truth and to mask the suppression of "all information concerning the Chronovisor."

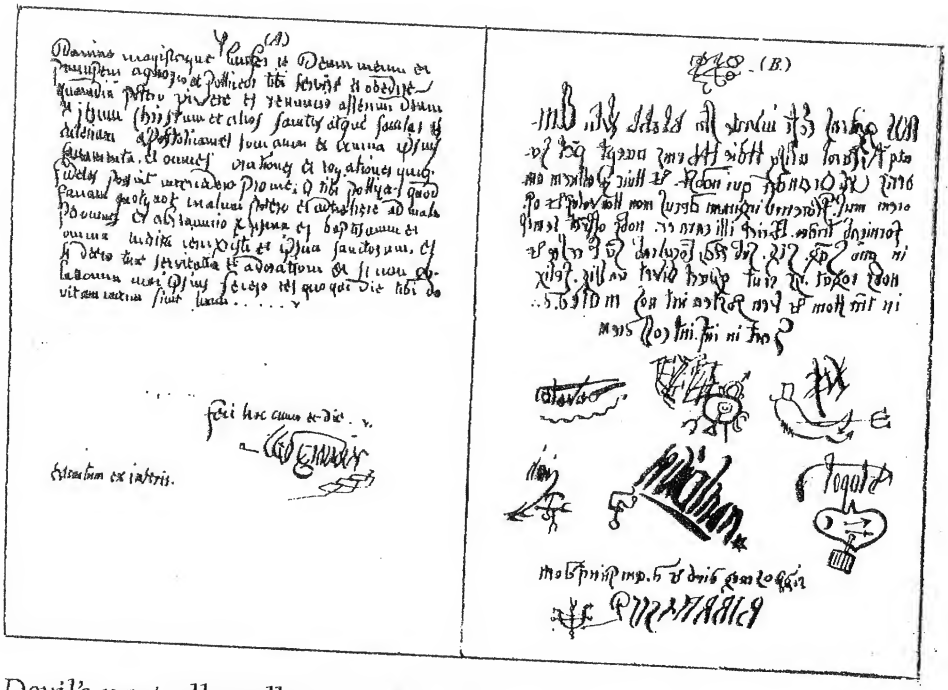
Brune goes on to hint at sinister plots in the darker recesses of the Vatican. Ernetti's eventual lapse into silence on the subject of his magnum opus may have been due to pressures from above, pressures that made it extremely difficult for him to discuss his work, defend himself (as in the case of the 'Christ' photo), or to attend conferences at which he had been due to speak. At their very last meeting, according to Brune, Ernetti told him that one month earlier, on 30 September 1993, he had been invited to the Vatican, along with the two surviving scientists of the original Chronovisor team. "We told them everything," he said. And these were the last words Brune ever heard him say.

Even this might not be quite what it seems. If there is a cover-up, Brune feels it is possibly a benevolent one. "I retain the very strong impression," he writes, "precisely on account of all these manœuvres, that there was, that there truly is, something that the highest authorities are hiding from us, perhaps for the good of humanity, given the extent to which such an invention would run the risk of overturning all of our social structures."

Brune's book ends, then, on a positive note, having shed no real light on the mystery of the Chronovisor. Already, mythologising forces have taken over the tale and, as time goes on, mystery will beget mystery. Any prospect of finding out the truth behind the story of Father Ernetti's machine recedes into the past that so fascinated him. FT

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

John Chambers was born and bred in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. He has a MA in English Literature from the University of Toronto and spent three years as a student at the University of Paris. He has been a full-time lecturer in English at Dawson College, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, assistant editor at McGraw-Hill Publishing and managing editor at International Thomson Publishing, both in New York City. He is the director of New Paradigm Books (www.newpara.com), which he founded in 1997, and currently resides in Boca Raton, Florida, U.S.A



Devil's pact allegedly signed by Father Urbain Grandier of Loudun, countersigned by Lucifer, Beelzebub, Satan, Elimi, Leviathan, Astaroth and Baalbarith

FDR quietly pushed for Jews' safety

Havens sought in years leading to Holocaust

BY ANDREA STONE
USA TODAY

Newly uncovered documents reveal that President Franklin Roosevelt worked quietly in the late 1930s to find havens for European Jews, contradicting the view that he ignored their plight in the years leading up to the Holocaust.

Roosevelt

Roosevelt was "a master politician who tried to carry out some humanitarian steps while juggling political and military considerations," writes historian Richard Breitman, co-editor of "Refugees and Rescue: The Diaries and Papers of James G. McDonald (1935-1945)" released Friday. The book draws on papers at the Center for Jewish History in New York City.

McDonald was chairman of Roosevelt's advisory committee on refugees. He met Adolf Hitler in 1933 and was convinced the Nazi planned to exterminate Europe's Jews, prompting him to sound warnings. He later was the first U.S. ambassador to Israel.

Despite FDR's popularity with Jewish Americans, the influential 1984 book "The Abandonment of the Jews: America and the Holocaust" argued, he did little to save their European brethren.

Breitman says McDonald's papers soften that view, showing that in 1938, Roosevelt:

Cut red tape that kept immigration quotas from being filled, allowing entry for 27,370 Germans — most of them Jews.

Hoped to resettle millions of Jews from Central and Eastern Europe to other countries, mostly in Latin America. He called an international conference to line up money and support.

Promised to ask Congress for $150 million to help resettle refugees if Britain allowed more Jews into Palestine and private funds could be raised.

His efforts, including the conference in France, failed. Most countries refused to admit Jews amid a depression and anti-Semitism, Breitman says. Opposition also was strong at the State Department and in Congress, which voted in 1939 not to let in 20,000 German Jewish children.

Breitman says he is unfairly criticized for not supporting the bill and refusing to admit 900 Jewish refugees on the St. Louis, which sailed from Germany 70 years ago this month. Cuba, the U.S. and Canada turned away those on the "voyage of the damned," and the ship returned to Europe. Hundreds of passengers died in the Holocaust.

Roosevelt "made a decision to go for big results," Breitman says, adding that the president viewed letting in small numbers of Jews as "a gesture, not a solution" to the larger refugee problem.

In 1940, after the start of World War II in Europe, his priorities turned to national security, Breitman writes.

Rafael Medoff, director of the Wyman Institute, which studies America's response to the Holocaust, says the book won't absolve Roosevelt. He says FDR failed to take "concrete steps" such as giving Jewish refugees temporary haven in U.S. territories such as the Virgin Islands.

"Instead, sadly, the president who claimed to be a humanitarian and champion of the little man refrained from taking such lifesaving steps," he says.

Deborah Lipstadt, a Holocaust studies professor at Emory University, says the book will force historians to rethink their conclusions.

The enormous hype over the colossal squid

The predator is a truly extraordinary creature, but the feeding frenzy surrounding it was uncalled for, says KARL SHUKER

KARL SHUKER is a zoologist, lecturer, Who Wants to be a Millionaire winner and author of many books, including The New Zoo (2002).

The omens did not look good. On 1 April 2003, reports appeared in the media of an enormous, monstrous squid that had attempted to attack an Antarctic fishing vessel in the Ross Sea. Nor was this creature just big. According to the reports, it was armed with swivelling razor-sharp hooks on its tentacles, had eyes the size of dinner plates, made the formidable giant squid look positively tame in comparison, was itself referred to as the colossal squid, and had the jaw-breaking scientific name *Mesonychoteuthis hamiltoni*. Not too surprisingly, it was widely dismissed as just another fraudulent beast engendered by the imagination of some reporter hoping for the biggest April Fool's hoax of 2003. But then again...

Whereas most such reports are readily exposed by the suspiciously-odd names of hitherto unknown 'experts' and non-existent institutes, those cited in the colossal squid accounts were all genuine, including among them the name of, and quoted statements attributed directly to, Dr Steve O'Shea (pictured holding the squid), one of the world's leading experts on the giant squid. So out of curiosity, I looked up '*Mesonychoteuthis hamiltoni*', and was intrigued to learn that such a species did indeed exist. Having said that, it was barely known to science.

The only member of its genus, which was created in 1925 to accommodate it, the colossal squid (this name seems to be of much more recent origin) first came to scientific attention from remains retrieved from the stomachs of sperm whales. It is nowadays known from a number of juveniles, but until this new specimen, a half-grown adult female, was reported, only one complete post-juvenile specimen had been recorded – caught at a depth of 2,500ft (760m) in the Antarctic, off Droning Maud Land, by the Soviet trawler *Evrica* in 1981. A photo of it can be seen on p147 of Richard Ellis's book *The Search For the Giant Squid* (1998).

According to the plethora of reports that swiftly followed the 1 April ones, the new specimen was almost 20ft (6m) long, but could have grown to 40ft (12m), weighed 330lb (150kg) but might have attained a full-grown weight of 2,000lb (907kg), and was feeding on Patagonian toothfishes caught on longlines set by the fishermen. In addition, its species was said to be larger than the giant squid, meaner, a phenomenal predator, and highly dangerous to humans, with Dr O'Shea quoted as saying: "It would kill you if you fell in".

Not everyone was happy with these media reports, however, and on the online cephalopod discussion list, CEPH-LIST, a number of discrepancies between media speculation and zoological reality were highlighted. To begin with, based upon behaviour exhibited by other members of the taxonomic family, Cranchiidae, to which the colossal squid belongs, it is more likely that this species ambushes its prey by hanging motionless in the water, rather than being forcefully aggressive. Coupled with this, its bizarre-sounding tentacle hooks are not as extraordinary as suggested by the tone of the media reports, because several other squid species, even including very small ones, also have them, modified from tentacle suckers. So there should be no inference drawn that these are designed for attacking humans, but merely that they are modifications for capturing certain types of prey. In addition, Richard Ellis personally discounts the possibility that the colossal squid is any more of a monster than the giant squid, or any more dangerous to humans.

Even the claim that the Ross Sea specimen was only half-grown and might therefore have attained a much greater size had it lived is unsubstantiated. As noted in the cephalopod group's discussions, during their later stages of development, squid mature rapidly, with almost all their energy being channelled into sperm and egg production, not into body size increase. So the Ross Sea individual could have become fully mature, mated, spawned, and died without gaining any additional size at all.

In short, the Ross Sea specimen of colossal squid was indeed a remarkable discovery, and well worth receiving attention from the media. Sadly, however, no matter how sizeable its bulk, it could never hope to live up to the truly colossal media hype that it was destined to receive. FT

NEW ZEALAND HERALD/MARK MITCHELL

The squid was dismissed as another fraudulent beast

Botanical.com
A Modern Herbal
by Mrs. M. Grieve

Feverfew

Botanical: Chrysanthemum Parthenium (BERNH.)
Family: N.O. Compositae

- Description
- Cultivation
- Medicinal Action and Uses
- Preparations
- Other Species

---Synonyms---Pyrethrum Parthenium (Sm.). Featherfew. Featherfoil. Flirtwort. Bachelor's Buttons.
---Part Used---Herb.

Feverfew
(Tanacetum parthenium
printed as
Chrysanthemum Parthenium Pers.)
Click on graphic for larger image

---Description---Feverfew (a corruption of Febrifuge, from its tonic and fever-dispelling properties) is a composite plant growing in every hedgerow, with numerous, small, daisy-like heads of yellow flowers with outer white rays, the central yellow florets being arranged on a nearly *flat* receptacle, not conical as in the chamomiles. The stem is finely furrowed and hairy, about 2 feet high; the leaves alternate, downy with short hairs, or nearly smooth-about 4 1/2 inches long and 2 inches broad - bipinnatifid, with serrate margins, the leaf-stalk being flattened above and convex beneath. It is not to be confounded with other wild chamomile-like allied species, which mostly have more feathery leaves and somewhat large flowers; the stem also is upright, whereas that of the true garden Chamomile is procumbent. The delicate green leaves are conspicuous even in mild winter. The whole plant has a strong and bitter smell, and is particularly disliked by bees. A double variety is cultivated in gardens for ornamental purposes, and its flower-heads are sometimes substituted for the double Chamomile.

Country people have long been accustomed to make curative uses of this herb, which grows abundantly throughout England. Gerard tells us that it may be used both in drinks, and bound on the wrists is of singular virtue against the ague.

Pyrethrum is derived from the Greek *pur* (fire), in allusion to the hot taste of the root.

[Top]

---Cultivation---Feverfew is a perennial, and herbaceous in habit. When once planted it gives year after year an abundant supply of blossoms with only the merest degree of attention. Planting may be done in autumn, but the best time is about the end of April. Any ordinary good soil is suitable, but better results are obtained when well-drained, and of a stiff, loamy character, enriched with good manure. Weeding should be done by hand, the plants when first put out being small might be injured by hoeing.

There are three methods of propagation: by seed, by division of roots and by cuttings. If grown by *seed*, it should be sown in February or March, thinned out to 2 to 3 inches between the plants, and planted out early

in June to permanent quarters, allowing a foot or more between the plants and 2 feet between the rows, selecting, if possible, a showery day for the operation. They will establish themselves quickly. To propagate by *division*, lift the plants in March, or whenever the roots are in an active condition, and with a sharp spade, divide them into three or five fairly large pieces. *Cuttings* should be made from the young shoots that start from the base of the plant, and should be taken with a heel of the old plant attached, which will greatly assist their rooting. They may be inserted at any time from October to May. The foliage must be shortened to about 3 inches, when the cuttings will be ready for insertion in a bed of light, sandy soil, in the open. Plant very firmly, surface the bed with sand, and water in well. Shade is necessary while the cuttings are rooting.

Keep a good watch at all times for snails, slugs and black fly. For the latter pest, try peppering the plants; for the others use soot, ashes or lime. Toads will keep a garden free of slugs.

'A few pots placed on their sides may be dotted about the garden, and it will be found that the toads will sit in these when they are not hunting around for their prey. The creatures are not at all likely to leave the garden, seeing that if the supply of slugs runs short they will turn their attention to all kinds of insects.' (S. L. B.)

---**Medicinal Action and Uses**---Aperient, carminative, bitter. As a stimulant it is usefulas an emmenagogue. Is also employed in hysterical complaints, nervousness and lowness of spirits, and is a general tonic. The cold infusion is made from 1 OZ. of the herb to a pint of boiling water, allowed to cool, and taken frequently in doses of half a teacupful.

A decoction with sugar or honey is said to be good for coughs, wheezing and difficult breathing. The herb, bruised and heated, or fried with a little wine and oil, has been employed as a warm external application for wind and colic.

A tincture made from Feverfew and applied locally immediately relieves the pain and swelling caused by bites of insects and vermin. It is said that if two teaspoonfuls of tincture are mixed with 1/2 pint of cold water, and all parts of the body likely to be exposed to the bites of insects are freely sponged with it, they will remain unassailable. A tincture of the leaves of the true Chamomile and of the German Chamomile will have the same effect.

Planted round dwellings, it is said to purify the atmosphere and ward off disease.

An infusion of the flowers, made with boiling water and allowed to become cold, will allay any distressing sensitiveness to pain in a highly nervous subject, and will afford relief to the face-ache or earache of a dyspeptic or rheumatic person.

---**Preparations**---Fluid extract: dose, 1 to 2 drachms.

See CHAMOMILE, PELLITORY, PYRETHRUM.

---Other Species---
SWEET FEVERFEW (*Chrysanthemum Suaveolens*) and *C. maritima*, found by the seashore, especially in the north, with leaves broader, more fleshy, succulent and smaller flowerheads than the Common Feverfew.

[Top]

Common Name Index
A MODERN HERBAL Home Page

Purchase this Herb from Botanical.com

Bear in mind "A Modern Herbal" was written with the conventional wisdom of the early 1900's. This should be

The Down & Dirty Guide To Discovering Your Element

Discovering your element is not as difficult as you might imagine. Of course, the results of this quizlet will not be as accurate as the full version, but it can offer valuable insight nonetheless. Ready? Here we go!

1 You are contemplating a new tattoo. You want something that "feels" right. You choose:

a. A butterfly or bird
b. A flower or totem animal
c. A flame or a tribal pattern
d. A symbol

2 Suppose you had a report due; which of the following would be true?

a. I pay attention in school and take notes avidly. I want to be sure to have all of the details right.
b. I research the topic on my own, draw my own conclusions and report my findings.
c. I pay attention in class but back it up with research.
d. I goof off in class and do the report my way.

3 Primarily, I dress:

a. Comfortably
b. Razor sharp
c. I try to be both comfortable and edgy
d. I follow my own instincts

4 Magically, I prefer to work with:

a. Candles
b. Herbs
c. Potions
d. Words

5 If given a choice of views I prefer:

a. A waterfall or river
b. Flower filled fields or a forest
c. A roaring fire or volcano
d. A cliff top showing miles of blue sky

Scoring: **1.** a=1, b=2, c=3, d=4 **2.** a=2, b=1, c=4, d=3 **3.** a=4, b=3, c=2, d=1 **4.** a=3, b=2, c=4, d=1 **5.** a=4, b=2, c=3, d=1

If you scored:

1-5 You are an Air Witch. Wild, wicked, flirty and free-spirited.

6-10 You are an Earth Witch. Warm, welcoming and nurturing.

11-15 You are a Fire Witch. Bold, exciting and individual.

16-20 You are a Water Witch. Sassy, intuitive and loving.

Flaming squirrel ignites car in Bayonne

by N. Clark Judd

Thursday October 18, 2007, 7:29 PM

It's Rocky the Frying Squirrel!

A kamikaze squirrel fell from the sky and detonated a Bayonne woman's car yesterday, police said today.

Lindsey Millar, 23, and her brother, Tony, 22, were both home Wednesday at about 12:45 p.m. when Lindsey's car suddenly started burning outside their 42nd Street home.

Tony Millar said firefighters told them it was the work of a buck-toothed saboteur that had been gnawing on overhead power lines connected to a transformer directly above the 2006 Toyota Camry.

"The squirrel chewed through the wire, was set on fire, fell down directly to where the car was," Tony Millar said. "The squirrel, on fire, slid into the engine compartment and blew up the car.
"They're always coming around here, chewing through the garbage," he added.

Tony Millar says his sister was fully insured.

"It's something to laugh about once she has a new car," he said. "It's not funny yet."
Police said there were no injuries -- except for the squirrel, that is, which is dead.

The Millars' home is decorated for Halloween, complete with a tiny plastic tombstone on their front lawn. Tony Millar said the family will consider dedicating the tombstone to the squirrel, who was not named.

See more in Bayonne

'Flight from the Reich' examines refugee Jews' difficult choices

BY DEBORAH DWORK
Contributing writer

When my co-author, Robert Van Pelt, and I were working on our last book, "Holocaust: A History," we investigated the failure of the allies to respond to the refugee crisis triggered by Nazi persecution and the prospect of our new book, "Flight From the Reich: Refugee Jews, 1933-1946," opened.

This book examines the ever dwindling choices open to asylum seekers, and the often painful decisions of the many people who dealt with them — consuls, immigration officers and other government officials, church, health and social workers, volunteers; private individuals.

"Flight From the Reich: Refugee Jews 1933-1946" is a story with which both Robert and I have personal connection: We both are related by friendship and kinship to many people who left Nazi Europe as refugees, and to a few who had the opportunity to flee, chose to remain, and survived.

Before we wrote "Holocaust: A History," which spans the history in which the Holocaust was rooted, professor Jan Van Pelt and I co-authored "Auschwitz," which established the context in which historians now view that annihilation camp. We argued that Germany sought to reconstruct Central Europe in its own image, and the Germans' program at Auschwitz was key to that ambition. My first book, "Children with a Star," gave voice to the silenced children of the Holocaust, and was the first history of the daily lives of young people caught in the net of Nazism. This book has been translated into German, Italian, Dutch and Japanese and was the subject of a documentary by the Canadian Broadcasting Company.

Deborah Dwork

HOW TO GET

"Flight From the Reich: Refugee Jews 1933-1946" (W.W. Norton & Company, 512 pages, $35). Available at amazon.com and at bookstores.

Deborah Dwork is the rose professor of Holocaust history and the director of the Strasberg Family Center for Holocaust and Genocide Studies at Clark University in Worcester, Mass.

Flores bones show features of Down syndrome, not a new 'hobbit' human

Aug 04, 2014

Enlarge

LB1 is shown in three different views to illustrate facial asymmetry. A is the actual specimen, B is the right side doubled at the midline and mirrored, and C is the left side doubled and mirrored. Differences in left and right side facial ...more

In October 2004, excavation of fragmentary skeletal remains from the island of Flores in Indonesia yielded what was called "the most important find in human evolution for 100 years." Its discoverers dubbed the find *Homo floresiensis*, a name suggesting a previously unknown species of human.

Now detailed reanalysis by an international team of researchers including Robert B. Eckhardt, professor of developmental genetics and evolution at Penn State, Maciej Henneberg, professor of anatomy and pathology at the University of Adelaide, and Kenneth Hsü, a Chinese geologist and paleoclimatologist, suggests that the single specimen on which the new designation depends, known as LB1, does not represent a new species. Instead, it is the skeleton of a developmentally abnormal human and, according to the researchers, contains important features most consistent with a diagnosis of Down syndrome.

"The skeletal sample from Liang Bua cave contains fragmentary remains of several individuals," Eckhardt said. "LB1 has the only skull and thigh bones in the entire sample."

No substantial new bone discoveries have been made in the cave since the finding of LB1.

Initial descriptions of *Homo floresiensis* focused on LB1's unusual anatomical characteristics: a cranial volume reported as only 380 milliliters (23.2 cubic inches), suggesting a brain less than one third the size of an average modern human's and short thigh bones, which were used to reconstruct a creature standing 1.06 meters (about 3.5 feet tall). Although LB1 lived only 15,000 years ago, comparisons were made to earlier hominins, including *Homo erectus* and *Australopithecus*. Other traits were characterized as unique and therefore indicative of a new species.

A thorough reexamination of the available evidence in the context of clinical studies, the researchers said, suggests a different explanation.

The researchers report their findings in two papers published today (Aug. 4) in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*.

Enlarge

This figure compares the skull of LB1 to that of Liang Momer E, another skull from Flores, dated in the range of 3,000 to 5,000 years ago. Credit: © Photograph of Liang Momer E skull taken at Naturalis Biodiversity Center (Leiden, Netherlands). All Rights Reserved

In the first place, they write, the original figures for cranial volume and stature are underestimates, "markedly lower than any later attempts to confirm them." Eckhardt, Henneberg, and other researchers have consistently found a cranial volume of about 430 milliliters (26.2 cubic inches).

"The difference is significant, and the revised figure falls in the range predicted for a modern human with Down syndrome from the same geographic region," Eckhardt said.

The original estimate of 3.5 feet for the creature's height was based on extrapolation combining the short thigh bone with a formula derived from an African pygmy population. But humans with Down syndrome also have diagnostically short thigh bones, Eckhardt said.

Though these and other features are unusual, he acknowledged, "unusual does not equal unique. The originally reported traits are not so rare as to have required the invention of a new hominin species."

Instead, the researchers build the case for an alternative diagnosis: that of Down syndrome, one of the most commonly occurring developmental disorders in modern humans.

"When we first saw these bones, several of us immediately spotted a developmental disturbance," said Eckhardt, "but we did not assign a specific diagnosis because the bones were so fragmentary. Over the years, several lines of evidence have converged on Down syndrome."

The first indicator is craniofacial asymmetry, a left-right mismatch of the skull that is characteristic of this and other disorders. Eckhardt and colleagues noted this asymmetry in LB1 as early as 2006, but it had not been reported by the excavating team and was later dismissed as a result of the skull's being long buried, he said.

A previously unpublished measurement of LB1's occipital-frontal circumference—the circumference of the skull taken roughly above the tops of the ears—allowed the researchers to compare LB1 to clinical data routinely collected on patients with developmental disorders. Here too, the brain size they estimate is within the range expected for an Australomelanesian human with Down syndrome.

LB1's short thigh bones not only match the height reduction seen in Down syndrome, Eckhardt said, but when corrected statistically for normal growth, they would yield a stature of about 1.26 meters, or just over four feet, a figure matched by some humans now living on Flores and in surrounding regions.

These and other Down-like characteristics, the researchers state, are present only in LB1, and not in the other Liang Bua skeletal remains, further evidence of LB1's abnormality.

"This work is not presented in the form of a fanciful story, but to test a hypothesis: Are the skeletons from Liang Bua cave sufficiently unusual to require invention of a new human species?" Eckhardt said.

"Our reanalysis shows that they are not. The less strained explanation is a developmental disorder. Here the signs point rather clearly to Down syndrome, which occurs in more than one per thousand human births around the world."

Explore further: Early dino was turkey-sized, social plant-eater

More information: Evolved developmental homeostasis disturbed in LB1 from Flores, Indonesia, denotes Down syndrome and not diagnostic traits of the invalid species Homo floresiensis, *PNAS*, www.pnas.org/cgi/doi/10.1073/pnas.1407382111

Journal reference: Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

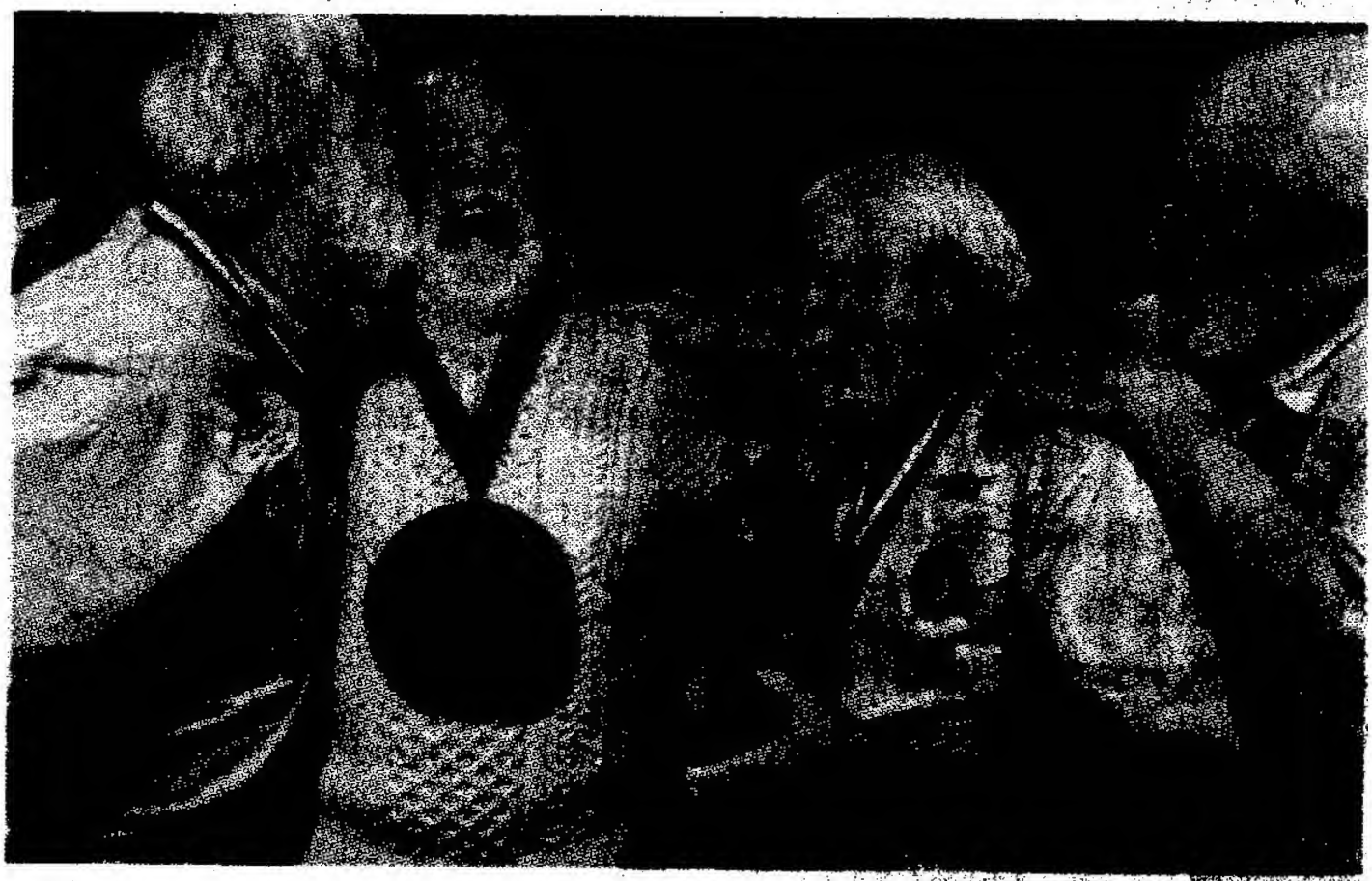
Provided by Pennsylvania State University

view popular

4.4 /5 (34 votes)

- Featured
- Popular
- Most shared

FOR WHOM THE BEARD GROWS



ANDY NEWMAN, AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Wally Collins is congratulated after edging out 130 other contestants Saturday to win the 2014 "Papa" Hemingway Look-Alike Contest at Sloppy Joe's Bar in Key West.

ARIZONA Flagstaff: Officials said someone is placing sharpened rebar spikes around Forest Service roads in Arizona. *The Arizona Daily Sun* reported that U.S. Forest Service officials said at least five pieces of spiked rebar were found on a forest road in the Happy Jack area.

Freedom Riders mar

Group faced threats, violence and harassment as they set out across South to claim rights

By Michael Cass
The (Nashville) Tennessean

NASHVILLE — The decision was easy for Catherine Burks-Brooks.

She was a senior at Tennessee A&I State University when the first Freedom Ride — planned to fight for the right of African Americans to travel across state lines on trains and buses while using the same seats, bathrooms, water fountains and other facilities as whites — was knocked off course in May 1961 by a wave of brutal violence in Alabama, her home state.

She and other Nashville college students, veterans of the sit-in movement to desegregate downtown lunch counters a year earlier, decided there was too much at stake and they had to keep the Freedom Rides alive. So the students made plans to travel from Nashville to Birmingham, Ala., on a Greyhound bus May 17.

Also at stake that spring day were the young riders' lives.

"I didn't want to die, now," Burks-Brooks, 71, recalled. "But I didn't have any fear of doing what I had to do. I knew what was happening was wrong. And I had an opportunity to do something about it."

Half a century later, Burks-Brooks and more than 400 other Freedom Riders are marking the 50th anniversary of their efforts, which led President John F. Kennedy's administration to enforce previous Supreme Court rulings banning segregation along bus and train lines.

PBS will broadcast a two-hour documentary, *Freedom Riders*, which was shown May 16 at the 2010 Nashville Film Festival. A group of 40 college students from across the country will retrace the rides, stopping in Nashville on May 12.

Harrowing journey: A Freedom Rider bus burns in May 1961 after a

By Mark Humphrey, AP

Freedom Riders: El-Senzengakulu Zulu, left, Catherine Burks-Brooks, center, and Frederick Leonard receive honorary degrees at Tennessee State University in Nashville on Sept. 18, 2008.

The first Freedom Ride was a project of the Congress of Racial Equality, a national civil rights group. Seven riders boarded a Trailways bus and six got on a Greyhound in Washington on May 4, all of them bound for New Orleans, according to Raymond Arsenault's 2006 book, *Freedom Riders*.

The riders — including current Rep. John Lewis, D-Ga., then a student at Nashville's American Baptist Theological Seminary — passed through Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia without any major incidents. Their luck changed in Anniston, Ala., on May 14 — Mother's Day. After a mob attacked the Greyhound bus, police escorted it to the city limits. Six miles southwest of Anniston, a protester threw a homemade bomb onto the bus, filling it with

rk 50th anniversary

AP

fire bomb was tossed through a window near Anniston, Ala.

AP

Ride against segregation: Driver Joe Cavanaugh punches the ticket of a Freedom Rider before the group left Birmingham, Ala., on May 20, 1961, en route to Montgomery.

black smoke and flames and nearly killing the riders.

The Trailways riders were harassed by Ku Klux Klansmen as they rode from Atlanta to Alabama, then viciously attacked after they got off the bus in Birmingham.

The attacks grabbed the attention of a nation that hadn't spent much time focusing on the Freedom Rides up to that point. Among those watching were President Kennedy and his brother Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, who dispatched John Seigenthaler to Alabama.

Seigenthaler, a Nashville native arrived in Birmingham after the Freedom Riders' plans to fly to Montgomery were disrupted by a bomb threat. He was able to put together a plan to "sneak the Riders on board a flight to New Orleans" and joined them for the 10:38 p.m. trip, Arsenault writes.

With that, Seigenthaler recalled, the Freedom Ride "was over."

Or so almost everyone thought. But the Nashville students, led by Lewis and Diane Nash, decided the movement couldn't end like that. They hustled to work out logistics for a ride from Nashville to Birmingham and on to Montgomery, Jackson and New Orleans, finally persuading the Nashville Christian Leadership Conference to provide $900 for bus tickets.

When the riders tried to leave Birmingham for Montgomery, Greyhound canceled the ride. So the riders sat in the bus terminal for hours, surrounded by a restless crowd outside.

When the bus finally arrived in Montgomery the next day, Seigenthaler remembers seeing a "teeming anthill of violence" and hearing "screams, both of anger and of pain" as he arrived at the bus terminal.

"It was an afternoon of terror, sheer terror," Seigenthaler said. "It's almost impossible, 50 years later, to envision a scene like that, where men, women and children are violently angry and bellowing invective and spewing hatred and wantonly beating up people."

Veterans of the Freedom Rides say the movement had a quick impact and a lasting legacy.

Within six months, the Interstate Commerce Commission issued an order saying all interstate buses must post a certificate reading, "Seating aboard this vehicle is without regard to race, color, creed or national origin." Signs ordering African Americans to use separate facilities came down "all through the South," said Ernest "Rip" Patton of Nashville, who rode from Montgomery, Ala., to Jackson, Miss., where he was arrested and thrown in jail for more than a month.

From the House of the Dead

RICHARD STIRLING invites us to Sicily's spookiest site – the Capuchin Catacombs of Palermo

YANN ARTHUS-BERTRAND/CORBIS

YANN ARTHUS-BERTRAND/CORBIS

Around 8,000 mummified corpses line the walls of the Capuchin Catacombs, Palermo, Sicily, a macabre store for the (im)mortal remains of the town's departed citizens.

The story of this bizarre repository of the dead began in the 16th century, when Palermo's Capuchin fathers exhumed the bodies of some monks and found that the dry soil of the area had preserved them by a natural process of mummification. They soon caught on to the potential religious significance of the process and preserved the body of a particularly holy monk, Brother Silvestro, for public viewing. Soon it became something of a status symbol for Palermo's leading citizens to be preserved in the catacombs. They would indicate in their wills how they would like to be remembered, and were often dressed in their finest clothes as *momenti mori* for grieving relatives. Others would even ask for their garments to be changed at a certain time after their

deaths.

Although the catacombs were officially closed in 1880, one of the last bodies to be interned before the local authorities banned the practice was that of two-year-old Rosalia Lombardo in 1920. Nicknamed the "Sleeping Beauty", her lifelike body is still perfectly intact, down to her grey-blue eyes. Her remarkable preservation was the work of one Dr Solafia of Palermo, who took its secret with him to the grave.

The dead are divided into categories: priests and monks, virgins, men, women, children and professionals. Some have been arranged in poses – two children sit together on a rocking chair, and a husband and wife remain happily united even in death. Some look cheerful, as if they are enjoying a joke with their neighbours, while others frown upon the tourists. Time has not always been kind to the bodies, some of whose faces have become distorted to resemble anguished screams from beyond the grave.

Monks are preserved in the clothes they wore in life, with the ropes they wore as penance still dangling from their necks, while priests hang in rows on a wall dressed in their sacramental robes. Others mummies are dressed in the clothes of the period in which they lived. Colonel Enea DiGuiliano stands proudly in the French Bourbon uniform he wore in the 1800s.

Among the more famous inhabitants is the the Spanish painter Velasquez who, confusingly, died in Seville. Others include the sculptors Filippo Pennino and Lorenzo Marabitti and the writer Guiseppe Tommasi di Lampedusa, author of *Il Gattopardo (The Leopard)*, one of the best known works of Sicilian literature.

The catacombs are open to the public (9.00-12.00 and 15.00-17.00, admission free) and can be found at Convento dei Cappucci, Piazza Cappuccini 1, Palermo (+39 091 212117).

YANN ARTHUS-BERTRAND/CORBIS

RYKOFF COLLECTION/CORBIS

From Werewolves to Vampires, Some of the Most Notorious Serial Killers of all Time [Videos at link]
By Mangala Dilip
July 31, 2014 16:08 IST
http://www.ibtimes.co.in/werewolves-vampires-some-most-notorious-serial-killers-all-time-videos-605628

The making of a serial killer is quite different from an average man, as is understood from the words of an American serial killer Ted Bundy, who assaulted and murdered numerous young women and girls during the 1970s.

"I'm as cold a motherf*cker as you've ever put your f*cking eyes on. I don't give a sh*t about those people," Pshychology Today quoted him.

Here are some of the most notorious and unforgivably cruel serial killers of all time.

Gilles de Rais

Gilles de Rais, a 15th century nobleman, considered to be the precursor to the modern serial killers, used to be soldier alongside Joan of Arc and was one of the wealthiest men in France. Crime Library chronicles that Gilles hid a dark and sinister side for many years, during which he kidnapped, tortured and murdered hundreds of peasant children (mostly blond-haired, blue-eyed young boys). Eventhough the precise number is unknown, it is generally placed between 80 and 200.

In a transcript of his trial, one of Gilles' servants Henriet described the actions of his master: "He experienced intense pleasure in seeing them in their agonies," Muldersworld uncovered. "But his great passion was to welter in their blood. His servants would stab a child in the jugular vein, and let the blood squirt over him... When the horrible deed was done, and the child was dead, the marshal would be filled with grief for what he had done, and would toss weeping and praying on a bed..whilst his servants washed the floor, and burned in the huge fireplace the bodies of the murdered children... An insupportable odour filled the room, but the Maréchal do Retz inhaled it with delight."

Vampire of Sacramento

Richard Trenton Chase, who was known as the 'Vampire of Sacramento' due to his habit of drinking victims' blood and cannibalism, was an American schizophrenic serial killer, who killed six people in the span of a month. He believed that he needed to prevent Nazis from turning his blood into powder via a poison they had planted beneath his soap dish.

According to Crime Library, Chase liked to set fires as a child and torment animals . In 1976, his attempt to inject rabbit blood directly into his body made him very sick, and he ended up in a mental ward. In the summer of 1977 several neighbourhood pets became victims of Chase's thirst. Using blenders, he'd mix up blood-and-guts cocktails, but soon it was not enough.

Chase was found guilty of six counts of first degree murder and was sentenced to die in the gas chamber. On 26 December 1980, Chase hoarded the anti-depressants offered to calm him and made himself disappear.

The 1988 movie "Rampage" was loosely based on Chase's crimes.

Mailwaukee Cannibal

Known as the Milwaukee Cannibal, Dahmer murdered at least 17 men and boys between 1978 and 1991. Criminal Minds claimed his murders to be particularly gruesome, involving acts of forced sodomy, necrophilia, dismemberment, and cannibalism. Dahmer committed his first murder when he was 18, killing Steven Hicks, a 19 year old hitchhiker, who was invited to his house, and killed because he "didn't want him to leave."

Unlike most serial killers, Dahmer's fantasies included a series of crimes against the corpse of his victims, or what he referred to as passive sex. This became part of his regular pattern and possibly the one obsession that pushed him to kill.

The Werewolf of Wysteria

Albert Fish, also known as the Gray Man, the Werewolf of Wysteria, and Brooklyn Vampire, boasted that he molested over 100 children, and was a suspect in at least five killings. His teen years were filled with bizarre and disturbing behaviours, Prairie Ghosts revealed, including commonly eating feces and drinking urine. At the age of 20, he began raping young boys in Manhattan where he had moved with his mother.

Fish tortured, mutilated and murdered young children with what he termed his "Implements of Hell", which included a meat cleaver, a butcher knife, and a small handsaw. He said that he liked children because they tasted the sweetest: "I never ate any roast turkey that tasted half as good".

A general view of a graveyard that will be recycled by the Ethekwini (Durban) Municipality at the Loon Street cemetry in Durban, South Africa. Photo courtesy: AFP.

•

A general view of a graveyard that will be recycled by the Ethekwini (Durban) Municipality at the Loon Street cemetry in Durban, South Africa. Photo courtesy: AFP.

•

A general view of a graveyard that will be recycled by the Ethekwini (Durban) Municipality at the Loon Street cemetry in Durban, South Africa. Photo courtesy: AFP.

In South Africa, crowded graveyards make for heated spirits

- Features

2010-10-11 13:43

by Marine Veith

DURBAN, Monday 11 October 2010 (AFP) - Want to share a grave? It's a blasphemy for South Africa's Zulus who revere their ancestors, but overcrowding in Durban's cemeteries has forced the city to begin "recyclying" tombs.

"We are forced to do so," says Pepe Dass, the city official who oversees graveyards. "It is not only a question of space, but a question of sustainability."

Durban is located in KwaZulu-Natal province which suffers the highest HIV rate in the nation with the world's biggest burden of 5.2 million AIDS cases. The death toll has soared for years, and cemeteries are running out of space.

Urban graveyards reserved for whites only under apartheid have also filled up since multi-racial democracy arrived in 1994.

With about 20,000 deaths a year, Durban would have to build several new cemeteries to keep pace, with each costing 20 million rands (2.9 million dollars, 2.0 million euros). Dass says the city just does not have the money.

So Durban has launched a pilot project at one graveyard, which will eventually expand to all 60 in the city. Remains more than 10 years old will be re-buried farther underground, with new corpses placed above.

But for many like Thandi, a 63-year-old widow visiting the grave of her husband in Stella Wood, the city's biggest cemetery with no plots left, the stacking solution is "a bad idea, very bad."

"If they want to recycle my husband's grave? I will stop them. No way."

In this predominantly Zulu region, her anger is widely shared.

"People communicate with the spirit of the ancestors. They don't want anything to interfere in their relation with the ancestors," explains Sihawu Ngubane, a professor of Zulu culture at the University of Durban.

A general view of a graveyard that will be recycled by
kwini (Durban) Municipality at the Loon Street

If funeral rites are not followed properly, misfortune can befall the family of the deceased, which creates concerns about how to venerate a shared grave.

"They believe that if you recycle the graves, there can be a confusion of the ancestors' spirits. There can be a clash between the spirits. They will revolt against people who are alive," Ngubane says.

Durban says it has no choice, fearing the existing cemeteries will be completely filled in two years.

Land for new cemeteries is hard to come by in this coastal city of four million people, squeezed between the Indian Ocean and the hills of Zululand.

"If you look at the map, the land is not free. You have agriculture, development programmes. Finding the ideal space for a cemetery is not easy," Dass says.

A poorly placed cemetery could also pose problems for underground water supplies, because of the risk of contamination from decomposing corpses.

Until the city settles on a solution, black market vendors of illegal tombs are filling in the gap. Some cemetery guards are reportedly re-selling abandoned tombs, while others are digging spaces outside approved burial grounds.

Another illegal practice involves stealing tombstones, a luxury in South Africa where 43 percent of the population lives on less than two dollars a day. That's why recently barbed wire and electric fences have begun sprouting around Durban's cemeteries.

FOOLS RUSH IN: From the *Evening Advertiser*, Swindon, last October: "A police spokesman said that the man was armed and dangerous, and advised the public nit to have a go."

The Anansi stories originated from Ghana's Ashanti tribe.

There is an Anansi story that explains the phenomenon of how his name became attached to the whole corpus of tales:

Once there were no stories in the world. The Sky-God, Nyame, had them all. Anansi went to Nyame and asked how much they would cost to buy.

Nyame set a high price: Anansi must bring back Onini the Python, Osebo the Leopard, the Mmoboro Hornets, and Mmoatia the dwarf.

Anansi set about capturing these. First he went to where Python lived and debated out loud whether Python was really longer than the palm branch or not as his wife Aso says. Python overheard and, when Anansi explained the debate, agreed to lie along the palm branch. Because he cannot easily make himself completely straight a true impression of his actual length is difficult to obtain, so Python agreed to be tied to the branch. When he was completely tied, Anansi took him to Nyame.

To catch the leopard, Anansi dug a deep hole in the ground. When the leopard fell in the hole Anansi offered to help him out with his webs. Once the leopard was out of the hole though he was bound in Anansi's webs and was carried away.

To catch the hornets, Anansi filled a calabash with water and poured some over a banana leaf he held over his head and some over the nest, calling out that it was raining. He suggested the hornets get into the empty calabash, and when they obliged, he quickly sealed the opening.

To catch the dwarf he made a doll and covered it with sticky gum. He placed the doll under the odum tree where the dwarfs play and put some yam in a bowl in front of it. When the dwarf came and ate the yam she thanked the doll which of course did not reply. Annoyed at its bad manners she struck it, first with one hand then the other. The hands stuck and Anansi captured her.

Anansi handed his captives over to Nyame. Nyame rewarded him with the stories, which now become known as Anansi stories.

China's Ghost Day

Thursday, August 30, 2012 | By: Ginger Huang (黄原竟)

If the word "temple" brings to mind crushing tourist crowds and monks peddling lotus candles and prayer services, you're probably hitting the wrong temples. There are some Buddhist temples that, far from tourist attractions, house monks who live lives of seclusion and meditation, and remain connected to the outer world only through rituals and lectures. Better yet, you don't have to hop a mule up some winding mountain road to reach them—case in point is Guanghua Temple (广化寺), nestled on Yaer Hutong (鸦儿胡同) in a quiet quarter of Houhai. For Beijing residents curious about Buddhism, this is the perfect spot to drop in on tomorrow, August 31, when the monks and other devotees will celebrate Ghost Day (鬼节), which falls on July 15 of the Chinese lunar calendar.

Ghost Day originated from Chinese folk legends, which have it that on this day the gates of hell open, and ghosts are let loose to roam the earth. People pray for the wandering souls, and set lotus candles onto rivers in blessing of them. In addition to these commemorations, the day is also loaded with superstitious taboos—for example, you're not supposed to open umbrellas inside, as ghosts will find a way to hide inside them. It's also said that after opening a door you should wait a moment before going through so that the ghosts (if they happen to be standing there) can go through first.

Although these are interesting superstitions, Master Zhengyu shakes his head at them. Sitting in the lecture room of Guanghua Temple, the 28-year-old monk already has full, round cheeks and unusually long earlobes —features considered to represent a monk's fruitful xiuxing (修行, Buddhist practice). Outside of the wooden window we can hear the low hum of a ritual that has been going on for three days. The main prayer hall has been chanting a Confession Sutra for over an hour now, and the yards outside the halls have been taken up by rows of yellow praying cushions, on which people kneel and kowtow to a monk's call.

"We have a lot of worshippers who come to the temple because of superstition, not religion," Master Zhengyu says. "Superstitions are not faith, and faith is different from understanding Buddha's wisdom. I don't like the way July 15 is always called 'Ghost Day.' It sounds dark and grim. We call it 'The Buddha's Day of Delight' (佛欢喜日)."

In the days of the Gautama Buddha, he used to travel along the Ganges River with his disciples to spread his teachings. However, as the weather heated up, in order to protect his disciples from pests, beasts and epidemic diseases, he told them to stay indoors for three months, starting on April 15 of every year. So his disciples stayed in, spending those months reading and meditating. Around July 15, the rain season came, and they could travel again. To mark the three months' meditation, Buddhists held ceremonies during which they confessed to Buddha their trespasses of the past three months, as well as their progress.

"That's why we are chanting a Confession Sutra," Master Zhengyu says. "On that day, Buddha would learn about his disciples' new spiritual attainments, and that's why it was his happy day."

The July 15 ritual lasts for three days, and two ceremonies are held each day, one at nine and one at three. The grandeur of the rituals is comparable only to another important Buddhist occasion: the birthday of Buddha (April 8 on the lunar calendar).

Guanghua Temple is only open to the public on special occasions: the first and the 15th of every lunar month, the birthdays of buddhas and Buddha's Day of Delight. If you want to participate in Buddhist rituals on one of these days, Fayuan Temple (法源寺) near Niu Jie (牛街) is another option Master Zhengyu recommends.

Share this
Facebook Twitter LinkedIn Tumblr Reddit Email

You might also like:

Spring Festival's Tofu Day
Making Steamed Buns
Army Day

unexplained events took place. Additionally, Dusty has a strong physical resemblance to Marsalee.

But there is another, stronger reason for their belief. There is evidence to suggest that Marsalee saved Dusty's life.

Guardian Angel?

On April 29, 2000, Dusty and her then boyfriend Daniel decided to drive to Columbia, Missouri. Daniel had wanted to leave around noon, but Dusty and Becky were hosting a wedding shower that wouldn't be over until around three in the afternoon. Daniel was tempted to go by himself, but decided to wait for Dusty.

Shortly after he picked her up, a strange feeling came over Becky that she hadn't told Dusty that she loved her often enough. Unbeknownst to Becky, Dusty was experiencing a similar feeling. It was so strong that she almost asked Daniel to turn around and take her back home.

About an hour later, Daniel and Dusty were rear-ended by a drunk driver traveling at a high rate of speed. Daniel's Mitsubishi was demolished, but they both survived with only minor cuts and scrapes. The Rays can't help but feel that someone was looking out for Dusty that day, and they believe that person was Marsalee.

On the day I finished working on this article, I debated whether or not to write about the car accident. I knew that Becky and Dusty were convinced that Marsalee looks out for them; judging by the photos of Daniel's car, it *did* seem miraculous that neither she nor Daniel had been seriously injured or killed, but I had no evidence that Marsalee had intervened...until a few days later.

That Sunday I called Becky to get some answers to questions I had about the accident. Before we got talking about that, I inquired if anything out of the ordinary had happened to her or Dusty since we had spoken last. Becky told me that when she went in the kitchen Saturday morning, the doors on the small cabinets over the stove were wide open. Later that day she asked Dusty if she had gotten anything from the cabinets, to which Dusty replied "No."

The blame then fell to Marsalee. However, Becky couldn't understand what Marsalee's purpose was in opening those cabinets as they only contained paper plates. It then struck her. Those paper plates were last used at the wedding shower—the same wedding shower that took place the day of the accident. We could only conclude that Marsalee opened those cabinet doors as a way of letting us know that she had a hand in saving Dusty from death or serious injury that day.

Becky's mom examining the wrecked automobile

It is also our belief that Marsalee knew of my reluctance to include the car accident in the story, and that this was her way of encouraging me to use it.

Lingering Presence

I don't think this was the only thing Marsalee did for my benefit. I first met Becky and Dusty at the Bishop House just prior to the holidays. Though they were living in Independence, they had been invited to a wedding in their old town and had asked the owner of the house if they could show it to me. He gave them permission on the condition that I not reveal its exact location.

During the hour or so that I spent with them at the house, I took video and still photos of the premises and tape-recorded an interview with them. Though nothing unusual was present in any of the pictures or video, there was an intermittent, rhythmic clicking sound on portions of the audio tape. Dusty had to leave on an errand shortly after I arrived, and was not there when I started the interview. Interestingly, the clicking doesn't start until about the time she returns.

None of us could recall hearing anything in the house that may have been responsible for the sound. I checked a tape that I had made prior to their interview and there was nothing unusual on it. There are no unusual sounds on any subsequent tapes I have made on that machine. At the time of the interview, the house was completely empty. We had turned on a ceiling light in the kitchen, but nothing else. I will make this tape available to any serious investigator who would like to analyze it.

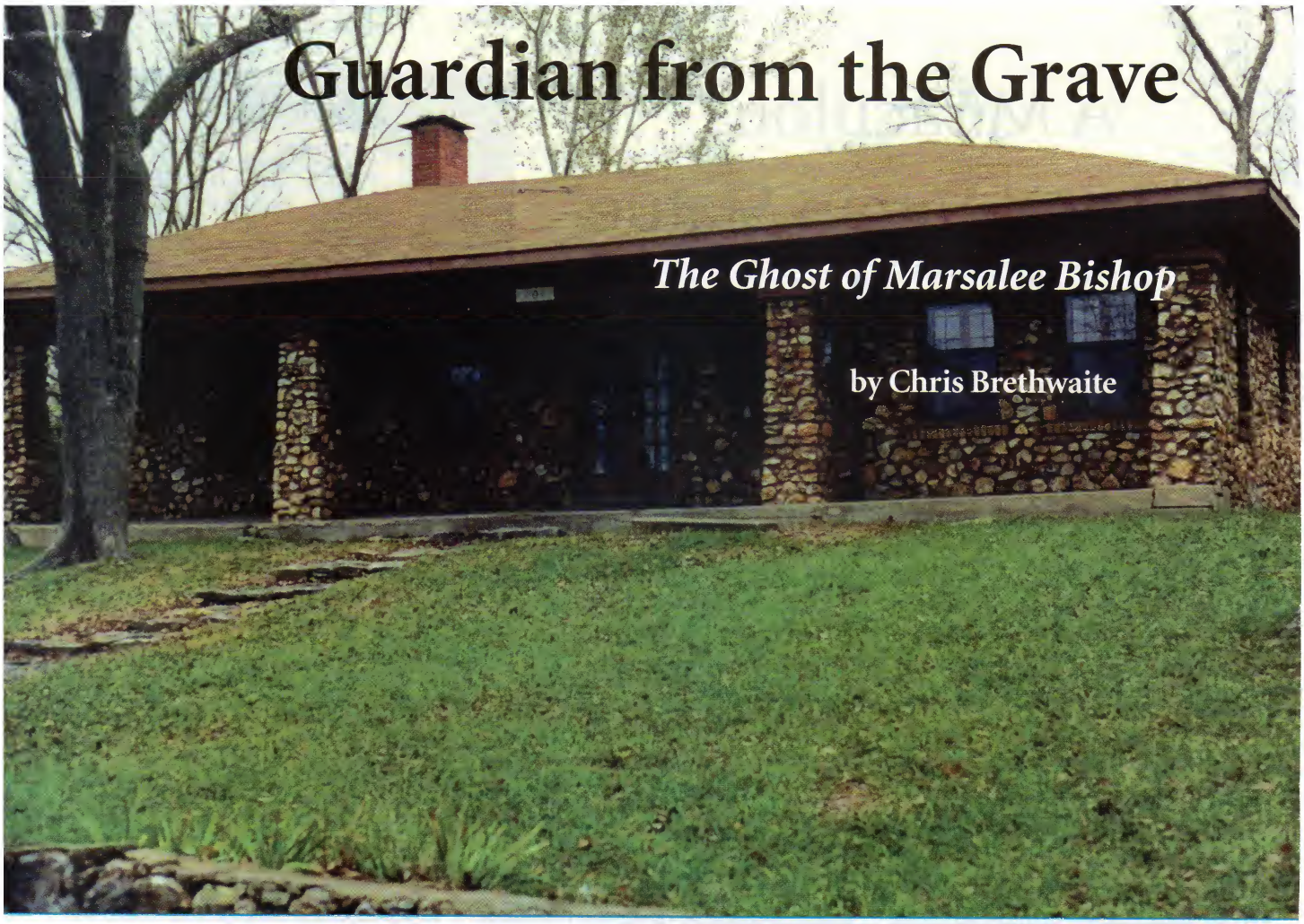
As you can see, this is a story that has no end. There is no way to know exactly why Marsalee has chosen to look after Dusty, or how long she will continue to do so. In any event, Dusty can go through life with the added confidence of knowing that she has a very special guardian angel looking out for her. ♈/≈

Chris Brethwaite *has had a lifelong interest in the paranormal. He teaches a class on "The Haunted Heartland" in Kansas City and is currently working on a book entitled* Evidence For Life After Death. *He works full-time as a writer for Hallmark Cards.*

Guardian from the Grave

The Ghost of Marsalee Bishop

by Chris Brethwaite



On a sleepy residential street in a small central Missouri town stands a picturesque stone house, known locally as the Bishop House. Currently, it is empty—empty, that is, except for the spirit of Marsalee Bishop, who died there in 1939 at the age of 19, a victim of scarlet fever.

Dreams and Apparitions

In May 1997, Becky Ray, a recent divorcee, moved into the Bishop House with her teenage daughter Dusty to start life anew. Shortly after moving in, Dusty had a series of unusual dreams on nights when she had fallen asleep on the couch in the living room. In the dreams, she was asleep on that same couch. She opened her eyes and saw a shadowy figure walk past her. She couldn't tell if the figure was male or female. Dusty didn't know what to make of the dreams. In time, she dismissed them.

A short time after this, Becky was working in the kitchen one day when she saw something out of the corner of her eye. She turned just in time to see the image of a "young woman, late teens, early twenties, with short dark hair" walk past the doorway in the direction of Dusty's room. The woman resembled Dusty in general appearance. Because of this, Becky assumed that it must have been her daughter. But having just seen Dusty asleep, she was curious as to why she was up. Becky walked to the doorway, but when she looked down the hallway, she didn't see anyone.

She thought it was odd that she hadn't heard Dusty's bedroom door open or close. She went down the hall and looked in the room, but no one was there. She then went to her own room where she found Dusty still asleep on the bed, right where she had last seen her. Becky kept the sighting to herself, but it wouldn't be long before Dusty, too, encountered Marsalee.

One day when Dusty was in the kitchen, she had a strange feeling: "You know when you get the feeling that someone's watching you? I could feel it, like a tingly feeling."

She turned and saw the translucent figure of a petite young woman with short brown hair looking at her. The figure calmly turned and walked away.

About a month later, Dusty was in the kitchen again, when she got a feeling that someone was watching her. The feeling was so strong that she said aloud, "Please just leave me alone!"

She then turned and saw the apparition of Marsalee standing in the doorway, slightly bent forward with her hands on her hips, as though she was about to scold a young child. Dusty was so taken by the sight that she can't recall what happened next. The experience upset her so much that she slept with her mom that night.

Skeptical Sister

The next person to see Marsalee was Becky's oldest daughter, Deanna, who was 20 at the time. She was living in Kansas City and had come to visit. She was in the living room one morning folding a comforter when, like Dusty, she felt that someone was

watching her. She turned around, and there next to the linen press by the kitchen doorway was the translucent figure of Marsalee. She was standing with her face cradled in her hands and her elbows resting on top of the linen press. Marsalee appeared to be simply watching Deanna fold the comforter.

Deanna stood in awe for what she estimated to be 30 seconds. She then watched Marsalee step back from the linen press and run into the kitchen. Deanna walked over to the doorway and peered in the kitchen, but she was gone.

Before her own sighting, Deanna was aware that both Becky and Dusty believed they had seen a ghost in the house. She had been somewhat skeptical of their claims; but now, of course, she was a believer. Upon reflection, Deanna was surprised that she hadn't been scared during the sighting. (This probably explains why she stood for half a minute looking at Marsalee.) However, like Dusty, she was fearful afterwards.

The next person to experience Marsalee was a friend of Dusty's, Steve Whitlock. One night, Dusty had some friends over. They were in her room, talking and hanging out. Steve left to use the bathroom. When he approached the kitchen, he saw a young woman with short brown hair sitting on a bench to the right of the kitchen doorway. Thinking that it might be Dusty—but not knowing how that could be—he glanced back toward Dusty's room. When he turned back again, the figure was gone. He told Dusty about the experience the next day.

Dusty saw Marsalee on two more occasions. One time she was sitting on the couch and saw Marsalee walk from the direction of the kitchen toward her room. Another time Dusty was on her way into the kitchen when she saw Marsalee come around the corner as though she had come from the guest room.

Psychokinetic Displays

Though all the sightings took place close to the kitchen doorway, in an area approximately four feet by ten feet, Marsalee's presence was made known in other parts of the house.

Dusty Ray (left), Becky Ray, and their dog Molly

One night, after Dusty's second sighting of Marsalee, she was sitting in the living room with an acquaintance named John. They had just finished watching a movie and were rewinding the tape. John got up, put the videotape case on the fireplace mantle, and went into the kitchen. When he came back, he started pacing back and forth in front of the mantle waiting for the tape to finish rewinding. Suddenly, the tape case flew violently off the mantle, landing several feet away on the floor. The Rays believe this was Marsalee's way of expressing disapproval of the young man.

About three or four weeks after Dusty's final sighting, she came home from school to find four of her candles sitting in the middle of her bedroom floor. These candles had been on her dresser when she had left the house that morning. She was the last to leave the house and the first to arrive home. The incident made Dusty think that Marsalee didn't want her in that bedroom, so she moved into the guest room.

Another time, Becky came home from work and noticed that she couldn't find her sandals, which she usually wore every day. Her first thought was that maybe her dog Molly had made off with them, but she didn't think that was likely as Molly would usually just play with one shoe, not both. She and Dusty tore the house apart looking for the missing sandals, to no avail. Dusty jokingly suggested that maybe the ghost took them.

That night when Becky went to bed, she said aloud, "If you took my shoes, please put them back because I wear them a lot." The next morning when she awoke, the shoes were next to her bed.

Another time Becky and her girlfriend Diane were sitting on the bed in her room when they both observed one of the bedroom windows opening on its own. The windows opened inward like French doors, and had been latched. According to Becky it took quite a bit of strength to unlatch the windows. Though neither Becky nor Diane heard the window being unlatched, they both definitely saw it opening on its own.

There were other times when Becky and Dusty heard footsteps in the living room when nobody was in there. Another thing that caught their attention was the behavior of their dog Molly. Sometimes Molly would be sitting on the couch with Becky and suddenly whip her head around and stare in the direction of the kitchen doorway.

Dusty had a similar experience. She was sitting on the couch in the living room one time when she noticed Molly's head going back and forth as though she was watching someone pace in front of the kitchen doorway. Dusty was home alone, and was so frightened that she had to call a friend to help calm her nerves.

Looking into Dusty's room from the kitchen doorway

Marsalee's Story

After seeing the apparition and experiencing some of the odd events that were taking place in the house, Becky was able to discern what she described as a "sense of loneliness" that she felt was connected to whoever was "residing" in her house. This feeling made her want to know who this individual was, and so she started researching the history of the house. She found some information in a local museum, and later was able to track down a descendent of the original owners.

Given a description of the young woman the Rays had seen, he replied that it matched the description of his cousin Marsalee, who had died from scarlet fever at the age of 19. Her death had been very tragic and very sudden. The "Bishop House" was her grandparents' residence; Marsalee was staying with them because her parents were out of town on business when she became ill. He also confirmed that Dusty's bedroom—the one with the moving candles—had been Marsalee's room during her stay there.

In the summer of 2000, Becky lost her job. With opportunities limited in a small town, she decided to move to Kansas City, where she soon found employment and rented an apartment in Independence. She and Dusty hadn't lived in their new place long when they again started experiencing things they couldn't explain.

Not Left Behind

One evening while they were both sitting in the living room, they noticed a touch lamp dim on its own, as though touched by an invisible hand. Some time later, Dusty was in her bedroom with her four-year-old cousin Skyla, who threw a small key chain behind Dusty's bed. Because there was a box spring stored under the bed, there was no easy way to reach the key chain, so they just left it. A couple weeks later, Dusty found the key chain lying in plain view in the middle of her floor. She and Becky had no idea how it could have gotten there. They considered the possibility that Molly had retrieved it, but she was too big to have squeezed between the box springs and the wall. Besides, Molly was seldom ever allowed in Dusty's room.

There were other things that took place in Dusty's room that defied an easy explanation. On her bookcase was displayed an angel book with the cover facing forward. On several occasions, she went in her room and noticed that the book had been turned so that the spine was facing front. She asked Becky if she had moved it; Becky said she hadn't. Later, Dusty noticed that another book of hers had been taken off the shelf and displayed so that one could read the cover—just the opposite of what had happened to the angel book.

Probably the most incredible event took place in Becky's room. Against the wall she has a small piece of furniture called a coffee cabinet. The two doors are held closed by a piece of wood that revolves on a screw. When the piece of wood is in the horizontal position, the doors are latched shut. When it is turned vertically, the doors are unlatched. Two days in a row Becky came home from work and found the left door unlatched. Someone had to have unlatched the doors, and then, holding the right door closed, moved the piece of wood back down to a horizontal position. There was no way that Molly could have been responsible for this—this was a deliberate act that showed an intelligence at work.

Why Marsalee followed them to Independence is anyone's guess. The Rays believe that Marsalee has taken an interest in them—particularly Dusty. Part of this belief is based on the fact that most of the paranormal activity they've experienced has centered on her. It was Dusty who had the most sightings of Marsalee, and it was Dusty's bedrooms where the majority of

German sub surrenders at Portsmouth.
Photo courtesy of the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard

Civil War hero haunts Quarters 'A' at Navy yard

Monday, May 20, 2002

By Herb Perry

hperry@seacoastonline.com

PORTSMOUTH NAVAL SHIPYARD - The shipyard has received many an important visitor in its 201-year history. But one famous visitor from long ago refuses to leave, instead making Quarters "A", the shipyard commander's residence, his home.

Adm. David G. Farragut, a hero of the Civil War, died in Quarters "A" in 1870, and now haunts the residence. He has made his presence known to some, but not all, of the building's numerous inhabitants throughout the years.

"Our introduction to Quarters "A" and the ghost of Admiral Farragut was in June of 1956," wrote Cynthia H. Banister Raymond in a short memoir about the home.

"We had just been settling into the grand old house for about a week when there was a most important launching of a submarine built, just across the way. We entertained all the dignitaries for luncheon.

"Admiral Morton Deyo, Commandant 1st Naval District, our dear friend, toasted and introduced the two state Senators Humphrey and Muskie; Admiral Moore, in command of the ship construction; my husband, Capt. Alan B. Banister, shipyard commander, as our first 'exposure.'

"We also raised our glasses to Admiral Farragut, whom Admiral Deyo told us had died in this very room - by the fireplace, and quoted, 'Damn the torpedoes - and full speed ahead!'

"From that day on, for our two years in residence, we felt the admiral's ghost 'looking after things' in Quarters 'A.' He was there, constantly on alert, as one after another of the Navy families came and went through the years."

Adm. David G. Farragut

David Glasgow Farragut was born July 5, 1801, at Campbell's Station, a few miles southwest of Knoxville, Tenn., according to a U.S. Navy Web site. He was the second of five children of Jorge Farragut, who was born on the Spanish island of Menorca, and Elizabeth Shine Farragut of North Carolina.

The Spanish mariner served his adopted country throughout the American Revolution in which his heroic exploits earned him the special thanks of the governor of South Carolina.

Jorge joined the U.S. Navy in 1807 as a sailing master and fought the British during the War of 1812. Farragut's mother died when he was 7, and his bereaved father Jorge sent him to live with the family of a close friend and fellow naval officer, David Porter.

Porter adopted the young boy and two years later helped him receive an appointment as a midshipman in the Navy.

During the course of his career, Farragut held various positions before his distinctive service in the Civil War. Of the many notables, Farragut served as naval aide to the American minister to Tunis, and later established Mare Island Navy Yard in California. During that time, he learned to speak French, Italian, Spanish and Arabic, and studied the social, economic and political history of the Mediterranean area.

The Civil War brought great credit to Farragut. During the famous 1862 Battle of New Orleans, Farragut barked the now-famous expression, "Damn the torpedoes! Full steam ahead!"

Farragut had been appointed commander of the West Coast Blockading Squadron and was ordered to open the Mississippi to Union vessels and to attack New Orleans. He opened the Battle of New Orleans, April 18, 1862, and 10 days later, Confederate forces surrendered.

Farragut had proved then-President Abraham Lincoln's trust in his selection by this victory, and Lincoln was the first to acknowledge it by submitting Farragut's name to the Congress for promotion.

On Dec. 23, 1864, Congress commissioned Farragut a vice admiral. On July 26, 1866, Farragut made history by becoming the first Hispanic four-star admiral.
Quarters "A" history

From its establishment on June 12, 1800, and until the War of 1812, the shipyard was under the supervision of a "naval agent," a civilian position, according to Jan Hussey, a shipyard public affairs officer. The first military commandant was Commodore Isaac Hull, who assumed command of the shipyard on March 31, 1813.

Commodore and Mrs. Hull lived in a house in Portsmouth as there was a lack of "suitable" housing on the shipyard for a commandant. Because of the nature of his position, it was rather inconvenient for a commandant to live off the shipyard - particularly because he had to come to work by boat. For this reason, Commodore Hull requested permission from the secretary of the Navy to build a "modest home" suitable for the commandant of a naval facility.

On Feb. 3, 1814, Hull received permission and funding to build a home, provided that the cost did not exceed $5,000. He immediately employed John Locke, a joiner from Portsmouth, to design and build the new commandant's quarters. The house and surrounding grounds of Quarters "A" have survived nearly 190 years with only a few minor alterations and the addition of modern conveniences.

The house has 8,700 square feet of living space. It is surrounded by the shipyard industrial and administrative complex, yet gives the impression of being remote and peaceful.

Quarters "A" has been the site of receptions for many important individuals throughout the years. Visitors were often hosted at dinner parties and teas by the commandant. On Aug. 14, 1870, Adm. David G. Farragut, the first admiral of the United States Navy, was at the shipyard visiting his brother-in-law, Commodore A.M. Pennock, the-then shipyard commander.

That day, the admiral passed away in Quarters "A" at the age of 69. In 1908, a bronze plaque was placed on the front of Quarters "A" in a panel to the left of the main entrance to honor the memory of Adm. Farragut. The plaque was later relocated to the iron fence in front of Quarters "A," where it remains today, a memorial to one of America's great naval heroes. More hauntings

"As we all know, each family has their own familiar things to make them feel comfortable and at home," Raymond wrote. "It was our good fortune to have come from a large house in Washington, so we used almost entirely our own furniture. However, there had been some time since the quarters had been redecorated and we had the good fortune of new paint and, at my request, the Indian shutters were made to operate.

"... But, Farragut's ghost liked the Indian shutters as we sometimes found them pulled across during the day and no one would admit to having done it."

Capt. William D. McDonough spent five years in Quarters "A," from 1974-79, as shipyard commander, with his wife, Nancy, and their seven daughters. He knows a lot about the history of the residence.

At his Kittery home recently, McDonough said he never experienced Farragut's ghost.

"My kids, when I asked them about it, whenever some liquor was missing, they always said, 'Admiral Farragut took it,'" he said with a grin.

But on a floor plan in a book on Quarters "A," he pointed out the section where others have experienced hauntings. It's in the rear of the house in the ex-stewards' day room, which is accessed by a rear stairway.

Raymond, who now lives in York's Sentry Hill retirement community, recently asked her daughter about the hauntings she and her siblings encountered. The children used to run up and down the back stairway.

"They felt it very definitely," Raymond said about her children, "and felt he was very much in charge. He was just there. It was not frightening to them. We just all felt he was right there, looking after things."

Shortly before the Banister family left in June 1958, they had a last dinner at the Quarters.

"We had the honor of Admiral Mort Deyo presenting my husband with his stars, making him a rear admiral because of his two Navy Cross's," Raymond wrote in the memoir. "Again, Admiral Farragut was there. He tipped over a glass of champagne in the midst of speeches.

"We most heartily enjoyed our interesting, rewarding stay with Admiral Farragut's ghost and wish him well in his stewardship of the lovely old mansion."

The ghost ship of Lake Erie
June 13, 10:28 AM

On December 7th 1941 the Japanese struck the American Naval fleet in Pearl Harbor, an attack that sent both nations headlong into a bloody and culturally changing conflict.

However there was another maritime tragedy that took place on the same date some 32 years earlier.

On December 7th 1909 the at 11 a.m., the Marquette & Bessemer No. 2, a 350-foot-long steel-hulled car ferry, left the port of Conneaut, Ohio with a cargo of rail cars filled to the brim with coal. The heavy laden ship headed north, bound for Port Stanley, Ontario. A notable passanger onboard the Marquette & Bessemer No. 2 was Albert Weis of Erie, the treasurer of the Keystone Fish Company. Weis carried $32,000 in a leather briefcase in order to purchase a Port Stanley fishery for his employers at the Fish Company.

Lake Erie has a long history of being one of the most trecherous of the Great Lake, with powerful storms seemingly to appear out of nowhere.

And as the Marquette & Bessemer No.2 made it way north away from the shores of Ohio, there was a great storm brewing on the horizon.

The blistery winter storm suddenly blew out of the west and slammed mightily onto the Great Lakes with winds that were estimated to have reached at least 90 miles per hour. The storm's might was so furious that it actually dropped the temperature 45 degrees within a 24 hour time period.

Battered to and fro the Marquette & Bessemer No 2 tried in vain to criss cross the Lake in a doomed attempt to ride out the storm. The frigid assault of the storm and an unfortunate streak of bad luck sealed the fate of the ship and its 31 passangers and crew. The ship, its cargo and crew went to their watery grave in the deep depths of Lake Erie on the evening of December 9th 1909.

Last reported accounts tell that they saw the ship struggle in the waves off Port Stanley, and it seemed to have turned west. It was never seen again. Legend has it that about the time the ship went down the Captain's wife who was on the Southern Coast of lake Erie at Conneaut that night heard the mournful pathetic blow of the ship's whistle as it sank beneath the waves.

Three days later on December 12th a lone lifeboat was found washed ashore 15 miles from the city of Erie, Pennyslvania. It contained the frozen bodies of 9 of the crew and one ice encrusted set of clothing from a 10th in a position that that seemed to show whoever had donned the clothing had simply disappeared. The belt was tied, the shirt was in the pants, a coat covered it all in perfect order. To complete the hallow façade of frozen terror, the shoes still had their socks stuck to the inside as if the wearer had filled them when they froze.

Despite the great length of the ship and the shallow depths where it was supposed to have sank, the wreck of the Marquette & Bessemer No 2 has never been found. At more than a hundred meters the ship was as long as a Football field. Few such large ships have eluded devout hunters of sunken ships along the Great Lakes. Despite thousands of dollars by private entrepreneurs and scientists, and hour upon hours of diving expeditions, the site of the ship's resting place has never been found.

But it seems that since it sank below the icy waves of Lake Erie on that dark December night almost 100 years ago the Marquette & Bessemer No 2 has been seen and heard on multiple occasions.

Many times since its untimely demise sailors have heard the ghostly moaning whistle of the ship when they are the only vessel for miles around. An old fashioned whistle

that seems to struggle in a mournful wail that bemoans its fate. Much as the same sound the Captains wife had reportedly heard that December night as the ship gave into the struggle with the pounding waves.

It also seems to be a common occurrence all across the beachfront of Lake Erie in both Pennsylvania and Ohio for a phantom ship to appear on the horizon just for a few minutes before it fades away into a haze. Now ore carriers are still a common site on most of Lake Erie, and it is not unusual to see them slowly crawl across the horizon as you relax on a Lake Erie beach during a hot summer day. But no ore carrier of today has that old configuration and belches dark smoke from two forward smoke stacks. And none of them just fade away into the horizon. The usual beachgoer may be too caught up to take much notice, but I have heard on more than one occasion where someone was taking in the panorama of Lake Erie to simply see a distant ship in the shape of the Marquette & Bessemer No 2 just blink out of existence.

Now these of course could just be visual tricks or hallucinations, but James Donahue in his article "Ghost Ship Marquette & Bessemer No. 2", relates that "Adding to the mystery is that the wreck has reportedly been seen from the air on clear days. It has been sighted about eight miles northeast of Conneaut, in about 10 fathoms of water. Yet no one has located it by boat."
(http://perdurabo10.tripod.com/ships/id173.html)

To this day divers of the Great Lakes covet to find the mystery wreck of the Marquette & Bessemer No 2. It has often been hailed as "The Mount Everest of Great Lake shipwrecks".

But perhaps all these divers and researchers have to do to find the old ship is to sail out in a lonely dark night and wait to hear the mournful wail of the whistle to echo across the Lake's surface. And if they hear it, perhaps they can track it down to its source. To find the old No2? Or their own chilling fate?

The Ghost Ship of Northumberland Strait is a ghost ship that can be seen sailing ablaze within the Northumberland Strait, the body of water that separates Prince Edward Island from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in eastern Canada. This phantom ship has been reported for over 220 years, with numerous eyewitness accounts.

The Ghost Ship of Northumberland Strait is described as a beautiful schooner that has three masts (sometimes four masts, as reports vary) with pure white sails, all of which become completely engulfed in flames as onlookers watch. Sightings have occurred throughout the seasons, but seem to be more prevalent from September to November. These visions are also apparent before a northeast wind, and folklore has it that this brilliant ghost ship is a forewarning of a storm. There never seems to be a predetermined place for where the ship will appear. Sightings tend to happen when least expected.

Often, upon seeing the burning ship, mariners have attempted to rescue the crew aboard. One of the more famous rescue attempts took place in Charlottetown Harbour about 1900. A group of sailors boarded a small rowboat and raced toward the flaming ship to rescue the troubled crew. During their struggle to reach the distressed vessel, the phantom ship completely vanished. A thorough search was immediately carried out by divers, but no shipwreck was found.

The first sighting of the Ghost Ship of Northumberland Strait dates back to 1786. However, there are few details of these accounts. Eyewitness accounts of the ship come from either side of the strait and are often very similar in description.

I could make out the outline of the ship quite distinctly. I watched it for about twenty minutes and then it disappeared. I had heard so much about the phantom ship that I decided this must be it. My sister, who was visiting friends nearby, said she saw the same thing on the same night.

As it came nearer it seemed to lose speed, and as it came opposite our house it stopped still. I said to Fred, "Perhaps they are coming ashore." We got up on the banks to watch. There was no sign of anyone on board and no dory on tow. I can't remember just how long it was, but I think about ten minutes after she stopped I seen smoke rising very slow all over the deck. Then it was only a few minutes I seen men that seemed to come up from below and they were running around the deck every way. Then, as they were running around, I seen a low flame all over the deck. When the flames started, the men climbed up the masts of the vessel. When they was about halfway up the masts, the sails caught. All the sails seemed to catch at the same time. I could not see the men anymore, as the flames hid my view. We watched it until the flames died and everything crumbled to the deck. There was nothing left but the hull on the water, and gradually it seemed to sink lower and finally disappeared, as if it gradually filled with water and sunk.

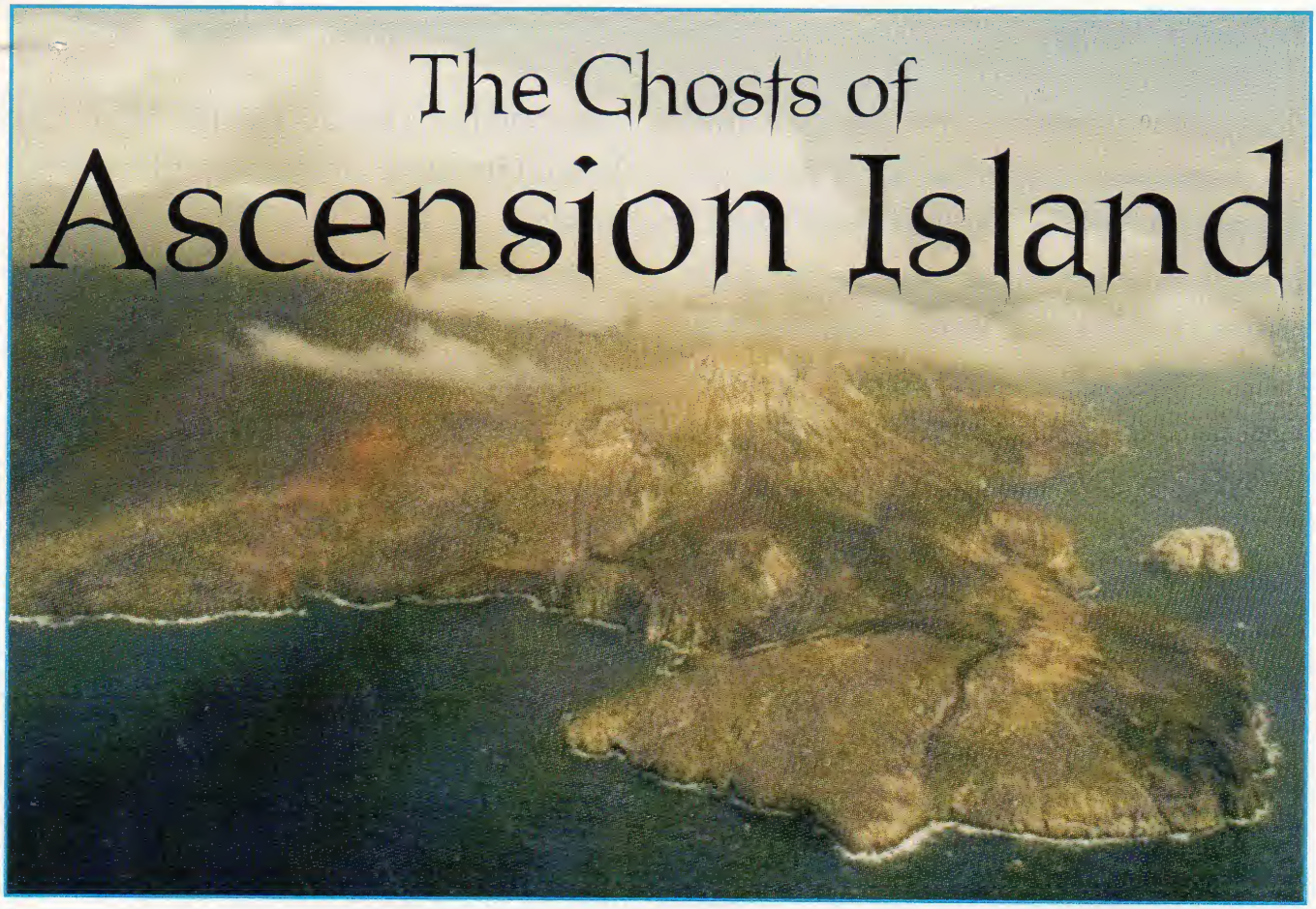
The most recent sighting of this ghost ship was by 17-year-old Mathieu Giguere, who noticed the "bright white and gold ship" in mid-January 2008. Sightings vary in description, but there are sometimes reports of other bizarre occurrences during the sightings of the ghost ship. Mysterious sea guns can be heard, and sometimes an apparent ball of fire can be seen in the sky. These incidents, like the phantom ship, have yet to be explained.

As with any reported supernatural event, there are often attempts to hypothesize why an incident occurs. In the case of the fire ship, there are many scientific theories. A New Brunswick scientist by the name of William Francis Ganong tried in 1905 to explain why this phenomenon happens. Ganong stated, "It has its flat side to the water and at times it simply glows without much change of form, but at other times it rises into slender, moving columns, giving rise to an appearance capable of interpretation as the flaming rigging of a ship, its vibrating and dancing movements increasing the illusion. Its origin is probably electrical." A separate explanation suggests that this ship is merely a bank of fog reflecting moonlight. Another justification for the apparent fire ship is seen in a video of a crescent moon setting below the horizon, which can be found on YouTube.

The ghost ship has become more widely known in recent years, in part due to a

popular song by Lennie Gallant, a Canadian singer-songwriter from Rustico, Prince Edward Island. It debuted on his 1988 album Breakwater, and is called “Tales of the Phantom Ship”. This song alludes to the folklore of this legendary ship: “There’s a burst of flame and a flash of light/And there on the tide is frightening sight/As a tall ship all aflame lights up the sky/Tales of the phantom ship, from truck to kee in flames/She sails the wide Northumberland Strait/No one knows her name”.

The Ghosts of Ascension Island



by Preston Dennett

If you don't find Ascension
Your wife will get a pension
—USAF airmen's song

One of the strangest and most isolated places on Earth is a little island called Ascension. Located in the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean, this tiny, unassuming speck of land has a long, remarkable history filled with bizarre and paranormal events. Despite its isolated location (or rather because of it), the island ended up playing a vital role in many major world events.

Ascension Island's fascinating story begins with its discovery on Ascension Day in 1501 by Portuguese mariner Juan de Nova Costella.

Hell on Earth

Immediately, the island earned a reputation as a hellish place. It covers approximately 35 square miles and contains no water and virtually no life. In 1600, explorer John Davis wrote, "This Isle has neither wood, water nor greene thing upon it, but is a fruitlesse greene Rocke of five leagues broad."

The infamous pirate, explorer, and writer William Dampier was shipwrecked on the island in 1701. He called it "a blot on the fair surface of the earth, an awful wilderness, in the solitude of the ocean."

For centuries, the island was considered a useless, godforsaken place, and was avoided by all seafarers. Even the names of its geological features—Devil's Cauldron, Dark Slope, Devil's Ashpit—reveal what a dismal place it is. Ironically, however, this little island out in the middle of nowhere turned out to be vitally important to a large number of people and nations across the world.

The strategic location of the island was first put to use in 1815 by the English, who garrisoned it with marines to guard Napoleon after he had been exiled to the island of St. Helena, 800 miles to the south.

Following the death of Napoleon in 1821, the island assumed another world-impacting role: it became the base for ships engaged in the suppression of the West African slave trade. Freed slaves were taken to Ascension Island where they were rehabilitated and liberated.

In 1836 Charles Darwin, then a 27-year-old unknown naturalist, heard about the island and its unusual wildlife. He landed on Ascension and by observing the varieties of the rat population, verified his theory of evolution through natural selection.

In 1899, the first transatlantic submarine cable was installed at Ascension, making it the crossroad of international communication.

By now, it was clear that Ascension was a very important place, and other nations clamored to use it. During World War II, the United States government built a landing strip on the island. Three hundred enlisted men and a squadron of planes were stationed there, and so Ascension again played a crucial role in world events.

In 1960, NASA established a satellite tracking station at 1,750 feet above sea level, the highest point on Ascension, firmly establishing the tiny island as one of the most important places on earth.

The Abandoned Sailor

While Ascension's role in world events is undeniable, the saddest and strangest story of the island is that of Jan Svilt, age 39, a bookkeeper turned sailor, with a wife and two children, who was forcibly marooned on the island on May 5, 1725, after being accused of homosexual acts while at sea.

Svilt's incredible story would have remained unknown if not for a gruesome discovery. In 1747, Captain Mawson of the ship *Compton* was forced to land on Ascension Island for repairs. While there, his crew found the skeleton of Jan Svilt in a small cave. Lying next to Svilt's body was his diary, which told the sad story of his doomed struggle for survival on the dry, deserted island.

What makes Svilt's story so riveting, however, is the amazing series of supernatural events he experienced prior to his death.

In 1725, life at sea was harsh. Before Svilt was marooned, more than 20 sailors on his ship had been killed through accident and disease, and more than half were ill. Punishment for any infraction was swift and merciless. Svilt was actually going to

be thrown overboard before the decision was made to maroon him on Ascension.

So began Jan Svilt's ordeal. He was abandoned on the island with only a small amount of food, supplies, and water. He built a camp near the shore and began to explore the island. After a few weeks of exploration, he found the island to be completely desolate, with almost no life except for hordes of rats.

In a matter of weeks, his food ran out and he began to suffer badly from starvation and exposure. Svilt was a religious man, and he turned to prayer and reading his Bible to help him through his ordeal.

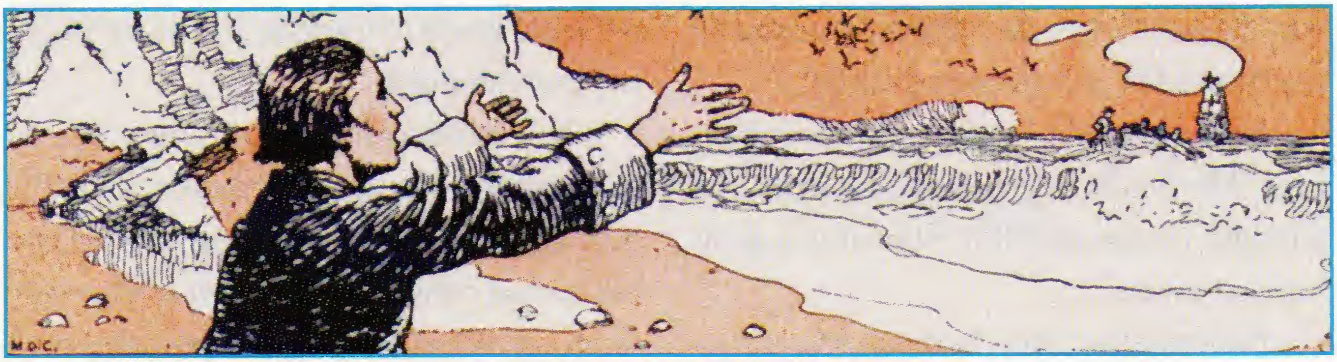
Things soon went from bad to worse. Svilt was forced into a constant search for food and water. He managed to catch just enough food to keep himself alive. When his shoes and clothes disintegrated, he moved his campsite into a more sheltered cave further inland. On June 16, shortly after he moved into his cave, and a month and a half into his ordeal, Svilt had his first supernatural encounter. It was to be the first of a series of encounters that would plague him until his death.

A Plague of Demons

Although he was the only living human being on the island, Svilt was to discover that he wasn't alone. As he wrote in the diary that he kept the entire time he was on the island: "I took my walk on the beach as usual and with as little success as ever, then returned to my tent to repose myself, where in the solemn gloom and dead of night I was surprised by uncommon noises surrounding my tent. Bitter cursing and swearing mixed with the most blasphemous and libidinous expressions that I ever heard. My hair stood on end with horror and cold sweat trickled down my cheeks. Trembling I lay, fearful to speak, least some vile fiend more wicked than the rest should make prey of me. I fear that the Devil has forsook his dark abode and come attended by infernal spirits to keep his hell on Ascension, for I was certain there was not a human creature on the island except myself, never having observed the footsteps of a man since my being there.

"Their discourse and their actions was such that nothing but devils could be guilty of; one more busy than the rest kept such a continual whisking of his tail about my face that I expected nothing than to be torn to pieces by them. Among the rest I imagined to have heard the voice of a friend of mine, with him in this lifetime I was very conversant."

Svilt knelt in prayer for forgiveness and deliverance. But the devils continued their onslaught until three o'clock in the morning, at which point he finally fell asleep. He awoke early the next morning to hear a disembodied voice again screaming vile curses at him. Svilt wrote grimly, "I cannot afford paper enough to set down every particular of this unhappy day." From this point on, Svilt was tormented by the ghosts of Ascension Island. Perhaps he was mad with thirst and starvation. However, Svilt made it very clear in his diary that he



believed the ghosts were real and not hallucinations.

A Friendly Spirit

The next day, June 17, Svilt had another dramatic encounter. This one, however, involved the benevolent spirit of his friend and shipmate, Piek Houtman, who had actually died early on the ill-fated voyage. Never again would Svilt laugh at people who talked of ghosts. As he wrote, "Before I came to this miserable island I was a true Calvinist and used to laugh at the Romans when they talked to me of apparitions; but to my great sorrow now find smarting reasons to the contrary, and shall henceforth embrace their opinions. This day, as I stood under the bright sun near the peak of a volcano, an apparition in the likeness of Piek Houtman appeared on a black plateau near me. He conversed with me. I did not know whether to run or to cower, but remained rooted to the spot as he talked to me of the sins of my past life, of which I have a sincere and heartfelt repentance. Houtman's nearness shocked me so that I became unsure whether I was already dead, or whether the vision was sent me to prepare me for death. Perhaps the sun has befuddled my brain. I dropped to my knees and prayed to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

After a few moments, the apparition disappeared and Svilt returned to his cave. The very next day, however, after Svilt dragged a log up to his cave, he had another encounter. "Whilst I was resting my wearied limbs and seriously reflecting with myself the apparition again appeared to me, which gave me horror inexpressible. His name I am unwilling to again mention, not knowing what the consequence may be. He haunted me so long that he began to be familiar with me."

On the next night, the evil spirits returned, and this time they physically attacked Svilt, proving once and for all that they were no hallucination. Instead, it seemed that the evil spirits and the spirit of Svilt's friend, Piek, were in a battle to save Svilt's soul.

"When night came on, to my great surprise the restless apparitions grew more enraged and doubled their fury, tumbling me up and down so in my tent that in the morning my flesh appeared like an Egyptian mummy. Piek Houtman spoke several times to me, nor I could think he meant me any harm, for when he was living we were as friendly as brothers. The saucepan

was thrown down, the light put out and all my things left in a strange disorder."

Svilt prayed to God to end his suffering. "My death begins to draw near, my strength decays and life is become a great burden to me."

Nevertheless, Svilt continued his struggle to survive. It was nearly two months into his ordeal and Svilt had still seen no ships. He was utterly alone on the island.

Then, on June 29, Svilt made a horrible discovery. He was exploring the island when he came across the old gravesite of another castaway. This threw him into a great depression, and he hiked forlornly back to his cave. It was then that he experienced his next supernatural encounter.

Writes Svilt in his diary, "I was no sooner come to my cavern but I heard a dreadful noise, resembling many coppersmiths at work. The din stopped as suddenly as it had begun."

Svilt shook his head and wondered if his long sufferings were causing him to lose his mind. He sat down and prayed. By this point, Svilt was so severely dehydrated, he was sure he would die from thirst. While Providence had so far managed to provide enough food and water to survive, he was growing steadily weaker.

The next night he woke up to a terrifying apparition. "I saw a skeleton appear next to my tent with his hand uplifted. Strange to relate, I was not afraid."

On July 9, Svilt had yet another supernatural encounter. "I was walking pensively on the sand, half-dead with thirst. I heard a dismal noise of cursing and swearing in my own language."

Svilt looked around, but there was no one; only a cloud of birds rose up, obscuring the sun for a moment. But he was becoming convinced that evil spirits were taunting him and trying to capture his soul.

Over the next few weeks, Svilt began to deteriorate further. He was reduced to drinking turtle blood and then his own urine. He spent every waking moment searching for food and water. He was weak and dizzy all the time, and was barely able to walk. He prayed constantly for death and to be forgiven for his sins.

The Beatific Vision

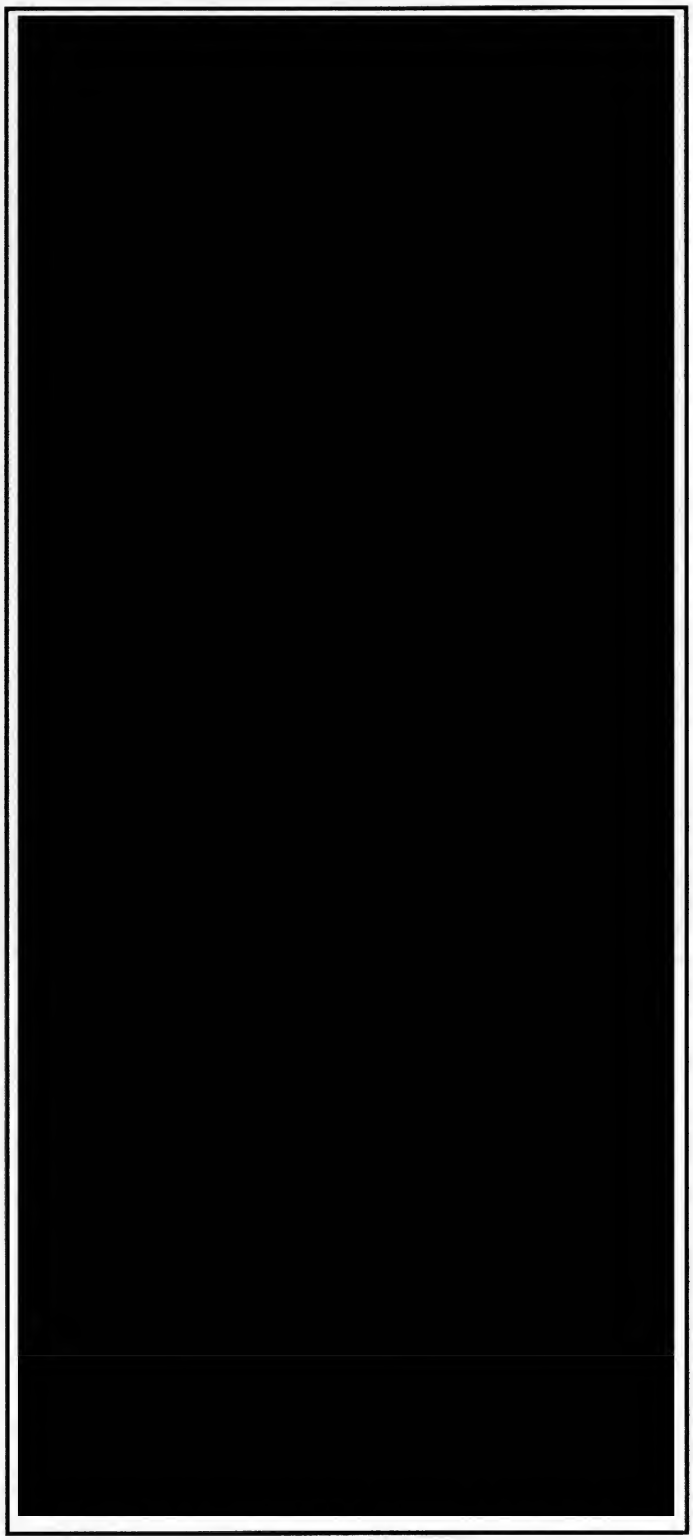
On September 6, his fourth month upon the island, Svilt lay in his cave, near death. He was no longer able to roam the shoreline for fish or turtles. He was too weak to even stand up. Instead, Svilt lay on his deathbed, consumed with guilt over his sins.

It was then that he had his final and most profound supernatural encounter. Although he refers to it as a dream, it contains all the features and the emotional impact of a typical near-death experience: "I lay down in despair and fell into a fitful sleep. After a while I dreamed that as I walked through the wilderness full of hardships I came upon a place where there was a cave, and I laid me down in that place to rest. I dreamed that I was sadder than at any time in all my life; all my sin and vileness appeared before me great and consuming. I saw that I was fit for nothing but

hell and for the everlasting damnation of my soul—and I despaired. Then suddenly, before me the Lord Jesus who looked down from heaven and said to me in a gentle voice, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' But I could only whisper, 'I am a great and monstrous sinner.' He smiled and answered, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' At this my heart was full of joy. He said to me, 'You will reach the Celestial City. Look it is over yonder,' and he pointed above. 'Follow me.' And I did, and as I entered the golden gates I was given a raiment of golden cloth, light as spiders' down. We were met by sweet angels with harps and flutes who sang the praises of God. The city spires shone like gold, the streets were paved with sunlight. In the radiant streets walked men and women wearing crowns on their heads and carrying palm fronds in their hands. All were singing hymns of praise.... Then I awoke to find two rats nibbling at my hands."

This experience gave Svilt some renewed hope, and he continued his struggle to survive. He clung to life through the rest of September. He marked off the days in his diary, making only one written entry: "I am so decayed that I am a perfect skeleton and cannot write the particulars, my hand shakes so. I resign my soul wholly to Providence."

Svilt lived for another two weeks. His last entry was dated September 14. He had survived for more than four months, leaving only his diary and a few belongings. It would take more than 20 years for them



to be discovered by a passing ship. Fifteen years later, in 1762, Jan Svilt's story was published as a book in Amsterdam, ensuring that his incredible ordeal would never be forgotten.

Preston Dennett *is a MUFON field investigator, the author of four books, and a long-time* FATE *contributor.*

Punch cartoon of 1919 depicting ghosts of Franco-Prussian War regarding with disapproval the German surrender in World War I.

The Ghosts of Germany

by David F. Godwin

"Deep forests, gloomy mountains, limitless morasses, caverned rocks, mysterious springs, all these helped to shape the weird and terrible imagination which may be traced in Teutonic mythology, and later in the darker and more repulsive aspects of magic and witchcraft, which first arose in Germany, and there obtained ready credence."

—Lewis Spence

Germany, like every other part of the world, has its share of ghosts and ghost lore. One Hessian tale, reported by Jacob Grimm in his monumental work on Teutonic mythology, relates how a farmer named Kurt didn't seem to know that he was dead and continued to work around the farm. In the barn, he helped a worker throw sheaves from the loft. When the worker threw one, Kurt threw another.

But one day a stranger was hired to throw sheaves, and Kurt stopped working. When the man yelled, "Throw, Kurt!" the ghost seized him and threw him to the threshing floor, where he broke both his legs.

This rather minor tale serves to point out the difference between German ghost stories and those of other nations. In England, a ghost will merely scare the bejabbers out of you. In Germany, it will do its best to break your neck. Most German supernatural tales seem to possess an element of violence and deeper horror than those from happier climes.

Take Bishop Hatto, for example.

The Rats in the Walls

In the tenth century, there was a Bishop of Mainz named Hatto. Prior to becoming bishop, he was abbot of Fulda. There was a famine in 970, but Bishop Hatto had plenty of food. The starving poor congregated around his door, begging for food. Being rather a greedy fellow, the bishop refused to share his grain, which he had laid up for himself. In order to get rid of the pests, whom he compared to rats, Hatto invited everyone to his great barn. The hungry and poor flocked into the barn until it could hold no more. Hatto then locked them in and burned down the barn. Quite satisfied with himself for ridding the country of these freeloaders, Hatto slept peacefully that night. But he never slept again.

In the morning, he found that rats had eaten his portrait out of its frame. Then a servant reported that rats had eaten all the corn in the granaries. Then came a messenger to tell that an army of rats was advancing on the castle.

Bishop Hatto looked out the window and saw the landscape dark with rats, advancing remorselessly toward his palace. In terror, he fled by boat to his tower in the middle of the Rhine. But the rats swam the river, climbed the tower, chewed their way in, and ate the bishop.

To this day, tourists are shown the Mäusethurm (Mouse Tower) where the deadly assault took place.

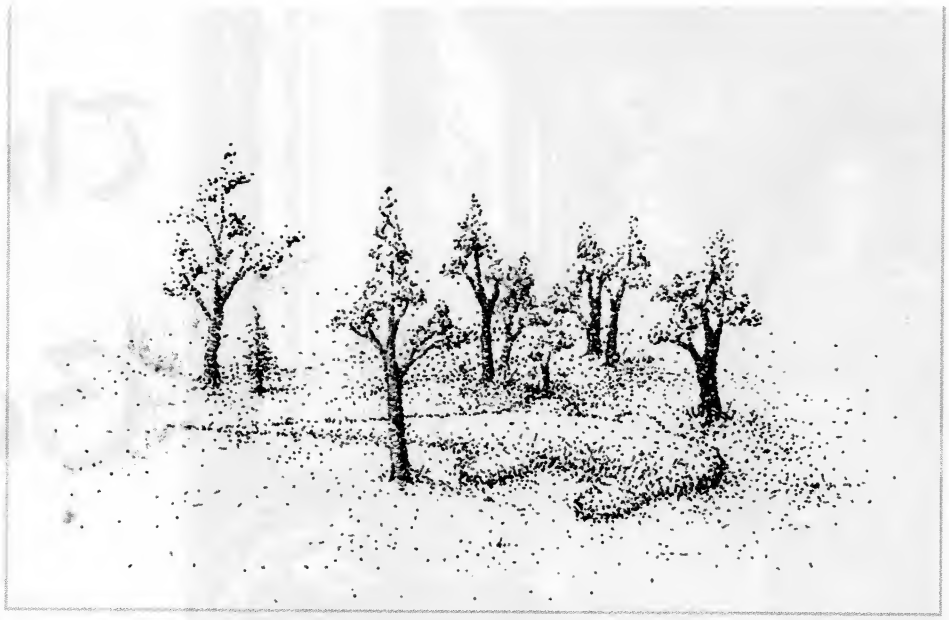
length, but the site derives its modern name from a 238-foot-long figure thought to represent a lizard. Even so, the figures are not so large that they cannot be made out at ground level. Seen at altitude, however, they assume a startling perspective to appear in their proper proportions, implying that they may be appreciated only from the sky. In this feature, at least, they may be compared with Ohio's Great Serpent Mound.

The modern park trail appears to follow closely the original ritual path used by the ancient worshipers as their processions wound from one effigy to the next. Today's pilgrim walks for about 250 feet through the woods before coming to the first structure, the longest of the slender linear mounds, some 200 feet in length. It marks the real beginning of the sacred precinct. Beyond it stands a small, conical pyramid, followed by a tear-drop figure pointing at another cone of the same size.

All the mounds are only three or four feet high. Despite having endured unknown centuries of erosional forces, the earthworks were probably not much larger at the time of their creation than they now appear. The first animal effigy encountered is the so-called "Panther Mound." Visitors come upon it gradually, imperceptibly, from the point of its tail. The tail thickens by degrees as the bioglyph takes form. As it does so, its power seems to gather momentum, increasing along the arched back to the massive head. It is flanked by a pair of large, conical mounds. The trail forces each visitor to walk between the two cone pyramids.

These are followed by a smaller, linear structure. A few paces more brings the forepart of the most massive of the Panthers into view. There are three more such earthworks before visitors reach the focal point of the site—a pair of elongated figures facing each other in a combined spread of 425 feet. The trail leads directly between their heads, narrowing the site's inherent energy into a narrow gap. It is important to know that the sole surviving Indian tradition of Lizard Mounds involves this very spot.

The Menomonee remember that each winter solstice, their ancestors gathered behind these twin zoomorphs to observe sunset before the longest night of the year, marking the world's transition from darkness back into the light, and the human soul's reemergence from death to light. Tribal leaders stood at the twin-headed focal point. At that critical moment, as the sun shed its last ray precisely between the two animal heads, the great shift between darkness and light—death and life—took place.



Sketch of Lizard Mound.

The lizard represents the underlying motive force of all living creatures...

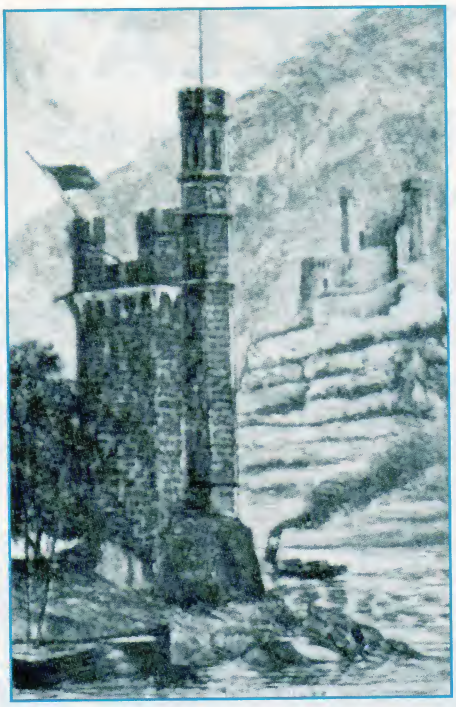
Curious if this Menomonee tradition had any basis in fact, James Scherz arrived at Lizard Mounds on the late afternoon of 1989's winter solstice. A Professor of Civil Engineering and Environmental Studies at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, and pioneer of archaeo-astronomy in his state, he was highly qualified to test any scientific basis for Native American myth. As he observed dusk on the longest night of the year, Professor Scherz saw the sun go down precisely between the two earth-sculpted birds' heads, just as described by the Menomonee Indians.

Just beyond the zoomorphs lies the effigy mound after which the set has been named. The lizard represents the underlying motive force of all living creatures, the vital spirit of action. In native South American symbolism, the lizard is associated with precipitation, from dew to deluge, although that meaning does not seem to apply at the Wisconsin location. The trail leads away from the eponymous earthwork to smaller effigies, including a pair of linear embankments pointing to the only oval mound at the site.

Although not so spectacular as the others, it is the key to this sacred center, representing as it does the Cosmic Egg, the Womb of Life, earlier encountered at Ohio's Great Serpent Mound. More than any other figure, the oval earthwork identifies the site as a sacred center. The trail passes between the heads and along the outstretched wings of two enormous bird effigies. Perhaps they were meant to signify the uplifting experience of walking among the colossal figures of Lizard Mounds.

Although America's surviving effigy mounds are few in number, they still resonate with at least some telluric power of the Earth from which they were so beautifully fashioned long ago. ⊤

Frank Joseph *is a regular* FATE *contributor and editor of* Ancient American.



The Mouse Tower on the Rhine

The Black Ball of Dresden

In 1774, a Lepizig restaurant owner turned necromancer called up that which he could not put down. Johann George Schroepfer opened a fashionable café that quickly gained a reputation as a gathering place for those interested in the occult and the arts of magic. The establishment soon became an occult lodge devoted to necromancy—speaking with the spirits of the dead. Even though many people felt that Schroepfer's evocations were faked, he attracted the attention of Prince Charles of Saxony, son of the Elector. Charles accordingly summoned Schroepfer to Dresden for the purpose of evoking the spirit of the Chevalier George Saxe, the deceased uncle of the prince.

What Schroepfer summoned into the palace at Dresden, before 19 members of the German nobility, was a huge black globe that continually put forth clouds of vapor. The sphere bore the distorted features of the chevalier.

The sphere sped around the room crying in a loud and angry voice, "Charles, what would you do with me? Why do you disturb me thus?"

Schroepfer appeared to panic as badly as everyone else, but he finally managed, with much shouting and gesticulation, to exorcise the apparition. It took an hour. The horrified guests began to come to themselves, arising from the positions where they cowered on the floor, and began to heap abuse on Schroepfer. The doors burst open at that point, and the sphere returned as before. More panic ensued, but at last Schroepfer was able to banish the thing for good. He then fled to Leipzig in fear of his life.

Back home, Schroepfer's supporters treated him to a banquet, and the necromancer tippled freely. He invited his friends to go with him to the forest of Rosendaal outside the city gates for a further—and even greater—demonstration of his powers. Only three of them were brave enough to go. Once at their destination, Schroepfer excused himself to make preparations. His friends soon heard a gunshot. Rushing in the direction of the noise, they found Schroepfer dead. He had killed himself with a pistol. The black ball of Dresden had been too much for him.

Vivat! Vivat!

Not all German ghost stories are morbid or violent, however. Take the tale of St. Cassius and the peasant.

Near Bonn rises the Kreuzberg. There once stood an old convent church on the mountain at the site of the martyrdom of Cassius and his companions, Florentius and Melusius, who died for the Christian faith.

Once, a simple peasant made a pilgrimage to the place to pray to St. Cassius because of a bad harvest and his many debts. He visited the chapel and went through the required devotions. On his way back home, he stopped at an ancient Roman tower to spend the night rent-free.

He woke up when somebody tapped him on the shoulder. Standing before him were three Roman soldiers, whom he recognized as the martyrs of Kreuzberg. He followed them into another building, where they showed him a table stacked with gold. They filled his pockets with gold coins and offered him a glass of wine. He toasted them with the only Latin word he knew, from the vicar of his village church: "Vivat!" ("He lives!")

The three warriors smiled and returned

Schroepfer conjuring the spirit.

his toast, and then the whole building was full of Roman soldiers drinking and shouting, "Vivat! Vivat!"

Startling himself by all the noise he was making by shouting, "Vivat," the peasant awoke on the floor of the Roman tower.

The peasant naturally assumed that he'd had a wonderful dream—until he felt in his pockets. They were filled with ancient gold coins. Elated and celebrating, he wandered the streets shouting, "Vivat! Vivat!" A watchman stopped him, and the peasant told him his story and invited the watchman to share a draught at a nearby inn. The story spread, and the road from the square to the tower was renamed Vivat Lane. It still bears that name to this day.

Other Tales

But these are very far indeed from being the only tales of the supernatural that Germany has to offer. In more modern times, there is the matter of how Adolf Hitler seemed to be protected and at times possessed by some strange spirit determined to propel him to his destiny, and Elie Wiesel's mention of reports of the blood of Jewish victims geysering from the ground for months after a Nazi massacre in the Ukraine.

From the Wild Hunt and the Flying Dutchman to WW II appearances by the Red Baron of WW I and the mysterious happenings surrounding the *Scharnhorst*, Deutschland has abounded in accounts of the unexplained. T

***David F. Godwin** is managing editor of* FATE *magazine.*

Ghosts at the Historic Rawls Hotel
http://www.rawlsbandb.com/index.php/meet-the-ghosts

Meet The Ghosts

Unusual occurrences are not uncommon in the historic Rawls hotel. Children's laughter has been heard by those working on the third floor, and even outside the bathroom down in the restaurant – when there have been no children around.

Hayden Pursley spent three years restoring the historic hotel and had several stories he often told – to include seeing a girl around the age of 12 running down the halls. One of the many incidents he shared was when he hung some window treatments in the ballroom.

Hayden said he would put it up one day and it would be down the next.

This happened twice. On the third morning when Hayden went to hang it again, a board came across the room and hit him. No one else was in the room, and Hayden figured Mr. Rawls didn't like what he had chosen.

In October 2002, local reporter Carole Brand spent an evening in the Rawls. Below is an account of her experience.

In search of spirits at historic Rawls Hotel

By Carole Brand
Sun Staff Writer

Shortly after World War I, tales began to emerge of strange, unexplained events that happened at the Rawls Hotel. When told by a few Enterprise residents with seemingly frightened faces, the tales were scoffed at by others and left to disappear among the gossip of older men and women through the years.

From time to time, that tales were retold with whispering voices in corners of a beauty salon or in a quiet out-of-the-way table at the local diner. Some of the stories were without any kid of explanation; others were left up to the imagination. These ghostly tales, however, passed on from one generation to another.

As a reporter, I found these tales interesting and thought some to be beyond belief. I never was one to search for the paranormal. That was something I'd rather leave alone. But with the onset

of paranormal research in the late 1970s and the reoccurrence of strange and unexplained events, researchers said they have found ways to "observe" the ghosts.

As a reporter, I felt an obligation to research and explore the possibilities of what may lie beyond caught up in the shadows of the night.

Research says that orbs, usually floating light circles, can be seen by detailed special light cameras, but even orbs have shown up better in Polaroid's. Smells and temperatures can be measured by delicate instruments, but mostly humans who come in contact with the "spirit world" often smell odors and feel the air temperatures drop.

Paranormal researchers say when "ghosts" are present they are usually invisible, but may make themselves known to capture the attention of the living. The instruments can back up any questions skeptics may have, experts say, but a lot of questions continue to go unanswered. With a check of my instruments and camera, I go forward in search of ghosts.

Enter Rawls Hotel: 8:10 p.m. – My search begins

I began my search of the ghosts of Enterprise at the Rawls Hotel. I had no interest in really searching for them for fear they might find me. It was with little prior knowledge of ghosts hunting that I went into the Rawls late one evening. I didn't expect what I experienced there; neither did I expect to hear such ghostly tales coming from within those walls by former employees.

Most of the people I spoke with declined to be identified. Some have spoken only once about their experiences and say they will never speak of them again.

I rechecked my Polaroid camera to make sure everything was working right and checked my "ghost meter," a temperature gauge I brought with me, just in case.

Rawls History Lesson: 8:52 p.m.

Visitors that come to the Rawls Hotel say they feel strange spirits in the building that was constructed in 1903. First, the hotel was a two-story structure with a straight rectangle with a hall down the middle. The third story and the two wings were added during a 1928 remodeling.

The Rawls, a magnificent work of Spanish-style architecture, has a grand ballroom, a restaurant area, a bed and breakfast, and a wine cellar/basement. In the cellar, waitresses have reported seeing Captain Japheth Rawls, the original owner, who came to the Enterprise area in 1898. He and his family were among the first passengers of the first train that ran to Enterprise.

In 1903, Rawls decided to build the hotel where he and his wife frequently stayed and dined.

It was in this same year that Enterprise acquired a railroad depot directly across from the Rawls. Some travelers spent many wonderful and entertaining days at the newly built Rawls Hotel. Some may even have decided never to leave, even in death.

Exploring Wine Cellar: 10:02 p.m.

Children's voices have been heard in the basement of the Rawls and as an investigative reporter that was the first place I felt we should explore. As a fellow employee and I, along with some hotel workers, toured the relatively dark wine cellar, my friend said she felt the presence of three children and saw them dressed in early 1920s clothes. I ran a quick temperature reading of 35 degrees. It was much colder in the basement than outside, especially in one dark corner. Suddenly, I felt the presence of an older gentleman, complete with graying hair, a thick mustache and wearing a pair of light-colored handyman overalls. I couldn't really see him physically, but my mind somehow showed me he was there, even down to his black shoes.

Somehow their presence didn't frighten us to the point of knocking each other over to head upstairs. It was a calm feeling, a feeling of welcome and happiness, at least for the children. We eased up the stairs quietly as if leaving them to play, guarded by the older gentleman. Temperature reading on stairs: 55 degrees.

It was much later in an interview that I found out one employee said he saw the deceased Capt. Rawls in the cellar, as if he was working on pipes in the hotel. The man said he had seen Capt. Rawls dressed in overalls. The same gentleman said he had also seen, late one night, the faint shadow of a young boy walking up the stairs.

Kitchen Area: 10:45 p.m.

Exiting from the cellar and into the large kitchen area of the Rawls, I met some workers who say that there's a mischievous ghost who dwells there.

"Sometimes you will lay down a kitchen instrument and turn around and then it will be gone," said one employee. "Other times you will hear a pan drop when you know you've put it back in place. You just never know about this spirit."

Near Entrance to Grand Ballroom: Interviews 11:15 p.m.

The grand ballroom of the Rawls serves as a meeting, dining and conference area today, but when the ballroom was built in the '20s, it was the highlight of the evening to see elegant ladies and couples dance by music played on a grand piano in one corner.

A Rawls employee said she was working late one night and heard the sound of a piano playing in the grand ballroom. She knew no one was in the building at the time and certainly there was no piano in the ballroom. As she cautiously approached the entrance doors listening to the sound, the music suddenly stopped. As she began to walk away, the sounds of the piano started once again. She said she quickly went into her office and locked the door.

Footsteps and the sound of feet running on the third floor have been reported to the local police by restaurant employees. When police arrive and search the floor, no one can be found.

Another respected gentleman said he had heard strange sounds at night on the second and third floors.

"I know we have re-runs of shows, but I don't think Mr. Ed has been on and that's what it sounded like. I even heard the Captain Kangaroo TV show one time and I know that show hasn't been on in forever, even in re-runs."

One visitor to the bed and breakfast at the Rawls said she felt the spirits as soon as she entered the hotel.

The couple visiting from Florida had never been at the Rawls before. The woman said she wasn't frightened or scared because she had grown up in an old house that had spirits and she was used to dealing with them.

"They are where they choose to be at the moment and it's as if they feel comfortable here," the lady said. "Well, maybe some of them do and maybe some of them are just displaced souls."

Entering Grand Ballroom: 12:21 p.m.

Statistics show that most haunted places in the South are old home places or hotels where the ghosts experienced either the happiest moments or the saddest moments while living.

I don't know what the ghosts or spirits were feeling in the ballroom when we entered, but as I tried to open the door that led into the ballroom from the kitchen, I felt the door become heavy. I couldn't seem to open it, although it was a swinging door. The group behind me laughed, thinking I was doing it on purpose, but I know I wasn't. Finally, the door eased way into a small hall area that led into the main ballroom area.

As I entered I said nothing about how I was feeling at the moment. Somehow my breath became short and a heavy feeling surrounded me. I couldn't seem to breathe. I reached into my camera bag to grab my camera and the temperature gauge, but the air that had been comfortable now was suffocating. My heart seemed to be pounding out of my chest and any energy I had seemed to leave me. I reached down in my camera bag again to try to find my Polaroid and the temperature gauge. I couldn't find either one. They had just been in my bag several minutes ago.

The others behind me then entered the room through the door. I couldn't shake the heavy feeling I had and worse, I couldn't even describe it. I was now taking short breaths at a time.

As I turned, still not saying a word, I saw my fellow employee behind me catching her breath. She was a color close to solid white.

As she glanced at me with her hand on her chest. I sensed she felt the same way I did. Drained of energy, we both looked at each other. She said my face was white. I knew it was even though I was sweating, which should have turned my face into blood red.

12:40 a.m.

In the ballroom we sat down in chairs to get our composure, comparing notes on just what had happened. It was if something in the hallway had drained us. It seemed whatever it was had tried to grab and steal any energy we had. Something even felt like it was draining us out of any life left.

Staring in disbelief were two Rawls employees. One even began to have a slight smile and nodded her head.

"This has happened to several people who came into the ballroom this way," she said as if we had been selected to be her confirmation of the strange event.

"I told a couple of people about his and they didn't believe me, so I just kept quiet. I'm finally glad some newspaper people experienced this for themselves."

I wasn't so glad. I had an experience I couldn't explain. Lots of experiences I knew I could explain, but not one of the creepy kind. I looked down at my camera bag. My temperature gauge was lying on top of my bag within simple reach. My Polaroid was beneath it. I took the gauge for one last time and walked toward the corner of the room. The temperature was a steady 60 degrees. I snapped off a few shots from the camera, but nothing showed.

At least not yet.

1 a.m.

After several, long minutes had passed, and we were seemingly sane again, I looked at my fellow "spirit" adventurer. It was late and we were both ready to get the heck out of there. As we left the Rawls and exited from the rear entrance toward the railroad depot, I glanced up at one of the windows from the grand ballroom. A figure, faint but recognizable as a younger woman dressed in white, was looking through the window. I stopped suddenly to look at her and then she disappeared.

Needless to say, my night of sleep was interrupted over and over again by the unexplainable things I had seen and experienced that night.

Future: 2003

As the hotel celebrates its centennial birthday in 2003, the ghosts and spirits may linger to roam the Rawls, the way they've done in more than a hundred years.

Maybe residents in Enterprise will soon be whispering tales, the ones only few know to be true.

116 South Main Street Enterprise, AL 36330
(334) 308-9387
Copyright (C) 2013 Historic Rawls Hotel

'Underwear-stealing ghosts made my life hell': Hull woman forced to move seven times

Posted: August 08, 2014 By Faye Preston

"Terrified" Hull woman Pauline Hickson says she was forced to moved seven times by ghosts that stole her bras - and even used the shower. Faye Preston reports.

When her underwear started going missing, little did she know it would signal the start of two years of hell.

Because what could have been dismissed as a slight annoyance, was actually the work of forces beyond this world and one of many paranormal pranks that would ruin Pauline Hickson's life.

The 58-year-old says she was forced to move home seven times in two years because she has been followed around by two ghosts, who would steal her bras, take her jewellery and even use the shower.

But now, after a so-called "hypno-exorcism'"- a little-known ghost busting technique - she says she is free of the mischievous spirits and finally living her life.

"I thought I was going crazy," said Pauline, of Essex Street, west Hull.

"I didn't know why it was happening to me, it was like living through hell and I had no one to turn to."

The spooky happenings started two years ago, after she moved into a bungalow in Endike Lane, north Hull.

Within a few weeks of living there, Pauline felt a presence she could not explain and strange things would happen while she was out of the house.

Pictures started slipping off the walls, the shower room was being used and there were scratches left up and down the doors.

She would come in from a day out and be greeted by the mess left behind by the ghosts, who she says would also rifle through her belongings, send the temperature either soaring or plummeting in her home and even leave her a cup and spoon out ready for a hot drink.

Pauline, who was living with her nephew at the time, said: "One day me and my sister came back from the shops and the kitchen looked like someone had wiped it down with dirt and then freeze-dried it. There were scratches up the walls to."

It was the final straw for Pauline, who packed up her belongings and moved to Cambridge - but she was followed and the same spooky pranks started happening again.

Within a few months she returned to Hull, this time to Orchard Park, with her niece, but it was not long before her clothes, including her bras, went missing again.

Then, an old doctor's note in her name from when she lived in the bungalow was placed mysteriously on the table.

Terrified, she moved into a hostel and then into Redbourne Street, off Hessle Road, but there was no escaping the ghostly presence.

"All the way through, the exact same things were happening. I ended up staying in hotels because I was too scared to go home," she said.

"I thought my family were doing it to me. I didn't believe anyone and I started to lose people from my life. I would spend all day just wandering around the streets, trying to stay out of the house."

Untitled

She moved into her current home in Essex Street but when things started going awry again, she sought help from medium Anita Gordon, who led her to Hull's well-known ghostbuster Steve Kneeshaw.

He put her under hypnosis, which he combined with an exorcism, and the results were instant.

He reported feeling a "blast of cold air" and then saw an old, large man and a 14-year-old boy, fly past him.

Since then, Pauline has not experienced a hint of paranormal activity in her home.

She suspects the ghosts are associated with an old dressing table she bought before she moved into the bungalow, in which she found a ruby wedding anniversary card and other personal items.

Now she feels she has had a spiritual awakening and is looking to move out of Hull and start a ghost-free life.

She said: "If Steve hadn't come along, I would have been gone. It was taking my soul and spirit away. It was like I was dead inside, but now, my eyes are sparkling, my spirit is back, I look around and all I see is colour."

Giant anteaters kill two hunters in Brazil

1:37 PM Saturday Jul 26, 2014

Giant anteaters in Brazil have killed two hunters in separate incidents, raising concerns about the animals' loss of habitat and the growing risk of dangerous encounters with people, researchers said.

The long-nosed, hairy mammals are not typically aggressive toward people and are considered a vulnerable species by the International Union for the Conservation of Nature (IUCN), largely due to deforestation and human settlements that encroach on their territory.

However, they have poor vision and if frightened, they may defend themselves with front claws that are as long as pocketknives.

The case studies of two fatal attacks by giant anteaters were described in the journal Wilderness and Environmental Medicine, which released the paper online this month, ahead of its publication in the December print issue.

"Both were farmers, were hunting and were attacked by wounded or cornered animals," lead author Vidal Haddad of the Botucatu School of Medicine at Sao Paulo State University told AFP.

In the first case, a 47-year-old man was hunting with his two sons and his dogs when they came upon a giant anteater in northern Brazil. The hunter did not shoot at the animal, but he approached it with his knife drawn.

The anteater stood on its hind legs and grabbed the man with its forelimbs, causing deep puncture wounds in his thighs and upper arms.

The hunter bled to death at the scene, said the report, which noted that the encounter happened on August 1, 2012 but had not been described in scientific literature until now.

The other case involved a 75-year-old man who died in 2010 when an anteater used its long front claws -- which typically help it dig into anthills -- to puncture his femoral arteries, located in the groin and thigh.

"These injuries are very serious and we have no way of knowing whether it is a defense behavior acquired by the animals," said Haddad.

He stressed that such attacks are rare, but said they are important because they show the need for people to give wild animals plenty of space.

Easily startled

Giant anteaters (Myrmecophaga tridactyla) are believed to be extinct in Belize, El Salvador, Guatemala and Uruguay. Some 5,000 exist in the wild and can be found in parts of Central and South America.

Overall their numbers have declined about 30 percent in the past decade due to habitat loss, roadkills, hunting, wildfires and burning of sugar cane plantations, according to the IUCN.

They range in length from four to seven feet (1.2-2 meters), and may weigh as much as 100 pounds (45 kilograms).

Giant anteaters eat mainly insects but they also enjoy citrus and avocados, according to zookeeper Rebecca Lohse who works with them in captivity at the Reid Park Zoo in Tucson, Arizona.

"They are animals that can startle quickly -- planes going overheard, chainsaws, leaf blowers can startle them," she said.

"The way they defend themselves is by standing up on their rear legs and swinging their front legs in from the side," she explained.

"They have incredibly muscular forearms and those claws are several inches long."

Zookeepers generally avoid being in the same space as the animals, coaxing them into separate fenced-off areas when they approach their living quarters for cleaning, she added.

Anteater expert Flavia Miranda, who works with the animals in Brazil, said she was concerned that the journal article could cause more woes for a creature that already faces plenty of threats to its livelihood.

"We have a lot of problems with this species because people believe that (they) bring bad luck and kill the animal on purpose," she told AFP in an email.

"But I understand the importance of the article because recently I also had an accident with a giant anteater that almost cost me my life."

GIBBON BITES NAMESAKE

Jack Gibbons, six, from Abbots Leigh, Somerset, was bitten by a gibbon in Phuket, Thailand, where he was on holiday with his family last January. Jack's father had been filming the primate swimming in the family's pool, when it jumped out and bit the boy. *North Somerset Eve. Post, 22 Jan 2003.*

Crash Causes Glue Spill, Shuts Down Highway

A Big Rig Crash Made For Quite The Sticky Situation

Elaina Rusk *- 23ABC Reporter, Anchor*

http://www.turnto23.com/mountain/28859751/detail.html?treets=bak&tid=2659857726813&tml=bak_12pm&tmi=bak_12pm_1_02000108152011&ts=H

POSTED: 10:36 pm PDT August 13, 2011
UPDATED: 11:43 pm PDT August 13, 2011

TEHACHAPI, Calif. -- A crash on Highway 58 Saturday afternoon made for quite the sticky situation, and caused a major traffic backup.
Just after 4 p.m. near the Highway 202 exit in Tehachapi, Kern County Fire crews said two semi-trucks sideswiped each other, tearing the trailers open.

One was carrying produce and the other was carrying glue in 55-gallon drums, 14 of which spilled on the highway.

Crews used sand and dirt to keep the glue from spreading further.

Damages were estimated about $200,000, fire crews reported.

One of the drivers was taken to the hospital with minor injuries.

The westbound lanes of Highway 58 were closed for more than two hours.

BBC NEWS

Nigeria police hold 'robber' goat

Police in Nigeria are holding a goat handed to them by a vigilante group, which said it was a car thief who had used witchcraft to change shape.

A police spokesman in Kwara State has been quoted as saying that the "armed robbery suspect" would remain in custody until investigations were over.

But another police spokesman told the BBC the goat was being held in case its owner claimed it.

The belief in witchcraft and the power to change shapes is common in Nigeria.

Police reform activists have condemned the "arrest", saying it highlights the low education levels of many Nigerian police officers.

Nigeria's Vanguard newspaper has a picture of the goat and reports that police paraded it in front of journalists in the Kwara state capital Ilorin on Thursday.

But this was denied by national police spokesman Emmanuel Ojukwu.

"The vigilante group arrested the goat and took it to the police, then they told the media."

The next morning journalists turned up demanding to see the goat, he said.

"But of course goats can't commit crime."

Incompetent

The BBC's Andrew Walker in Abuja says communities often rely on ill-educated and badly prepared vigilante squads to fill the gaps where the police will not patrol at night.

Innocent Chukwuma of the justice reform group the Cleen Foundation, told the BBC that many Nigerian police officers were poorly educated.

"There are officers who don't even have a secondary school education, and the police have a big job to do in finding these people and getting rid of them."

He said in the past political leaders had allowed the police to be filled with incompetent and in some cases criminal officers so they could be easily bought to protect their own criminal activities.

Police have also been unable to stop vigilante squads from lynching suspects before they could investigate, he said.

Story from BBC NEWS:
http://news.bbc.co.uk/go/pr/fr/-/2/hi/africa/7846822.stm

Published: 2009/01/23 14:17:05 GMT

© BBC MMIX

Lost goat halts Munich Airport trains

Published: 01 Aug 2014 09:56 GMT+02:00
Updated: 01 Aug 2014 09:56 GMT+02:00

A lost pet goat called Fritzi halted trains to Munich Airport and had to be rescued from the tracks after suffering a concussion.

Fritzi the goat ran onto the tracks from the platform and was slightly injured by an incoming train, the Süddeutsche Zeitung reported.

The incident briefly halted trains heading to Munich Airport at Unterschleißheim station on Wednesday afternoon.

He was spotted running on the train line by the driver, who gave a warning whistle, but was unable to stop the train in time and the carriage touched the animal's head.

The animal was concussed and had to be pulled from underneath the train by the fire service.

Meanwhile, Fritzi's owner who lives nearby had noticed her pet was missing, Bild newspaper said.

After she heard the driver's warning whistle she went to the station, where the fire service returned her goat to her.

It was not clear how Fritzi got into the station, presumably he had pushed the gate open with his horns.

Gobindra Singh

BORN : ??

DIED : December 27, 1998

VICTIMS : 19

Well this one is a wonderful, yet very sad tale of an animal fighting back against the abuse from it's human tormentors. For those who never heard about this case I will fill you in a little on this hero of animal kind.

Gobindra Singh was a bull elephant. He was a very pissed off elephant actually. As we all know millions of Gobindra Singh's relatives have been killed by us bastards. So Gobindra decided to fight back. And before this shitty race of ours added him to it's list of victims, he struck. And he struck. And he struck.

The story of Gobindra Singh took place in India where it is illegal to hunt elephants these days (although that doesn't stop anyone from the act). So because of this law Gobindra was able to repeatedly get away with his actions. And what exactly were his actions?

Well Gobindra Singh (I don't know who named him, or what the name means) was living in an area where the land was quickly being overtaken by humans. And this really pissed him off. So he decided to take his land back.

Over a one and a half year period Gobindra Singh trampled at least 19 people to death. He also destroyed countless crops and smashed over 150 huts. From all accounts the Indians were asking for it. They were moving into HIS backyard, killing HIS family, cutting down HIS food. And if some cunt was building a house in my backyard, killing my family and eating all my food, well I'd do more than trample them, and I'm sure most of you would too. You could say that Gobindra Singh was acting purely in self defense.

Okay, now we go to the demise of poor Gobindra.

For an elephant to be legally murdered in India he/she must be declared a "rouge". Since all of Gobindra's victims were poor villagers and the like he was able to get away with it for the first 18 killings, but with his last attack he chose someone of a higher standing in the community. You see, the government knew about Gobindra's murder spree so they sent a veterinarian out to the Tinsukhia district to check out what was wrong with him. So this vet hunter our hero down and shoots him, admittedly with a tranquilizer but poor Gobindra wasn't to know that was he?

So when poor Gobindra woke up he was being assaulted by this vet in ways that we all would find to be totally humiliating (a thermometer up the ass is not my idea of fun anyway). So Gobindra acted in the only way he could, he rolled over on top of his assailant to stop the vicious assault, and accidentally killed the vet. For the government this was what they were waiting for. They quickly declared Gobindra Singh a "rouge" and he was hunted down by three armed bounty hunters and viciously slaughtered.

.com

PRINT
Powered by Clickability

Click to Print

Grandfather's ghost story leads to mysterious mass grave

By **Meghan Rafferty**, CNN

STORY HIGHLIGHTS

- Former railroad worker told ghost story every Thanksgiving
- He left a box of documents to one of his grandsons
- Brothers followed clues, discovered mass grave in Philadelphia suburb
- Experts are checking remains for signs of foul play

Malvern, Pennsylvania (CNN) -- "This is a mass grave," Bill Watson said as he led the way through the thick Pennsylvania woods in a suburb about 30 miles from Philadelphia.

"Duffy's Cut," as it's now called, is a short walk from a suburban cul-de-sac in Malvern, an affluent town off the fabled Main Line. Twin brothers Bill and Frank Watson believe 57 Irish immigrants met violent deaths there after a cholera epidemic struck in 1832.

They suspect foul play.

"This is a murder mystery from 178 years ago, and it's finally coming to the light of day," Frank Watson said.

The brothers first heard about Duffy's Cut from their grandfather, a railroad worker, who told the ghost story to his family every Thanksgiving. According to local legend, memorialized in a file kept by the Pennsylvania Railroad, a man walking home from a tavern reported seeing blue and green ghosts dancing in the mist on a warm September night in 1909.

"I saw with my own eyes, the ghosts of the Irishmen who died with the cholera a month ago, a-dancing around the big trench where they were buried; it's true, mister, it was awful," the documents quote the unnamed man as saying. "Why, they looked as if they were a kind of green and blue fire and they were a-hopping and bobbing on their graves... I had heard the Irishmen were *haunting the place because they were buried without the benefit of clergy*."

When Frank inherited the file of his grandfather's old railroad papers, the brothers began to believe the ghost stories were real. They suspected that the files contained clues to the location of a mass grave.

"One of the pieces of correspondence in this file told us 'X marks the spot,"' said Frank. He added that the document suggested that the men "were buried where they were making the fill, which is the original railroad bridge."

In 2002, the brothers began digging and searching. They found forks and remnants of a shanty and, in 2005, what Bill Watson calls the "Holy Grail" -- a pipe with an Irish flag on it.

They knew they were close, but Bill said they knew they needed "hard science" to get them to the next step.

The science came from Tim Bechtel, a geophysicist, who learned about the project from a colleague at the University of Pennsylvania who had heard the Watson brothers speak. The friend knew Bechtel could provide the missing link in the brothers' excavation efforts.

Bechtel's work included earth scans, which can help detect what's underground without digging or drilling.

By shooting electrical current through the slope, Bechtel said he learned there were "oddball areas" or places where the current wouldn't pass through. "We saw areas in the slope that were very electrically resistant," Bechtel recalled.

This was an initial indicator something might lie beneath the surface. After further digging, Bechtel and the Watsons detected "air bubbles above the coffins," he said.

Bechtel helped pinpoint key areas to dig and on March 20, 2009, Bill Watson said the team made a startling discovery.

"One of my students came running over at about 2 in the afternoon with something that was a clearly discernable human bone," Bechtel said.

It was just the beginning of the many puzzle pieces to surface at Duffy's Cut. The pieces led them to suspect that something other than cholera was responsible for the deaths.

"A teeny weenie little fragment like that is so chock full of information," said Janet Monge, holding up a jawbone and teeth found at the Duffy's Cut site. She believes the teeth, because of their irregularities, could someday be linked through DNA to living descendents of the men unearthed at the dig site.

Monge, an anthropologist at the University of Pennsylvania, joined the forensics team when Bechtel looked her up in the campus directory and asked for help separating the human bones from any animal bones.

Since then, Monge has collected bones from seven skeletons unearthed at Duffy's Cut, including four skulls. The trays and containers of bones occupy a long, wide table in the back of a lecture room at the University of Pennsylvania Museum in Philadelphia.

Poring over the bones with her green spectacles sitting low on her nose, Monge said she has focused her attention on the skulls, adding that they have provided crucial clues to what might have killed the Irishmen at Duffy's Cut.

"This skull has a little divot on what would have been the side bone of the skull," she said, holding it up. "That little divot is something that didn't happen when they excavated it out of the ground."

With just one divot on one skull, she was reluctant to jump to conclusions. But as more skulls surfaced, a pattern started to form. Holding the second skull, Monge said with confidence: "This person was clunked on the head at around the time of death."

Two weeks ago, a new piece of evidence came up from the ground at Duffy's Cut: A skull with a perforation that could be a bullet hole. "In fact, we can see some nice cracked edges that do look very much like a bullet hole," Monge observed.

Monge and the team will soon test the skull for the presence of lead. The source could be a bullet or an ax. Either way, she said, "If they had cholera, it didn't kill them. I would say something else killed them, but they might have had cholera, too."

Why is the mystery so important to the team?

"It could have been us," Bill Watson said. "These guys came over here with nothing, looking for the American dream like countless people have done. They thought they were going to make it and within six weeks of arrival they're literally buried in the fill here."

Although they have unearthed seven individual's remains, the Duffy's Cut team labors on to find the 50 more they believe are still underneath the surface.

The brothers said their goal is to preserve the memory of the Irish workers and to put the story in textbooks, to be remembered for years to come.

"It's a story that transcends nations, transcends history in a sense. It's the story you hear of workers that were exploited anywhere in the world," Frank Watson said.

"How do we treat our employees? How do we treat people who immigrate for a new life? Every human being deserves to be remembered."

Find this article at:
http://www.cnn.com/2010/CRIME/08/24/pennsylvania.graves.mystery/index.html?hpt=C1

Click to Print

'Grave Matters'

On Oct. 29, Franklin on Foot and the Heritage Foundation of Franklin and Williamson County will host "Grave Matters," a guided tour of Franklin's Old City and Rest Haven cemeteries featuring costumed actors portraying the most colorful, historically important and often tragic souls buried there. Tickets are $15 for ages 14 and up, and $5 for children ages 7-13. Allow at least one hour and 15 minutes to complete the tour, and plan to arrive between 6:45 p.m. and 7:45 p.m. The cemeteries are located at the corner

(Continued in next column)

(Continued from previous column)

of 4th Avenue North and North Margin St. Participants should wear closed-toe shoes and carry a flashlight. Call 615-400-3808 for more information.

The Griswold Vampire Grave
Happened "Colonial era"
Connecticut USA
found circa 1990

Is that a vampire in that old graveyard?

Published: Tuesday, February 25, 2014
http://www.shorelinetimes.com/articles/2014/02/25/news/doc530d12b41ec8b241682331.txt

http://www.shorelinetimes.com/content/articles/2014/02/25/news/doc530d12b41ec8b2416823311.jpg
Note the thigh bones crossed beneath the skull - an old superstition to prevent the body of the "undead" from getting up out of the grave.

MADISON - Vampires in old Connecticut? Well... not exactly, says state archaeologist Nick Bellantoni. But, that didn't stop folks in the 19th century from burying their dead in a bizarre practice to prevent "undead" family members from leaving their graves and walking back to the homestead.

You can learn more on this grisly topic when Bellantoni will give a talk at the Friends of Hammonasset meeting at 7 p.m., March 11, Old Memorial Town Hall, 6 Meeting House Lane.

"There was evidence of vampire belief," Bellantoni notes. Sometimes family members "would conduct an experiment and if they found blood in their (deceased relative's) heart" they would rearrange the body.

"The belief was the dead could remain undead."

And, instead of laying the body out "all nice and anatomical," they would disturb the grave by taking the thigh bones and cross them on the corpse's chest, in a skull and crossbones fashion, he describes.

This odd custom was, he says, "primarily an Eastern Connecticut phenomenon."

While old graveyards abound in the state, this is little-known historical trivia. Bellantoni says the strange custom was driven by fear of disease. At the time, tuberculosis was at epidemic levels and entire families would be stricken.

"It was the biggest killer before the Civil War," he says, adding, "it ran in families."

It was a belief that dead family members would come back from the grave to spread the disease to healthy survivors. At that time there was much ignorance about tuberculosis and this was long before medical science had embraced germ theory, he says.

The gravesite Bellantoni will talk about is in Griswold, where in the 1990s, two boys playing on a gravel bank unearthed two human skulls. Bellantoni was called in to investigate and he determined that the gravel pit had once been a Colonial-era cemetery.

In this cemetery there was one burial that showed rearrangement "consistent with the vampire folk belief," according to Bellantoni.

Before the presentation, The Friends of Hammonasset will hold annual elections and a conduct a brief business meeting. Light refreshments will be served. For more information call 203-245-9192, or visit our website (www.hammonasset.org).

Canada: Trackers find grizzly bear 'forest highway'

By News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring

Bear trackers on Canada's Pacific coast say they have found a "highway" used by grizzly bears to travel across hundreds of miles of forest.

Tracker William Housty and other members of the Qqs Society - in the Heiltsuk First Nation - have been studying the bears for more than three years. They say the population of grizzly bears may be as much as six times bigger than they first thought, and their territory in the Great Bear Rainforest is far more extensive than they realised, CBC News reports.

Most intriguing, though, are the bears' favourite routes. One in particular - along the banks of the salmon-rich Koeye River - amounts to a "bear highway" for the 65 grizzlies identified in the valley, Housty says. "The bears walk in the same steps every time. Their feet are imprinted in the trail." He adds: "You can follow these trails and really walk the same highway the bears walk."

The Heiltsuk Coastwatch team is planning to extend their tracking to other river systems on British Columbia's Central Coast, this time using fur snares to collect DNA, and hope their findings could lead to the development of a wildlife management plan for the whole region.

Former Slave Leads Nation To Independence

By Matthew Surridge

When a slave rebellion erupted in the French Caribbean colony of Saint-Domingue (now Haiti) in 1791, a former slave, Toussaint L'Ouverture, became the leader of the most powerful rebel faction. L'Ouverture was a thin, energetic, black-skinned man in his forties. No authentic portrait of him exists, but he was allegedly unattractive. He was also literate, clever, and charming, with a charismatic personality.

At first L'Ouverture and his rebel slaves allied themselves with Spanish forces from the neighboring colony of Santo Domingo who hoped to seize Saint-Domingue from France, but L'Ouverture's reason for supporting Spain evaporated in February of 1794, when the French government in Paris formally abolished slavery in its colonies.

This abolition of slavery, a belated effect of the French Revolution, transformed the French government into a radical ally of the rebel slaves. In response, L'Ouverture abruptly switched sides, accepting a commission as a French general. He then turned on his former Spanish allies and drove them out of Saint-Domingue. L'Ouverture hoped to unify the war-torn colony, gain greater independence from France, and establish permanent racial equality throughout Saint-Domingue.

The defeat of the Spanish forces, and a treaty between Spain and France that ceded Santo Domingo to France, did not end the fighting in Saint-Domingue, because the colony was attacked by the British allies of Spain. L'Ouverture managed to fight the British invaders to a standstill.

His success pleased the French government, which appointed him lieutenant governor of Saint-Domingue.

The French expected L'Ouverture to keep fighting the English, but L'Ouverture felt no personal animosity towards the invaders, since they were not trying to reintroduce slavery to Saint-Domingue. In October of 1798, when he was fifty, L'Ouverture negotiated a secret peace agreement in which the British renounced all claim to the colony's lands in exchange for the right to trade freely with Saint-Domingue on an equal basis with France.

The treaty outraged the French commissioner in charge of the colony, Gabriel Marie Joseph, Comte d'Hédouville. It also displeased André Rigaud, the leader of a revolutionary army in the south and west of Saint-Domingue. Although Rigaud was theoretically subordinate to L'Ouverture, he had always acted independently, and he became openly defiant when L'Ouverture made peace with Britain.

L'Ouverture did not trust Rigaud to uphold the ban on slavery, partly because Rigaud was a light-skinned mulatto, the son of a white father and a black mother. Unlike L'Ouverture's troops, who were mostly black-skinned men and former slaves, Rigaud's troops consisted largely of "free men of color" who had never been slaves. Many of Rigaud's mulatto soldiers had themselves owned slaves under the former government, and Rigaud seemed to favor a class system in which mulattoes dominated.

After L'Ouverture signed his peace treaty with the British, Hédouville encouraged Rigaud to overthrow L'Ouverture in a coup. Hédouville then returned to Paris, as the rivalry between L'Ouverture and Rigaud grew so heated that it threatened to explode into civil war.

L'Ouverture, hoping to unify the colony, spoke with Commissioner Philippe Rose Roume de Saint-Laurent, the French official who had become the titular head of the colony. He had Roume arrange a conference—set for February of

1799 in the colonial capital of Port-au-Prince—between L'Ouverture, Rigaud, and their principal subordinates. Roume agreed, hoping to broker peace between the two men.

The most urgent issue at the congress was the distribution of areas to be controlled by the various generals. Rigaud claimed the right to govern Saint-Domingue's Southern Peninsula, the northern coastline of which included the two cities of Grand Goave and Petit Goave. L'Ouverture, however, had assigned control of those cities to an officer of his own, General Laplume.

The conference opened in Port-au-Prince on February 4, with a public ceremony celebrating the abolition of slavery, and a plea by Roume for unity, an appeal seconded by L'Ouverture. Roume, L'Ouverture, Rigaud, Laplume, and a number of lesser generals then retreated to a council chamber to discuss the pressing issues.

The distribution of territory was the first issue to be raised, and Laplume immediately claimed the two cities L'Ouverture had assigned to him. Rigaud quickly rejected the claim. The discussion grew heated, with Rigaud and Laplume verbally attacking each other. The two men went so far as to draw their swords, though neither made an actual physical assault. During this clash L'Ouverture remained silent, studying the situation.

As the argument wound down, L'Ouverture finally spoke. He

had written an angry letter to Roume, accusing the commissioner of showing undue favoritism to L'Ouverture. L'Ouverture decided that war with Rigaud was inevitable. He ordered Laplume to return to his post and prepare to be attacked.

During April, L'Ouverture negotiated a treaty of friendship with the United States, under President John Adams. When the treaty was signed on April 27, it opened several cities in Saint-Domingue to trade with the United States. It also prohibited French privateers from attacking American ships and required the United States to supply L'Ouverture with weapons and other goods. L'Ouverture ensured that all the cities opened to American trade were in areas controlled by generals who were loyal to him, while the cities of the Southern Peninsula under Rigaud's control remained under blockade. This was followed in May with the formal signing of the trade agreement with Britain.

L'Ouverture kept certain elements of the treaties secret in order not to alienate France, which was then at war with Britain and in a "quasi-war" with the United States. Rigaud, who was not given access to the treaty, accused L'Ouverture of including secret clauses that were meant to enrich himself. He further accused L'Ouverture of plotting with the English and the Americans to restore slavery.

L'Ouverture responded with a public declaration: "Rigaud says I have made a treaty with General

the well-being of Saint-Domingue depends on them."

In response, on June 15, Rigaud published a letter that had been sent to him by Hédouville, the former French commissioner who had been replaced by Roume. The letter gave Rigaud the authority to depose L'Ouverture if he deemed it necessary. Rigaud also sent another letter to Roume, repudiating Roume's and L'Ouverture's authority.

Following the publication of the letter from Hédouville, hundreds of men deserted L'Ouverture's army to join Rigaud. The population of Port-au-Prince—a centrally located city of thirty thousand where L'Ouverture maintained his headquarters—was restless, with a large number of citizens feeling sympathetic to Rigaud. The majority of people in Port-au-Prince were mulattoes, and they tended to support Rigaud. L'Ouverture at once proclaimed that he would address the public in the city's parish church. He gave a fiery oration, proclaiming: "As for Rigaud, he is lost. I can see him in my mind's eye at the bottom of the abyss. The hosts of liberty will crush him, the rebel and traitor!"

Despite his passionate speech, L'Ouverture soon learned that the commander of the city's garrison was loyal to Rigaud. L'Ouverture had the commander executed. Although this re-established L'Ouverture's control over the city, and may have prevented an uprising, tensions in Port-au-Prince were still high on June 17, when reports reached L'Ouverture that Rigaud had sent

and mild conduct. . . . They now look up to him as their only shield against the tyranny of Rigaud."

L'Ouverture waited for his armies to gather at Port-au-Prince, and to be properly supplied, before leading them south in a forced march. He had Roume formally declare Rigaud a rebel and an outlaw on July 3. But as he prepared to set out, word came that Rigaud's supporters had risen in the northwest of the colony, capturing one city and attacking another. L'Ouverture was faced with a potential second front opening on the north. He decided to try to solve this problem by leading an attack in the north in person.

L'Ouverture knew that, in traveling relatively unguarded across the country, he faced tremendous personal risk from agents of Rigaud. He delegated control of his armies to General Jean-Jacques Dessalines, and he commanded Dessalines to lead the attack in the south,

L'Ouverture then immediately set out for the north on horseback. He sent orders for a unit of troops to rendezvous with him en route. Due to his quick action, which caught the rebels by surprise, L'Ouverture was able to suppress the rebellion in the northwest.

He then decided to return at once to the south to join the fight there. Believing time was of the essence, he decided to leave his army behind again, and travel accompanied by a few officers and his personal physician, even though the countryside still held isolated bands

As the argument wound down, L'Ouverture finally spoke. He backed Laplume. Roume supported L'Ouverture at once, and asked Rigaud to accept L'Ouverture's ruling. Instead, Rigaud rose to his feet and stalked out of the council chamber.

One hour later L'Ouverture received a report that Rigaud had left Port-au-Prince. He soon also learned that before leaving, Rigaud made a public declaration: "Rigaud says I have made a treaty with General Maitland [of Britain] and with the President of the United States of America in which there are secret clauses. I do not deny it. They were put there in the interest of the colony. I owe no accounting of my actions to Rigaud. That sanguinary and barbarous subaltern does not merit to be taken into the confidence of his chief. Yes, there are secret clauses;

Toussaint L'Ouverture negotiates a secret treaty with British General Thomas Maitland in 1799.

on June 17, when reports reached L'Ouverture that Rigaud had sent men against Grand Goave and Petit Goave. In a swift strike, Rigaud had captured both cities, and apparently was preparing to advance further northwest toward Port-au-Prince.

Word of the action seemed to galvanize at least some people in Port-au-Prince against Rigaud. Edward Stevens, the American consul general in Saint-Domingue, wrote on June 24 that "all the Whites in Port-au-Prince rose in a mass, and demanded permission to march against him [Rigaud], but Toussaint objected to it, observing that . . . he had men enough to finish the contest and protect them." According to Stevens, the white minority supported L'Ouverture because Rigaud was generally believed to favor mulattoes over whites, and because L'Ouverture had impressed them with "his humane

André Rigaud.

physician, even though the countryside still held isolated bands of Rigaud's supporters.

The party had reached a crossroads in a mountain range near the northern town of Port-de-Paix when shots rang out. Several officers were killed by the fusillade. L'Ouverture's doctor was killed, and the plume of feathers, or panache, on L'Ouverture's hat was knocked off. L'Ouverture and the other survivors immediately hurried away.

L'Ouverture continued his journey in a carriage for a time, and then again returned to horseback. Nearing Port-au-Prince on another mountain road, the party was ambushed again. The coach driver was killed, but L'Ouverture, riding behind the carriage, was uninjured. He rode up to face the attackers, who fled.

Arriving in Port-au-Prince, L'Ouverture learned that his men had recaptured Grand Goave and Petit Goave. As word of the failed assassination attempts spread, L'Ouverture's survival inspired the people of Saint-Domingue. L'Ouverture's men pushed through the south of the colony, and by mid-November they had reached Jacmel.

This city was almost impossible to capture. It was built on the coast and protected on land by a half-circle of mountains built up with fortresses and other defenses. L'Ouverture had Dessalines launch a full-scale attack, on January 6, 1800, but his men were turned back.

L'Ouverture visited the scene of the battle. He decided to try to besiege the city, hoping to starve its defenders into submission. It seemed clear that whoever controlled

Jacmel would control the south of the colony.

Although L'Ouverture's men successfully blockaded the land routes into the city, he did not have enough ships to entirely control the sea access to its port. Rigaud was able to get some supplies to his men inside Jacmel, albeit with difficulty. For several months the defenders, in an increasingly desperate state of hunger, held out against L'Ouverture's attack.

L'Ouverture decided to take a slightly different tack, and bombard the city from the sea. He ordered six warships to the area, but to his surprise and anger, the ships were impounded by British warships based in nearby British-held Jamaica. L'Ouverture learned from diplomatic messengers that the British had discovered a French plot to foment a slave uprising in Jamaica. They now feared that if L'Ouverture took control of the entire colony of Saint-Domingue, he would direct slave revolts throughout the Caribbean. In fact, although L'Ouverture hated slavery, his focus was then entirely on Saint-Domingue, and he had no plans for actions beyond the colony. By the end of January, L'Ouverture was able to convince the British of this, but by that time they had already condemned and sold off the captured ships.

The British provided L'Ouverture with a cash settlement but gave him no replacement ships. There were no other French ships in the area for him to requisition. Therefore, in February of 1800, L'Ouverture two of the forts, and retire to their strongest hold; this fort however soon hauled down its colors." Jacmel had fallen.

Rigaud's men were demoralised by the collapse of the stronghold. L'Ouverture's armies progressed steadily through the south towards Rigaud's headquarters at the coastal city of Cayes. L'Ouverture issued proclamations urging Rigaud's supporters to join him: "Citizens of the south!" ran one, "I repeat to you that I bear no grudge against you, but only against Rigaud, whom, by reason of his disobedience and insubordination, I shall compel to remember where his duty lies."

At the same time, L'Ouverture found that Rigaud was attempting to slow the progress of L'Ouverture's men by burning farms to deprive them of supplies. L'Ouverture, supplied by American ships, was not materially affected by this scorched-earth tactic, but many farmers and plantation heads were alienated by Rigaud's destruction of their homes. As a result, many of them came over to L'Ouverture, and his numbers swelled.

Nevertheless, the fighting was bitter. Finally, on May 20, 1800, L'Ouverture's forces cornered Rigaud and his men near the town of Acul. L'Ouverture led his men in the final battle against Rigaud. L'Ouverture's men welcomed his appearance with great cheering. "This war," he told them, "is being waged by your own dignity as men, and it is essential to the proper order of things. I swear to you on my sword that you shall into attempts to rebuild the colony's infrastructure and economy. In 1801 he assembled a gathering of representatives from municipalities across Saint-Domingue to establish a new constitution for the colony. The constitution reaffirmed the abolition of slavery. L'Ouverture thus realized his original goal for Saint-Domingue.

The new constitution and the treaty made by L'Ouverture with the United States were ultimately unacceptable to Napoleon Bonaparte. He came to view L'Ouverture's activities as too great an assertion of power at the expense of France. He sent an army of twenty-two thousand soldiers and twenty thousand sailors to Saint-Domingue to depose L'Ouverture. L'Ouverture, after drafting new men to resist the French, had somewhere between twenty-five thousand and thirty thousand troops, as well as perhaps ten thousand irregular militiamen. The French, however, were significantly better armed.

The French forces arrived early in February of 1802, and in the first wave of their assault, they took control of many of the large cities in Saint-Domingue. Some of L'Ouverture's officers surrendered in the face of what appeared to be overwhelming force. In the days that followed, though, the French were met with a general uprising. It was widely believed that the French would restore slavery, which was true. Although the French professed to desire liberty for all, the French commander had been given secret orders by Napoleon to reinstate slavery once the colony was under boarded *L'Héros*, the ship that would take him to France, L'Ouverture declared: "In overthrowing me, you have only cut down the trunk of the tree of liberty of the Blacks in Saint-Domingue: it will spring back from the roots, for they are numerous and deep."

In France, L'Ouverture was taken to the Fort de Joux, a high mountain fortress near the Swiss border. He was not given a trial. In April of 1803, he died in prison of pneumonia and stroke.

The rebellion in Saint-Domingue continued. The French troops, afflicted by malaria and yellow fever, were unable to crush the widespread resistance, which was led by L'Ouverture's former general, Jean-Jacques Dessalines. In November of 1803, the French gave up the colony to him: Saint-Domingue became the new nation of Haiti, so called after an indigenous name for the island.

SOURCES:

Alexis, Stephen. *Black Liberator*. William Stirling, trans. London: Ernest Benn Limited, 1949.

Bell, Madison Smart. *Toussaint Louverture*. New York: Pantheon Books, 2007.

Brown, Gordon S. *Toussaint's Clause*. Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 2005.

for him to requisition. Therefore, in February of 1800, L'Ouverture decided to approach his other allies, the Americans.

L'Ouverture knew that the United States still maintained a small fleet of warships in the vicinity of Saint-Domingue. L'Ouverture asked Consul General Edward Stevens for the help of the American navy.

Stevens was sympathetic, but he initially refused to assist L'Ouverture. If the United States government was seen to openly involve itself in an internal French conflict, the diplomatic repercussions could be severe; relations between America and France were already strained. Instead of committing American forces to possible combat, Stevens asked the commanding officer of the American naval forces in the area, Commodore Silas Talbot of the *Constitution*, to help L'Ouverture with the moving of supplies or of troops.

Commodore Talbot was evidently less concerned with diplomatic niceties than Stevens. In March he sent a warship, the *General Green*, to bombard Jacmel from the sea. One of the ship's officers wrote: "We were ordered by Commodore Talbot to make a cruise around Hispaniola [the island on which Saint-Domingue was located] . . . for the purpose of aiding Gen. Toussaint in the capture of Jacmel. We cruised off the port for a considerable time, to intercept supplies for Rigaud. That had the desired effect. . . . We engaged three of Rigaud's forts warmly for 30 or 40 minutes, in which time we obliged the enemy to evacuate the town and

[illegible] as men, and it is essential to the proper order of things. I swear to you on my sword that you shall never again suffer from the scorn and contempt of any other men!"

Rigaud's men fought bravely but were badly outnumbered. L'Ouverture's army also had a distinct advantage in terms of morale. Rigaud's men were broken, fell back, reorganized and counter-attacked, and were beaten back again. As they tried to rest after this second defeat, General Dessalines led another attack on their camp that effectively scattered the army. Rigaud himself fled back to Cayes.

At this point, representatives from France arrived in Saint-Domingue, bearing official letters confirming L'Ouverture as commander-in-chief of the colony. They urged L'Ouverture to give Rigaud a chance to surrender, and L'Ouverture immediately announced an amnesty for any Rigaud supporters who came over to his side. He then appointed a delegation to take his peace terms to Rigaud.

When the delegation presented Rigaud with the terms, he was furious. After three days, however, he realized that he had no choice but to surrender. On July 29, 1800, he set sail from Saint-Domingue for France. There, as a general of France, he insisted upon an audience with Napoleon Bonaparte, who heard Rigaud's account of events, only to observe wryly: "The only thing you have done wrong throughout this whole affair, General, is to allow yourself to be defeated."

L'Ouverture was left in charge of Saint-Domingue. He threw himself

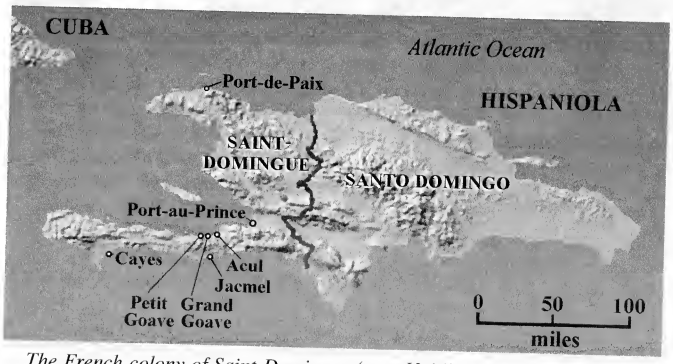
commander had been given secret orders by Napoleon to reinstate slavery once the colony was under French control.

L'Ouverture surrendered in early May. He may have felt that he had nowhere to turn for assistance: A peace treaty had been signed between Britain and France, and the new Jefferson administration in the United States was less friendly to his rule of Saint-Domingue. In late April, L'Ouverture, accompanied by several hundred members of his honor guard, signed an agreement in the city of Le Cap, according to which he would keep his rank but retire to oversee the management of one of his properties.

Despite L'Ouverture's surrender, many of his generals continued to fight. They waged a guerilla campaign against the French soldiers, who, as the summer wore on, began to fall prey to tropical disease. The French believed that the rebels were still being directed or encouraged by L'Ouverture. They arrested him, and then deported him to France. As he

Brown, Gordon S. *Toussaint's Clause*. Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 2005.
Dubois, Laurent. *Avengers of the New World*. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Belknap Press, 2004.
Korngold, Ralph. *Citizen Toussaint*. New York: Hill and Wang, 1965.

Jean-Jacques Dessalines.



The French colony of Saint-Domingue (now Haiti) occupied the western part of the island of Hispaniola.

Happy 100th birthday to the electric traffic light

Matt Schmitz, Cars.com 4:27 p.m. EDT August 5, 2014

(Photo: Cars.com)

Today marks what is many believe is the 100th anniversary of the world's first electric traffic signal.

The first electric traffic signal was installed Aug. 5, 1914, at the corner of Euclid Avenue and East 105th Street in Cleveland, according to the History Channel's website, history.com (http://www.history.com).

Based on a design by James Hoge, who received the U.S. patent for his device in 1918, the "Municipal Traffic Control System" comprised four pairs of red and green lights that served as stop-and-go indicators, each mounted on a corner post and operated by a switch inside a control booth, configured to make conflicting signals impossible. This invention brought to an end a growing problem in the early days of automobiles, when pedestrians, bicycles, horses and streetcars all converged on the same roadways, the History Channel states.

"Cleveland, at this time, was undergoing great development and population growth," said Tom Rieder of the Ohio History Connection, in an interview with Cars.com (http://cars.com). "Industry and manufacturing were expanding, and Cleveland was the United States' second city in production of automobiles, behind Detroit."

Rieder surmised that Hoge's invention might have been born out of frustration from an early version of a daily driving nuisance we still know well today: the traffic jam.

"Hoge's family home was on 107th Street, near Euclid Avenue, and offices of his company, Automatic Signal and Appliance Co., were west of 105th and Euclid," Rieder said. "A guess on my part, Hoge thought that the traffic signal would improve his commute."

The inventor died of a cerebral hemorrhage in 1926, just a few years after another Clevelander, Garrett Morgan, patented the three-position traffic signal that we all know so well today. Rieder said that, to him, that light and its sale to GE, which mass produced it, "seems more important to the history and production of traffic signals."

The honor of being the site of the world's first traffic light, of course, isn't without dispute. Two years ago, Salt Lake City celebrated its own claim to the title when the Utah Department of Transportation unveiled a commemorative replica of the device invented by Lester Wire in 1912. Though his device didn't get the U.S. patent, Wire's device debuted first, at the intersection of Main Street and 200 South, the *Salt Lake Tribune* reported in October, 2012.

"Wire's invention looked like a large birdhouse with lights dipped in green and red paint and placed into circular holes on each side," the newspaper reported. "It was manually operated with a police officer standing next to the signal mounted on a 10-foot pole."

Today the traffic signal is far more advanced with sensors of all kinds, but the joy of getting that green light right when you "need" it most is likely the same euphoria Clevelanders experienced 100 years ago.

Read or Share this story: http://usat.ly/1npDVmS

FIND NEW & USED CARS

New Cars Used Cars

Make

Model

Price

Distance of Your ZIP

Duty-Bound Campus Ghost

by Nick Howes

Sculpture of Harriet Haskell, on display in The Evergreens, located on the campus of Lewis and Clark Community College.
Lewis and Clark Community College

A nearly century-old ghost haunts the campus of Lewis-Clark Community College (LCCC) in Godfrey, Illinois. It's the spirit of Harriet Haskell, principal for 40 years of Monticello Female Seminary, founded in 1836. Haskell's spirit was practically unheard from until 1971, when the Monticello campus was transferred to the community college district. Professor Lars Hoffman, who collects lore about Haskell, said that on the day the contract was signed, a tree known to be Haskell's favorite toppled. In LCCC's early years, reports centered on the library—in Haskell's day, the chapel where she held services for her girls and where her body lay in state following her 1907 death.

Librarians reported hearing themselves called by their proper name—never a nickname or diminutive—but looking up, saw no one nearby—sometimes, no one in the library. From a corner magazine nook, a librarian saw a woman in an old-fashioned high-necked black dress standing at the main desk. As she watched, the image faded. A series of mid-'80s Halloween ghost watches included a campus radio station broadcaster's late-night encounter while airing periodic reports from the dark library, emptied of books and bookcases pending a major renovation. Kneeling before his transmitter, he felt hands settle on his shoulders as if someone were leaning over him to look. Instinctively, his head swiveled left, then right. No hands. "Hey, guys, I got touched," he called, then sat down and began hyperventilating.

Several of Hoffman's ghost-hunting students spent the night in one room of a newer campus building. They finally quit, bored. Before departing, someone made a rude remark about Haskell. A sudden breeze snuffed their candle. How strong was the breeze? "It scared them," said Hoffman. A psychic visiting the campus said Haskell's benign spirit was watching over the campus.

The ghost is largely ignored now, but custodians tell Hoffman they sometimes feel a presence and smell the odor of perfume in the corridors of Haskell Hall.

Hatching controversy

Reliable witnesses have attested to the megapodes' unusual incubation habits for centuries. **KARL SHUKER** on scientific intransigence in the face of a mass of evidence.

WHEREAS MOST BIRDS INCUBATE THEIR EGGS SIMPLY BY SITTING on them, thereby directly harnessing their own body heat, those fowl-like species known as the megapodes are renowned for eschewing this tried and trusted method in favour of much more remarkable and ingenious versions. Some, for example, erect huge mounds composed of dead plant material, inside which they deposit their eggs, and allow the heat generated internally by the rotting vegetation to incubate them. Others excavate pits in the ground, within which they then bury their eggs in order for them to be hatched by whatever external sources of heat are present – including the sun's rays, subterranean steams, and even volcanic activity!

Today, therefore, the megapodes are notable avian celebrities, with their extraordinary modes of incubation faithfully documented in ornithological publications worldwide. Yet these same publications invariably neglect to mention that for over three centuries, all reports of this most famous facet of megapode lifestyle were vigorously discounted by scientists as fanciful travellers' tales with no basis in reality. Accordingly, the history behind the formal scientific verification of these birds' idiosyncratic incubation is a classic, compelling, yet nowadays all-but-forgotten example of a long-running zoological controversy.

Megapodes were discounted as travellers' tales with no reality

Of the dozen recognised species – whose collective distribution includes southeast Asia, Australia, New Guinea, Vanuatu, Tonga and Samoa – the megapode responsible for unveiling their egg-rearing secrets was *Megapodius freycinet*, a crested, hen-like species commonly called the jungle fowl (but not to be confused with the true, *Gallus* jungle fowl, the domestic chicken's wild ancestor). In April 1521, following Magellan's famous but ill-fated global circumnavigation, survivor Antonio Pigafetta recorded in his journal that the Philippines housed a chicken-sized bird that laid eggs as large as a duck's, but instead of hatching them itself, it chose to bury them in the sand, leaving them to be hatched by the sun's heat.

It is nothing if not ironic that in an age when mermaids, unicorns and other wholly imaginary creatures were still widely accepted by naturalists as factual fauna, Pigafetta's egg-burying bird was dismissed in no uncertain terms by those selfsame authorities as arrant poppycock. Conversely, on page 207 of his *Historia Naturae Maxime Peregrinae* (1635), Juan Eusebio Nieremberg, a Jesuit, alluded to a dove-sized bird variously referred to as the daie and the tapun, which made good use of its feet to gouge a hollow in the sand, into which it would then lay a clutch of large eggs. Unfortunately, Nieremberg did not record this curious creature's provenance, but that omission was remedied in 1651 via the publication of Francisco Hernandez's *Historia Avium Novae Hispaniae*. Offering a more detailed, accurate account, Hernandez corrected Nieremberg's 'daie' to daic, and his 'tapun' to tapum, as well as revealing that this bird inhabited the Philippines.

During 1673, the Dominican missionary Navarrete returned to Europe after spending a considerable time in the Philippines. In a lengthy account entitled *A Collection of Voyages and Travels*, he recorded that many of the Malay Archipelago islands boasted a very unusual bird known locally as the tabon. After excavating great holes in the sand into which it deposited its eggs, it filled the holes up again, in order for the hot sand and sun to hatch the buried eggs. In 1699, veteran globe-trotter Gemelli Careri provided comparable details regarding the Philippine jungle fowl, which he termed the tavon; and additional data, drawn from his avifaunal observations on Luzon, was presented in 1703 by Camelli within the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London*.

In view of such close correspondence between reports originating for the most part from wholly independent eyewitnesses and spanning two centuries, one might have expected that the jungle fowl's internment of its eggs for hatching purposes would thereafter have been accepted as a fully verified ornithological fact. Instead, Buffon and many other leading naturalists continued to disparage and reject totally all claims that birds could behave in such an overtly reptilian manner. After all, the burial of eggs in warm sand for incubation was a trait of turtles and various oviparous lizards – but surely not of birds? And so the matter remained unresolved for another century, until attention switched from the jungle fowl's Philippine representatives to those inhabiting Australia.

Here, however, the subject was even more controversial. Whereas the Philippine jungle fowl stood accused merely of interring its eggs beneath the sand, in Australia the aboriginals insisted that this diminutive bird was actually the architect responsible for all manner of immense mound-like structures widely distributed across much of northern Queensland and the Northern Territory. They said that deep, concealed holes hewn into the mounds' sides by the bird

contained its eggs, with the mounds serving as giant incubators.

When the first Western settlers in Australia had encountered these incongruous edifices, some measuring up to 30ft (9m) long and 5ft (1.5m) high, they had taken them to be ancient burial mounds (tumuli), erected long ago by the aboriginals' ancestors. Other, smaller mounds were deemed by them to be mud-castles built by native mothers to amuse their children. The fact that the aboriginals themselves vehemently denied all of this was ignored not only by the settlers but by Western scientists too, thereby rejecting the claims of a people whose knowledge of this island continent stretched back many millennia.

When English naturalist John Gilbert (assistant to famed ornithological painter John Gould) arrived in autumn 1839 at Port Essington, Northern Territory, however, he resolved to conclude this heated conflict once and for all. He would accompany a knowledgeable aboriginal to a little-known area of Port Essington called Knocker's Bay, undisturbed by Westerners, where the native people asserted that a number of jungle fowl could be found. Here, if anywhere, he might succeed in solving the mystery of the mounds.

Reaching the bay in November 1839, almost immediately they came upon a mound of sand and shells, incorporating a slight mixture of black soil too, and resting on a sandy beach just a few feet above the high-water mark. Standing roughly 5ft (1.5m) tall, with a circumference of 25ft (7.6m) and conical in shape, the mound was profusely festooned with large yellow hibiscus blooms. Gilbert at once asked his native companion to identify this structure, to which the aboriginal replied "Oregoorga Rambal" – 'jungle fowl's nest'.

Encouraged by this, Gilbert duly scrambled up the mound's sides to seek its alleged hidden holes and any eggs that they might contain, but he failed to do so. However, his companion was unconcerned, pointing out that there were no signs to suggest that any adult birds had been there for quite some while. Nevertheless, Gilbert's searches were not entirely in vain; on one side of the mound he spotted a tunnel-like shaft about 2ft (60cm) deep, which proved to contain a jungle fowl chick, lying on some dry, withered leaves. As it was only a few days old, presumably it had indeed hatched inside the tunnel, but Gilbert could not be absolutely sure of this. After all, it was possible that the chick had somehow made its way into the tunnel from outside the mound, especially as in comparison to similarly-aged domestic chickens it exhibited a remarkably advanced degree of development, with a well-formed, extensively-feathered body, plus the ability to run and even fly.

Due to other commitments, Gilbert was unable to stay any longer at Knocker's Bay, but by February 1840 he had returned – and this time his quest met with success. After selecting a likely-looking mound inside which to find eggs, his native companion dug down six times in succession to a depth of at least 6ft–7ft (1.8m–2.1m) without finding any eggs. On the seventh attempt, he successfully retrieved one egg, followed – after two or three more attempts – by a second. We now know that an average clutch contains about 15 eggs; one is laid and buried each day, within its own separate hole, until the entire clutch has been deposited.

Gilbert also discovered that whereas mounds primarily created from sand and shells are usually erected in the most exposed localities available, presumably to ensure that the necessary heat required for egg-incubation will be met by the sun, mounds constructed in darker, cooler localities, protected from the sun's rays, are largely composed of plant material and hence rely principally upon the heat released by decomposition for egg incubation. Yet even today, mystery still surrounds the mound-building megapodes – some scientists have opined that certain of the sand-and-shell mounds at Weipa, on Queensland's Cape York Peninsula, are not bird-built but rather are of aboriginal origin.

It is said that history never repeats itself, but in the case of the Australian jungle fowl, it currently seems to be running backwards – from tumulus to incubator to tumulus again. Yet perhaps we should not be too surprised. After all, what else but mystery and controversy can we expect from birds whose name, megapode, is Greek for… bigfoot!

KARL SHUKER is a zoological consultant, lecturer, *Who Wants to be a Millionaire?* winner and author of many books, including *The Unexplained* (1996) and *The Hidden Powers of Animals* (2001).

'Haunted Historic Edgefield Home Tour'

On Oct. 22, the annual Home Tour in East Nashville's Edgefield Neighborhood will showcase the architecture and charm of some of the neighborhood's Victorian homes and bungalows as well as highlight this Historic District's infill structures. The tour also celebrates the neighborhood's love of Halloween and the eerie. The tours are held from 1:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Tickets are $10/person and can be purchased during the tour weekend at Edgefield Baptist Church, 700 Russell Street. Treat bags will be given with the first 200 tickets sold. Visit www.historicedgefield.org for updates and more information.

'Hauntings at The Hermitage'

On Oct. 22 and 29, the The Hermitage will host "Hauntings at The Hermitage," which includes eerie candlelit garden paths to the Jackson family graveyard, ghost stories at the Cabin-by-the-Spring and an outdoor Halloween theatre in the mansion backyard. Kids of all ages will love posing for scarecrow pictures or taking a haunted hayride through the old barn and plantation fields. Tickets can be purchased online and at the event. A limited number of free tickets are available for Oct. 29. For more information visit www.thehermitage.com/events/.

'Haunted Museum'

On Oct. 22, the Tennessee State Museum will host its annual "Haunted Museum." Wear your Halloween costume and listen to ghost stories from Tennessee's past, such as Bell Witch, Cherokee spirit Spearfinger, John Murrell's Thumb, Ghost dog, and the Legend of Davy Crockett. There will also be fun activities for kids. The event runs from noon to 4:00 p.m. and admission is free. The State Museum is located downtown at 505 Deaderick Street. For more information visit www.tnmuseum.org.

01/18/12

HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL

MEMORABLE EVENTS OF THE PAST

ıe glorious early days of Hollywood, the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel was the epitome of the excite-ıt, the glamour and the elegance known as HOLLYWOOD.....

The Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, named after the President Theodore Roosevelt, opened May 15, 1927. It was built at a cost of $2.5 million dollars (a tremendous price in those days!) The hotel quickly became the center of the glamorous social whirl that was Hollywood.

The Hollywood Holding Co. that financed the building of the Roosevelt was headed by Charles Toberman. He was called "the father of Hollywood" because of all the projects he handled - the Chinese Theatre, the Egyptian Theatre, the Pantages Theatre and the Hollywood Bowl. Investors in the company included Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Louis B. Mayer, Joseph Schenck and Marcus Loew.

Located across from the Chinese Theatre, the Roosevelt quickly became the gathering place for Hollywood luminaries. Lavish post-premier parties were often held in the Blossom Ballroom.

The Motion Pictures Academy of Arts & Sciences used to meet in the hotel library. From 1927-1935, they met in what is now called the Academy Room.

The first Academy Awards presentation was held in the Blossom Ballroom on May 16, 1929. The awards were called Merit Awards, and were given, not for one performance, but for work covering a 2 year period. Douglas Fairbanks was host for the evening, presenting awards to Janet Gaynor as best actress, Emil Jannings as best actor, and to "Wings" starring Buddy Rogers, as best picture.

A broom closet at the Roosevelt was home to a penniless, unknown actor named David Niven, well--almost. He was new in town and not-yet employed when he met Al Weingard, the reception clerk at the hotel. Weingard arranged for him to temporarily use a room in the staff quarters, which Niven fondly recalls as "no bigger than a broom closet."

Rudy Vallee made his home at the Roosevelt when he made his first trip to Hollywood to make his first movie, "The Vagabond Lover."

Originally the Blossom Ballroom was a supper club, open to the public, and the place to go dining and dancing in Hollywood. All the top bands played there, and the society pages of the local papers were always full of stories of the elegant parties held there.

In the early 30's, when jazz was beginning to be the rage, it was decided the hotel should have a jazz club. Something smaller & more intimate than the big ballroom - a real cozy place. So the Cinegrill was built and many jazz greats got their start there.

Mary Martin had her first paying job as a singer in Hollywood in the Cinegrill. She was paid $35.00 a week. She couldn't always find a babysitter, so she sometimes had to bring the baby along. Of course, that baby was Larry Hagman.

- Bill "Bojangles" Robinson taught a tiny Shirley Temple to do the staircase dance on the tile steps that lead from the lobby to the mezzanine.

- For many years George Liberace was the headliner in the Cinegrill and lived in the Penthouse Suite.

- Rumor has it that during Prohibition, Errol Flynn used to mix his notorious gin recipe in the back of the hotel barbershop.

- F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway and Salvador Dali (who was designing movie sets at the time) were among the creative customers who gathered in the Cinegrill to talk shop.

- The TV show "This is Your Life", hosted by Ralph Edwards, was on the air for nearly a decade. After each show, the surprised guest was feted to a reception in the Blossom Ballroom at the Roosevelt.

- Winners of the television show "Queen For a Day" were often guests at the hotel.

- Linda Goodman, world famous astrologer and author, wrote her best selling books "Sun Signs" and "Love Signs" in Suite 1217 at the Hollywood Roosevelt. Goodman said many "magical and enchanting things happened in the suite and it definitely has "a haunting quality" about it.

- Marilyn Monroe posed for her first ad - for suntan lotion - on the diving board of the Roosevelt's pool. She stayed at the hotel often over the years, preferring a second floor Cabana Room overlooking the pool.

- Montgomery Clift lived at the Roosevelt for 3 months during the filming of "From Here to Eternity." He would often pace the hall outside his 9th floor room, rehearsing his lines and sometimes blowing a bugle -- much to the consternation of other guests nearby. The story goes -- that on windy nights you can hear his ghost in the hallway...so the story goes.

- In the 30's and 40's - the golden era of Hollywood - the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel played host to all the beautiful and important people in the Movie Industry.

NOTABLE EVENTS SINCE THE RESTORATION IN 1985

The Hollywood Roosevelt underwent a 2 year, $35 million dollar restoration and reopened in December 1985, to again play a major part in the on-going history of Hollywood....

- Even before the hotel was officially reopened, Julio Iglesias chose to have his star on the Walk of Fame placed directly in front of the hotel and a lavish reception was held in the elegant Celebrity Suite.

- Rudy Vallee's estate has given the Roosevelt a collection of Rudy's memorabilia for display in the hotel. A long time favorite of Mr. Vallee, the hotel was named specifically as a recipient of his momentos.

- The Cinegrill was reopened with Broadway star Donna McKechnie and since then has played host to Julie Wilson, Steve Ross, Karen Akers, Michael Feinstein, Yma Sumac, Eartha Kitt, Margaret Whiting, Helen Schneider, Nellie Lutcher, Dorothy Donigan, and many, many others.

- 1987 was the 100th birthday of Hollywood and the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel was the official head-quarters for the Centennial celebration.

- In 1987, renowned British artist David Hockney painted the inside of the Hollywood Roosevelt's swim ming pool. That makes it Hockney's largest painting and the only place in the world where you can swim inside a million dollar work of art.

- "Hollywood Comes to Napoleon's Aid", a whimsical oil painting depicting faces of movie greats on the bodies of Napoleon's soldiers, was unveiled in the Blossom Room of the hotel in 1929. The artist--Charles DeRavene, the donor--William Randolph Hearst. Recently returned to the hotel by an anony mous donor, the painting is now on display in the hotel lobby.

- A Star on the Walk of Fame is a special tribute to a performer and the Hollywood Roosevelt has played host to many of the stars on the occasion of placement of their star in front of the hotel. Check our front sidewalk and you will find stars for the Mills Brothers, Julie London, Maureen O'Hara, Stephen J. Cannell, Ed McMahon, Julio Iglesias, Errol Flynn, Natalie Wood, Gene Autry, Cybill Shepard, Sid Ceasar, Dudley Moore, Eddie Murphy and many others.

- Premiere Parties for hundreds of guests are given after opening night across the street at the Chinese Theatre. These are as glamorous as old days with the stars arriving in limousines, kleig lights lighting up the night sky, photographers and fans everywhere, and the charm of the Roosevelt being shown off to its best advantage.

- The Hollywood Roosevelt is a very popular place for TV and movies to shoot "on location." It has been seen on "Knots Landing", "Moonlighting", "Highway to Heaven", "Hunter", "Simon & Simon", "Beverly Hills Cop II", "Sunset", "She's Out of Control", "Funny About Love", "Internal Affairs", "Neon Empire", "Tales From the Crypt", "Sibling Rivalry", "Fabulous Baker Brothers", "Boiling Point" and many others, plus a number of commercials and as background of interviews of well known personalities.

EVENTS OF THE 90's

- The Ahmanson Theatre at the Doolittle in Hollywood has chosen the Roosevelt for their Opening Night Receptions. 2 or 3 times a year they host parties for 400-500 guests to celebrate a new production.

- Several of the new mystery-theatre companies perform at the hotel, with guests enjoying a mystery with their meal.

- Fall 1992: Johnny Grant, Honorary Mayor of Hollywood, moved into the Penthouse Suite of the hotel. He even has his own table in Theodore's Restaurant and calls the hotel Hollywood City Hall.

- Also in the fall of 1992, the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce moved into the hotel. They now occupy offices on Hollywood Boulevard.

- The Sunday Brunch in Theodore's Restaurant is a big favorite with the hotel guests as well as area residents. It features a wide selection of delicious food at reasonable prices.

- The Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel has become an increasingly popular site for weddings and receptions, with ballrooms of 3 sizes and designs to accommodate 100, 200, or 300 guests.

- Themed parties featuring the style of the 20's, 30's, or 40's are also very popular at the hotel. The Catering and Banquet Departments help with decor and menus and make it work beautifully.

- May 1993: The Hotel hosted a luncheon for 250 guests to celebrate Bob Hope's 4th Star on the Walk of Fame. It was the week of his 90th birthday, so it was a double celebration.

- Summer 1993: The historic Arthur Murray Dance Studio adjacent to the hotel is being renovated. This building has been used as a dance studio since 1927 and maybe before that. After it has been fitted for earthquakes and remodeled, the Arthur Murray will become office for the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce and the Community Redevelopment Agency, plus some retail space. A new life for a grand old building as the Hollywood Roosevelt hotel continues to improve with age.

- Filming of movies and television shows continues to keep the hotel full of excitement. At any time, you could come across a film crew in any of the public areas of the hotel--a real treat for the tourists who come to Hollywood to see the movie stars.

- The hotel restaurant and nightclub continue to be patronized by members of the movie and television industry on a regular basis. The Roosevelt is a good place to meet for a meal, talk business, or just be entertained.

- The hotel continues to have events of major magnitude--premiere parties, opening night receptions, gala dinner- dances, weddings & receptions of unequaled beauty, banquets with sumptuous food--all the things one would expect from a fine hotel.

- THE NEXT BIG EVENT: Will be your visit. Come enjoy the charm, the ambience of this landmark hotel. With the charm of the past and the convenience of the present, the Hollywood Roosevelt is once again the Grande Dame of Hollywood.

TALES FROM THE ROOSEVELT
GHOSTS, SPIRITS & OTHER THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

Originally compiled for the entertainment of the staff, this collection of ghost stories soon became the talk of the hotel with much interest shown by our guests. It was decided to make copies available to our guests, perhaps some of them will have an encounter to add.

* * * * * *

As you know, old buildings sometimes have stories about ghosts or spirits. People may even claim a certain building is haunted. If anyone asks you if The Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel is haunted, the answer is YES! There are many ghosts and spirits that we know about and probably a lot more that we don't know.

COLD SPOT IN BALLROOM

In mid-December 1985, two weeks prior to the reopening of the hotel, the first spirits were discovered. With the opening so close, all office workers, managers and secretaries spent the day cleaning, sweeping and dusting. Alan Russell, actor and personal assistant to the general manager, offered to sweep the Blossom Ballroom before the carpeting was put down. "I'll commune with the spirits (of those who received Academy Awards there) and rehearse my acceptance speech." Little did he know ... Alan swept the length of the room, noticing one area that seemed cooler than the rest of the room, but not giving it too much thought. Later, as he swept the width of the room, the cool spot was still there. At that point, he called Kelly Greene and together they tried to figure it out. There were no doors open to cause a draft, the air conditioners had not been hooked up. there was no trap door in the floor ... no reason for the cold spot. The spot is a circle about 30 inches in diameter and is about 10 degrees cooler than the rest of the room. AND IT'S STILL THERE! When the room is dark and empty for several hours, you can feel it. If the room is full of people and activity, the cold spot dissipates. Two different psychics have said that the spirit is a man, wearing black and there is a lot of anxiety there (who knows who he might have been).

MARILYN MONROE'S GHOST IN MIRROR

On the same day, Suzanne Leonard was dusting the general manager's office. As she was dusting the tall dark-framed mirror, she saw the reflection of a blonde girl right where her hand was dusting. When she turned around to speak to the girl, there was no one there, yet when she looked back at the mirror, the reflection was still there. Suzanne was puzzled and a little startled, so she asked the manager about the mirror. He told her that the mirror had belonged to Marilyn Monroe and had been removed from the suite that Marilyn had often occupied out by the pool. It's hard to say if Marilyn's ghost really is seen in the mirror, but two psychics have "read" the mirror and told of seeing much sadness. The mirror is now at the lower level elevator landing. Take a look ... you may see a blonde reflection...

MONTGOMERY CLIFT'S GHOST IN HALLWAY

Up on the 9th floor, maids were making up the beds while other employees stocked the rooms with towels. A waitress was one of the towel people. As she went to the east end of the hall, to Room 928, she felt a cool breeze against her arms but didn't pay much attention. Workmen were still working in the halls and doors were open -- it was just a draft. As she went into the room the door slammed! But these doors have compression hinges -- they don't slam., That startled her, but she went on and placed the towels in the proper place. As she came out of the room, she again felt a definite coldness, like something brushing past her in the hall. Later that day, two housemaids who also worked on the 9th floor excitedly said that "there was something

strange there" and would not go there again. By making inquiries, we learned that Room 928 was where Montgomery Clift had lived for three months while filming the movie "From Here to Eternity" and he used to pace up and down the hall, rehearsing his lines and sometimes blowing a bugle. So the story goes...

The Hollywood Roosevelt reopened for its first guests on December 30, 1985. During the next few months a number of strange things happened.

CALLS FROM A NON-PHONE

At the beginning, only the public areas of the hotel and floors 3, 4 and 5 were completed and in use. One night before the floor was completed, there was a call to PBX from Room 1032. The call came at exactly midnight. PBX responded, but there was no answer, and for good reason. Not only was the room unfinished and therefore unoccupied, but there was NO PHONE in the room!

A GHOST WHO LIKES LIGHTS

By Spring of '86, work on the upper floors was being completed. Daniel Cichon, Assistant Director of Housekeeping, was inspecting the rooms prior to the opening of the 11th floor. In Star Suite 1101/1102 he finished his inspection, turned off the lights, locked the door and went back to the housekeeping department. He returned just minutes later with an extra waste basket, only to find all the lights on! He was the only one with a key, yet "someone" had turned on all the lights. As more guests came to stay in the hotel and more rooms were occupied, more strange things began to happen. Calls from guests, late at night, about loud talking in the next room but when Security would investigate they would find the next room unoccupied. Calls about people talking in the halls late at night ... Security never found anyone in the halls. (All old buildings creak and moan now and then, but we get four or five or these calls each month, ever since we reopened).

A PUSHY GHOST

In April of '86, Rachel, then a lobby maid, was doing her morning cleaning when she needed something from the supply closet just off the lobby. She opened the double doors and as she reached inside, someone pushed her into the closet. Startled, she whirled around and yelled "Cut it out Miguel!" But there was no Miguel -- there was nobody ! There wasn't a soul in the hall or the lobby. Pale and shaken, she returned to the Housekeeping Dept. to tell her story. No one doubted her.

Over the next few years, the late night calls about noisy neighbors continued. So did reports of strange noises and strange shadows, none of which were explained to the satisfaction of ghost enthusiasts.

A PLAYFUL GHOST

Summer of '88 found Steve Fava working in the purchasing department. One of his jobs was to refill the soda machines on each floor of the hotel. One morning as he did this he thought someone was playing a joke on him by moving his clipboard. Of course, no one else was there. No one he could see, that it. Upon entering the room where the soda machine and ice machine were, Steve placed the clipboard on top of the soda machine, then began to stock the sodas. When he finished and reached for the clipboard it was gone. He looked and looked for it, finally finding it INSIDE an arm's length away from the soda machine. He decided he must have put it on the ice machine and it just slipped off and into the ice. On the next floor, it happened again. On each floor it happened. By the time he reached the 10th floor, he was really shaken and took extra care to be sure to put the clipboard on the soda machine. He finished stocking the sodas and when he reached for the clipboard -- it was gone. It was INSIDE the ice machine. His face white with fright, he raced to the general manager's office and said "Don't ever make me do that again! I swear those machines are haunted".

WHO'S WATCHING WHO?

In the fall of '89 several new Security Officers were hired. Alone late at night, patrolling the upper floors, a new officer suddenly felt as if someone was watching him. He continued his rounds, a little uneasy, but attributed the feeling to being on a new job and being unfamiliar with the building. But the feeling persisted for the next week or two, each night in a different part of the hotel. He said he would suddenly feel uncomfortable, so would hurry down the hall, hoping to see a person. He never did. Sometimes it would seem like someone was standing in a doorway and would suddenly step back inside the room as he approached. He didn't really see or hear anything, it was just something he sensed.

A REAL GHOST WRITER

Late one night in September of '89, the Night Supervisor of Housekeeping was passing the Personnel Office and heard the electric typewriter being used. Knowing that the staff leaves at 5:00 p.m., she rapped on the door to see who was in the office. There was no response. Several times she knocked and called out, but there was no response, only the steady tapping of the typewriter. Next morning when the personnel staff arrived, the typewriter was still turned on, the chair that had been left at the desk was now at the typewriter, and the papers on the desk had been neatly arranged.

GHOSTLY PHONE CALLS

Room 1217 (now 1221) has long been known to have "something unique and magical" about it. So said Linda Goodman, author of the books "Sun Signs" and "Love Signs". She stayed in Room 1217 for several months in 1959 while writing her first book. She said then that the room had "a presence, a special quality" about it. In October of 1989 that presence made itself known again, this time by telephone. Late one night, #1221 lit up on the PBX switchboard. The operator responded, but there was no one on the line. When the light lit up again, the operator checked the guest register and found that the room was not occupied. She called Security, explained the situation and asked that they check the room and put the phone back on the hook. They did, and that was that. Until 3 nights later when it happened again. That night, the phone got off the hook by itself - 3 times in 1 hour. Each time, Security went up and replaced the phone, and the next time they went up ... the phone was off the hook.

TV TROUBLES AND SPECIAL EFFECTS

In mid October of 1989, a TV film crew wanted to do a story on our ghosts for a Halloween special. Shooting outside Room 928, the house lights went out, their sound equipment broke down, the lights went out again, the film jammed in the camera ... it took almost 4 hours to do a one hour shoot. When they tried to film Marilyn's mirror, the smoke alarm went off and they couldn't complete the scene. Then the cold spot in the ballroom affected the audio equipment ... They really stirred up the ghosts <u>that</u> night.

KID GHOSTS

In late November a guest staying in a Cabana Room by the pool called PBX late one night to complain about the "kids being loud in the room next door". The Operator checked, then told the guest she must be mistaken, there was no one in the next room. The lady said OK, but it sure sounded like right next door. A little later, the same lady called again, this time very insistent that "those kids are still loud and they <u>are</u> next door". This time, Security went to check it out and found the room UNOCCUPIED!

A JAZZ GHOST?

Now its 1990, and yes, the reports of noises in empty rooms continue. But our spirits have been pretty quiet lately. Even the night shift PBX operator says things are calm these nights. BUT ... just this week (November 9th) a person who is psychic and often discovers spirits, walked into the Cinegrill for the first time and said "There's a ghost in here. It's a very strong presence". That one I never heard of. After spending some time in the room, she said, "It's a man, a black man, a musician. He plays a clarinet. He is a very strong presence."

HOLIDAY SPIRIT

On December 15, 1990, the Los Angeles County District Attorney's Office held a holiday Dinner Dance at the hotel. After the party, one of the guests and his wife were looking at the pictures on the mezzanine. As they neared the doors that lead to the balcony that overlook the Blossom Room, they heard piano music. They followed the sound and standing near the piano they saw a man in a white suit. As they approached, they spoke to him but he didn't answer. As they got closer, he disappeared! He didn't walk away, he vanished! The lady was very upset and insisted on talking to a Manager. The Front Desk Manager even came back upstairs with them, but there was no man in a white suit ... there was no one at all.

The following Monday morning, Billy from Engineering was working on the 3rd floor. He was walking south in the north/south hallway. As he came to the corner he looked to his left (east) and half way down the hall he saw a man standing in the hallway. He called out, asking the man if he could help him. The man didn't answer, but continued to look from side to side as if he wasn't sure which way to go. Billy came closer, within 3 feet of the man, and again asked if he could be of help. The man still did not reply, but turned and walked toward the fire exit at the east end of the hall. Then he walked through the door. He didn't open it and go out -- he walked through the door! Billy tried to follow, but his feet were rooted to the spot. He could not move for what seemed like 5 minutes, though he said it was probably only a few seconds. When asked for details about the man, Billy said "he was wearing old shoes and a white suit". Could this be the same man in the white suit that the others saw two days earlier? The 3rd floor is right above the mezzanine ... Billy is from the Philippines and his culture firmly believes in spirits. He was quite sure of what he saw. He definitely saw a ghost walk through the door. In 1991 a number of writers and TV reporters had come to the hotel asking about our ghosts. Things have been pretty quiet, except during one television taping.

HE'S STILL HERE ...

Entertainment Tonight came to do a piece about Montgomery Clift's room and even brought a psychic with them. The room had been vacant for three days, but when he went in, the heat was on full blast. I opened the windows and the crew started setting up their equipment. The interviewer was very skeptical about a "ghost" in the room and when the filming light suddenly blew up, he laughed and said "those things happen all the time". The film crew corrected him, saying that those lights last forever, but he wouldn't admit that anything strange was going on. As he began the interview, he asked the psychic if she felt any ghosts in the room. She said "No, not really. Perhaps if I were here alone I might, but with all these people (10), all the lights and your negative attitude .. no I don't". The interviewer started to laugh when suddenly a window slammed shut! There was no wind that night and no one was near the window. It couldn't have closed by itself because it opens sideways (not up and down) so someone would have to push it. The interviewer was very shaken ... too bad they didn't use that bit on the air. (I think Monty just wanted him to know that there ARE ghosts). When the crew finished in the room, they went next door to talk to the guests in that room. They didn't identify themselves as a TV crew, only asking if the girls had heard any noises in Room 928. They replied "Oh yeah, there were some bumping noises, but we didn't think anything about it. We were going out, and really forgot about it". The room had been unoccupied for three days...

castles-of-britain.com
Dedicated to the Study and Promotion of British Castles

Castle Ghosts

Home
E-mail Us

Here is a listing of some of the castles that are reportedly haunted.

Wales

Caerphilly Castle, nr Cardiff
A green lady flits from turret to turret so fearlessly that on one occasion some of the town boys almost caught her.
Ghostly soldiers also patrol the battlements.
Modern day security personnel will not venture up to the flag tower because they can smell perfume at all times.

Cardiff Castle, Cardiff
The second Marquess of Bute began restoration of Cardiff Castle but died in 1848. He is said to appear by walking through the fireplace of the library. He leaves this room by passing through a six-foot-thick wall into a corridor, then passes through the wall of the chapel into the room in which he died.
The main dining-hall of the castle is also disturbed. At precisely 3:45am heavy doors open and shut by themselves and the lights flash on and off.
A "faceless vision in a flowing grayish-white skirt" has also appeared in a stockroom close by, where things get disarranged.

Castell Coch, nr Cardiff
The young son of Dame Griffiths fell into a bottomless pool of dark water within the precincts and was never seen again. His mother was inconsolable and soon died from her grief. Her ghost restlessly continues to wander about the castle and its surrounding woods.

Conwy Castle, Conwy
One of Robert Wynn's successors at Plas Mawr had to leave Conwy to fight in a distant war. When the time was near for his return, his wife and child climbed the steep stair to the lookout tower. He was late, and the wife and child had to leave the tower because of darkness. On the way down she slipped, and, along with her child, fell to the bottom of the tower. They were taken to the lantern room. Doctor Dic was summoned but stated he could do nothing to save them. Fearing the wrath of the lord upon his return, the servant locked Dr. Dic inside the lantern room with the dying family. Upon the Master's return, the door was unlocked. He found the dead bodies of his wife and child, but not Dr. Dic. The Doctor was never seen again. The bereaved husband eventually went mad with grief and died soon after. His ghost still seeks the missing doctor in the lantern room and will continue to do so until he is found.

Dunraven Castle, Glamorgan
The castle was demolished after World War II. It was haunted by a little old lady in a blue dress who left behind her the smell of mimosa.

Roch Castle, Pembrokeshire
The ghost is the shade of Lucy Walters, first mistress of Charles II, who was born in 1630. She floats through locked rooms in a white dress and may be the cause of the noisy running footsteps which mysteriously disturb the sleep of guests on occasions.

Ruthin Castle, Denbighshire
There is a ghostly figure of a man in armor wearing only one gauntlet.
There is also a strange glowing ball of light.

The ghost of Lady Grey has been seen wandering the hallways of the castle.

England

Arundel Castle, Sussex
A ghost from King Charles II's time browses books in the library. He is known as the "Blue Man".

Berry Pomeroy Castle, Devon
Said to be haunted by the daughter of a wicked baron who, as a consequence of an enforced relationship with her father, bore him a child, which he strangled.

Bramber Castle, Sussex
A father of some children angered King John. The king ordered that the children should be starved to death in the castle. Their ghosts have been seen.

Cadbury Castle, Somerset
Ghostly horsemen carrying torches have been seen at the castle.

Corfe Castle, Dorset
The ghost of a headless woman has been seen next to the walls of the castle.

Dover Castle, Kent
Dover Castle is associated with numerous ghosts and strange sounds.
In the King's bedroom, the lower half of a man has been seen walking through the doorway. The specter of a woman dressed in a red dress has been seen at the west stairway of the keep. The sounds of a creaking doorway opening and closing where a door used to be, but isn't anymore, have been heard.

Featherstone Castle, Northumberland
The castle is associated with a ghostly bridal party. Baron Featherstonehaugh had arranged for his daughter to marry a relative of his choice, even though the daughter was in love with someone else. The wedding party left for the "traditional hunt" after the wedding, leaving the baron behind to make arrangements for the banquet. When the party failed to return by midnight, the baron began to fear the worst. Sitting alone at the table, he heard horses crossing the drawbridge. The door opened and the party entered. But, they made no sound and passed through furniture.
The wedding party had been ambushed and killed. On the anniversary of the wedding, the party can still be seen heading towards the castle.

Herstmonceux Castle, Sussex
Many different ghosts have been seen here. The "White Lady," the "Grey Lady"

and a woman on a white donkey.

Hever Castle, Kent
The ghostly figure of Anne Boleyn has been seen gliding over the bridge.

Hurst Castle, Hampshire
A ghostly monk haunts the castle.

Lowther Castle, Cumbria
Haunted by Sir James Lowther. He was very unhappy with a prearranged marriage, and fell in love with a farmer's daughter. When she suddenly grew ill and died, Sir James refused to believe she was dead and left her on the bed. She was finally moved and placed in a coffin with a glass lid, which he set in a cupboard where he could look at her. She was finally buried, and Sir James died unloved and unmourned.
At his funeral his coffin began to sway as it was lowered into the ground. His spectral coach and ungroomed horses can be seen being driven through the parklands of the castle.

Okehampton Castle, Devon
A specter of a black dog can be seen at the castle.

Old Wardour Castle, Wiltshire
Lady Arundel's ghost haunts the castle grounds. She was executed after a siege by the Roundheads.

Pengersick Castle, Cornwall
A specter of a man haunts the castle. He tried to poison his wife, but the wife poisoned him first.

Pevensey Castle, Sussex
Below the castle walls a spectral army can be seen and heard.

Rochester Castle, Kent
The ghost of Lady Blanche de Warenne has been seen walking the castle battlements.

Scotney Castle, Kent
A dripping wet ghost haunts the castle. It is said that the man was a Revenue Officer murdered by smugglers.

Sherborne Old Castle, Dorset
Sir Walter Raleigh's ghost sits on the castle masonry.

Tower of London, London
In 1816, a guard saw what he described afterwards as "a shadowy bear walking up the stairs in the twilight." He lunged at it with his bayonet, which shattered against the wall. The ghostly presence walked on unaffected and the guard, having told his unlikely story to others, died of shock a few days later.

Verdley Castle, Sussex
The last wild bear killed in England haunts the castle.

Windsor Castle, Berkshire
Queen Elizabeth I's ghost has been seen in the library.
A young guard shot and killed himself and another guard on duty saw him afterwards.

Scotland

Aldourie Castle, Inverness & Nairn
The castle is said to be haunted by a Gray Lady.

Barcaldine Castle, Argyll & Dunbartonshire
Donald Campbell was murdered on the castle grounds, and his ghost has been seen at the castle. It is believed that he is wandering in search of his killer.

Dunrobin Castle, Sutherland & Caithness
The upper floor of the castle is said to be haunted by the daughter of the 14th Earl. She had been imprisoned in the attic by her father for her wrong doings. She tried to escape from a window, but fell to her death.

Duntrune Castle, Argyll & Dunbartonshire
Coll Macdonnell had a personal score to settle with the Campbells of Duntrune. As Coll approached the castle, a piper played a warning tune. Coll turned back. The Campbells cut off the piper's hands. A handless skeleton was later found at the castle, and pipe music can still be heard in the castle.

Hermitage Castle, Borders
A neighboring chief sent a group of goodwill ambassadors to Hermitage to propose cessation of their long feud. The lord promptly put the men into a small room without food or water. All the men died and their ghosts still stalk the ruins.

Top | Home

© 1995-2002 Castles Unlimited

Police accuse bank robbery suspect of gobbling up note (with dashcam video)

By Gina Mace
Special to the Beacon Journal

POSTED: 06:58 p.m. EST, Nov 20, 2009

Police believe they have their man.

But they fear their suspect in a bank robbery may have eaten some of the evidence — the note handed to a Streetsboro bank teller demanding cash — while he was handcuffed and leaning over the hood of a police cruiser.

Twinsburg police Patrolman Daniel Biada said a dash cam video of Thursday's arrest of John H. Ford, 35, of Cleveland, shows Ford gobbling a piece of paper while officers searched his pockets.

"As we're searching him, officers are removing items and throwing them on the cruiser [hood]," Biada said. "We're searching him for weapons. We're not looking at his head."

The whereabouts of the note demanding money came into question after Biada was taken into custody and Streetsboro investigators asked whether officers had found the piece of paper.

Twinsburg police reviewed the images captured on camera and said they observed Ford leaning over to eat something off the hood of the cruiser.

"He grabbed it in his mouth, just like Pacman," Biada said. "He just ate it right there."

Authorities said they found a .38-caliber pistol on the driver's side floor of Ford's car and a wad of cash covered in red ink on the passenger side of the vehicle.

Ford is also a suspect in bank robberies in Stow and Akron.

In the Streetsboro case, a man walked into the FirstMerit branch on state Route 14 around 10 a.m. and handed a teller a note that demanded money. The robber did not produce a gun inside of the bank.

Witnesses say he fled in a dark Ford Escort.

Twinsburg police stopped Ford, who was driving a black Ford Escort, on Interstate 480 shortly after the robbery was reported and turned him over to

Click here to print

Mail Online

A real white knuckle ride: 'Headless monk' seen by workmen forces Thorpe Park to relocate water slide

By Daily Mail Reporter
Last updated at 6:14 PM on 7th February 2011

- **Storm Surge ride was planned for footpath linking ruins of Chertsey Abbey to Thorpe Church since AD666**

A headless monk, a sudden chill, objects moving of own accord.

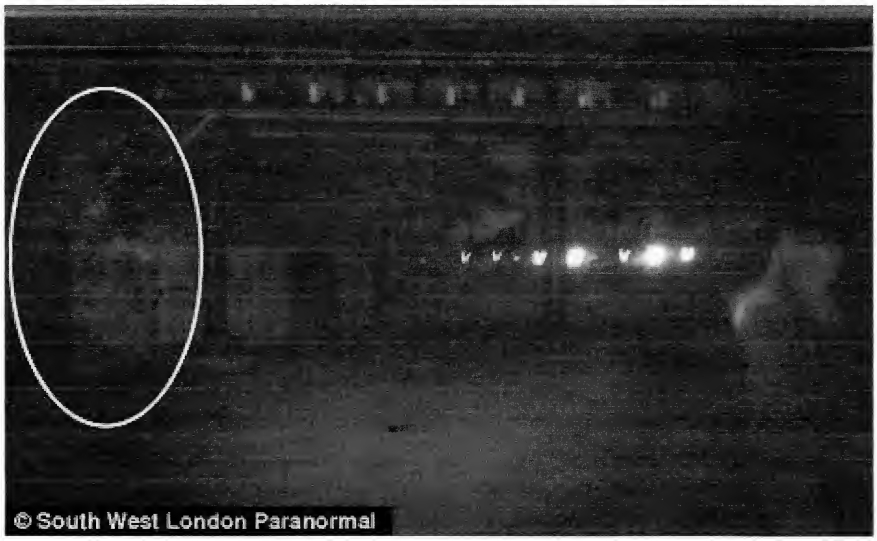
A new ride at an amusement park? No, the strange, seemingly paranormal, behaviour was experienced by workmen building a water ride at Thorpe Park, one of the country's biggest theme parks.

There were reports of workers feeling like someone was watching over their shoulder and sudden cold feelings being experienced.

As a result of the ghostly sightings, and fears that an ancient burial ground has been disturbed, the project was moved to another site.

This image was taken at Monk's Walk in Thorpe Park by the South West London Paranormal Society team who investigated the site. They said the vague white mist appeared in a number of images but was not visible to the naked eye. However, they did

add that it could just as likely be to do with the weather as the paranormal



A figure (circled) appears in a photo of one of the investigation team (right). 'Is this just mist, or someone passing by? You decide' is the question posed by the group which investigated the claims of a headless monk wandering around the theme park

A paranormal detection agency was then called in to the park in Chertsey, Surrey, to carry out tests and found that a burial ground or settlement could have been disturbed.

Managers at the park decided to relocate the ride to another area of the park and also called in a forensic team to carry out further investigations.

The 64ft-tall water ride, Storm Surge, was originally planned for an area known as Monk's Walk, an old footpath that has linked the ruins of nearby Chertsey Abbey to Thorpe Church since AD666.

Forensic geophysicist Peter Masters, seen here in Thorpe Park, has been called in to analyse the site, using deep ground radar. He said: 'From the preliminary investigations, we have picked up signatures similar to that of a burial ground - possibly ancient'

Managers at Thorpe Park decided to relocate the ride to another area of the park after reports of paranormal behaviour

The ride's foundations would have been over an area of the park where stone coffins have previously been excavated.

'The results were so strong, we felt the only explanation could be that an ancient burial ground or settlement was being disturbed, prompting the extra paranormal activity'

Mike Vallis, divisional director of Thorpe Park, said: 'It became apparent that something strange was going on when teams started clearing Storm Surge's initial site.

'Staff reports of eerie goings-on shot up and the only physical change in the park, at that time, was the beginning of ground preparation work for the new ride.

'As employees were getting freaked out, we decided to call on an expert to see whether there was anything to report but had no idea of the dramatic effects.'

Jim Arnold, of South West London Paranormal, said: 'We carry out these kinds of investigations quite regularly, with medium to weak results being reported on a weekly basis.

'Thorpe Park, however, was more striking as results were picked up immediately, with orbs, ghostly images in photography and ouija reaction results being strongest around the site where they were proposing to build Storm Surge.

'The results were so strong, we felt the only explanation could be that an ancient burial ground or settlement was being disturbed, prompting the extra paranormal activity.'

Forensic geophysicist Peter Masters, of Cranfield University, has since been called in to analyse the site, using deep ground radar.

He said: 'From the preliminary investigations, we have picked up signatures similar to that of a burial ground - possibly ancient.

'Although this could simply be an old building, with Thorpe Park's history, the investigation is definitely worth continuing.'

Visitors savouring one of the rides at the theme park. Mike Vallis, divisional director of Thorpe Park, said: 'It became apparent that something strange was going on when teams started clearing Storm Surge's initial site'

Places:
Surrey

Comments (169)

- Newest
- Oldest
- Best rated
- Worst rated

View all

The top picture is just that alien of American Dad

- MW, UK, 08/2/2011 00:18

Click to rate _ _ Rating (0)

Report abuse

Forget the ghost part of this story - doesn't anyone find it very sad that a fascinating historical site has been paved over for a tacky theme park?

- Angie P, Surrey, 07/2/2011 23:43

Click to rate _ _ Rating 36

Report abuse

"A paranormal detection agency was then called in to the park in Chertsey, Surrey, to carry out tests and found that a burial ground or settlement could have been disturbed". I have never heard of such an organisation. Is it self-described and self-appointed? What are its credentials? Who checked them? - John, Grantham, Lincolnshire, 07/2/2011 I believe the organisation involved 3 professional parapsychologists called Dr.s. Veckman, Stantz & Spengler. They are often credited with saving the world and fighting a demon possessed giant marshmallow man, and later a slimy evil painting.

- Dirk, Londonistan, 07/2/2011 23:43

Click to rate _ _ Rating 9

Report abuse

"A paranormal detection agency was then called in to the park in Chertsey, Surrey, to carry out tests and found that a burial ground or settlement could have been disturbed". I have never heard of such an organisation. Is it self-described and self-appointed? What are its credentials? Who checked them?

- John, Grantham, Lincolnshire, 07/2/2011 22:53

Click to rate _ _ Rating 11

Report abuse

Dung!

- Rebecca, Northern Ireland , 07/2/2011 22:50

Click to rate _ _ Rating 4

Report abuse

For those of you who haven't experienced anything 'paranormal', I understand the jokes. For those of us who have, the article is affirming and interesting. It is very difficult to explain, truly, unless you've experienced the active spiritual world. I know I never asked for this particular opportunity, but for the jokesters, perhaps a trip to this site is in order?

- Tea, Please, San Antonio, USA, 07/2/2011 22:38

Click to rate _ _ Rating 20

Report abuse

The views expressed in the contents above are those of our users and do not necessarily reflect the views of MailOnline.

- Today's headlines
- Most Read

- Danger of a junk food diet: Toddlers who eat more chips, crisps, biscuits and pizza 'have lower IQ'
- Divorce judge orders crash amputee to hand over most of his £500,000 compensation to ex-wife
- Gypsy family of 14 on benefits ruin their £1.2m council house
- Mother-of-four, 30, who was jailed for having sex with boy, 13, is found dead at home
- 'He should have died in jail': Cameron blasts Labour over release of Lockerbie bomber Megrahi
- Former Army bomb disposal expert 'tried to murder pregnant wife with grenade after she learned of his affair'
- Boy, 11, racks up £1,000 bill on mother's debit card playing XBox online
- 'Anni Dewani was not meant to die,' says gunman accused of being paid to kill her
- Handbagged! Woman pensioner foils sledgehammer jewellery store raid by clobbering six thugs with her bag
- 11-year-old girl caught trying to smuggle 74 mobile phones and a gun into Colombian jail
- Julian Assange fears 'real risk' of death penalty in the U.S. if extradited to Sweden
- Paramedic 'refused to enter pub to treat collapsed woman'
- FBI probe into Church of Scientology over claims of 'human trafficking'
- Three Muslims murderers 'launched knife attack on Bosnian-Serb general in British prison as revenge for war atrocities'
- School teaches pupils in classes of SEVENTY... and says pupils are learning more
- Mugger stabbed victim in head with screwdriver for his iPhone4
- We don't want any more hairdressers or estate agents: UK's latest migration crackdown
- Teacher sacked for posting picture of herself holding glass of wine and mug of beer on Facebook
- Axed spending watchdog splashed out £5,000 on luxury dinner and string quartet as 'swansong'
- Egypt's turmoil 'will fuel illegal migration wave', head of Nato warns
- Judge blasts ladette culture as he jails 17-year-old for blinding mother by stamping on her with stiletto
- 'Rude and obnoxious' Christian chiropodist accused of shunning gay patients
- Teen daughters convicted of murdering antiques dealer father in row over money
- Moat's ex relives moment he 'calmly executed' her new boyfriend

HAUNTED ROAD: In just one year, 26 cars have crashed on the same 500 metre (1,640ft) stretch of the A465 in Stoke Lacy, Herefordshire - the scene of a fatal smash 60 years ago. Drivers said it felt as if the wheel was snatched from their hands. The parish council has called in local ghost-busting minister Kevin Crouch to see if he can exorcise the road. *Sun, 26 Oct 2002.*

Higson Street Hauntings

by Carl Hughes
POSTED: 17 July 98

Like most other people who read these pages I have had a lifelong fascination with ghosts. Perhaps I've been more fortunate than most in that I have also had a chance personally to investigate scores of hauntings and to spend nights in many haunted houses, hotels etc. The events I relate here took place nearly 30 years ago and the case remains one of the strangest I have experienced.

It all began with a phone call - a woman's voice that sounded distressed as she said, 'I've been told you can get rid of evil spirits.' I had to say that no, I investigated hauntings and other psychic phenomena but exorcism wasn't in my line. 'Well, will you come anyway?' she pleaded. 'Perhaps you can explain what's happening here, tell me I'm not going crazy.'That was how I came to hear of the house which my caller, Rita Beckett, said had been causing her family trouble for almost a year, and of course I immediately agreed to visit. Fifteen months earlier Rita and Alan Beckett, together with their sons Christopher, aged eight, Gavin (six) and Keith (four) had moved into the Victorian terrace in Higson Street, Salford, which is an industrial city in the north-west of England. Previously they had lived with Rita's widowed mother in nearby Eccles while seeking an affordable home of their own - anything to get them out of cramped digs, Rita said.

The house in Higson Street had been built for textile mill workers in the 1860s and even after some improvement it remained at best basic: parlour, lounge, scullery, and three tiny bedrooms; no garden or inside lavatory, no central heating. The cobbled neighbourhood included Archie Street, on which the popular English TV programme 'Coronation Street' had been modelled, while a couple of minutes away, across the main road, lay Salford Docks at the end of the Manchester Ship Canal. It was a run-down, dreary area, and seemed all the more so when I arrived on a drizzly November evening. Rita Beckett, at 32, looked careworn with lines around the eyes and the pinched features that come from hard circumstances and, as she told me, the circumstances had been getting harder.

'It started just before last Christmas,' she said. 'We were in bed one night talking quietly when the door at the bottom of the stairs opened, and it didn't close again. After a few seconds somebody began stomping upstairs, dragging their feet. We thought it must be one of the boys and that surprised us as we hadn't heard them leave their bedroom. You can't creep about in this house because all the boards and stairs squeak like crazy, and the stairs aren't carpeted. Anyway, Alan called out, "What are you doing?" The footsteps stopped straight away. We both got up and turned on the light, and found the staircase empty. Not only that, but the door at the bottom was still closed, as we'd left it. We checked on the boys, who shared a bedroom, and they were all asleep.' Alan took up the story. 'There'd been odd funny things before that,' he said. 'For instance, we'd find coats on the floor instead of hanging on the wardrobe, but we never really thought much of it. After we'd heard these footsteps we tried to convince ourselves it must have been the neighbours next door but we knew it wasn't. The walls are fairly thin and we can hear them if they have a row or if their kids clatter about, but this sound came from our house, not theirs.'

The first really disturbing experience occurred the following week when Rita and the boys were in the house alone, Alan being at a factory some miles away where he worked night shifts on alternate weeks. 'At about two in the morning Gavin came and woke me up,' Rita recalled. 'He said, "Tell the old man to stop stroking my hair." Of course I thought he'd been dreaming and put him back to bed. But half an hour later he woke me up again and said he couldn't sleep because of the old man who kept touching his hair. I asked what the old man looked like and he said, "He's sort of bent and he smells." 'I went into the boys' bedroom and found nothing unusual except for a dirty, musty smell. I tucked Gavin in again and told him to stop making up stories, then I got back to my own bed and fell asleep.

'I don't know how long I slept but I jolted awake when the bed springs suddenly sank on one side as if somebody had come and sat there. The room wasn't completely dark because of a street light outside the window. I couldn't see anyone but I noticed the same smell as in the boys' room - dirty and musty. Then all at once a hand touched my hair and began stroking it. I think I yelled, and jumped out of bed. When I turned on the light everything looked normal but I could feel somebody moving about, like a cold draught. I just ran out, grabbed the boys and took them downstairs with me.' Alan returned from work a few hours later to find his family in the lounge, huddled together in blankets. He listened with concern but no real belief to his wife's story. 'I tried to tell her she'd imagined someone touching her,' he said. 'To be honest I closed my mind to anything other than that.' He had to revise his opinion a few nights later, however.

He told me, 'At some time after two in the morning I heard the door opening at the foot of the stairs, just like before, and then came the footsteps. They were slow and heavy, and I thought I could hear a tapping like a walking stick. This time we had a night light burning on the landing because Rita and the boys had been nervous since the last episode. I went out determined to find out what all this was about. I wasn't scared, just bloody angry. I got to the top of the stairs and immediately saw that the door at the bottom remained shut, and the stairs were empty - yet the footsteps kept coming up. Then something clammy brushed by me, like a cold wind, or cobwebs. A peculiar feeling. The steps went on along the landing towards the third bedroom, which we don't use, and then stopped.' Rita joined her husband on the landing, and they saw that the door to the third bedroom stood ajar.

'We always keep the door closed,' Rita said. 'I don't know why — I just never like passing that room with the door open. It gives me the creeps for some reason. We went inside and found Gavin sitting on the floor cross-legged, rocking backwards and forwards in the darkness. He looked at us and said in a peculiar voice, kind of croaky, "I'm still here". Then he went on rocking like before.' 'Usually he won't go in that room,' Alan said. 'None of the boys will — they don't like it. And I admit that it does have a bad atmosphere. That's why we don't use the place.'

After this the family became plagued almost nightly by footsteps on the stairs; and Gavin, previously a lively, bright boy became increasingly morose. He expressed a deep fear of the house, and especially of that third bedroom, yet paradoxically he displayed the utmost reluctance to go outdoors. He also began talking about 'the Body', apparently a presence he could see in the house although he found it difficult to describe. Apparently it was not the 'bent old man' he had spoken about previously, as he also continued to see this man at night and seemed to grow fond of him.

'The neighbours told us that the people who lived here before us were called Albert and Dora Owen,' Rita said. 'Dora died of cancer here, and Albert died in hospital about six months later. He was an old man, seventy-eight, and apparently he walked with a stoop. I'm sure it must be him that's haunting us. All the neighbours said the Owens were a lovely couple, very friendly. Yet if so, why do I feel that the presence here is so evil?' Rita's nerve broke a few days before she contacted me.

'I couldn't sleep so I went downstairs at about three in the morning,' she said. 'Suddenly a cold wind passed right through the room and the transistor radio went off. When I looked up, Gavin was standing in the doorway at the bottom of the stairs, and he laughed in a really malevolent way and said, "I'm still here". That's what he'd said the night we found him alone in the dark. The voice hadn't been his then, and it wasn't now. It sounded harsh. I shouted something at him, and then he seemed to wake up and began crying. I'm convinced the spirit of Albert Owen is in the house and it wants to drive us out.' I asked about the other boys, if they had seen or sensed anything evil.

'Neither of them will go upstairs on their own, and they're petrified when the footsteps come at night,' Alan said. 'Chris said he felt as if someone kept watching him, but maybe that's down to imagination. God knows there's enough happened here to set anybody's imagination going.' After our talk I was taken by Rita and Alan through the house. I am not psychic, and not one of those people who claim to be aware of unseen presences. One did not need super sensitivity, however, to feel uncomfortable in the third bedroom of this house. The place exuded malice. The old adage says that walls have ears. These walls seemed to have eyes instead, hostile and glaring. Not a scientific description, maybe, but it describes the room well enough. More mundanely, it had a bare, gritty floor, old wallpaper peeling in places, and a sash window with net curtain. It felt cold as one would expect, but not just ordinarily cold as on any November evening. Here I found a bone-deep chill as though even its essence had been sucked away. I've experienced similar chill in other haunted places and it is always profoundly unpleasant. 'Now you understand why none of us likes this room,' Alan said. We continued our tour of the house, which apart from that third bedroom felt normal enough, and at the end I told the Becketts I would like to spend some time there and conduct tests.

A week later the family went to stay for a few days with Mrs Beckett's mother, and during that time they allowed me and three colleagues to move in. I spent three nights and two full days in the house with Arthur Latham, Ross Price and Martin Hodgkiss, all of whom had accompanied me on previous investigations. We took regular temperature readings in the rooms, monitored four tape recorders, and set up a movement-sensitive camera in the third bedroom. In addition Arthur, our electronics expert, installed a range of equipment to test atmospheric pressure, shifts in the house structure, and sensors to detect movement on the stairs and in each of the bedrooms. We of course experienced all the usual noises - creaks, raps, bangings - to be expected in any house of whatever age. We could also hear the television sets in both adjoining houses, and at times it seemed the families had regiments of children running riot. All these things, however, were straightforward and unambiguous.

Not everything else was. On our first night I took up position at the top of the stairs on the landing, Ross in the boys' bedroom and Martin on the threshold of the third bedroom, while Arthur remained in the lounge monitoring our equipment. In each room we had a low-power bulb burning, and all interior doors were open. At 2.13am we clearly heard the distinctive squeaking sound of the door at the bottom of the stairs opening (despite it being already open), and almost immediately footsteps began slowly ascending. Being on the landing, I could see both the staircase, which was in deep shadow but empty, and the open door. The footsteps continued for several seconds but did not reach the top.

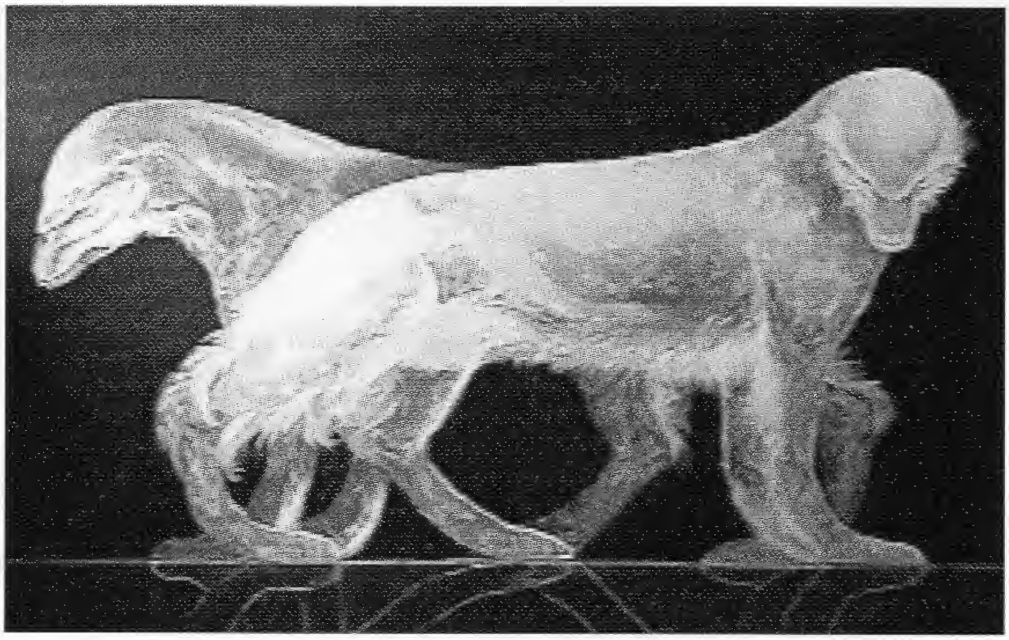
This process was repeated twice more that night, at 3.11am and 3.34am. During the night our thermometers registered no undue fluctuation except in the third bedroom, where there were extraordinary swings ranging from 30F to 46F. Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly most sinister, phenomenon occurred in that room. At 2.24am Martin and I both heard movement there. The sound, like someone dragging their feet across the uncarpeted floor, continued for seven minutes although nothing could be seen. I joined Martin at the doorway and immediately noticed the extreme chill billowing out, and a sense of menace that had the hairs on our necks bristling. We were satisfied that the noise came from the room itself and not from the adjoining houses, nor from the walls or loft. We could also discount mice and rats in the eaves and behind the skirtings: the previous afternoon we had gone over the house thoroughly for signs of vermin and there were none; and in any case the sounds Martin and I heard were not the sort made by rodents. Our movement-sensitive camera remained inactive.

With the dawn we compared notes, and Arthur reported that his equipment had indicated sounds being recorded in the third bedroom at the time Martin and I specified. We ran back the tape to that point and listened to the recording. What we were not prepared for was the sound of a human voice: something we had not heard during the night. It emerged deep, hoarse and muffled, and it said just one word, repeated three times. The word may have been 'Gaffing' or 'Gadding'. It could just as easily have been 'Gavin'.

Ross, Martin and I switched positions for the second night, and again for the third. There were more footsteps on the staircase on the second night, at 3.19am, and again the tape recorder picked up a voice in the third bedroom, although this time we couldn't even guess at the word or words. The third night passed peacefully, as did all the daylight hours. I spoke to several other residents of Higson Street and from them learned that Albert and Dora Owen had lived in the house since at least the 1920s and that there had never been any suggestion of strange occurrences there. I managed to trace Mr and Mrs Owen's son Derek, who now lived in North Wales, and from him heard a slightly different story. He had grown up in the house and had occupied the third bedroom as a boy, but always felt uncomfortable there and suffered constant nightmares until moving into another room. In addition, his mother had sometimes spoken of feeling uncomfortable in the upstairs rooms - 'She used to say somebody seemed to be hovering over her,' Derek said. He also told me of a rumour that someone had once hanged themselves in the house but I was unable to verify this either through the landlord or through library records.

My opinion, passed to Rita and Alan Beckett, was that there were at least two presences in the house, one benign and the other most definitely not. I thought it possible that the footsteps on the stairs were caused by the ghost of Albert Owen, and that though they might find this phenomenon disconcerting, it would not harm them and was likely in time to disappear. I could not say the same for the presence in the third bedroom, however. Rita and Alan were anxious to have both presences removed if possible and I contacted a priest whom I knew had conducted exorcisms elsewhere. The priest and two colleagues spent five hours at the house in mid-December, reporting that they all experienced a deep sense of evil in the third bedroom and, to a lesser extent, elsewhere in the house. They were convinced, however, that their exorcism had succeeded and that the presences had been banished. Rita and Alan did not agree. In fact I found Rita distraught when I next contacted her. She said that twice more she had felt a presence in her bedroom at night, and that Gavin had apparently been possessed three times by the mysterious 'Body'. In early February the family moved out of the house for good, and an elderly couple - similar in age to the Owens - took up occupation in May.

I called on this couple after a few weeks and asked if they had experienced anything unusual. The lady, Elsie Grainger, said, 'If you mean have we heard old Albert on the stairs, the answer's yes. But we don't mind. He's just keeping an eye on the place where he used to live.' I asked specifically about the third bedroom and Mrs Grainger said, 'The place doesn't feel right, does it? We've boarded up the doorway and don't use it, but sometimes we can hear voices there. We take no notice - that seems to be best, don't you think?'



A PERFECT PICTURE OF MYSTERY

As I've often noted, mystery animals can turn up in the most unlikely places – and one of these just so happens to be the American version of eBay, the online auction house. From 16 to 26 September 2002, a most extraordinary painting was offered there, as Item #907237942, by a seller from Old Town, Florida, using the name ectopistes@webtv.net and requiring an undisclosed reserve price. According to the seller's description, it was an original unframed water-colour, measuring 22ins by 30ins, bearing the signature Canzanella, and it depicted a pair of very odd-looking mammals. The one in the foreground was described by the seller as white with a very slight pinkish hue (as the seller's video-camera photo of the painting had made it seem yellow). The seller had owned the painting for roughly 28 years after paying $1,000 for it, but had no information as to what the animals in it were. Emphasising their curious appearance, s/he had entitled the item 'Strange Cryptozoology Animal Painting'. Certainly, the creatures depicted are decidedly unusual, even sinister, and I cannot readily identify them with any known species. There are certain similarities to badgers (though the portrayed animals' legs seem too long for all but perhaps the Asian hog badger, *Arctonyx collaris*), and others to various viverrids. The pink-hued white fur of the foreground specimen may indicate albinism. In any event, the painting is reproduced here, and we'd welcome any opinions or information concerning the mystifying animals depicted, and the equally mysterious artist responsible for depicting them.

Guy builds biggest fart machine ever to fart at France with it

Jesus Diaz Yesterday 12:49pm

Colin Furze—maker of the coolest Wolverine claws—wants to build a giant butt and fart at France from Dover. That's why he has built the biggest valveless pulse jet machine ever—these engines powered the Nazi V-1 bombs that terrified London during WW2 making an infernal noise that sounds like a furious fart from hell.

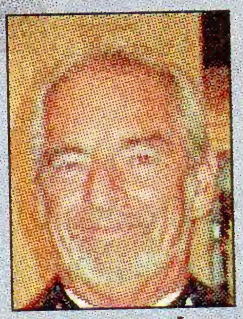
Now that the engine is done he's actually going to build a gigantic butt, install the machine in its anus, put the whole thingamajig on the cliffs of Dover, point it at France, and fart on July 24—around 6-7pm local time—to see if the frenchies at the other side of the channel can hear it. I really hope they do. And I really hope the Queen gives this guy a knighthood.

COURTS

Murder-for-hire plot earns pair one year in jail

THE BAKERSFIELD CALIFORNIAN

Two businessmen accused of being the brains behind what was once considered a murder-for-hire case were sentenced Thursday to one year in jail, according to KGET.



Giangrossi

Skiba

Francis Giangrossi, owner of Coast Roofing, and Jim Skiba, a supervisor at the business, took a plea deal last year that cleared them of murder charges. Instead they only faced charges of conspiring to commit "mayhem."

The two men admitted to paying to have four men beat up Steve Stewart, concentrating on hurting his hands. The reason for the planned attack on Stewart stemmed from his relationship with Giangrossi's wife, Madica Lynn Winchester.

Stewart was not injured, but he killed a man breaking into his house — which led to murder charges against all of the suspects. The three men who attempted to break into Stewart's home also took plea deals recently. They face up to eight years in prison for their part.

Their sentencing is set for April 24.

I was a sonic experiment

MARK BLACKLOCK recalls an evening of music designed to test the psychological effects of extremely low frequencies

MARK BLACKLOCK is a journalist who verified the use of ultrasonic weapons in the the recent Gulf War. Sadly, nobody was listening.

Involuntary defecation, rupture of internal organs, nausea, disorientation and perhaps even epileptic fits: once upon a time, infrasound was the silent killer, the blackest project of sinister military R&D, the low frequency wave below the threshold of human hearing which was being harnessed to incapacitate civilians and enemies alike.

At least that was the ripple which washed through the pond of conspiracy theorising for at least two decades after over-excitable French robotics researcher Vladimir Gavreau announced that he had stumbled across the dangerous effects of sound waves at the frequency of seven hertz. Now, however, the waters have calmed a touch, thanks to research such as German acoustician Jurgen Altmann's 1999 paper questioning the feasibility of infrasonic weapons – "I have found no hard evidence for vomiting or uncontrolled defecation, even at levels of 170 dB or more" (***FT153:35***) – and the US military's focusing on the opposite end of the sonic spectrum with the ultrasound devices produced by the American Technology Corporation. According to inventor Elwood Norris, these were used in the recent Gulf War (alongside that old standard of playing LOUD ROCK MUSIC at the bad guys – also used in Panama, Waco and the first Gulf War).

Certainly, the fact that I've now been bombarded with infrasound along with about 200 others at the Royal Festival Hall's Purcell Room would suggest that the low, low waves have been rehabilitated to a certain extent. More interesting than ruptured organs to the organisers of the event, which took place on Saturday 31 May, are altered moods and in particular the research of Vic Tandy (*FTs* passim), who has postulated that infrasound might be at the root of many reported hauntings.

Tandy's theory goes that around the frequency of 19hz – which NASA research in the Sixties discovered to be the frequency at which the eyeball resonates – infrasound can cause people to see ghostly apparitions at the periphery of vision and to experience feelings of discomfort and drops in temperature. It can even make candle flames flicker. Tandy has since discovered infrasound at a number of 'haunted' sites (though his research at the underground vaults in Edinburgh was inconclusive). It would appear that we have nothing to fear from infrasound but fear itself.

ABOVE: Inside a speaker cone at the infra-sonic rehearsal.

Furthermore, infrasound has long been associated with sacred music, and some of the largest church organs in the world produce profoundly low frequencies at high volumes. Might infrasound also cause heightened religious emotion? The answers to such questions were what psychologist Richard Wiseman was setting out to discover with this mass experiment.

This event was not just about science, but rather the synthesis of art and science as promoted by the sciart Consortium. Representing the arts were pianist GéNIA, electro-acoustic composer Sarah Angliss and video artist Ravi Deepres; making up the science team alongside Dr Wiseman were psychologist Ciaran O'Keeffe, and Dr Richard Long and Dan Simmonds of the National Physics Laboratory, "the keepers of the decibel", who had constructed from a length of sewage piping and a subwoofer the real star of the show, the infrasonic generator.

Infrasound has been associated with sacred music

Up stepped Prof Wiseman to explain the experiment. The audience/guinea pigs would be asked to fill out a questionnaire at four separate points during the concert, rating feelings such as excitement, drowsiness and happiness and noting any unusual sensations or experiences. Infrasound would be present during two of the four pieces and not during the other two. At a later performance the infrasound pieces would be reversed, thereby establishing a control. Following a question from the audience, Wiseman informed us that the infrasound would be generated at a frequency of 17hz, thereby disappointing all those who'd come for the constipation cure.

The music was essentially abstract, modern composition, aiming to fuse electronic with classically-derived pieces. Works by Arvo Part, Karen Tanaka and Hayden Parsey were performed, while Ravi Deprees' naturalistic films were projected as a backdrop; lozenges of light shooting across city nightscapes; fluid cylinders with vertical lines; red smoke or coloured liquid rising through a liquid medium.

The standout piece of the recital, at least for this humble observer, was Philip Glass's 'Metamorphosis Two', which called to mind collaborator Aphex Twin's successful adventures with strings and treated piano.

And what of the results of the experiment? Well, I noted a tightness in my chest and an increased heart rate during the pieces 'Lo but Hi' by Hayden Parsey and 'Toccare' by Ton Bruynel. I was slightly disturbed to discover after the event that these were the two compositions from which infrasound was completely absent. My colleague, despite encouragement to note a desire to kill his father, was troubled only by "slight erotic fantasies about the pianist" during the solo piano piece 'Techno Etude No 3' by Karen Tanaka, during which infrasound was played. One can only conclude that further research into the aphrodisiac qualities of low frequency sound is urgently required. FT

REFERENCE

www.infrasonicmusic.co.uk/
A further experiment will take place at the Science Museum IMAX theatre at a date to be confirmed.

BOTH PHOTOS: FORTEAN PICTURE LIBRARY

FLYING FELINES: A Spanish winged cat, photographed in 1950 (above left) and the winged cat of Oxford Zoo in the 1930s (above right).

He thought that the marvellous moggy was a hybrid of cat and flying squirrel

but rose up when she ran.

In 1998, Joyce Harrigan of Letchworth, Hertfordshire, recalled to me that while a teenager in Ashford, Middlesex, during World War II, she knew of a big chubby black-and-white cat that sprouted wings from its shoulders. The cat was owned by two pensioners, and was often seen in their garden, attracting many people who would look at it over the wall.

Also in 1998, I received a letter from Jay Allen Sanford of Re-Visionary Press, based in San Diego, California, who told me of his own encounter with a winged cat, which took place in summer 1970 when he was 10 years old and living in Wallingford, Connecticut:

Passing a neighbor's yard, I saw an orange and white longhaired cat which was positively waddling due to large wing-like growths hanging from its midsection. It climbed the house porch and a man came out the door, and I (bold as children are) walked up to the door and asked about his winged cat. He told me that this was the way the cat sheds fur in the summer, and that it happens each year.... acting like it was so natural and normal that I must have led quite a sheltered life not to have heard of such a thing.

I pet the cat and felt the "wings". The rectangular fur pads were at least five inches [13cm] long and three to four inches [7.6–10cm] tall. They were attached to its torso nearest to the front two legs and felt like cardboard with fur haphazardly glued to it. The fur was not straight like that on its body – rather, it was matted and a little lighter in color (kind of gray in spots). I thumped the pads and it sounded like thumping light balsa wood, though the pads felt sturdy and weighty.... I remember the man was saying something about how the pads fall off by themselves but I was so engrossed with the cat that I don't know if he said how long it takes. I do remember him saying that it doesn't seem to hurt the cat, except for the way the weight makes him waddle. The cat was very friendly and didn't seem to mind my curious poking. The next time I saw it, over a week later, it had no more wings. We moved to another town that winter so I never got to see if the same thing happened the next year.

Another text-book description of FCA.

1998 was clearly the year of the cat (winged, that is), because that was when I also heard of a stuffed New World specimen, via Lynda Brooks of Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex. She and her husband had spent much of 1992 in Buffalo, New York State, and while there had toured the Niagara Valley and surrounding areas. During this tour, she came across a very old, stuffed, mounted example, about the size of a year-old domestic cat. Dark reddish-brown in colour with black tabby-like markings, it had thick coarse fur, and was very slim and wild-looking, with a thin tail, but its most striking features were two bony structures, one on each side of its spine. Almost shoulder-blade-level, they were covered with flaps of skin that reminded her of the ear-flaps on a deerstalker hat. While there, she saw the specimen on two or three occasions, and spent time scrutinising it, "...looking for signs of 'creature tampering' but I never saw anything to suggest it was anything other than genuine".

Finally, John Raggatt, a postman from Northwood, Middlesex, revealed to me that in 1998, he had twice spied a black winged cat while delivering mail to a private residential area called Moor Park, just outside Northwood. The first time was around June, when he saw it walk out of a driveway, across the road, into a front garden, and down the side of the house. Roughly a fortnight later, he saw the cat again as it took exactly the same route, but this time he was much closer to it, only about 10ft (3m) away, and was able to observe its wings closely while the cat paused for a time to groom itself: "They appeared to be about two-three inches [5–7.6cm] back from the shoulder blades and at about the same height as the shoulder blades. They were about 8–10 inches [20–25cm] long, about 4 inches [10cm] wide and about an inch [2.5cm] thick". When John attempted to get closer, the cat ran off, and as it did, its wings flapped, making John smile, "because it looked like it was trying to take off". On a wing and a purr, no doubt!

Clearly, although they may not have made the fortean headlines much of late, winged cats are still very much around, and have been for quite some time. If any *FT* readers have details of additional cases, we'd love to hear from you.

I wish to thank Janet Bord, Lynda Brooks, Joyce Harrigan, John Raggatt and Jay Allen Sanford for kindly sharing details of the above cases with me.

KARL SHUKER is a zoological consultant, lecturer and Who Wants to be a Millionaire? winner and is the author of many books, including *The Unexplained* (1996), *The Hidden Powers of Animals* (2001) and *The New Zoo* (2002).

If cats could fly...

KARL SHUKER returns to the subject of winged cats – now known to be sufferers from feline cutaneous asthenia – and unearths some additional cases both old and new.

JOHN MORRIS/FORTEAN PICTURE LIBRARY

MANCHESTER MYSTERY MOGGY: The winged cat that lived in a Trafford Park builder's yard.

WINGED CATS, INCLUDING SUCH FAMOUS EXAMPLES AS the Wiveliscombe kitten of 1899, the black-and-white individual on show at Oxford Zoo during the 1930s, and the Manchester builder's yard moggy publicised during the 1970s, have always been among my favourite fortean creatures, which I have researched in great detail for many years. In an exclusive article [***FT78:32-33***], I was able to reveal that the long-awaited explanation for their curious appendages was a little-known genetically-induced condition known as feline cutaneous asthenia (FCA).

Cats exhibiting FCA have abnormally flexible (hyperextensible), fragile skin, which if merely rubbed or stroked can stretch out into long furry wing-like extensions along their shoulders, back or haunches. And because these extensions (whose fur often becomes matted) contain musculature, they can even be raised up and down a little, heightening their superficial resemblance to wings. Moreover, if stretched too much, these extensions peel off, but without any bleeding, thus giving the impression that the 'wings' have moulted.

In recent years, little new material concerning winged cats has been published, but I have continued collecting data concerning these purring paradoxes. Here is a long-overdue update, which contains a number of previously unpublished cases, or cases hitherto unpublicised in the fortean literature.

An interesting early example, kindly brought to my attention by Martin Stubbs (via Paul Sieveking), was recorded in Henry David Thoreau's *Walden; or Life in the Woods* (1854). This book documents Thoreau's two years of self-imposed solitary existence in a self-built cabin within a wood by the shores of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts. According to Thoreau, a few years before he lived there, what he specifically refers to as a "winged cat" lived in one of the farmhouses in Lincoln nearest the pond. The cat in question (sex unknown, but termed 'she' for convenience by Thoreau) was:

> *...of a dark brownish-gray color, with a white spot on her throat, and white feet, and had a large bushy tail like a fox; that in the winter the fur grew thick and flatted out along her sides, forming stripes ten or twelve inches [25–30cm] long by two and a half [6cm] wide, and under her chin like a muff, the upper side loose, the under matted like felt, and in the spring these appendages dropped off. They [the farmhouse owners] gave me a pair of her "wings", which I keep still. There is no appearance of a membrane about them.*

Thoreau then speculated about the possibility that this marvellous moggy was a hybrid of cat and flying squirrel(!); in reality, it is a classic description of a cat exhibiting FCA.

On 3 August 1894, Cambridgeshire's *Independent Press* carried a short item regarding a one-year-old cat "with wings resembling those of a duckling" that was being exhibited locally by David Badcock of the Ship Inn, in Reach. Apparently, its wings had previously remained unnoticed until it had been roughly handled, whereupon the affronted felid had outspread them. Accordingly, its owner was now charging tuppence to viewers during the daytime, and had begun touring the nearby villages with his winged protégé at night. A week later, however, the same newspaper reported that Badcock's lucrative winged cat had been stolen, since when nothing more appears to have been heard of it.

A double curiosity from Matlock was documented by a local Derbyshire newspaper in 1897. According to the report, this incredible tom had "fully grown pheasant's wings projecting from each side of its fourth ribs", which eyewitnesses claimed that it used, outstretched, when running to help it race along at a very fast pace. As if its "pheasant's wings" (probably long filaments of hyperextensible furry skin) were not remarkable enough, this particular cat was described as being a male tortoiseshell. If true, it would have been an exceedingly rare individual, because the tortoiseshell condition is due to a sex-linked mutant gene, the result of which is that virtually all tortoiseshell cats are female.

In 1936, the dorsally-sited wings of a long-haired white cat from a farm near Portpatrick in Scotland were said to be 6in (15cm) long, 3in (7.5cm) wide, and folded down into her flanks when she was at rest,

COURTESY OF **BAKERSFIELD FIRE DEPARTMENT**

City Fire Engineer John Rimmer rescues an iguana from a tree in northwest Bakersfield.

GREAT ESCAPE

Iguana goes for a high-rise view

BY SHELLIE BRANCO
Californian staff writer
e-mail: sbranco@bakersfield.com

In the movies, iguanas are the pet of choice for South American druglords.

Ralph the iguana isn't as smooth as actor Ralph Fiennes. He probably doesn't have intentions shady enough for a steamy jungle drama.

But *la vida tropical* may have been calling him home Tuesday.

The green guy chilled out — literally — on a birch branch in the cold outside a northwest Bakersfield home.

He probably didn't understand why the Bakersfield Fire Department showed up to his new pad 20 feet above Cardigan Avenue.

They were there to get him down.

The cold weather wasn't ideal for a cold-blooded reptile, said Battalion Chief Doug Greener, who owned an iguana in high school.

This was one unusual call, Greener said. Most animal rescues in Bakersfield deal with

Please turn to **IGUANA** / *B3*

IGUANA: Pet bites helpful firefighter

Continued from B1

cats or dogs. Some people call when they see a rattlesnake. Firefighters wanted to handle Ralph delicately, Greener said.

"Firefighters gingerly crept up on the unsuspecting reptile and gently plucked it from its lofty perch," a department press release said.

Engineer John Rimmer was the 4-foot iguana's hero.

In return, Ralph bit him.

"When he saw the firefighter, he perked up," Greener said. "It blew itself up and hissed. It whipped its tail."

Ralph's mouth only caught Rimmer's thick jacket sleeve, so the firefighter wasn't hurt.

"Trying to fight an iguana on the way down is difficult," Greener added.

Ralph's owner, Ryan Roy, said he probably got out through a hole in the screen of his open bedroom window. Roy plans to fix it so Ralph can't scurry away again.

Roy got the 6-year-old iguana when it was 6 inches long, just a baby.

Roy had stopped home briefly Monday afternoon from his job as a school custodian and didn't see Ralph.

He was still missing that evening.

Tuesday morning, Roy spotted his friend in the tree.

"He probably just saw the sunlight and all the green plants," Roy said, and Ralph headed up the tree. It was the first time he'd ever escaped, Roy added.

After a meal of veggies, an unharmed Ralph sat on his branch and relaxed Tuesday night under a heat lamp, his eyes half open, Roy said.

The family's blind terrier, Polly, loves Ralph, Roy said.

"She'll jump on my bed and stare into the cage," he said.

As for Greener's iguana, it ran away one winter day at home in Lake Arrowhead, never to return.

Swedish Woman Finds IKEA Bags Filled With 80 Human Skeletons

Jay Hathaway

A woman who lifted up a tarp inside a church in southern Sweden was shocked to discover a stash of plastic IKEA bags filled with human bones, *The Local* reports.

"There were loads of skulls and bones stuffed into Ikea bags. I counted up to 80," said Kicki Karlén of Kläckeberga, who wrote up her gruesome discovery on her blog.

She was furious to discover the bones had been sitting there since 2009, when they were pulled from under the floorboards during a remodel to install a wheelchair access ramp.

"Our mission was to document and rebury the bones, which may be as much as 500 years old. But the reburial was delayed and I have no idea why," archaeologist Ludvig Papmehl-Dufay, who worked on the excavation five years ago, told the Local.

Papmehl-Dufay said he didn't know anything about the bones being stored in Ikea bags, but in his professional opinion, they "aren't actually that bad. They'd be great for stopping the moulding process. But it can't be that good to have them in the basement for so long."

The skeletons were meant to be reburied shortly after they were first dug up, but the situation became complicated after the county said they couldn't be moved from church grounds.

Apparently, they've been in IKEA purgatory ever since.

ILLINOIS **Springfield:** Budget cuts will force the Illinois Historic Preservation Agency to consider cutting hours at some state historic sites after the Labor Day weekend. The agency's budget for historic site operations was cut by $1.1 million for the fiscal year that started July 1.

The Image on the Glass

by Janet Brennan

Milton, Massachusets, seems an unlikely place for a miracle. A prosperous, white-collar town of 26,062 residents within sight of Boston's skyscrapers, it is an understated community of staid Colonial houses set amid lush gardens on quiet streets. It seems the embodiment of no-nonsense, strait-laced Yankee sensibility. Yet in the summer of 2003, it had more in common with 1917 Fatima, Portugal, than Puritanism.

Apparition in the Window

The commotion began in early June. An employee of Milton Hospital, a small, private health-care center surrounded by trees on a quiet hill well off the street, happened to glance up at a window on the top floor of the three-story, brick office building behind the hospital. For the past five years, this window in an eye doctor's office had been clouded by condensation, caused by a leaky seal between the window's double panes that let in moisture. But now it appeared that the vapor had somehow morphed into a recognizable image. The white-and-gray image looked to the employee like a full-length figure of Mary, the mother of Jesus, standing on the globe. The amazed worker called the local newspaper and reported the apparition on June 10.

Soon the *Boston Globe* picked up the story, and shortly thereafter the story went worldwide on the Associated Press news

ing on the globe of the Earth. It even looked to me like her gown was blown back against her lower leg by the wind.

Looking at the window is like taking a Rorschach inkblot test: each person sees what their personality and their desires allow them to see. I circulated through the crowd, eavesdropping on their comments. "Can you see that she's standing on a snake?" I heard one lady ask another. But a little boy disgustedly complained to his father in a rather loud voice: "It's not anything!"

Many in the crowd, obviously repeat visitors, talked about how the image had been more detailed in the earlier weeks. "You could see her cuffs better," I heard one person say. Cuffs? I couldn't even see sleeves.

As the security guards stood around with a jaded air, a woman began passing out Xeroxed sheets with lyrics to a hymn. The lyrics were a plea for racial harmony. Information passed through the crowd that at 7 p.m. the rosary would be prayed in seven different languages. Meanwhile, a small group of ladies was kneeling on the cement curb, quietly saying the rosary in a language I couldn't identify, but the leader did intone in English, obviously for the benefit of eavesdroppers like me, "Holy Mary, pray for the unborn."

It seems not only do people see what they need to see in the window, they also discern a motivation for the apparition according to their own concerns. Some hope the image is there to heal people, others think it's to promote racial diversity, and some want to make the woman in the window into the poster child for the anti-abortion movement.

While the window at top right reflects a pine tree and sky, the window with the image does not reflect anything.

As for me, I left Milton Hospital happy to see so many people of different races and ethnicities gathered quietly together, willing to open their minds to the possibility of a spiritual, even paranormal, manifestation. As far as I'm concerned, that's miracle enough.

Janet Brennan *is a newspaper editor in Portland, Maine.*

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, August 2, the 214th day of 2014. There are 151 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1776: Members of the Continental Congress began attaching their signatures to the Declaration of Independence.

1873: Inventor Andrew S. Hallidie successfully tested a cable car he had designed for the city of San Francisco.

1876: Frontiersman "Wild Bill" Hickok was shot and killed while playing poker at a saloon in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, by Jack McCall, who was later hanged.

1909: The original Lincoln "wheat" penny first went into circulation, replacing the "Indian Head" cent.

1923: The sitting 29th president of the United States, Warren G. Harding, died in San Francisco; Vice President Calvin Coolidge became president.

1934: German President Paul von Hindenburg died, paving the way for Adolf Hitler's complete takeover.

1939: Albert Einstein signed a letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt urging creation of an atomic weapons research program. President Roosevelt signed the Hatch Act, which prohibited civil service employees from taking an active part in political campaigns.

1943: During World War II, U.S. Navy boat PT-109, commanded by Lt. (jg) John F. Kennedy, sank after being rammed in the middle of the night by the Japanese destroyer Amagiri off the Solomon Islands. Two crew members were killed.

1945: President Harry S. Truman, Soviet leader Josef Stalin and British Prime Minister Clement Attlee concluded the Potsdam conference.

1964: The destroyer USS Maddox suffered light damage during a skirmish with North Vietnamese patrol torpedo boats in the Gulf of Tonkin. (This and an alleged second incident two days later led to congressional approval of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution that propelled America deep into war.)

1974: Former White House counsel John W. Dean III was sentenced to one to four years in prison for obstruction of justice in the Watergate coverup. (Dean ended up serving four months.)

1985: 135 people were killed when a Delta Air Lines jetliner crashed while attempting to land at Dallas-Fort Worth International Airport.

1990: Iraq invaded Kuwait, seizing control of the oil-rich emirate.

2004: President George W. Bush urged creation of a national intelligence director to coordinate the war on terrorism but without the sweeping powers for hiring, firing and spending recommended by the Sept. 11 commission. Turkish truckers stopped hauling goods for U.S. forces in Iraq after the shooting of a Turkish hostage was shown on the Internet. Police in Salt Lake City arrested Mark Hacking, whose wife, Lori, had disappeared. (Hacking later pleaded guilty to first-degree murder.)

2009: A mystery from the 1991 Gulf War was finally solved as the Pentagon announced that the remains of missing Navy pilot Michael "Scott" Speicher had been found.

2013: The United States issued an extraordinary global travel warning to Americans about the threat of an al-Qaida attack and closed down 21 embassies and consulates across the Muslim world for the weekend.

Thought for today: "A beautiful soul has no other merit than its own existence." — Friedrich von Schiller, German author (1759-1805)

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, August 1, the 214th day of 2014. There are 152 days left in the year.

On this date:

1291: The Swiss cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Nidwalden sign a mutual defense pact and are later joined by surrounding areas to form the Republic of Switzerland. It is the oldest government still in existence.

1560: Scotland's Parliament abolishes papal jurisdiction and approves a Calvinistic confession of faith, thus founding the Church of Scotland.

1589: Henry III, the last of the Valois line of French kings, is fatally stabbed by a Jacobin monk while laying siege to Paris, occupied by Catholic rebels.

1625: The British Parliament moves to Oxford to save itself from decimation as the black plague rages through London, killing thousands each week.

1664: Turks are defeated at St. Gotthard-on-the-Raab in Hungary by Holy Roman Empire troops.

1790: The first U.S. census is completed; showing a population of 4 million people.

1798: Britain's Admiral Horatio Nelson destroys French fleet in Battle of the Nile, stranding Napoleon Bonaparte and his forces in Egypt.

1807: Jerome Bonaparte becomes King of Westphalia, created from former Prussian possessions west of Elbe River.

1808: British troops land in Portugal to help oust French forces, succeeding a year later.

1894: Japan and China declare war on each other over dominance in Korea. China is forced to cede Taiwan when the war ends after a year.

1914: Germany declares war on Russia at the start of World War I.

1927: Communists rise in Nanchang, China, and hold the city for a few days. The event is now celebrated as the origin of the People's Liberation Army.

1936: The Olympic games open in Berlin with a ceremony presided over by Adolf Hitler.

1944: The people of Warsaw rise against the Nazis, in the hope of liberating the city before the arrival of the Red Army. The city is largely destroyed in two months of fighting.

1958: Jordan's King Hussein dissolves federation of Jordan with Iraq.

1966: The Chinese Communist Party opens a meeting that declares the start of the ultra-leftist Cultural Revolution, which lasts 10 years.

1971: U.S. Defense Department begins to pullout almost 3,000 U.S. troops from Vietnam.

1975: Leaders of 35 nations meet in Helsinki, Finland, and affirm a peace charter in Europe.

1981: Rock-music video channel MTV makes its first broadcast.

1988: An explosion by the Irish Republican Army kills a British soldier at an army barracks in London and wounds 10 others. The attack was the first by the IRA on the British mainland since 1984.

1990: Talks between Iraq and Kuwait over oil and border disputes break off, with 100,000 Iraqi troops massed on the Kuwaiti border.

1993: The U.S. Coast Guard stops listening for Morse code distress signals on the 500-kilohertz radio frequency, which it had monitored continuously since 1924.

1995: A Swiss woman, Bea Wyler, 44, becomes Germany's first female rabbi since the Holocaust. The appointment stirs controversy within Germany's Jewish community.

1996: Former Nazi SS Capt. Erich Priebke is absolved by a military court in Rome of charges for a World War II massacre of 335 Italian civilians.

1997: Rocket fire sends more than 7,000 Cambodian refugees fleeing to Thailand as forces of coup leader Hun Sen attack rival bases along the border.

1998: Milan Kovacevic, a Serb doctor implicated in some 2,000 deaths in concentration camps during the Bosnia-Herzegovina war, dies of a heart attack weeks after the start of his trial on war crimes charges in The Hague, Netherlands.

1999: Palestine Liberation Organization leader Yasser Arafat meets with the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, a leftist Palestinian faction opposed to the peace process. It is the first such meeting since the 1993 Oslo accord with Israel.

2000: Philippine ambassador Leonides Caday escapes assassination in Indonesia when a bomb blows up his car; Philippine Muslim separatists are blamed for the attack, which killed two people and injured 20.

2001: Britain's Queen Mother Elizabeth is hospitalized for treatment of anemia, three days before her 101st birthday. Azerbaijan switches to the Latin alphabet from Cyrillic to reduce Russian influence on Azeri culture.

2002: Iraqi Foreign Minister Naji Sabri invites U.N. weapons inspectors to visit Iraq for the first time since 1998.

2003: A suicide bomber driving an explosives-laden truck in Russia smashes through the gates of a military hospital in the southern republic of North Ossetia and kills 50 people.

2004: Assailants trigger a coordinated series of explosions outside five churches in Baghdad and Mosul during evening services, killing 11 people and injuring more than 50 others in the first major assault on Iraq's Christian minority since the 15-month-old insurgency began.

2005: Southern Sudanese riot in Khartoum, smashing cars and shops and blaming the government for the death in a helicopter crash of their hero, Vice President John Garang.

2007: A bridge in Minneapolis jammed with rush-hour traffic suddenly breaks into huge sections and collapses into the Mississippi River, pitching dozens of cars 60 feet (18 meters) into the water and killing at least four people.

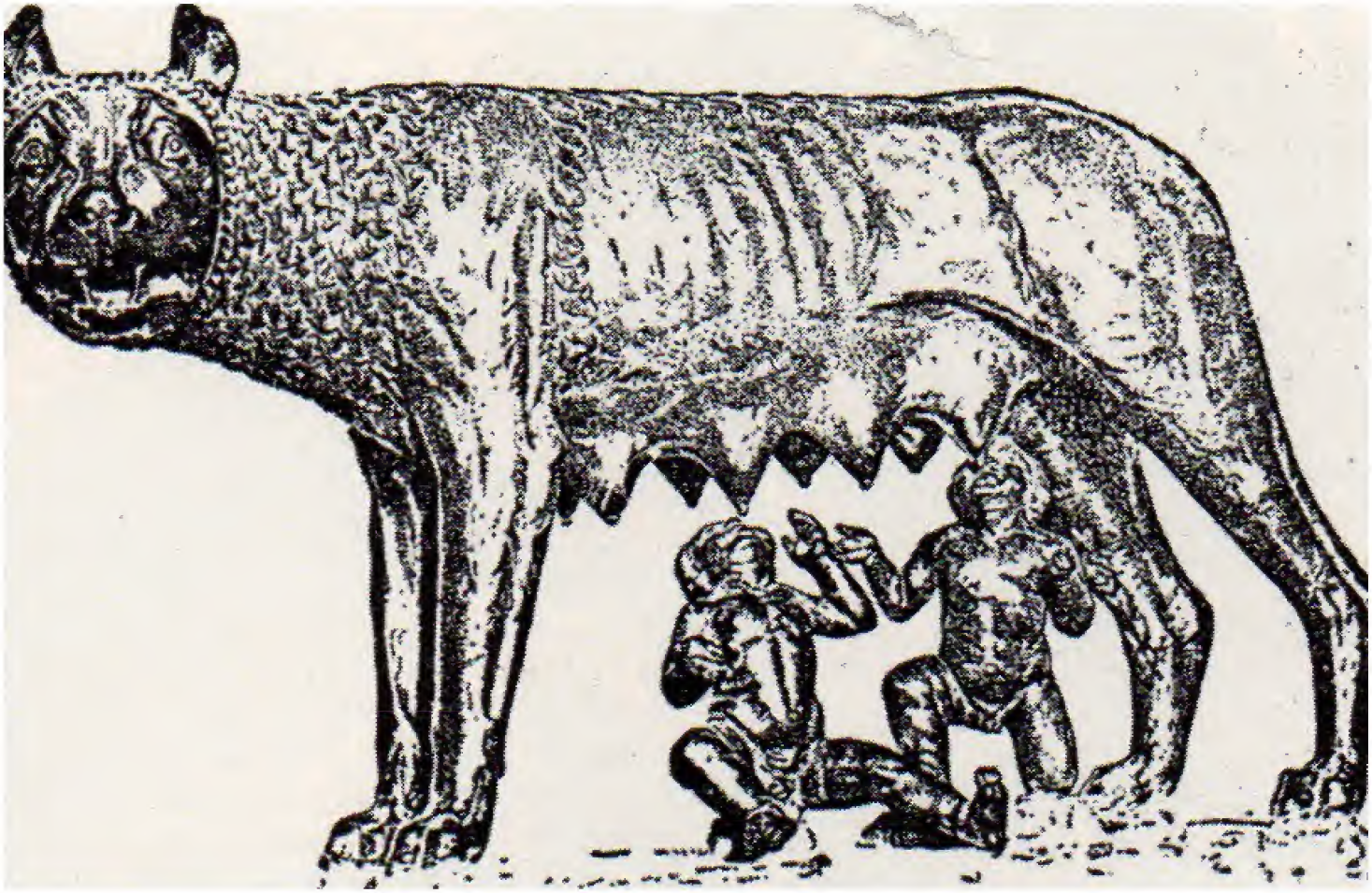
2009: Iran state TV confirms that Tehran has detained three Americans who crossed the border from northern Iraq, saying they failed to heed warnings from Iranian guards.

2010: The death toll from massive floods in northwestern Pakistan rises to 1,100 as rescue workers struggle to save more than 27,000 people still trapped by the raging water.

2012: The U.N. chief urges some 1,200 Iranian exiles to follow orders to leave a camp in northern Iraq, the site of two deadly raids by Iraqi forces, and resettle in a new refugee camp near Baghdad.

2013: Russia defies the United States and grants Edward Snowden temporary asylum, allowing the National Security Agency leaker to slip out of Moscow airport where he has been hold up for weeks in hopes of evading espionage charges back home.

Thought For Today: "As scarce as truth is, the supply is always greater than the demand." — Josh Billings, American author (1818-1885).



REMEMBERING 'THE WAR TO END WARS'

PETER MACDIARMID, GETTY IMAGES

A shower of 1 million poppy flowers, symbolizing British war dead, flutters at ceremonies in London marking the 100th anniversary of Great Britain's entering World War I. The conflict with Germany lasted until 1918. Speakers noted that the Great War failed to resolve tensions in Ukraine and elsewhere.

Monster Crocodile v Jaws: Old Brutus Takes his Revenge on Shark in Australian Outback Battle [PHOTO]

By Hannah Osborne
August 6, 2014 10:22 BST

A 5.5 metre long crocodile attacks a bull shark in the Adelaide River in Kakadu, Australia. The crocodile forced the bull shark into the mangroves and devoured it *Andrew Paice/Getty Images*

A monster crocodile has been pictured swallowing a four-foot bull shark whole on a riverbank in northern Australia.

Brutus, an 18ft crocodile believed to be more than 80 years old, has been a popular attraction with tourists visiting Adelaide River.

However, the 25 tourists on the river cruise got more than they bargained for when they spotted Brutus feasting on a shark.

Andrew Paice told Perthnow: "We'd fed Brutus on the bank earlier and were coming back past and we saw something in his mouth.

"The shark was still alive. Brutus took the shark back into the water and then started to shake it around a bit. He then went back into the mangroves like he was protecting his prey."

Brutus is easily identifiable by not only his huge size, but by his missing front leg – believed to have been lost in a shark attack many years ago.

Morgan Bowman, the operator of the cruise, said they occasionally see sharks in the river. "That's the first time I've ever seen one of our crocs catch a shark. It was amazing. It just shows for an old croc, Brutus is pretty quick," he said.

He added that passengers had reported seeing a four-foot shark in the river over recent days.

Brutus is well known among Adelaide residents. In 2011, he made headlines after bursting out of the water right beside a river cruise.

Lured by a dangling piece of kangaroo meat, the two-tonne monster jumped out of the water, giving onlookers quite a shock.

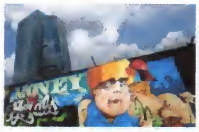
Speaking about Brutus' infamy, Bowman said: "We've got all these other crocs, nothing ever seems to happen to them. He's definitely got a bit of a reputation."

Related

Ancient 900-Pound 'Monster' Anthracosuchus Balrogus Crocodile Named After Lord of the Rings
Butterflies and Bees Drink Crocodile Tears
Australia: 4m Great White Shark Gets Sea Lion Stuck in Throat - Chokes to Death
Colossal Mystery Monster Did Not Devour Great White Shark Off Australian Coast
Hot Shots Photos of the Day: Political Punch Up, Croc Shark Attack, Nerd Geek Dork Workout

Recommend Share +

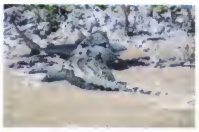
PICTURE THIS


ECB Frankfurt Graffiti: Angela Merkel 'Money Kills Morals' Art on...

One Man Killed as Firefighters Tackle Sweden's Biggest

China Earthquake Photos: Woman's 'Miracle' Rescue,

Hot Shots Photos of the Day: Political Punch Up, Croc


Monster Crocodile v Jaws: Old Brutus Takes his Revenge on

1 of

IBTIMES MEDIA & TV

88 Year-Old Rescued after 50 hours in China Earthquake Rubble

A-List Insider: Ronaldo Poses in His CR7 Underwear, Kimye Married over 72 Days

UN Security Council Condemns Recent Attacks by ISIS

Texas Professor Sets Up House in a Bin as Part of Experiment in Minimalism

British Scientist Tests 'Quantum Leap' Space Propulsion Technology

Politics

Gaza Strip Crisis: Benjamin Netanyahu Says World Must 'Ostracize' Hamas Like Isis

Pakistan: Government Establishes Crisis Cell to Evacuate Expats...

Iraq Crisis: Islamic State Aims for Baghdad Using Saddam

Russia Restricts Western Agricultural Imports in Sanctions Bite Back

Coca Cola Says Pulling Ads From Russian TV Stations 'Not Political'

Newcastle University Students Stabbed to Death in Malaysia Were Training to be Doctors

Russia Bans Beef Imports From Romania

Who are the Secretive Yazidi Kurds and Why do Islamic Militants Want to Kill Them?

Boris Johnson Has Broken 'Solemn Vow' to Londoners by Joining 2015 Election

London Mayor 2016: Who Will be Next

North Smithfield, Rhode Island: Vampire's Grasp Grave of Simon Whipple

In 1841, Simon Whipple probably died of consumption (tuberculosis), but his tombstone inscription mentioning a "vampire grasp" has led generations of magical thinkers to proclaim him as victim of an immortal blood-drinker.

Address: Union Cemetery Rt. 146A, North Smithfield, RI

Directions:
From Providence take Rt. 146 north, take the 146A exit. Union Cemetery is on your left on 146A. Enter the cemetery at the first asphalt intersection take a left. Drive to the end take a right and park. Look for a plot enclosed with iron pipes on the edge of the woods. Walk to the end of this fence take a left into the wood. The stone is near the edge of the wood you may have to read a few stones to find it.

Hours: Daylight
Admission: Free.

Lesser Known Vampire Grave
Mercy Brown is the famous Rhode Island vampire. Simon Whipple is lesser known. His gravestone has the distinction of saying he died in a "vampire grasp," written on the stone. Until the 20th century, tuberculosis was thought to be caused by vampires in rural Rhode Island, so they would cut the heart out of the suspected vampire and feed its charred remains to the tubercular sufferer, who usually died shortly thereafter. This appears to be the only vampire's gravestone in the state that bears witness to his death by vampire. There are many other vampire graves in the state if you are willing to seek them out.

[Bill LaCivita, 07/14/2014]

A fun bit of Rhode Island folklore. For a little context, the more complete phrase on the damaged and recemented stone is: "Altho' consumption's vampire grasp had seized thy mortal frame." So "vampire" may be a colorful adjective for the disease's draining progression to death, which -- vampire or not -- Simon Whipple succumbed to on May 6, 1841.

Vampires and Law Enforcement

Monday, July 14, 2014 14:12
http://beforeitsnews.com/paranormal/2014/07/vampires-and-law-enforcement-2472268.html

We all know the story of Vlad Tepes, a historical figure whose legend was expanded by Bram Stoker's novel Dracula. You may also be familiar with the stories involving the Highgate Vampire and the Vampire Of Croglin Grange. There have been a few other vampire related tales the fit right along with the more famous narratives…though these were part of law enforcement investigations. It's up to you to decide whether there are real facts involved:

THE ATLAS VAMPIRE

On May 1, 1932, a 32-year-old prostitute, Lilly Lindestrom was discussing plans for the evening's May Day celebrations with her friend Minnie Jansson, a 35-year-old woman who lived on the same floor and made her living in the same way. Lilly was nicknamed the "call girl" because she was the only person in the building with a phone. Lilly received a call from a potential client, asking if he could come over. Lilly agreed, and Minnie left her to it.

On 4 May 1932, Lilly was found dead in her flat in the Sankt Eriksplan district of Stockholm, Sweden. She was last seen alive by her friend Minnie. Minnie said Lilly had to her apartment twice one evening to borrow condoms. On the second occasion, around 9PM, Lilly was totally naked beneath her coat. That was the last that was seen of Lilly for a couple of days.

Minnie became concerned after ringing Lilly's doorbell and getting no reply. She called the police, who forced their way in. Lilly was found lying dead on the sofa, her clothes neatly folded on a chair nearby. Her skull had been dealt a crushing blow. What elevates this case from the tragic to the utterly bizarre though was the fact that somebody had been drinking her blood! In the room was a bloodstained gravy ladle. Further inspection revealed that the blood had been drained from Lilly's body, and the killer had used the ladle to drink it.

Despite the authorities' best efforts, the story leaked, and the local press nicknamed the unknown killer the Atlas Vampire, due to the area of the city in which Lilly lived. Eighty of Lilly's customers were investigated, but no suspects were revealed. Minnie hadn't recognized the voice on the phone from what she'd heard, but she commented that the man had seemed sober and polite. There didn't seem to be any fingerprints on any of the suspicious items at the scene. One theory was that the killer was a police officer who had bludgeoned Lilly with his truncheon and knew how to cover his tracks. Either way, Lilly's final customer was never found.

PETRE TOMA

The authorities in Craiova, south-west Romania, opened an investigation against six people alleged to have impaled the body of a villager who, according to them "had transformed himself into vampire" and "sucked blood from them during the night."

The body of Petre Toma had been unearthed six weeks later by his brother-in-law in the presence of several other members of the family, including his widow and her grand-daughter. According to several testimonies, they made an incision in the chest of Toma to extract his heart before burning it. One report states that, in accordance with a local custom to protect against vampires, they dissolved the ashes in water and drank it.

An autopsy carried out by the authorities in Craiova confirmed that "the heart was indeed taken."

The six people explained that after the death of Toma they had felt "weakened," as if they did not have "any more blood."

"One night I saw it in my room, and in the morning I could not arise; so much was I weakened", said the grand-daughter of Toma, Mirela Marinescu. According to her, as soon as the exorcism ritual was performed the dead body "did not come any more to haunt" its family.

The Sunday Times reported that several villagers affirmed that this exorcism ritual was known and practiced for a long time in the area, and that it each time had appeared "effective against vampires."

"For centuries we have had to protect ourselves against these creatures by finding the graves of the undead and risking our lives by ripping out their hearts," said sixty-eight-year-old Tita Musca, a local farmer.

THE NEW ORLEANS VAMPIRE MURDERS

In 1984 nine people were found dead in various sections of the French Quarter of New Orleans. They all had been murdered by having their throats torn out. The paramedics responding to the scenes were struck by the fact that there was no blood at the scenes…something or someone had simply sucked all the blood directly from the victims. Police to this day do not have a suspect in this case….the murder spree ended as quickly as it had began. Rumors suggested that it was the work of a rogue vampire that was destroyed by the elder vampire sect of New Orleans because of pressure placed by authorities on the known vampire community in city.

In 1933, on two different nights, police were called to Royal Street where on each night young prostitutes were found laying in a alley with their throats torn out. Both women had been dead only a few minutes when they were found but no blood was found at the scenes. A local resident who lived above one of the murder scenes claimed a dark figure was observed leaning over one of the victims and people began to scream for police. The witness said the dark figure had climbed over a 12 foot wall at the end of the alley with little effort. It appeared to the witness that the dark figure was a man dressed in a black cape and hat. Police searched but found nothing. Both murders have yet to be solved.

THE DILLSBORO VAMPIRES

In the spring of 1788 a family setup housekeeping in the small mountain community of Dillsboro N.C. The family name was Alfort and there were rumors that they had descended from royalty. They bought land by the river and built what was then a very nice large southern colonial home. Dr. Alfort opened up an office and pharmacy in a few rooms in the front of the house. The local people were at first really happy that a new doctor had arrived in their community…but very quickly this attitude was about to change.

Two men both who had gone to the new doctor to be treated for gout suddenly died. Both men had been well liked members of the community and the circumstances angered many of the residents. However in a short time the local minister had brokered peace in the community and everything seemed to be fine. However this calm was short lived.

That Fall the young daughter of the minister was found dead in her bed with puncture marks to her throat. The minister's wife swore she had seen a dark form hovering over her daughter and she screamed but it was too late and the child quickly succumb to the attack.

The incident caused a huge outcry in the town and the people of the area started to claim a vampire or a group of vampires was in their midst. For many nights groups of men ventured out and searched but found nothing. However some men claimed to have seen a large black bat-like creature fly over them. A few nights after the sighting a young boy ran down the hill to his grandfather's house and proclaimed that something was up the hill in his house attacking his parents. The grandfather summoned other men and they ran to the house but only found the parents and their two young daughters, who were dead with puncture wounds to their necks. The area was immediately alerted…soldiers were called in and searched the area. By February of 1789 the community had quieted down.

Then one evening screams were heard and when men arrived they witnessed a black form of a human run from the house, run down the hill and into the Alfort house. When the village men went into the house where the screams had come from they found the bodies of a young couple with vicious bite marks to their throats. Almost at once more men came and they were told that the murderer had ran down the hill and into the Alfort house. When the search party got to the Alfort house Dr. Alfort refused to let them in. However as soon as the sheriff arrived they dragged Dr. Alfort outside and tied him to a tree. When the men entered the house they were surprised at what they found. The upstairs bedrooms each had beds but it was clear that no one had slept in them. When the sheriff and search party went downstairs they found three caskets and Mrs. Alfort, who was dressed in black, lying in one of the caskets and very much alive. She hissed and cursed at them as she was pulled from the casket.

Later that night the sheriff and the village minister announced to the crowd assembled outside the Alfort house that the Alforts and their son were vampires. The Alforts were summarily hanged and then placed back inside the house. The house was set on fire and burned to the ground. However the couple's 15 year old son was not found and never seen in the area again. There were no further unusual murders in the area.

IDENTIFYING A VAMPIRE

In 1926, Agnes Murgoci wrote in The Vampire in Roumanie the ways to determine if any dead man is a vampire:

- 1. His household, his family, and his live stock, and possibly even the live stock of the whole village, die off rapidly.

- 2. He comes back in the night and speaks with the family. He may eat what he finds in dishes and knock things about, or he may help with the housework and cut wood. Female vampires also come back to their children. There was a Hungarian vampire which could not be kept away, even by the priest and holy water.

- 3. The priest reads a service at the grave. If the evil which is occurring does not cease, it is a bad sign.

- 4. A hole about the size of a serpent may be found near the tombstone of the dead man. If so, it is a sign of a vampire, because vampires come out of graves by just such holes.

- 5. Even in the daytime a white horse will not walk over the grave of a vampire, but stands still and snorts and neighs.

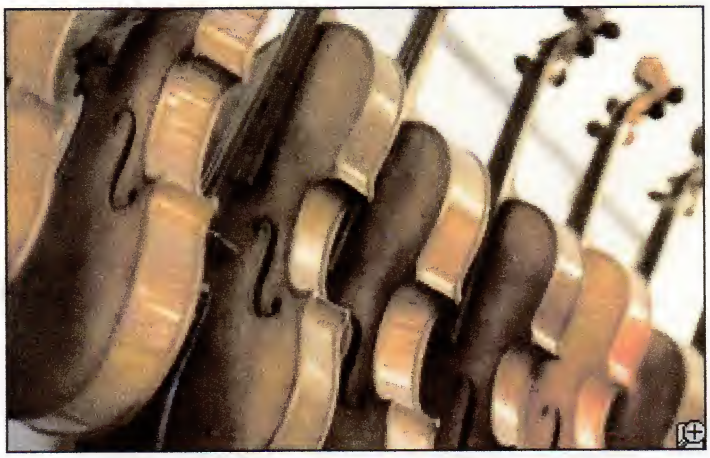
- 6. A gander, similarly, will not walk over the grave of a vampire.

- 7. On exhuming the corpse, if it is a vampire it will be found to be:

1. red in the face, even for months and years after burial,
2. with the face turned downwards,
3. with a foot retracted and forced into a corner of the grave or coffin.
4. If relations have died, the mouth will be red with blood. If it has only spoilt and ruined things at home, and eaten what it could find, the mouth will be covered with maize meal.

Fungi-Infected Violins Best Stradivarius

Eric Bland, Discovery News



Infested Wood Makes Premium Sound | Discovery News Video

Sept. 30, 2009 -- A soggy wooden board carpeted in soft white fungi doesn't look like much, but in the right hands it can become a world class violin. According to a recent sound test before about 180 people, two fungi infested violins bested a multi-million dollar Stradivarius.

"Never in my wildest dreams did I think that our violin would be identified as the Stradivarius." said Francis Schwarze, a scientist at the Swiss Federal Laboratories for Materials Testing and Research who treated the wood used in the bioviolin.

Ninety nine percent of wood-attacking fungi create loose and soft wood that has strange acoustic properties. By measuring how sound echoes through a tree, scientists can get a good idea of how healthy the tree is.

While using sound waves to check up on trees, Schwarze noted that a handful of fungal infections didn't produce widespread rot. The density of the wood decreased slightly, but the speed of sound remained the same. Schwarze and Swiss violin maker Michael Rhonheimer decided that they would try to make a violin out of fungi-treated wood and see how it sounded.

The top and bottom plates of a violin are made using two different kinds of wood. Spruce for the top plate, and maple or sycamore for the bottom plate. Each wood is treated with a different virus. *Physisporinus vitreus* for the spruce, and *Xylaria longipes* Nitschke (also known as Dead Moll's Fingers) for the sycamore.

Each quarter cut, along with a piece of slate, inoculated with the appropriate fungi, is submerged in a box of water. The fungi grows from the rock slate into the wood, degrading the pit membranes on both sapwood and heart wood but leaving the majority of the wood unaffected.

Six to nine months later the scientists remove the wood, now covered in a white coat of hyphae and up to 15 percent less dense than before, from the boxes and behind the mechanical process of turning the wood into an instruments.

The less dense wood now has different acoustic properties. Generally speaking, the wood sounds warmer, a combination of increasing the dampening factor that makes high notes more palatable to the ear, and an increase in the radiation ratio, or the ratio of the speed of sound to the density of the wood.

"Wood with a low radiation ratio makes it almost impossible to build a good violin," said Schwarze.

According to Schwarze, treating the wood with fungi artificially recreates the structure of the wood that was naturally occurring during Antonio Giacomo Stradivarius's lifetime. The Little Ice Age, a period of abnormally cool weather between 1645 to 1715, made trees create more uniform wood. Treating wood with the fungus artificially recreates wood similar to that which was created in the Little Ice Age.

Schwarze and his colleagues built five violins. Two violins were created using wood from the same tree but not treated with the fungus. Three violins were made from wood treated with the fungi for six, nine and 12 months. Only the violins treated for six and nine months were used in the testing. The violin treated for twelve months developed cracks during production and was discarded.

Using the four violins, two treated and two untreated, and a Stradivarius valued at $2 million, British violinist Matthew Trusler played for an audience of more than 180 people earlier this month at a forestry conference.

More than 90 people ranked the bioviolin treated for nine months as the Stradivarius. Matthew Trusler's real Stradivarius came in second, followed by the violin treated for six months. The two untreated violins came in last.

Treating quarter cuts with fungi isn't likely to become standard practice for violin makers, said David Wiebe, a violin maker from Woodstock New York, but the idea is "worth following up on."

Whether the violin is an original Stradivarius or made from fungus-treated wood, it takes a master violinist to bring out a violin's complete promise.

A great violin "cannot be accomplished with one or another secret chemical or biological application," said Wiebe. "It has to do with a deep lifetime dedication."

45 cows killed by single lightning strike near Darby

15 hours ago • By Perry Backus

DARBY – A single lightning bolt killed 45 cattle on a Darby-area ranch last week.

The cows, calves and a prize bull were crowded together under some small crabapple trees when the lightning struck, said rancher Jean Taylor.

The incident happened Monday, July 14.

"It was exactly at 10:28 p.m.," Taylor said. "The clap of thunder woke me up. Some friends told me they felt the shock in their house."

The Taylors live south of Tin Cup Road.

The family had spent years building their herd of Black Angus cattle.

"They were beautiful cattle," she said. "It killed cows and their calves and a bull that we had just bought last spring. It's very sad."

Local ranchers helped the family dispose of the dead animals.

"No one had ever heard of so many cattle being killed by lightning like that," Taylor said. "We have eight or 10 cows left in our herd."

Reporter Perry Backus can be reached at 363-3300 or at pbackus@ravallirepublic.com.

The secret of the incorruptibility of Delhi's famous Iron Pillar has been discovered. The cast iron pillar, which has never corroded, is 23ft (7m) high and weighs more than six tonnes. It was erected in a temple to Vishnu in Udayagiri, central India, around AD 400 to 410 by King Chandragupta II Vikramaditya of the Gupta dynasty to celebrate his victories, but was moved to Delhi around the 13th century. Theories explaining the mysterious properties of the pillar are legion, but Ramamurthy Balasubramaniam of the Indian Institute of Technology has discovered that a thin layer of 'misawite' (iron hydrogen phosphate hydrate) has protected the monument, preventing the iron from reacting with oxygen to form rust. A film formed over the pillar within three years of its erection and has been growing ever since – after 1,600 years the layer is just one-twentieth of a millimetre thick. A report published in the journal *Current Science* suggests that the film was formed by high amounts of phosphorous in the iron – as much as one per cent against less than 0.05 per cent in modern iron. In modern furnaces, iron ore is heated with coking coal and limestone to make pig iron. The limestone helps to remove phosphorus, but the ancient Indian iron smiths didn't use limestone, so the phosphorus would have remained.

Express India, 18 July; New Scientist, 3 Aug 2002.

An Imaginary Town Becomes Real, Then Not. True Story

by ROBERT KRULWICH

http://www.npr.org/blogs/krulwich/2014/03/18/290236647/an-imaginary-town-becomes-real-then-not-true-story?ft=1&f=1001

March 18, 2014 4:43 PM

This is the story of a totally made-up place that suddenly became real — and then, strangely, undid itself and became a fantasy again. Imagine Pinocchio becoming a real boy and then going back to being a puppet. That's what happened here — but this is a true story.

It's about a place in upstate New York called Agloe. You can see it here, circled in blue ...

... just up the road from Roscoe and Rockland.

In the 1930s (I learned from Frank Jacobs' excellent blog,), there was no town on that stretch between Rockland and nearby Beaverkill — just a dirt road. This wasn't an important or often visited place, which made it a perfect spot for what's called a "paper town," or a map "trap."

Pirate-Protected Maps

Companies that create maps get their work copied all the time. You hire a draftsman. You check spellings, you work on the colors, you get all the cities in the right place, and along comes a gas company, or a tourism agency; it takes what you've done, slaps its own name on it. You cry, "Piracy!" and take it to court.

The pirates say, "Prove it." It's a map, they say. It describes what *is.* Because there's a real world out there, obviously maps are going to be identical. So we're only guilty of describing the same world the other map described. Jurors think, "Hmm, sounds reasonable," and the pirates get away with it. Unless the mapmaker runs a little scam.

Inventing Agloe

That's what , director of the General Drafting Co., and his assistant, Ernest Alpers, did in the 1930s. They were making a road map of New York state, and on that out-of-the-way dirt road, they created a totally fictitious place called "Agloe." The name was a mix of the first letters in their names, Otto G. Lindberg's (OGL) and Ernest Alpers' (EA).

Booklist /

A few years later, Rand McNally, the famous map company, issued its own New York state map, and, guess what? Right there in the same place — same spelling — was the exact same Totally Made-Up Town, "Agloe."

"Gotcha!" cried Lindberg. "No," said the Rand McNally lawyers. And they offered this totally startling defense.

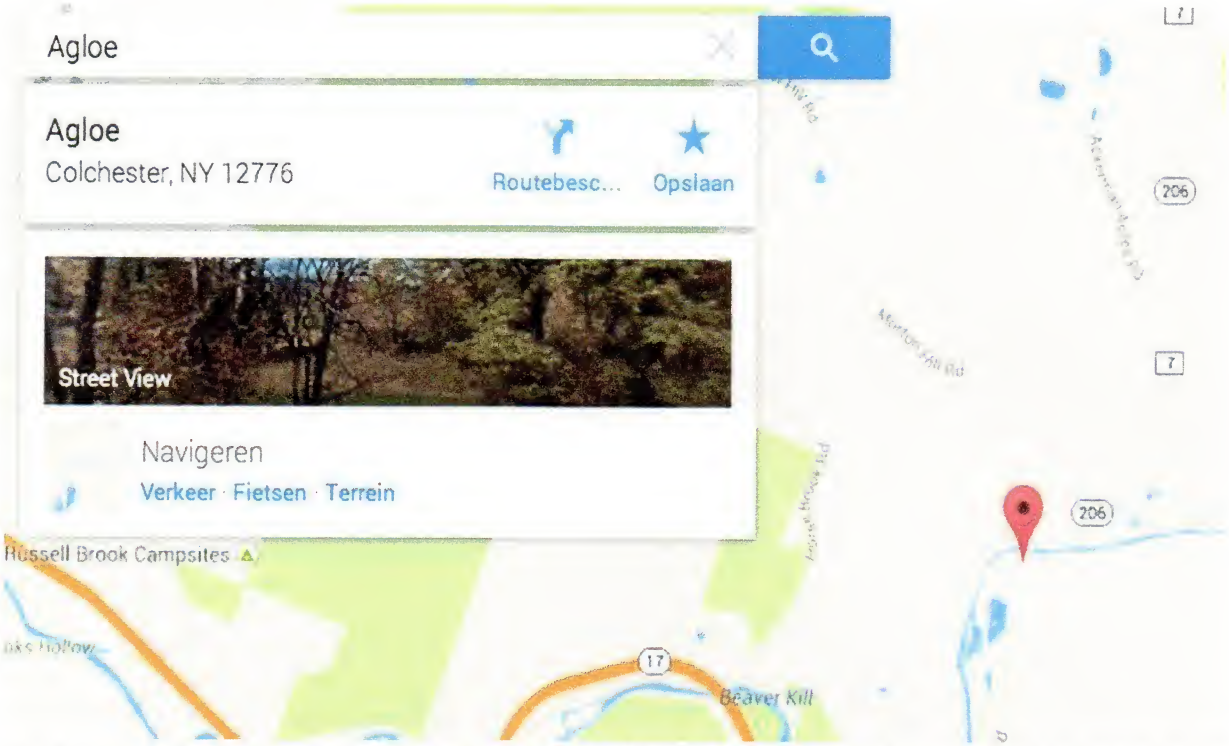
The Telltale General Store

Rand McNally told the court that its designers went to the official map of that county, looked up the coordinates, and on the spot called Agloe they found a building, and that building, they told the judge, is the Agloe General Store. So there *is* an Agloe. Otherwise, where'd the owners get the name?

Good question. Here's the ironic answer. The owners had seen Agloe on a map distributed by Esso, which owned scores of gas stations. Esso had bought that map from Lindberg and Alpers. If Esso says this place is called Agloe, the store folks figured, well, that's what we'll call ourselves. So, a made-up name for a made-up place inadvertently created a real place that, for a time, really existed. Rand McNally, one presumes, was found not guilty.

Then the store closed. It isn't there anymore. Decades passed.

Now, writes Frank Jacobs, you can go to your computer, "Turn to Google Maps, and type in Agloe ..." and — oh my gosh — there it is!



Jacobs says, "[A]n arrow still lands in the spot where Messrs. Lindberg and Alpers placed it, long after the general store there has gone. And long after the General Drafting Company itself has gone. One of the 'Big Three' in road map publishing, [Mr. Lindberg's company] was absorbed into the American Map Company in 1992 and its state maps amalgamated with that company's catalog."

So, as of last week, when I wrote this post, Google was perpetuating an 80-year-old fantasy that for a short time turned real, then unreal. But then, just as this story was to be published, to be extra sure, we went to Google Earth, typed in "Agloe" one last time, and, whaddya know? It isn't there any more!

It was removed this week. And so, instead of a Google Gotcha post, you are now attending an instant online funeral for a town that never was, then was, then wasn't and now isn't. So, I ask you to stand silently, think of the late Otto Lindberg and the late Ernest Alpers, who gave their initials so that Agloe might be; think of the proprietors of the Agloe General Store, and of the Somebody at Google, who, apparently, reads Frank Jacobs' blog, Strange Maps, and reacts faster than I do. Damn that Google guy. And let us say ... Amen.

How to know if you are dealing with a demonic entity
May 15, 6:19 PM · Add a Comment

Back in the early 80s when I had my first experiences with possession and Exorcism, I was very curious and critical about how my mentors came to the conclusion that their clients were indeed under demonic influence.

Back then my experience with Exorcism was based solely on a few Missionary stories and the movie 'The Exorcist'.

When in these sessions of power encounter I was a bit disappointed.

I was expecting incredible paranormal phenomena with these incidents of Exorcism. But there were no heads turning around, levitation or glowing red eyes.

There were incidents of bizarre personality shifts, people speaking in foreign languages which they had no knowledge of previously, and drastic temperature changes in the room as the ceremony was performed. While these were remarkable in and of themselves, it did not meet my expectations. As time went by and I was exposed to various other techniques for performing other ceremonies and other spiritual interventions I came to understand that while astonishing paranormal activity can manifest itself during an Exorcism or confrontation with a demonic entity, it is a rarity and not a common experience.

Today we live in a time of growing interest in the paranormal, with new investigative teams appearing on every front. Staged television shows that seem to produce dramatic encounters with the dark entities have given today's generation an unrealistic view and the rare is now expected to be common place. Along with this revived interest in the paranormal have come the hucksters and con-men just as they had in the height of the Spiritualism movement of the 1800s. Self proclaimed professionals with limited or no professional training or experience have set themselves on a pedestal with internet degrees that any grade school kid could attain. Some claim expertise in the field for such a length of time that they must have been gifted toddlers when they were first trained in demonic deliverance or paranormal investigations.

Just like cult leaders leading the innocents astray some of these self proclaimed experts on the demonic will gather a faithful following. When questioned about their training they rely upon their degrees or nebulous credentials. If you question the credentials you are either accused of religious bias or self serving motives.

There are a lot of people out there in the paranormal community who are teaching others or performing rituals who have no idea what they are doing.

But hey, as a clergyman who has ministered in Evangelical, Mainline and Non-Denominational churches I have to say from personal experience the same thing happens in the church.

I have met some ministers who have had no formal training but can preach, teach and lead better than most who have had the training. But more often than not those ministers who I have met who had no formal training were often not only leading their flock astray with heresy, but were in it for the power of the position.

Such is the case with the current crop of paranormal experts as well. While I have met many demonologists and exorcists without formal training who know what they are talking about and humbly serve, I have found many who are self aggrandized and self serving. They are also in it for the power of the position. In their everyday life they have no control or power and they find it in their role as a demonologist, exorcist or paranormal expert.

Such is life anywhere you might look, but the problem in this happening in the paranormal community is that false assumptions can be codified just by positions of power. So many paranormal investigators who actually might have a case of demonic

influence might not understand just what they are encountering. And they have a greater misunderstanding as to how to deal with it.

This is a series of articles to tackle that subject. Along with stories of the unexplained I will take one report a month and delve into the area of practical demonology and Exorcism. While not focusing on its practicality for paranormal investigations, the average team should be able to glean some useful information from my diatribes.

Please be advised that my worldview is from a historical conservative Protestant Christian perspective. Within this sphere I am a Reformed theologian who believes in (on one level or another) a second act of grace that comes with the struggle to maintain personal piety. If you are not Christian, you can transpose these to your faith if you wish. However I do not know how effective a measure they shall be.

To start out with in this first article, we need to ascertain this: how one can be assured that they are encountering a demonic entity? Answers for the Exorcist and Paranormalist when pertinent. In order of most common to the exceptional.

1) Aversion to Scripture.
For the Exorcist: Someone who is possessed by a demonic presence will not abide Scripture. That is the reading of Scripture will incite a violent response. Likewise the person should not be able to recite Scripture. There are rare occasions with more powerful entities. They will also show an aversion to holy items such as a cross, crucifix or holy water.
For the Paranormalist: If a location is infested with a demonic presence the reading of Scripture will have pronounced effect in the area. There might be physical manifestations such as poltergeist activity or temperature change and auditory manifestations.

2) Multiple Personalities
This is not the psychological condition. These personalities manifest themselves with no previous example. They do not manifest themselves in the everyday life except for rare occasions. These personalities are not human characters but rather primal forces with intellect and malice.

3) Voice Change
More than often this occurs with the multiple personalities the demonic manifests. The person makes a very unusual and seemingly impossible voice. Sometimes the voice may seem to be coming from many places or from multiple people with an echo. Not always a 'demonic' bass voice like in popular fiction, this voice can be high pitched or whispery. The most common is the growl, but more than naught it is not a supernatural voice.

4) Exceptional Physical Capabilities.
The possessed when enraged seems to have super human strength. Rarely they might also exhibit abnormally fast reflexes or agility.

5) Unknown Language
Many times the possessed will speak in an unknown tongue. Inevitably it is a foreign language and sometimes a dead language. Since the entity has lived for many millennia it has knows many languages from various cultures geographically and temporally.

5) Changes in Appetite
Either the person eats to excess without gaining weight obsessively or the person does not eat at all and seems to become engrossed. Sometimes the possessed will eat something unimaginable and indigestible, or their tastes of cuisine will become dramatically altered.

6) Physical Manifestations on the Body
Scratches, punctures, welts and in extreme cases even words might appear on the skin of the victim of possession. In many cases it may be psycho somatic. If there are

letters or words make sure that there is no evidence of tampering by the victim or others and that it is a real supernatural experience.

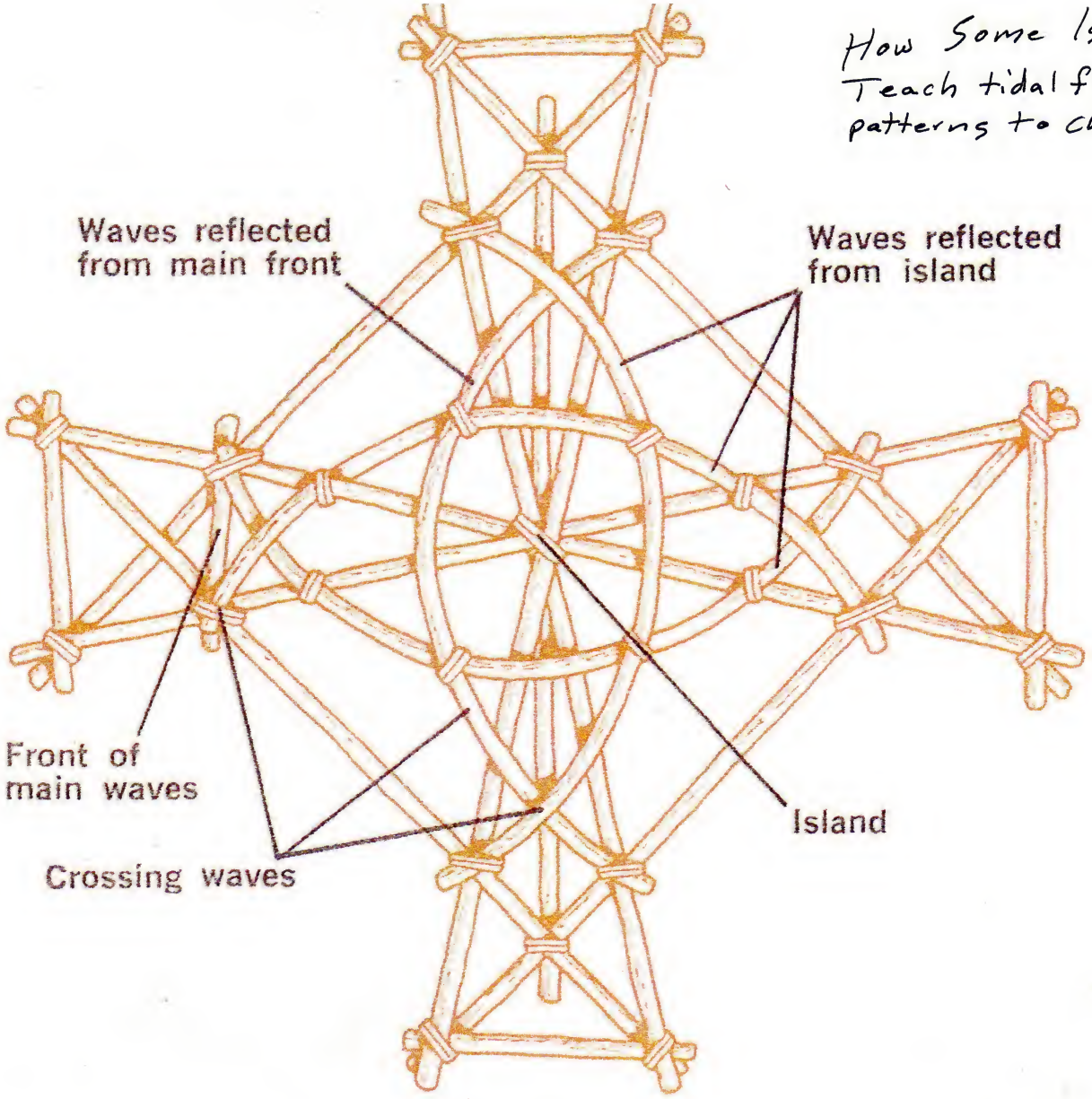
7) Paranormal Manifestations
Physical manifestations such as moving objects, rapping on the walls or ceiling, shadows seem to move or alter.

As you can see paranormal manifestations are the rarest examples of an infestation. However all the above are indeed paranormal in and of themselves, a physical manifestation seems to be extreme behavior and often by an entity that wishes to induce fear in the heart of the Exorcist and his/her team. Contrary to popular thought it usually is a last resort by a less powerful entity which is itself frightened by the prospect of being once again disembodied.

This is by no means a complete list, but the categories are the most commonly encountered by those who have had actual experiences in power encounters with malevolent entities.

Author: Pastor Swope
Pastor Swope is an Examiner from Pittsburgh. You can see Pastor's articles on Pastor's Home Page.

How Some Islanders Teach tidal flow & Wave patterns to children



Ivory bill update

In recent years, following some tantalising but unconfirmed sightings, signs of trees scaled in a distinctive manner, and sounds reminiscent of its equally noteworthy drilling, the officially extinct ivory-billed woodpecker has been attracting considerable attention from American ornithologists. (*See* ***FT157:21, FT139:23***) Could this magnificent species of bird really have survived? The latest convert to this optimistic line of thinking is Bob Russell, a biologist working with the US Fish and Wildlife Service. He had read with great interest an account posted on the Internet by Jamestown forester Matthew Largess, who took part in the highly-publicised search last winter in Arkansas's White River National Wildlife Refuge, led by Arkansas University academic Prof David Luneau. Spurred by this, Russell duly spent four days searching the same area earlier this year, and was thrilled to hear on one occasion a sound that he believes may have been the call of an ivory-bill. According to Russell: "It was a very intriguing call. I have never heard a call like it before". Russell now plans to mount a return expedition in October to pursue the ivory-bill mystery further.

www.newportthisweek.com/news/2003/0424/Front_Page/001.html 25 April 2003.

Jamestown cannibalism confirmed by skull from 'Jane'

This August 2012 photo shows four shallow chops to an incomplete skull excavated in Jamestown, Va., by William Kelso of the Jamestown Rediscovery Project.
3 hours, 35 minutes ago

usatoday.com

WASHINGTON -- Jamestown's colonists resorted to cannibalism during the "starving time" winter of 1609-10, archaeologists confirmed Wednesday.

In a briefing at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History, archaeologist Doug Owsley presented the reconstructed skull of a 14-year-old English girl, named "Jane" by the researchers, discovered at the site of the fort and bearing the marks of butchery.

"The skull was split in half, most likely with a lightweight ax or quite possibly, a cleaver," Owsley said at the briefing. Cut marks crisscrossing the skull and jaw of the girl indicate her flesh, tongue and brains were removed from the skull, Owsley said. Those were traditional cuts for animal butchery of the time, "all parts of the cuisine of the 17th century," he said.

Jamestown was founded in 1607 by English colonists. The starving time was a period two years later in which 80% of the colonists died. Besieged by Powhatan Indians in their wooden fort, the settlers had been joined by new colonists late that summer, among them women and children, whose main supply ship had disappeared in a storm, leaving them without food. Only 60 of 300 people survived the winter.

"They were so emaciated when they were rescued that they were described as resembling skeletons," says historian James Horn of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, who spoke at the briefing. Records kept by the colony's governor, George Percy, make clear references to cannibalism during the winter, Horn says. "The English would have only resorted to cannibalism under the most severe circumstances," he added.

VIDEO: Cannibalism at Jamestown confirmed

Owsley reported on the forensic analysis of 17th century human remains and a reconstruction of her appearance made by forensic scientists. The remains had been excavated by Jamestown archaeologists led by William Kelso of the Jamestown Recovery Project in 2012 as part of a 20-year excavation of the James Fort site. "We don't believe Jane was a lone case," Kelso said.

(Photo: Don Hurlbert, Smithsonian) This April 2013 photo shows a forensic facial reconstruction produced by StudioEIS of Brooklyn, N.Y., in consultation with William Kelso of the Jamestown Rediscovery Project. *(Photo: Don Hurlbert,*

"This is amazingly interesting, but it also confirms stories of cannibalism from the settlers themselves," says Charles Mann, author of 1493: Uncovering the New World Columbus Created. "Things were indeed terrible during those early years," Mann says, by email.

While not all colonial-era historians agreed that

Smithsonian)

cannibalism took place at Jamestown, most modern ones generally credited the accounts (one man was executed for eating his wife) as reliable. Horn and Owsley argued the butchery marks on Jane provide stronger evidence for the practice. "No one can say with authoritative certainty exactly why this young lady was cut up, but given the context, it looks like butcher's marks," Owsley said.

In the briefing, he identified a number of features on the skull and a shin bone that indicated that Jane was cannibalized. Four shallow chops to the forehead were attempted in a first, failed attempt to open the skull. The back of the head was then split open. The final blow split the cranium open.

"The person doing this was not a very good, or experienced butcher," Owsley said. Chop marks on the shin bone resemble more conventional butchers' marks seen on animal bones from the time, indicating that more than one person may have been involved in cannibalizing the girl. She was doubtless one of the newly arrived settlers, though still not definitively identified. An exhibition devoted to the discovery will open this Friday at the Historic Jamestowne site, and her reconstructed face will be displayed at the Smithsonian museum.

Dan Vergano

Dan Vergano

Dan Vergano, who has written about everything from asteroids to zooplankton, covers the intersection of science and society for USA TODAY.

Early Jamestown Settlers Reverted to Older Style Technology to Survive

Mon, Dec 09, 2013

http://popular-archaeology.com/issue/12012013/article/early-jamestown-settlers-reverted-to-older-technology-to-survive

Conservator slowly reveals and restores a piece of body armor that says something about conflict survival in early 17th century colonial settlement.

It seems almost axiomatic that new technology is always an improvement on the old. But in the case of a discovery made by archaeologists at the excavation site of the 1607 James Fort on Jamestown Island, Virginia, evidence was uncovered that proves that, sometimes, the opposite is true.

In 2005, a complete jack-of-plates was uncovered from a soldier's pit near the traces of a wall of the early fort. The jack-of plates was a piece of body armor, in appearance like a jacket, that provided protection through the use of many small overlapping plates, as many as 1,000, made of iron and sewn between layers of fabric. This form of body armor was used as far back as the 14th century, but by 1607 in Europe, the time of the construction of the early James Fort in North America by British colonists, the solid iron breastplate was the most commonly used succeeding technology. At early Jamestown, however, the requirements changed. Speaking of the jack, *Jamestown Rediscovery* conservator Dan Gamble explains why: "They [jacks-of-plates] were

considered during the 17th century to be somewhat primitive. But here in Virginia they were very effective against arrows," he said.* The colonists' indigenous neighbors found a way around the solid breastplates to target the colonists. So the solution was found in the more flexible and effective jack-of-plates.

Above, a suit of armor that included a typical single-piece iron breastplate. Wikimedia Commons

Above, an example of an early 17th century jack-of-plates. Wikimedia Commons

---

Now, Gamble is at work carefully revealing and restoring the jack, a process requiring specialized tools, careful hands, and great patience. The artifact, currently encased in a soil matrix that was lifted from the original location and brought back to the lab in 2005, will take more than half a year to see the full light of day.

"It's cool because it's so difficult," says Gamble. "It has hundreds of pieces that I have to keep intact as I conserve it. It will be very challenging to work on over the next eight months."

More information about this can be obtained at the **Jamestown Rediscovery website**. See the video below.

* http://www.historicjamestowne.org/the_dig/

- Jobs
- Dating
- Games
- Offers

Japanese fishing trawler sunk by giant jellyfish

A 10-ton fishing boat has been sunk by gigantic jellyfish off eastern Japan.

By Julian Ryall in Tokyo
Published: 7:00AM GMT 02 Nov 2009

The trawler, the Diasan Shinsho-maru, capsized off Chiba`as its three-man crew was trying to haul in a net containing dozens of huge Nomura's jellyfish.

Each of the jellyfish can weigh up to 200 kg and waters around Japan have been inundated with the creatures this year. Experts believe weather and water conditions in the breeding grounds, off the coast of China, have been ideal for the jellyfish in recent months.

Nomura's jellyfish: The crew of the fishing boat was thrown into the sea when the vessel capsized, but the three men were rescued by another trawler

Related Articles

Invasion of the jellyfish (/earth/earthnews/6395668/Army-of-one-million-jellyfish-photographs.html)

Japan hit by invasion of giant Nomura's jellyfish (/news/newstopics/howaboutthat/5876499/Japan-hit-by-invasion-of-giant-Nomuras-jellyfish.html)

French commandos rescue tourists from Somali pirates (/news/worldnews/europe/france/2968620/French-commandos-rescue-tourists-from-Somali-pirates.html)

Pirates launch rocket attacks off Somali coast (/news/worldnews/africaandindianocean/somalia/2959296/Pirates-launch-rocket-attacks-off-Somali-coast.html)

Looters plunder wrecks in the 'graveyard' of the Atlantic (/news/worldnews/northamerica/usa/2489763/Looters-plunder-wrecks-in-the-graveyard-of-the-Atlantic.html)

Barack Obama victory: Namesake Japanese fishing village celebrates US election result (/news/worldnews/northamerica/usa/barackobama/3383667/Barack-Obama-victory-Namesake-Japanese-fishing-village-celebrates-US-election-result.html)

The crew of the fishing boat was thrown into the sea when the vessel capsized, but the three men were rescued by

another trawler, according to the Mainichi newspaper. The local Coast Guard office reported that the weather was clear and the sea was calm at the time of the accident.

One of the largest jellyfish in the world, the species can grow up to 2 meters in diameter. The last time Japan was invaded on a similar scale, in the summer of 2005, the jellyfish damaged nets, rendered fish inedible with their toxic stings and even caused injuries to fishermen.

Relatively little is known about Nomura's jellyfish, such as why some years see thousands of the creatures floating across the Sea of Japan on the Tsushima Current, but last year there were virtually no sightings. In 2007, there were 15,500 reports of damage to fishing equipment caused by the creatures.

Experts believe that one contributing factor to the jellyfish becoming more frequent visitors to Japanese waters may be a decline in the number of predators, which include sea turtles and certain species of fish.

RELATED PARTNERS

Stylish hemp bags, natural cosmetics and eco-friendly clothing at Sativa Bags
(http://scripts.affiliatefuture.com/AFClick.asp?affiliateID=149873&merchantID=2739&programmeID=7136&mediaID=0&tracking=RL_earth&url=)

Hot topics

- MPs' Expenses (http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/newstopics/mps-expenses/)
- Football (http://www.telegraph.co.uk/sport/football/)
- Royal Mail (http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/uknews/royal-mail/)
- Afghanistan (http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/asia/afghanistan/)
- Barack Obama (http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/northamerica/usa/barackobama/)
- China (http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/asia/china/)
- The Dog Who Came In From The Cold (http://www.telegraph.co.uk/culture/books/corduroymansionsbyalexandermcca/)

- News
- UK News
- World News
- Obituaries

- Travel

- Health
- Jobs

- Sport
- Formula 1
- Football
- Cricket

- Culture

- Motoring
- Dating

- Finance
- Personal Finance
- Markets
- Economics

- Fashion

Jenny Greenteeth

Jenny Greenteeth is a figure in English folklore. A river hag, similar to Peg Powler or a grindylow, she would pull childrenor the elderly into the water and drown them. She was often described as green-skinned, with long hair, and sharp teeth.She is called Jinny Greenteeth in Lancashire, but in Cheshire and Shropshire she is called Ginny Greenteeth, JeannieGreenteeth, Wicked Jenny, or Peg o' Nell. She is likely to have been an invention to frighten children from dangerous waters similar to the Slavic Rusalka, the Kappa in Japanese mythology, or Australia's Bunyip, but other folklorists have seen her as a memory of sacrificial practices.

A similar figure in Jamaican folklore is called the River Mumma (River Mother). She is said to live at the fountainhead of largerivers in Jamaica sitting on top of a rock, combing her long black hair with a gold comb. She usually appears at midday and she disappears if she observes anyone approaching. However, if an intruder sees her first and their eyes meet, terriblethings will happen to the intruder.
The name is also used to describe pondweed or duckweed, which can form a continuous mat over the surface of a smallbody of water, making it misleading and potentially treacherous, especially to unwary children. With this meaning the name is common around Liverpool and south west Lancashire.

"Jenny Green Teeth"

Jenny Green Teeth

In Lancashire, Cheshire, and Shropshire, from the 19th century to within living memory, children were threatened that if they went near pools the waterspirit Jenny (or Ginny) Greenteeth would catch them; some said she also lurked in the treetops, where she could be heard moaning at night (Wright, 1913: 198-9). According to Charlotte Burne, this bogey was 'an old woman who lurks beneath the green weeds that cover stagnant ponds; Ellesmere children were warned that if they venture too near such places, she will stretch out her long arms and drag them to her' (Burne 1883: 79). A Lancashire contributor to NAQ recalled:

'Further, I have often been told by my mother and nurse that if I did not keep my teeth clean I should some day be dragged into one of these ponds by Jenny Greenteeth, and I have met many elderly people who have had the same threat applied to them' (NAQ 10s:2 (1904), 365).

As recently as 1980 a Merseyside woman aged 68 recalled what she had heard about her as a child: 'pale green skin, green teeth, very long green locks of hair, long green fingers with long nails, and she was very thin with a pointed chin and very big eyes.' Another informant, however, said Ginny 'had no known form, due to the fact that she never appeared above the surface of the pond.' She was especially associated with stagnant water deceptively covered with thick algae or duckweed; in fact, to some, 'Jenny Greenteeth' was simply a name for duckweed itself, and the horror consisted in the way this weed would close over anything that fell in.

Jenny Greenteeth is a figure in English folklore . A river hag , similar to Peg Powler or a grindylow , she would pull children or the elderly into the water and drown them. She was often described as green-skinned, with long hair, and sharp teeth. She is called Jinny Greenteeth in Lancashire , but in Cheshire and Shropshire she is called Ginny Greenteeth, Jeannie Greenteeth, Wicked Jenny, or Peg o' Nell.

She is likely to have been an invention to frighten children from dangerous waters similar to the Slavic Rusalka , the Kappa in Japanese mythology, or Australia's Bunyip , but other folklorists have seen her as a memory of sacrificial practices.

A similar figure in Jamaican folklore is called the River Mumma (River Mother). She is said to live at the fountainhead of large rivers in Jamaica sitting on top of a rock, combing her long black hair with a gold comb. She usually appears at midday and she disappears if she observes anyone approaching. However, if an intruder sees her first and their eyes meet, terrible things will happen to the intruder.

The name is also used to describe pondweed or duckweed , which can form a continuous mat over the surface of a small body of water, making it misleading and potentially treacherous, especially to unwary children. With this meaning the name is common around Liverpool and south west Lancashire.

Jenny Greenteeth is a well known figure that is part of the English folklore. The tradition says it lived in a river in Yorkshire, and that it was a very bad spirit of rivers.

The story tells that some time ago there was a family with a mother, a father, a son, a daughter and a grandmother who was crazy. The mother and children were engaged to collect the vegetables from the fields, the father took care of the wood, to check the traps and collecting any prey to take water from the well, and the grandmother had the task of tidying up the house and cook. During summer the family could get along without much trouble, but in winter the food was scarce and all went hungry.

One day the son asked why it was not possible to fish from the river to have more food and grandmother slapped him and replied that he was crazy and that nobody went into the river because here there was Jenny Greenteeth.

The boy asked who this Jenny Greenteeth was and grandmother laughed at the ignorance of the young man and told him it was a creature that seized and drown anyone looking into the river. Once caught the evil creature killed the poor unfortunates and ate all their meat to the bone. The young man laughed and denigrated her grandmother, who is even more angry and told him to be careful because Jenny Greenteeth was ready at all times. Its skin was completely green, long hair, razor-sharp teeth and very large eyes . Its favorites preys were the young people and children because more tender and tasty to eat.

The boy paid no attention to what her grandmother had told him and as the winter continued to advance and the food scarce, he decided to take care of everything. He took a net and went to the river in order to catch some fish. He remained for some time on the shore, but strangely did not see any fish pass so while he was searching the waters saw one stranded in some green algae. He tried to take it and pull it out of the water, but seemed anchored to the seabed, so he pulled harder and harder until he managed to detach the algae and the fish escaped. He looked at his hands and noticed that the algae were very strange. Looking better he find out that were no algae, but long green arms with long nails and that they were attached to a body under water. He also saw a grinning face and was pulled into the river where he drowned.

This is the legend that tells of Jenny Greenteeth, an evil that drives especially the children in the water to drown and then eat them. Elsewhere in England is also known by other names like Ginny, Jenny Wicked o'Nell or Peg. Its name is also used to identify a type of plant that can completely cover an entire pool of water and that makes it very dangerous, especially for children.

Still today, mothers tell their children the story of Jenny Greenteethto persuade them to stay away from rivers.

The moral of all Jenny Greenteeth stories is to stay away from rivers and lakes, and it is thought that she was the imagined creation of mothers who wanted to warn

their children away from the water's edge with frightening tales. Her stories may have also derived from duckweed, an aqueous plant that wraps its tendrils around one's leg and traps them under water.

While most stories paint Jenny Greenteeth in morbid, unredeeming tones, some tales show a somewhat tender-albeit mislleading-side to the Greentoothed Woman. In these accounts she uses her long bony arms to embrace her victims, stroking them with her sharp fingernails until they fall into a deep sleep whereupon she devours them. Sailors of the past called Jenny Greenteeth the Sea Hag and believed that she sang as she neared her victims:

"Come into the water, love, Dance beneath the waves, Where dwell the bones of sailor-lads Inside my saffron cave."

~S.E. Schlosser

Upon hearing the sad melody, sailors had one last chance to turn back before she would strike. Sailors who disregarded the warning would never be seen again.

Superstitions regarding water have been passed down over centuries, and we may take part in some of these customs without even knowing their origins. For instance, throwing coins into a well in exchange for a wish resembles the custom begun thousands of years ago, when people tossed offerings into the wells to appease the gods and ensure the continuance of the water. The Tweed River in Scotland was said to be subdued by one casting salt over its waters with nets. There is a tradition of decorating wells with pictures of flowers that may have Victorian origins, or may even trace back to the days of the Black Death. Some villages credited their escape to their sweet water, and to this day they dress their wells to protect it. There is no protection, though, against the wicked Greentoothed Woman once you are within her grasp. Like the tale of Jenny Greenteeth, all these superstitions are messages used by our ancestors to warn us against the danger of water.

BBC NEWS

'Jesus-era' burial shroud found

By Bethany Bell
BBC News, Jerusalem

A team of archaeologists and scientists says they have for the first time found pieces of a burial shroud from the time of Jesus in a tomb in Jerusalem.

The researchers, from Hebrew University and institutions in Canada and the US, said the shroud was very different from the controversial Turin Shroud.

Some people believe the Turin Shroud to have been Christ's burial cloth, but others believe it is a fake.

The newly found cloth has a simpler weave than Turin's, the scientists say.

The body of a man wrapped in fragments of the shroud was found in a tomb dating from the time of Jesus near the Old City of Jerusalem.

The tomb is part of a cemetery called the Field of Blood, where Judas Iscariot is said to have committed suicide.

The researchers believe the man was a Jewish high priest or member of the aristocracy who died of leprosy, the earliest proven case.

They say he was wrapped in a cloth made of a simple two-way weave, very different to the complex weave of the Turin Shroud.

The researchers believe that the fragments are typical of the burial cloths used at the time of Jesus.

As a result, they conclude that the Turin Shroud did not originate from 1st-Century Jerusalem.

The Turin Shroud has been the subject of much controversy.

Tests 20 years ago dated the fabric to the Middle Ages, but believers say the cloth, which bears the imprint of a man's face, is an authentic image of Christ.

Story from BBC NEWS:
http://news.bbc.co.uk/go/pr/fr/-/2/hi/middle_east/8415377.stm

Published: 2009/12/16 05:44:25 GMT

© BBC MMIX

ɔperationkino:

Solid cast iron keys like those used against a *jettatore*

The power of iron over ghosts was proverbial and as recently as 1854, on the occasion of the evocation of the spirit of Apollonius of Tyana (a noted ancient necromancer), which took place in London, was considered expedient to create a magic circle of magnetized iron to neutralize all potential dangers from the ghost.

The nightmarish forces that haunted the waking hours of ancient man were believed to be susceptible to iron's magic power, whether it took the form of the horseshoe attacked to the cottage door or a knight secreted beneath it. According to the Roman historian Plin, iron coffin nails on the lintel of the door provided protection against all wandering spirits. A form of white magic employed against suspected witches until well into the 19th century, consisted of filling a bottle with pins and heating it intensely. This had the effect of so tormenting the hag that she was compelled to relinquishing her hold on her victim.

Equally potent and still observed in modern Italy is the custom of touching cold iron to counteract the Evil Eye. In the same vein is a *jettatore*, an individual with the power to 'fascinate' or cast the Evil Eye, can also be overcome by the jangling of iron keys, since to a devil the very sound of iron is anathema. Even in the 20th century, the hapless King Alfonso of Spain, a notorious *jettatore*, was embarrassed by the constant jangling of iron keys wherever he traveled in Italy. In fact, the jangling was so common the King was actually refused an audience by the superstitious Italian dictator Benito Mussolini.

Middle class mass murderer vampire John Haigh is born
http://www.crimeandinvestigation.co.uk/crime-files/john-haigh-the-acid-bath-murderer/

John George Haigh was the only child of two Plymouth Brethren. He had a strict and isolated upbringing with even religious symbols forbidden. He initially lived in fear of being blemished like his father who told him that a birthmark was a result of sinning. He eventually realised that he could do bad things and no marks would appear. Against his parent's belief, he then went to a Cathedral. It was there that he saw the image of a bleeding Christ. A fascination with blood was born...

Three murderers who went to any lengths to satisfy their greed. Dorothy Puente, Michael Abdul Malik and acid bath slayer John Haigh all killed for cash.

One of the most bizarre and disturbing cases of mass murder is that committed by John Haigh, a respectable, well dressed, middle-class man with a surfeit of charm who, in the late 1940s, disposed of at least six victims in a manner that led some to label him a vampire.

Haigh's motivations for his crimes, which involved luring his prey to a fate where their blood was consumed before being dissolved in acid, have never been clearly corroborated. His claim to have been disturbed in his childhood by his strict religious parents, leading to a psychotic state of mind obsessed with religious iconography and sacrificial fantasies, has been disputed. Critics believe that instead of insanity fuelling Haigh's vampire-like activities, he was in fact a cold-hearted killer who arrogantly believed that where there was no body, there was no crime to pin on him.

John George Haigh was born on 24 July 1909 in Stamford, Lincolnshire. The family moved to Outwood, West Yorkshire, where Haigh spent the next 24 years of his life. He was brought up in a fanatically religious household where references to 'the Lord' were used frequently to remind the young Haigh that he was always observed by a higher and disapproving deity. Haigh himself claimed that his childhood was bleak and lonely. His only friends were his few pets and caring for the neighbour's dog. A tall fence around the house, put up by his father, kept out prying eyes or any social contact with the outside world.

Haigh's parents belonged to a religious sect known as the Plymouth Brethren, who were purist and anticlerical. Bible stories were the only form of entertainment. Even participating in sports of any kind was forbidden.

According to Haigh Snr, the world was 'evil' and the family needed to keep themselves separate. As his father had also told him that the blue blemish on his own head had been the result of him 'sinning' in his youth, it is perhaps not surprising that the young Haigh became obsessed and terrified by developing a similar 'sign of the devil' due to the slightest misdemeanour. He was told that his mother had no 'mark' as she was an angel.

It is said that a turning point in the boy's developing psyche came when Haigh realised that no such blemish would appear, despite having lied or committed some other questionable behaviour. He then started to believe that he was invincible and could get away with anything.

Claims of being afflicted by dreams of Gothic, nightmarish proportions, where trees would turn into crucifixes weeping blood, have to be viewed with caution. Haigh was later known to be manipulative and a compulsive liar, prone to saying anything to extricate himself from a compromising position. At the time of his arrest for murder, his personal enquiries into

what may befall him if he was found to be insane, is an indication that Haigh was aware that appearing 'bonkers' and damaged by his childhood would possibly work in his favour when it came to court.

In 1934 Haigh stopped attending his parents' church and married Beatrice Hammer, a 21-year-old woman he barely knew. Despite having been impressed by Haigh's manners and charm, she was uncertain about his character but still went ahead with the marriage on 6 July 1934.

Haigh's parents allowed the couple to live with them although the marriage lasted only about four months, ending when Haigh was arrested in October 1934 and sent to prison for fraud. While he was incarcerated, Beatrice gave birth to a baby daughter, whom she gave up for adoption. Haigh saw her only once more; briefly, to lie by telling her that they were never officially wed because he already had a wife at the time.

Despite his abilities Haigh spent a considerable amount of time in prison for mainly fraudulent practices that involved various illegal enterprises. During a brief period he worked at an amusement park run by a Mr William 'Mac' Donald McSwan and his parents Donald McSwan and wife Amy. The family liked Haigh, promoted him in the business and were sorry to see him leave when he decided he wanted glittering prizes elsewhere.

His next project, involving setting up a false solicitor's office, earned him four years in prison. It was while he was incarcerated that he thought up a new scheme to become rich quickly, instead of toiling for a living. His plan was simply to go after rich, older women. Haigh had also convinced himself that if there was no corpse, then there could be no conviction.

Such a belief no doubt prompted him into working with sulphuric acid in the prison's tin shop where he experimented on mice and made studies of the effects of acid on animal tissue.

After Haigh was released from prison, he set out to carry his heinous plan. In the interim he stayed with the Stephen family, beginning a close friendship with one of the daughters, Barbara, who, despite the 20-year age gap, believed that she could become the next Mrs Haigh.

In 1944 Haigh was involved in a car accident where he suffered a wound to the head, which bled into his mouth. He later referred to this event as having been the catalyst that reawakened his blood-filled nightmares. Shortly afterwards he rented a basement space at 79 Gloucester Road, where he set up his 'workshop', a grim death trap to lure unsuspecting victims.

HISTORY

Kern was home to sea of shanties

BY GEORGE GILBERT LYNCH
Contributing writer

Thousands of immigrant families in Kern County strived to exist during the 1930s. Affordable housing was hard to come by. Families lived in squatters camps, ranch-operated housing, city-sponsored camps and federal government camps.

From 42nd Street north to the Levee Canal existed a "city" of cardboard shacks, tents and shanties known as "Hooverville" or "Kern River Jungles." The area is now occupied by the Royal Palms Mobile Home Village.

This camp was depicted in the book and movie "The Grapes Of Wrath," where the Joad family heard the place was going to be burned out that night. In reality, it wasn't burned and it increased in size as more families moved from the Midwest.

The Kern County Public Health Department assessed the camp's health conditions. The report included no electricity, running water or sewer systems. The public demanded the camp be condemned and destroyed. Residents were allowed to move to approved sanitary facilities such as the Arvin, Shafter and Visalia Federal Camps.

Another large camp, called "Little Oklahoma," was located at Brundage Lane and Cottonwood Road. Settlers bought 50-by-150-foot lots for $150. People lived in boxcars, trailers, adobes and tent houses. The property was cheap because the area stunk. It was surrounded by a slaughter house and stockyards, a tallow rendering facility, and the county sewer farm.

As the Great Depression deepened in the early '30s, Kern County established a transient camp at the old fairgrounds on North Chester Avenue. Residents worked in exchange for room and board by clearing vegetation from the Kern River bed for flood control.

Kern County also purchased property near Weedpatch to build a transient camp. In 1935, the federal government bought the Weedpatch Camp as an experiment. It was the beginning for dozens of these settlements built in California by the Works Progress Administration.

For 10 cents a day, a family received tent space, sanitary facilities, electricity, a garden plot and news of jobs.

As a young boy, I remember visiting relatives there. We always had a grand time in their swimming hole and running and roller skating on the wooden dance pavilion. Everyone raised so many vegetables in their garden plots, we always came home with boxes full.

After World War II began, these government-funded communities were gradually eliminated. War time jobs became plentiful and nothing remained of the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl except in our memories.

George Gilbert Lynch is a member of the Kern County Historical Society and writes about local history.

Get your 'Okie' on at Dust Bowl Days

THE BAKERSFIELD CALIFORNIAN

Dust Bowl Days, a celebration of the "Okie" migrant experience, an integral part of Bakersfield and Kern's history, has been taking place since 1990.

This year is no exception, so get out the ol' jalopy and head on down to Weedpatch, just south of Lamont for the fun.

GO & DO

WHAT: Dust Bowl Days

WHEN: 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday

WHERE: Sunset School, at Highway 184 (Weedpatch Highway) and Sunset Boulevard, south of Lamont.

Special attractions

- Authors **Gerald Haslam, Rick Wartzman, Jerry Stanley, Elizabeth Strickland, the widow of "Oklahoma Cookin'" author John Day** and others will be there to meet the public and sell and sign their books.
- **Special multimedia presentation "One Family's Dust Bowl Story"** by Mike Martin, a child of migrants.
- **Old-time musicians** will play traditional Okie music.
- **Shuttles all day** to the historic Sunset Labor Camp — also known as Weedpatch Camp (in John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath") and Arvin Federal Government Camp.

ADMISSION: Free. Beans and corn bread, biscuits and gravy, homemade cobblers and other Okie foods will be available for purchase.

INFORMATION: weedpatchcamp.com

Giant, Super Intelligent 'Kraken' May Have Eaten Dinosaurs: Scientist

By IBTimes Staff Reporter | October 10, 2011 3:02 PM EDT

An unusual Triassic burial site has scientists postulating the existence of a massive octopus-like creature similar to the mythological Kraken.

Mount Holyoke College paleontologist Mark McMenamin formulated the theory after exploring a Nevada site containing the remains of nine ichthyosaurs, massive creatures that once dominated the oceanic food chain. But something struck McMenain as peculiar: the icthyosaur bones lay in a pattern that seemed to indicate they had deliberately arranged.

-

"It became very clear that something very odd was going on there," McMenamin said in a press release. "It was a very odd configuration of bones."

That had McMenamin wondering whether a larger, intelligent predator may have neatly organized the bones. The modern octopus is known to shuffle bones around purposefully, leading McMenamin to theorize that the icthyosaurs could have been stalked by a huge, intelligent invertebrate like the kraken of lore.

"I think that these things were captured by the kraken and taken to the midden and the cephalopod would take them apart," McMenamin said.

The proposed kraken would have been the most intelligent invertebrate ever. McMenamin said that there is precedent for a confrontation similar to a kraken-like creature attacking the dangerous icthyosaur, noting that the staff of the Seattle Aquarium recently discovered their sharks were being killed by an octopus that shared their tank.

"We think that this cephalopod in the Triassic was doing the same thing," said McMenamin, noting that many of the fossils had broken ribs. "It was either drowning them or breaking their necks."

The kraken is a recurrent figure in Scandinavian lore, usually described as a titanic octopus-like creature that preys on ships. It later made its way into some earlier scientific classifications of animals. In 1830 the English poet Alfred Tennyson published a sonnet entitled "The Kraken," which begins like this:

Below the thunders of the upper deep;
Far far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides; above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;

Krakow's Teen Vampire

- March 26, 2014
- Posted by Steven Hoffman
- http://www.krakowpost.com/article/7904

Last month, at a secret location, Satan was freed in Poland.

Maybe you didn't hear about it, but the release from prison of Mariusz T., dubbed 'the Satan of Piotrków' for raping and murdering four young boys in 1988, had Polish parents and commentators in an uproar. The current location of Mariusz T., now 52, remains undisclosed to protect his safety as the court decides whether he still poses a threat to society.

It's a far cry from the fate of this city's own serial killer, Karol Kot, known as the Vampire of Krakow. Twenty years before Mariusz T's, crimes, Kot ended his final interview by declining to give a message to his victims and their families. "Soon, where I'm going, I'll meet with my victims," he predicted, "and we can speak. Here on Earth, I have no one to talk to." A short time later he was executed, aged 21.

In a way, the story of Kot's spree of violence, which had begun four years prior, in the autumn of 1964, reads like a grotesque twist on the tragicomic exploits of any awkward and overzealous teenager. His first attempt at murder was unsuccessful. He had planned to wait in a church for an elderly parishioner, knife concealed in hand. "How annoying," he later recalled, "No one showed up." It was only as he was leaving, frustrated, that he chanced upon his first victim, 48-year-old Helena W. He stabbed her several times in the back and fled, licking the blood from the blade. She survived, as did his second victim. He finally succeeded with his third victim, another elderly churchgoer.

That was just the beginning for Kot. He had spent nearly his whole life preparing. He was only a child when, bored on a family trip to Pcim, he wandered into a local slaughter house, where they allowed him to assist in the killing and watched in bemusement as he drank the warm blood from a cup. He then began abusing the family cat, as well as slaughtering frogs, chickens, crows, moles and calves for fun. It was an escape from the taunts of his peers, who called him Lolo, informant, Al Capone, pyro, and sex

maniac (for groping female classmates).

Years later, he turned his eye toward bigger targets. He collected medical textbooks and studied human anatomy. "Did you know," he casually asked his last interviewer, "that the easiest way to the heart is through the back?" He was an avid student of history's darker chapters as well. Visiting Auschwitz as a boy, he was: "amazed by the organization and the idea of a concentration camp," professing a desire to have been born earlier so that he could have commanded one.

His studies in the macabre were not limited to the theoretical. Dreaming of enlisting in the army, he learned knife throwing and karate and was the star of the local shooting club. The coach even invited Kot to his house and instructed his son to: "Be like Karol." "When I read the file of the investigation,' Kot said later, "and saw a letter from the coach to the Ministry of Justice in which he protested against my arrest, I laughed sincerely… He didn't know that his son was on my execution list."

Kot changed tack, experimenting with fire and poison. He frequented popular pubs on the weekend and left out drinks laced with lethal doses of arsenic, hoping someone would take the bait. No one did. Unsuccessful, too, was a similar attempt to tempt a girl he fancied with a poisoned bottle of beer left at her door.

But Kot's real passion was for the blade – for blood. He found his next victim in the February snows at Kościuszko Mound: an 11-year-old boy competing in a toboggan contest. Court experts later testified that the wounds far exceeded those necessary to kill. Terror of the 'vampire' killer spread across Krakow, with some people even sleeping with boards beneath their shirts to protect against knives.

Kot was ecstatic, showing a friend a copy of the news report and saying he would make it his wallpaper. Yet no one took him seriously, and his parents never suspected a thing. In fact, he got a secret thrill from sitting at the dinner table, by his own admission an unremarkable boy, as his father clucked and remarked: "Only a bastard could commit such heinous acts."

Karol Kot after his arrest in 1966

The person Kot confided in the most – and who he would later say he pitied most – was an older art student who he called his girlfriend (though it's unclear if the feeling was mutual). He confessed his

lust for blood to her and once even held a knife to her throat "to see the insane fear in her eyes," but she dismissed it as a tasteless joke. It was only when he revealed the shards of glass in his pockets, which he had planned to dice her with and plant on her to make it look like suicide, that she became concerned. She convinced him to go to a doctor, who sent him home with vitamins.

Yet she refused to go to the police until Kot told her of his final murder attempt: on an 8-year-old girl on her way mail a letter. He stabbed the girl eight times in the back and stomach. Astonishingly, she escaped and survived. Kot was swiftly arrested and charged with two murders, ten attempted murders, and four arsons. He underwent a battery of psychological tests. The prosecutors amassed 8,000 pages of evidence in 18 volumes. Survivors screamed at him in court, calling him a beast. Oddly, he was allowed was to take his Matura exam, but only so that he would be unable to convincingly plead insanity. Reporters noted his "sunny disposition" at the trial, and he was warned several times by the judge to take the proceedings seriously. Nearly a year after his arrest, in July 1967, he was sentenced to death.

Reflecting on his crimes while awaiting his sentence, Kot showed little remorse. Evil men, he said, were drunkards and those who consorted with prostitutes – in his eyes, he was "only a murderer." "Suffering is beauty," he said, "and inflicting pain and suffering on someone is a work of art. Not everyone can do it." He even wondered if he might be set loose to remove "undesirable people," as a good to society. Contemplating his fate, he said only: "The pleasure I felt when the knife was cleaving the meat… It's impossible to describe the feeling. The experience is worth the gallows." The authorities took him at his word and hanged him on May 16, 1968.

Today, the city that once lived in fear of a 'vampire' remembers him as a minor celebrity more than anything. You can enjoy arsenic-free beer for 5 zł on the Rynek at the Kotkarola pub, whose mascot is a grinning cartoon cat nestled up to Edgar Allan Poe. The 'Macabre Krakow' free walking tour advertises the legend for customers over 18.

It's easy to forget that Kot was a real teenager who wanted girls to like him and who, in the end, lamented that his life was: "heavy, dull, and colourless." And a real killer who, instead of posters, pasted articles on his wall like the one you hold in your hands.

THE LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB
PRESENTS
HALLOWEEN
L.A.A.C.
DINNER AND A MOVIE
FRI OCTOBER 29
CHILDREN'S HALLOWEEN PART
SAT OCTOBER 30
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 213.630.5255

In Slavic folklore, Lady Midday ("Poludnitsa" in Bulgarian and Russian, "Polednice" in Czech, "Mittagsfrau" in German, "Poloznicha" in Komi, "Południca" in Polish, "Poludnica" in Serbian, "Poludnica" in Slovak, "Přezpołdnica" Lower Sorbian, or "Připołdnica" in Upper Sorbian), was a demon of high noon, said to cause heatstrokes, neck pain, illness, and madness. Lady Midday appears in the middle of hot summer days and often takes the form of dust clouds, a beautiful young woman in a white dress, a pubescent girl, or a hag, and carries a scythe. She stops people in the field to ask them difficult questions or simply engage them in conversation. Those who fail to answer her questions or try to change the subject are decapitated or blighted with sickness.

Lady Midday

Pscipolnitsa is a mythical character common to much of Eastern Europe[*where?*]. She is referred to as **Południca** in Polish,**Полудница** (Poludnica) in Serbian, **Polednice** i n Czech, **Poludnica** in Slovak, **Полудница** (Poludnitsa) in Bulgarian andRussian, and **П олозница** (Poloznicha) in Komi, the Pscipolnitsa is a noon demon in Slavic mythology . She can be referredto in English as "Lady Midday". She was usually pictured as a young woman dressed in white that roamed field bounds. Sheassailed folk working at noon causing heatstrokes and aches in the neck, sometimes she even caused madness.

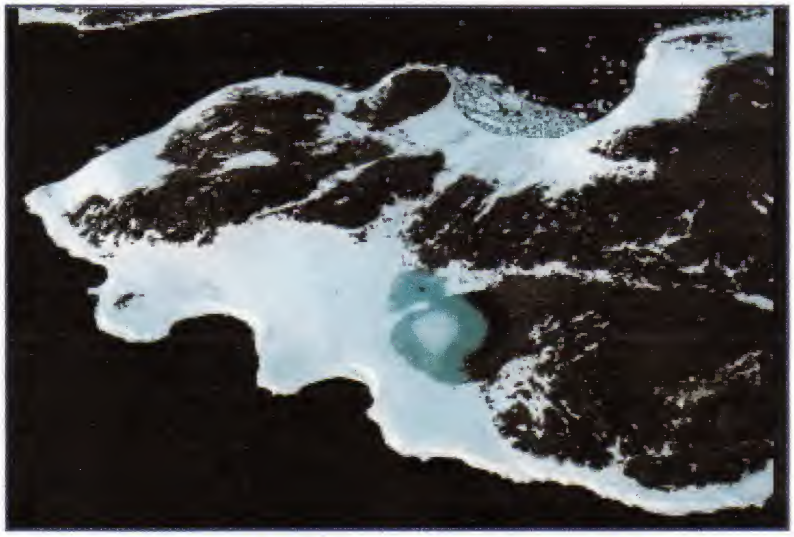
Pscipolnitsa, who makes herself evident in the middle of hot summer days, takes the form of whirling dust clouds and carriesa scythe or shears; most likely the shears would be of an older style, not akin to modern scissors. She will stop people in th efield to ask them difficult questions or engage them in conversation. If anyone fa ils to answer a question or tries to changethe subject, she will cut off their head or strike them with illness. She may appear as an old hag, a beautiful woman, or a 12-year-old girl, and she was useful in scaring children away from valuable crops. She is only seen on the hottest part of theday and is a personification of a sun-stroke.[1]

In Wendish mythology, **Přezpołdnica** (in Lower Sorbian, **Připołdnica** in Upper Sorbian) is known as *Mittagsfrau* ("LadyMidday") among German speakers of Eastern Germany's L usatia (Sorbian *Łužica*, German *Lausitz*) and in the now onlyGerman-speaking parts of what used to be the larger region of Old Lusatia, whose capital used to be Zhorjelc (German*Görlitz*, Polish *Zgorzelec*). Farther north and west in formerly predominantly Slavic-speaking areas of Germany, especially inthe state of Brandenburg (Low Saxon *Branneborg*, Serbian *Braniborska*), a related mythological spirit appears to be the*R oggenmuhme* ("lady of the rye") that makes children disappear when they search for f lowers in among the tall grain plantson hot summer days. In the Altmark, it is the *Regenmöhme* "with her heat" that will abduct ill-behaved children, and in theformerl y Polabian-speaking heath region around Lunenburg (German *Lüneburg*) in Lower Saxon y), the Low Saxon (LowGerman) name of this bugbear is *Kornwief* (formerly spelled *K ornwyf*, meaning "woman of the corn" or "lady of the grainplants").

Fears held for Russian scientists exploring "alien" Antarctic lake, Vostok

Russian scientists preparing to explore the "most alien lake on Earth," Lake Vostok, have reportedly not been in touch with American colleagues in over five days.

News DeskFebruary 3, 2012 06:57



A less ancient Antarctic lake forms from melting snow near Cape Folger on the Budd Coast in the Australian Antarctic Territory on January 11, 2008. (TORSTEN BLACKWOOD/AFP/Getty Images)

Russian scientists preparing to explore the "most alien lake on Earth," Lake Vostok, have reportedly not been in touch with American colleagues in over five days.

Vostok, buried over two miles — or 13,000 feet — beneath the great Antarctic ice sheet, is one of the world's largest lakes. However, it hasn't been exposed to air in more than 20 million years, Fox News reported.

The team from Russia's Arctic and Antarctic Research Institute (AARI) have been drilling for weeks to reach the isolated, subglacial water, part of a network of more than 200 subglacial lakes in Antarctica, according to the Washington Post.

Some of the lakes existed in warmer times, when the continent was connected to Australia.

According to the website io9.com:

Vostok is thought to harbor conditions similar to those of Jupiter's moon Europa and Saturn's moon Enceladus, and the discovery of life in the lake's inky depths would significantly strengthen the prospect of discovering life on either of these icy bodies.

However, the lake is "characterized by extremes, as geothermal heat from the Earth's interior warms the lake's bottom keeping it in a liquid state.

Thousands of yards of crushing ice also insulate Vostok from the coldest surface temperatures on Earth, "while infusing it with oxygen at concentrations fifty times higher than is typical of freshwater lakes on the planet's surface," the website said.

However, because there is no light, any nutrients can only exist in small quantities.

Still, the scientists were "enormously excited about what life-forms might be found there," the Washington Post reported.

Their main concern was contaminating the lake with drilling fluids and bacteria, "and the potentially explosive 'de-gassing' of a body of water that has especially high concentrations of oxygen and nitrogen."

Meanwhile, Dr. John Priscu, professor of Ecology at Montana State University, told FoxNews.com via email that he had no way to contact the team and the already cold weather was set to plunge, as Antarctica's summer season was ending.

"Temps are dropping below [minus 40 degrees Fahrenheit] and they have only a week or so left before they have to winterize the station," he told Fox. "I can only imagine what things must be like at Vostok Station this week."

Last living U.S. World War I veteran dies

By **Paul Courson**, CNN
February 28, 2011 2:03 p.m. EST

Frank Buckles, the last living U.S. World War I veteran, has died, a spokesman for his family said Sunday. He was 110.

Washington (CNN) -- Frank Buckles, the last living U.S. World War I veteran, has died, a spokesman for his family said Sunday. He was 110.

Lawmakers Monday began to move ahead with proposed resolutions that would allow his casket to be displayed at the Capitol Rotunda, and plans were already in the works for his burial at Arlington National Cemetery.

Buckles "died peacefully in his home of natural causes" early Sunday morning, the family said in a statement sent to CNN late Sunday by spokesman David DeJonge.

Buckles marked his 110th birthday on February 1, but his family had earlier told CNN he had slowed considerably since last fall, according his daughter Susannah Buckles Flanagan, who lives at the family home near Charles Town, West Virginia.

Buckles, who served as a U.S. Army ambulance driver in Europe during what was then known as the "Great War," rose to the rank of corporal before the war ended.

His assignments included that of an escort for German prisoners of war. Little did he know he would someday become a prisoner of war during World War II.

Last living U.S. WWI vet turns 110

2009: Oldest vet on WWI memorial

He came to prominence in recent years, in part because of the work of DeJonge, a Michigan portrait photographer who had undertaken a project to document the last surviving veterans of that war.

As the years continued, all but Buckles had passed away, leaving him the "last man standing" among

U.S. troops who were called "The Doughboys." His death leaves only two verified surviving WWI veterans in the world, both of whom are British.

President Obama issued a statement Monday on Buckles' passing, saying he and first lady Michelle Obama were "inspired" by Buckles' story.

Frank Buckles lived the American Century," Obama's statement said. "Like so many veterans, he returned home, continued his education, began a career, and along with his late wife Audrey, raised their daughter Susannah. ... We join Susannah and all those who knew and loved her father in celebrating a remarkable life that reminds us of the true meaning of patriotism and our obligations to each other as Americans."

Buckles told CNN in 2007 he accepted the responsibility of honoring those who had gone before him, and to be their voice for permanent, national recognition after he was gone.

DeJonge found himself the spokesman and advocate for Buckles in his mission to see to it that his comrades were honored with a monument on the National Mall, pushing for improvements to a neglected, obscure city memorial nearly in the shadow of the elaborate World War II memorial.

Buckles wanted national status granted to the D.C. War Memorial, a marble gazebo built in the 1930s that, for now, honors only his comrades from the District of Columbia. His call was to elevate the designation of the site to join U.S. honors accorded to those who served in World War II, Korea and Vietnam.

"We have come to the end of a chapter in history," said Rep. Ted Poe, R-Texas, a House sponsor of legislation to upgrade the DC War Memorial. "Frank was the last American Doughboy -- a national treasure," Poe said in a statement provided to CNN.

The "Frank Buckles WWI Memorial Act" passed the House but had not cleared the Senate before Congress adjourned. Poe on Monday restated his support for a House resolution that would allow a public display for Buckles in the Capitol Rotunda. Sen. Jay Rockefeller, D-West Virginia is a co-sponsor of the Senate proposal.

Buckles, at the age of 108, came to Capitol Hill from West Virginia in 2009 to testify before a Senate panel on behalf of the D.C. War Memorial bill. He sat alongside Rockefeller and fellow proponent Sens. John Thune, R-South Dakota, and Jim Webb, D-Virginia.

"I have to," he told CNN when he came to Washington, as part of what he considered his responsibility to honor the memory of fellow veterans.

Rockefeller praised Buckles in a statement Monday, calling him "a unique American, a wonderfully plain-spoken man, and an icon for the World War I generation."

"His life was full and varied and an inspiration for his unbridled patriotism and enthusiam for life," the statement said.

Buckles, after World War I ended, took up a career as a ship's officer on merchant vessels. He was captured by the Japanese in the Philippines during World War II and held prisoner of war for more than three years before he was freed by U.S. troops.

Never saying much about his POW experience, Buckles instead wanted attention drawn to the plight of the D.C. War Memorial. During a visit to the run-down, neglected site a few years ago, he went past the nearby World War II memorial without stopping, even as younger veterans stopped and saluted the old soldier in his wheelchair as he went by.

Renovations to the structure began last fall, but Buckles, with his health already failing, could not make a trip to Washington to review the improvements. The National Park Service is overseeing efforts that

include replacing a neglected walkway and dressing up a deteriorated dome and marble columns.

Details for services and arrangements will be announced in the days ahead, the family statement said.

Flanagan, his daughter, said preliminary plans began weeks ago, with the Military District of Washington expressing its support for an honors burial at Arlington, including an escort platoon, a horse-drawn casket arrival, a band and a firing party.

"It has long been my father's wish to be buried in Arlington, in the same cemetery that holds his beloved General (John) Pershing," Flanagan wrote as she began to prepare for the inevitable in a letter she sent to home-state U.S. Sen. Joe Manchin, D-West Virginia.

"I feel confident that the right thing will come to pass," she said.

Buckles in 2008 attended Veterans Day ceremonies at the grave of Pershing, the commander of U.S. troops during World War I. He also met with then-President George W. Bush at the White House, and U.S. Defense Secretary Robert Gates at the Pentagon.

"The First World War is not well understood or remembered in the United States," Gates said at the time. "There is no big memorial on the National Mall. Hollywood has not turned its gaze in this direction for decades. Yet few events have so markedly shaped the world we live in."

Buckles' family asks that donations be made to the National World War I Legacy Project to honor Frank Buckles and the 4,734,991 Americans with whom he served.

More than 116,000 Americans were killed, and more than 204,000 wounded, in the 19 months of U.S. involvement in the war, according to the Congressional Research Service. The overall death toll of the 1914-18 conflict was more than 16.5 million, including nearly 7 million civilians, and more than 20 million wounded.

Details can be found at: www.frankbuckles.org.

Late state Sen. Crandell's name will remain on primary ballot

Arizona Sen. Chester Crandell was found dead Monday afternoon after he didn't return from a horseback ride near Heber-Overgaard. He was 68.

Mark Olalde, The Republic | azcentral.com *2:47 p.m. MST August 6, 2014*

(Photo: Republic file photo)

Arizona Sen. Chester Crandell, who was found dead Monday after setting out on horseback, cannot be replaced on the primary ballot, Secretary of State Ken Bennett said Tuesday.

Crandell, 68, was found dead near Heber-Overgaard, where he had been riding a colt. The Navajo County Sheriff's Office is waiting for medical reports to shed more light on the cause of death.

Bennett said under state law "since the ballots have printed, there is no provision allowed for substituting someone else's name on there or allowing write-ins."

Crandell was running unopposed to hold his District 6 seat and is the only candidate eligible to win the primary. Posters explaining that votes for Crandell will still count for him will be placed at polling places for the Aug. 26 primary.

AZCENTRAL

State Sen. Chester Crandell found dead

(http://www.azcentral.com/story/news/arizona/politics/2014/08/04/chester-crandell-arizona-senator-found-dead/13605613/)

Meanwhile, officials will select a temporary replacement and a name to appear on the general-election ballot.

Republican precinct committeemen from Crandell's home county — Navajo — will nominate three people to fill the position for the rest of Crandell's current term. The county Board of Supervisors will select the temporary replacement from the three nominees.

Republican precinct committeemen from Coconino, Gila, Navajo and Yavapai counties — the counties under District 6's jurisdiction — will select a name to replace Crandell's on the general-election ballot.

The relevant state laws were tweaked in 2011 after state Sen. Jose Garcia died during his campaign for the Corporation Commission and are intended as a sign of respect for the deceased.

"I've known Chester for several years now, worked with him," Bennett said. "He's been a great legislator and an educator for almost 30 years."

Gov. Jan Brewer ordered flags lowered to half-staff for a week. "My thoughts and prayers — along with those of the entire state — are with Chester's dear wife, Alice, and their family during this difficult time," Brewer said in a written statement.

Read or Share this story: http://azc.cc/1sazKD6

MORE STORIES

Nigeria rushes to get isolation tents for Ebola

(/story/news/world/2014/08/06/ebola-nigeria-tents/13698529/)

(/story/news/world/2014/08/06/ebola-nigeria-tents/13698529/)

Aug. 6, 2014, 5:09 p.m.

At the Devil's Heels: The Legend of Springheeled Jack

by Aly Julian
POSTED: 24 October 99

A strange creature, that pub worker and farmer's daughter Polly Adams could only describe as "devil-like", was the terror of London in the mid-1800s. It all started in 1837 with the attack on Polly Adams, and then later in the year another woman was attacked in the Clapham churchyard. But the sightings and attacks of this figure that could leap over fences in a single bound truly began to start in 1838.

January, 1838: A resident of Peckham sent a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Cowan, describing an attack by a creature he called "Spring-Heeled Jack". Sir Cowan made the letter public, only to receive dozens of other letters by more witnesses of the creature.

February, 1838: Late at night there was a furious knocking at the door of the Alsop residence, where young Jane Alsop and her two sisters lived with their father. Jane answered the door, and standing in the shadows was a man claiming to be a police officer. He asked her to bring a candle, saying that he had captured Spring-heeled Jack. The stranger took the candle but then grabbed Jane and began to claw at her face. He ran off into the shadowy darkness when one of Jane's sisters came outside and called for help.

Jane's attacker allegedly wore a helmet and a white costume similar to oilskin and wore a black cloak over everything. His eyes were like raging fireballs, blue flames shot from his mouth, and his fingers ended in claws. A similar attack happened to 18-year-old Lucy Squires a few months later. While walking with her sister through Green Dragon Alley (ironic name) in Limehouse, she was blinded with blazing blue flames by a tall cloaked figure.

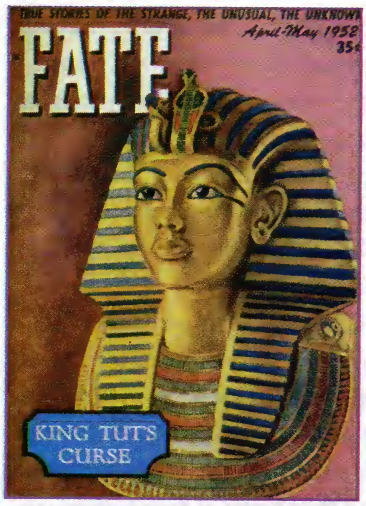
A strange figure was seen atop the spire of a church and even on the Tower of London. Throughout the 1850s and 60s, this strange creature was seen all over England. Its descriptions varied from a winged and horned creature, not unlike the Jersey Devil, to the "spaceman" that attacked the two girls in 1838. People stayed off the streets at night in fear of this creature.

Authorities began to send mobs out to capture this supposed devil. In the 1860s, one of the mobs cornered the creature, but it jumped over a hedge and escaped. In the 1870s he attacked sentries "with his icy hands". In 1877, people tried to shoot him, but just like in the cases of Mothman, the Jersey Devil, and other strange creatures, Springheeled Jack was not shot. September 1904, was the last recorded sighting of Jack. He was seen jumping among the rooftops in Liverpool. He was cornered yet again but leaped away with ease.

What was this strange being? A century ago people believed him to be the Devil himself (especially since he was seen near and on top of churches) but nowadays many people believe Springheeled Jack to have been an extraterrestrial, judging by his "space traveler" attire and unusual abilities. Whether it was alien, Satan, or a prankster, the legend of Springheeled Jack lives on as one of the most terrifying paranormal events in British history.

Source: Anomalies Article: Springheeled Jack

Aly Julian is the webmaster for Strangeworld, one of the most all-inclusive encyclopedias of cryptozoology on the Internet.



Liamba...

Psychic Drug of the Jungle

FATE
April-May 1952
Vol. 5, No. 3

by Arthur J. Burks

I HEARD the whisper seven times seven and it made no sense at all. My Brazilian companions heard it and moored our boat to a tree on the open-Tapajos side of the long flat island in the mouth of the Crepori, River of the Red Man.

"We spend the night," the *pilota* said flatly.

"But why? It's only two in the afternoon. We can get through the next big rapids before dark!" I protested in my best Portuguese.

We were heading down river from Barra and I was sick of Indians, trees, the green river out of the Matto Grosso, of bloodsucking flies, mosquitoes, my companions and myself.

"Liamba!" said the *motorista*, as if the strange word settled everything.

I couldn't budge anybody, hadn't authority enough to compel my crew to continue on. There was a vague, terrible, wide-eyed excitement among them.

"And what is Liamba?" I asked.

The pilot pointed eastward, across the hogback of the island, and shrugged. A river, the River of the Red Man, Crepori, came out of the unexplored east there, out of the land of the *borduna*-wielding Guaiapos. I had just come from the jungle store on the island where the proprietor had told me he was selling out and leaving because the Guaiapos, only the day before, had bashed out his partner's brains with a war club.

The mainland here was a rich rubber area and Brazilians were trying their best to make their two-fifty a day, cutting and cooking rubber. Between the Crepori and the das Tropas rivers, south, the Guaiapos had killed 20 rubber cutters during the past year. Rubber cutters covered their *estradas* in pairs, one man carrying a shotgun. Still the diminutive Guaiapos tricked them and struck from behind without warning.

But "Liamba" meant nothing.

I was invited to swing my hammock ashore just before dark, in a native dwelling occupied by several families of rubber cutters. All rubber cutters who worked the east bank of the Tapajos between the Crepori and das Tropas kept their families on islands because the Guaiapos did not swim or make boats. Following the *estradas* by day was like making a dash with a reconnaissance patrol.

"Liamba!" I heard the whispers before I dropped off to sleep. Men and women exchanged strange, oddly wild glances, and spoke the word, scarcely above a whisper. "Liamba!"

I slept, wakened with someone's hand on my chest, gently shaking me. I would have cried out, but a palm covered my mouth, and the first hand held me down.

"You wish to know everything!" said a soft voice, a woman's voice, whispering. "Come with me to Liamba! No need dress!"

But I hadn't undressed, save to take off my shoes. I nodded against the palm, which smelled of sweat and rubber, sat up, shook out my shoes in the dark lest scorpions or tarantulas might be sleeping in them, donned and tied them. The woman took my arm, held it close against her side. I was to be quiet, her behavior said. She was shaking with eagerness or excitement, maybe with fear.

"I am Tamara!" she whispered.

Tamara, I had noticed before dark, was the only pretty woman on the island, in the little cringing settlement. She must have been about eighteen. The eyes of all men followed her lithe figure, and she walked much that they might. I'd have thought her a light of love if she hadn't worn dirty work dresses that proclaimed her respectability. If she hadn't been she would have worn lipstick, rouge, greased her hair, primped, worn bright dresses, spangles and bangles on arms, ankles, with tinkling ear-rings and necklaces—and the other women on the island would have drowned her!

I followed the girl onto a trail leading east, out of the woods that covered the island, onto the flat area of sand which stretched toward but did not quite reach the mainland. It was big enough for a landing field. As Tamara and I came out upon the sand I looked at my watch. It was just before midnight. Other men and women were appearing out of the trees—*more men and women than I knew to be on the island.* Visitors from up and down river, from the Indianless west bank, had clearly landed

on the island while I slept. There were, however, no children in the silent, somehow shamed horde.

Shamed?

That was the first impression I had of the odd exodus from *Ilha do Crepori.* Tamara and I seemed the only two people who walked close together and she held me as if I were a prisoner. The other men carried old flintlock rifles, muzzle-loaders, shotguns, bows and arrows, tridents used in spearing fish in shallow water, bush-knives, small pistols and revolvers.

Were we going to attack a Guaiapo stronghold in the night? The very idea made my heart jump. But then, why the women?

"We attack the Guaiapo?" I asked Tamara.

A brief hesitation only. "No," she said, "we go to Liamba!"

It sounded a little like *macumba*, Brazilian version of voodoo, so I said: "You mean macumba?"

She gasped, clearly afraid of the very word. I could now see the stretch of green water which separated the sand from the mainland. I got another bright idea, though it didn't fit in with a midnight visit to Indian territory. It could be some kind of a spiritualistic meeting in the jungles; I knew that spiritualistic seances, forbidden by the Church, were held in many places in Brazil, so I used another word that *might* have some meaning for Tamara:

"Do we experiment with *espiritas?*"

She hesitated so long before she said yes that I knew it wasn't the correct answer, at least not quite.

The stars were high and bright. We could see far. The Brazilians, of course, could see further than I could; they were jungle people. The Guaiapos, I knew, could see even further, and we were now almost within bowshot of the mainland.

"Do you swim?" asked Tamara.

I gulped and said yes, though I am deathly afraid of piranhas, the fierce flesh-eating fish of those rivers.

We came to the waterside and I got the surprise of my life.

"I'll carry your clothes," said Tamara. She stepped out of her own as if all her garments had been trick stuff. I glanced right and left. Some men and women were going into the water with all their clothes on, some were disrobing, and the amazing thing about this is that Brazilian men and women would no more disrobe before one another than they would walk naked down a city street. They are, virtually without exception in my experience, the most delicate and modest of people. Whatever the urge that drove them all now, it transcended modesty—yet allowed them all somehow to retain their dignity. "Hurry," said Tamara, "or we'll be left behind."

Starshine gave her an ethereal quality that set the mood for whatever was to come. There was no coquetry in Tamara, no interest in me as a man. I was just her current responsibility, to which someone had assigned her. I shucked out of my clothes, except my boondocker shoes. They were made for amphibious activities. I didn't swim well in them, but I didn't feel so naked, either. Tamara swiftly rolled my clothes with her own, to be carried in a bundle on her head, walked down a steeply slanting bank into the water. I followed. She told me to keep close enough to touch her. The channel seemed to be quite deep, with gloomy, shadowy trees ahead. To our left was the silent, gaping mouth of the River of the Red Man, running out of the east and southeast, no one knew from how far distant. I'm an awkward swimmer. I bumbled against the smooth body of Tamara as we swam, but if she were aware of it she gave no sign.

It was a relief to be ashore. Tamara, now a white shadow amid black ones—black ones which appeared to have swallowed our comrades from right to left—tendered me a cloth.

"It is better we dry ourselves," she said. She had a cloth for herself. I was glad I couldn't see the one I had. It was probably dirty enough. "Turn your back," said Tamara. I did. She rubbed my back with her towel, bade me perform the same service for her. Then we dressed quickly. Water squished in my shoes. I had the urge to laugh —and stifled it for no Brazilians were laughing, and they laugh easily because they are a happy people—though they claim to be forever sad.

Tamara took my hand again. Now we trotted because we had lost time. We headed into an *estrada* which I couldn't see. but Tamara guided me. Now and again I could see the black surface of the Crepori to our left.

We trotted perhaps 20 minutes. I was panting. We turned aside, stooping, brushing away lianas that drooped over our faces, and presently I saw a glow of flame. We moved out faster when we came to it. Tamara and I, after all, were among the first to reach the cleared area of flame, so I never knew who set the fire though I made a good guess before the strange evening ended.

The fire blazed brightly in the middle of a flat stone, roughly square, about 12 feet on each side. There was a new-to-me, aromatic odor in the clearing and all around the edge of the rock, carefully arranged, were tasseled smoking pipes, dozens of

them. If they were not of Indian make I had never seen Indian pipes. I had spent much time among the Mundurucu and had never seen one smoke a pipe; they smoked hand-rolled cigarettes. But I had seen pipes they had used before "civilization" taught them cigarettes. Civilization hadn't reached the Guaiapos and this was Guaiapo territory.

The pipes were already filled, and men and women, walking like people in a trance, some of them still nude from the swim and quite indifferent to the fact, walked steadily, wide-eyed, up to the rock and hefted a pipe.

"Liamba!" whispered Tamara. "Take! Smoke!"

"I do not smoke," I objected.

"Guaiapos kill all who do not smoke!" she said urgently. "Guaiapos, many Guaiapos, *watch right now!*"

I would have smoked, Guaiapos or no Guaiapos, for it struck me that this must be strange tobacco indeed that made men and women forget nudity and not walk, but *run*, so far for a few puffs. A few puffs? Each of the pipes held enough for half a dozen smokes.

Some men with gnarled hands caught up coals from the fire in their fingers, dropped them into the pipes, tamped them down with thumbs, began smoking. Tamara lighted her pipe with a burning brand, held it for me. I sucked the stuff in and found it pleasant enough. Once I *had* smoked, so I knew what I was doing and did not expect to be sick.

Men and women backed away from the fire and settled down in all sorts of postures. Tamara drew me away to an open space, pulled me down to a sitting position, right side to the fire which crackled as if in glee. Tamara did not sit beside me, but behind me, her back against mine, the back of her head touching mine. I shuddered, for I had seen crawling things in the hair of even good-looking jungle women. But almost at once I didn't care.

The smoke was pleasant. It was tobacco, strong tobacco, and something else.

"What's in the tobacco, Tamara?" I half turned to whisper to her. Others were whispering, none talking aloud, and some of the pipes gurgled.

"Liamba!" she whispered. "Do not *talk! Think, see, feel!*"

Small, dirty, smelly, stark naked Indians, men and women, came silently out of the jungles, walking gingerly as if in terror. Some of the men carried very short bows aud bundles of arrows; some carried *bordunas*, war clubs of hardwood which must have required months of patient effort to carve with rock and bone. A quick glance at my companions told me that the Guaiapos could kill every last one of us without rousing even one to resistance.

I saw birdlike words issue from their mouths, hang in the air, vanish.

And I didn't care a damn!

The fact that I didn't care didn't even shock me. It didn't matter. I wouldn't even have dodged a *bordana* crashing down on my head. The Guaiapos were talking, oddly birdlike, but I couldn't hear anything they said: *I saw birdlike words issue from their mouths, hang in the air, vanish.* There is no explaining that, I know, but I could compare it with other speech and did so.

To my left a young man and woman, clearly newlyweds all wrapped up in each other, were making love talk. I didn't hear them, either, but I saw the words they spoke in the air before their faces and the words were gentle and beautiful. Now I was positive I knew what was coming, though this eerie contact of Guaiapos and Brazilians didn't make any sense whatever. Yesterday, if the island Brazilians had told me the truth, Guaiapos had murdered a rubber cutter. During the past year they had murdered two score. Not one Indian had been seen by any Brazilian—unless there had been other meetings like this. But how had the *first* meeting like this ever come about? Were the "Indians" figments of an eerie psychism? Was I dreaming?

"I must be dreaming, Tamara," I whispered.

She hesitated and I thought she had not heard me. Then she moved away from my back, twisted around to my side, lay down with her head on my knee.

"Am I a dream, then?" she asked, her cheeks drawn in the next instant as she puffed on the pipe. There still was no coquetry, here or anywhere among the Brazilians; Tamara wasn't "on the make." Neither was I. I scarcely thought of it until I began to analyze it all later. This queer get-together was far above anything orgiastic.

I knew some queer plants, like the deadly *matacalada, amapaima, nhandu, catipi. Matacalada* was a deadly poison, *amapainia* an Aphrodisiac, *nhandu* a curare ingredient, though nobody on the Tapajos knew curare, while *caapi* and allied plants....

Caapi or a relative might be it! Men tasted its juice and could see things at a distance, could read the future....

I began to look about me, and for the first time I noticed that each person present had an ethereal double, through which or *whom* one could see the fire, the forest, the Indians. Material entities did things, smoked, talked, huddled together, while the doubles watched everything with a lofty tolerance.

So *Caapi*—no, Tamara had called it *liamba!*—mixed with tobacco, caused us all to see visions and dream dreams.

I tried to recall what drug I knew that caused men to see such visions and dream such dreams, but found the effort too much. I preferred to watch the visions lazily, without asking questions. The doubles began *manipulating* their material, fleshly alter egos. I watched them do it, with ghostly hands, and this was the result: men began to resemble Apollo Belvedere, women and girls Aphrodite. Old clothes became shimmery, cobwebby, exotic and transparent. Black hair began to shine, or take on golden, phosphorescent tints. Tamara was still fully dressed, but she might as well not have been. I felt like a god with the head of a goddess on my knees. None need ask me how I knew how a god would feel for then I knew *everything*. Tamara was exquisite, as were all the women and girls present.

The Indians were "noble red men."

Now I was *sure* I knew what was coming. In no time from now I would find myself in the midst of such an orgy as no one has ever dared write about. *Good* men and women, me among them, would become insatiable beasts. *And this was Brazilian spiritualism!* What a delusion!

But as minutes passed and no Apollo, red or red-white, took advantage of any Aphrodite—and I could scarcely be bothered thinking about it, but only remembered that there once had been something of the kind in some long-ago—I tried some lazy tests, using whatever came to mind.

I thought of the 60 Ming Tablets of jade, which vanished from the Forbidden City during the Boxer Uprising in 1900 and have never been found, though Chinese officials have searched the world over for them. Instantly I saw all 60 tablets. spreading out from a pile as expert shufflers of cards spread a "hand," standing in the air, the historical Chinese characters on them clear to my eyes *and understandable.*

I saw and read the history of the tablets. I watched them being stolen. I knew who had taken them, who still had them—*and who has them now!* I looked at the tablets and *something told me.*

I switched to an utterly alien subject, the Biblical Book of Revelations, and discovered that I could begin with John on Patmos, and watch his dream unfolding, and understand its meaning completely.

Moreover, John himself told the meaning of Revelations in the first chapter. Does every one have to go to the Guaiapos and smoke *liamba* to understand? As far as *I* am concerned, yes; for the eerie explanation I saw that night makes sense, good sense, such good, simple, uncluttered sense that I shall write of it in detail only when the world has time to spend on what will be an endless controversy—which should strengthen, not rob, the faithful of their faith.

Now the Guaiapos, each with his double, moved among us, refilling our pipes, lighting the liamba-tobacco mixture.

My comrades began to fall asleep, though each clung to his or her pipe. Tamara snuggled against me. I turned around so that we were head to head, sprawled so that I could keep on smoking. Tamara was asleep, the firelight making her face more beautiful than ever.

I knew I was also asleep, yet none of my seeing was curtailed. The Guaiapos nodded to one another, moved among the sleepers—robbing them of rifles, shotguns, bows, arrows, knives.

"Now they will kill us all!" I told myself, and saw my own words rise into the air like smoke eddies, show themselves clearly, then vanish. But the Guaiapos killed nobody. Instead, they vanished into the jungle with their loot. The fire began to die down. I realized that the Guaiapos also took all the pipes with them.

With or against their will, the Brazilians traded weapons for *liamba*, from whose drug they derived "psychic ability," "second sight," "clairvoyance," "clairaudience," "clairsentience"—though probably not one of my companions on the Crepori would have understood one of those words.

But Indians killed off Brazilians. Or had they?

I'd never seen a dead rubber cutter, just heard about them. I'd heard whispers of renegade Brazilians among the Guaiapos, keeping them stirred up to make rubber hard to get and to keep the price up.

Was a growing terror-story being built around the Guaiapos for the purpose of scaring away people who might not be induced to try out *liamba* with the initiates? I didn't know then, I don't now.

No alcoholic really knows what a hangover is. He must try *liamba* to find out!

Tamara jerked me awake near morning. I looked around at men and women gone utterly mad, at men and women striving to tear one another apart—just as I wanted to smash and break Tamara.

"Hurry!" she said.

She caught me by the hand, a clasp I couldn't break, and dragged me onto the trail, raced me back to the Tapajos. This time we didn't wait to take off clothes. When we reached the sand, dripping wet, we stopped.

"Go!" she said. "Sleep in your hammock. When you waken, forget!"

I felt like a pariah when she turned and left me, going back to whatever they did when I wasn't among them.

I forced leaden feet to take me back to the launch where I hunted a paper-backed book in which I sought the answer: *liamba. 0 extrato e' coithecido pelo nome de Haschhisch!* The extract is known by the name of hashish! There was more, which I'll put into English: "Cultivation and sale is prohibited, but it is managed secretly without repression!"

Had I smoked hashish with Indians and Brazilians? Apparently, if *liamba* and hashish were one and the same—as my only "authority," a French botanist who did a great deal of plant classification in Brazil, seems to indicate. I had never smoked hashish before and haven't since. The "record" seems to show that hashish is well known in the more "civilized" areas of Brazil where smoking is a sub rosa practice.

People who might be presumed to know insist that hashish will not produce the effects I have indicated in this document. That puzzles me a little, and excites me even more; for I realize that what I saw, felt, and experienced may in no wise have resembled the visions, feelings, and experiences of the men and women who went through the above incidents with me. Also that the *liamba* they know may not be the hashish of Paul Le Cointe, my book authority.

What is it, then? One of those fabulous plants of which I heard while in Brazil—three of which are presently being processed in the Memorial Hospital laboratories, New York City, delivered to that institution by me—which cause men to "see visions and dream dreams"?

I'm not sure I like being—as far as I know—the only foreigner to experience a drug which might conceivably fill the world full of psychic wonders.

I'd prefer to believe the stuff hashish and forget about it. Let there be no rush, however, to imprison the Brazilians on the island in the mouth of the Crepori, for they have fled from it. Let none send expeditions against the Guaiapos, for in this tale I have altered people and places deliberately to protect the people. After all, it scarcely behooves an accessory to snitch! ☥

LIBRARY BURNS AGAIN

On 2 March, the library in Alexandria, Egypt, recently rebuilt at a cost of £150 million and opened last October, was damaged by fire on the fourth floor, blamed on a short circuit. Sixteen fire engines put out the blaze in about 45 minutes, and 29 people were treated for smoke inhalation. The original seat of learning, founded around 295 BC by Ptolemy I Soter, suffered several fires before being burnt down in the 4th century AD. *[R,AP] 3 Mar 2003.*

Origin: African folklore

Type: Magical creature

The real bird, Hammerkop, is most often indentified as the Lightning Bird. It's curved bill and long, shaggy crest on it's head resembles a hammer. It is believed that the bird appears as a lightning strike. Women can see it in it's true form, but for others they see only the lightning.

It's fat is a vital component of traditional African medicine. It can be collected if the Lightning Bird is caught just as it hits the ground. It's egg is said to bring bad luck to the surrounding area, and must be destroyed. Damaging it's nest is thought to bring a storm.

You've selected the U.S. Edition. Would you like to make this your default edition? Yes | No

Close

SET EDITION: U.S. | INTERNATIONAL | MÉXICO | ARABIC
TV: CNN | CNNi | CNN en Español | HLN

CNN Opinion

Sign up | Log in

SEARCH

Home | TV & Video | CNN Trends | U.S. | World | Politics | Justice | Entertainment | Tech | Health | Living | Travel | Opinion | iReport | Money | Sports

The 'war on Christmas': Did Lincoln start it?

By **David Frum**, CNN Contributor
updated 4:11 PM EST, Mon December 23, 2013

SHARE THIS

Print
Email
More sharing

Recommend 3.5k

BERTRAND GUAY/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

HIDE CAPTION

Fabulous Christmas store windows

<< < 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 > >>

STORY HIGHLIGHTS

- David Frum: Lincoln, like many in 1834, didn't observe Christmas as an official holiday
- He says in late 19th century, Americans began to observe Christmas as a public holiday
- Early Americans kept a sharp separation of church and state, Frum says
- Frum: "War on Christmas" flap a reaction to a perceived threat to folkway, not religion

Editor's note: *David Frum, a CNN contributor, is a contributing editor at The Daily Beast. He is the author of eight books, including a new novel, "Patriots," and a post-election e-book, "Why Romney Lost." Frum was a special assistant to President George W. Bush from 2001 to 2002.*

(CNN) -- In 1834, Illinois voted whether to adopt Christmas as a legal holiday. Among those voting "nay" was the young Abraham Lincoln.

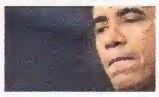
In 1834, Lincoln had not yet grown out of his atheist phase, but the young Lincoln's lack of faith in God -- and his lifelong disbelief in the divinity of Christ -- does not explain his vote. In 1834, a vote against Christmas was a safe, even a conventional vote.

Not a single state in the Union closed its offices for Christmas on December 25 in 1834. Lincoln marked his first Christmas as President, in December 1861, by holding a Cabinet meeting in the morning and a dinner party in the evening. The Lincoln family never had a White House tree and sent no Christmas cards.

Nobody was much shocked by these omissions.

The public Christmas as Americans know it today did not take form until late in the 19th century. George Washington issued a proclamation on Thanksgiving, but he never made any statement about Christmas (or Easter for that matter). The first state to recognize Christmas as a holiday was Alabama, in 1836, but the North and especially New England resisted. Not until 1856 did

Part of complete coverage on
Opinion on the news

Six questions for 2014
updated 7:44 AM EST, Mon December 23, 2013

Julian Zelizer says we can see the outline of the key questions that may shape American politics and government next year

Think before you tweet
updated 12:27 PM EST, Sun December 22, 2013

Dean Obeidallah says the offensive tweet that cost PR executive Justine Sacco her job is a reminder of the perils of tweeting before you carefully consider your words

Don't reject the 'Duck Dynasty' family
updated 5:32 PM EST, Fri December 20, 2013

S.E. Cupp says she disagrees with Phil Robertson's view on homosexuality but argues that it was ungracious of A&E to suspend him over his religious beliefs

What tent cities say about America
updated 7:55 AM EST, Mon December 23, 2013

Arjun Sethi says instead of helping the homeless, many states are cracking down on tent cities.

The peculiar history of the Pledge of Allegiance
updated 9:06 AM EST, Mon December 23, 2013

On this day 71 years ago -- December 22, 1942 -- Congress got the United States out of what had turned into an unexpectedly embarrassing situation, Bob Greene writes.

The best week for privacy in a long time
updated 10:54 AM EST, Sat December 21, 2013

Catherine Crump says actions by a judge, an NSA review panel and the president signaled that surveillance programs may be reined in,

'Duck Dynasty' star's free speech rights weren't violated

Massachusetts accept Christmas as a holiday. The federal government took until 1870 to follow.

David Frum

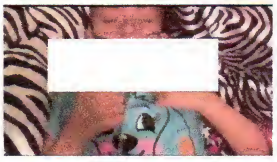
There's debate on the point, but it seems that Benjamin Harrison was the first president to allow a Christmas tree inside the White House in 1889.

The tradition of lighting a tree on the White House grounds commenced with Calvin Coolidge in 1923. Dwight Eisenhower sent the first White House Christmas cards. Eisenhower's cards, however, were always determinedly "seasonal." It waited until John F. Kennedy in 1963 to send a card that depicted a nativity scene.

This late flowering of Christmas observance reflects two facts about Christmas that seldom get much attention in our public debates about the "war on Christmas."

In its first century, the national government practiced a separation of church and state far sharper than anything Americans would accept today.

One example: From its founding in 1775, the federal post office delivered mail on Sundays. As evangelical forms of Christianity spread after 1800, the new denominations demanded an end to this desecration of the Sabbath. Some postmasters took it upon themselves to close operations. In response, Congress voted in 1810 to require all postmasters to work at least one hour on Sunday, on pain of losing their positions.



The Americans of the founding generations insisted upon separation of church and state not because they were irreligious, but precisely because so many of them were so very intensely religious. Because religion mattered so much to early Americans, so did religious differences.

Calvinists and Baptists, Methodists and Catholics, the grandest Boston rector and the rawest frontier preacher disagreed, sometimes to the point of outright violence. Anti-Catholic riots ripped apart Boston, Philadelphia and Bath, Maine, between the 1830s and 1850s.

These contending denominations could, however, agree at least that they did not want a remote government in Washington favoring some religious practices over others. Better to deliver the mail on Sunday than debate who was right about the Sabbath. Better to issue no religious proclamations than let presidents pick and choose which holy days to mark and how to mark them.

A second fact also explains the coolness of the early national government to Christianity: the keen awareness of many 19th century Christians of the non-Christian origins of many Christmas traditions.

Christmas is celebrated near the date of the old Roman holiday of Saturnalia. Gift-giving on the day was also a Roman tradition. The Christmas tree, the hanging of wreaths and house-to-house caroling hark back to the pre-Christian German holiday of Yule.

Calvinists had abandoned their outright ban on Christmas observance on the late 17th century. But many Protestant denominations retained a lingering suspicion of the holiday until deep into the 19th century.

Two changes made possible the coalescing of an official Christmas holiday over the 40 years from Calvin Coolidge's outdoor Christmas tree to John F. Kennedy's sacral Christmas card: The fading of distinctions between Christians and the decline of theology within Christianity.

updated 10:47 AM EST, Fri December 20, 2013

LZ Granderson say "Duck Dynasty's" Phil Robertson is free to speak his mind -- but that doesn't mean his TV network needs to put him on air.

Don't be fooled by Putin

updated 10:09 AM EST, Sat December 21, 2013

Masha Gessen says don't be fooled by Russian President Putin's decision to free political prisoner Mikhail Khodorkovsky. It's only an exercise in PR.

The worst stadium in sports?

updated 10:13 AM EST, Sat December 21, 2013

Mike Downey says San Francisco's Candlestick Park, due to be torn down next year, will be remembered for being cold, windy and a terrible place to play baseball.

India overreacts to diplomat's arrest

updated 12:08 PM EST, Sat December 21, 2013

Jeremy Carl says Indian officials should not have taken retaliatory measures against the U.S. for a legitimate investigation of potential labor abuse

Strip-search uproar: What about the nanny?

updated 3:28 PM EST, Thu December 19, 2013

Jo Becker says the uproar in India over the arrest of an Indian diplomat in New York has blotted out the important issue of domestic worker abuse.

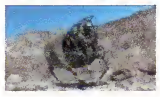
How to avoid giving a horrible gift

updated 11:53 AM EST, Thu December 19, 2013

Dean Obeidallah lists four things to keep in mind before you open your wallet and buy the gift they'll hate.

Is Google redefining 'don't be evil'?

updated 12:04 PM EST, Thu December 19, 2013



Douglas Rushkoff says Google's recent acquisition of the military robot maker Boston Dynamics raises some uncomfortable questions.

'Affluenza' isn't as crazy as it sounds

updated 7:30 AM EST, Wed December 18, 2013

Danny Cevallos says many critics of the defense for a teenager who admitted to DUI manslaughter missed the point; it wasn't about denying guilt but about sentencing

U.S. owes India apology over strip-search

updated 4:47 PM EST, Wed December 18, 2013

Ruben Navarrette says it appears the marshals service went too far in arresting an Indian consular official over a pay dispute

Beatles 'Bootleg' scraping bottom of barrel

updated 11:21 AM EST, Wed December 18, 2013

The once all-crucial distinctions between Calvinists and Arminians (whose beliefs came from Dutch reformist Jacobus Arminius) and between even Protestants and Catholics have blurred. The once-vivid mistrust of trees and tinsel and burning logs has vanished, as American Christianity evolved away from a creed in which people believed and into a set of practices that people did. If Christians decorate trees, then tree decorating must be Christian -- no matter how or why the custom started and what the custom meant to the people who started it.

Devout Christian believers can still be counted in the millions of course. Surrounding them, however, is a larger and more nebulous group for whom what was once a faith has become a folkway. For them, a Christmas tree or a nativity scene is less a declaration of individual belief than it is an expression of group identity.

Many Americans feel this group identity to be under threat by changes in recent years.

When they champion "Christmas as it was," they do not mean "Christmas as it was for George Washington or Abraham Lincoln" and much less "Christmas as it was for Martin Luther or Jonathan Edwards." They mean, "Christmas as it was when I was young."

That is why we have eruptions such as last week's flap over the whiteness of Santa Claus. If your Christmas celebrates the appearance of God Himself in the form of a human baby, it won't have a lot of room for a gift-giving elf and flying reindeer. But if Santa is at most tangential to the Christmas of faith, he is utterly central to the Christmas of folkway.

It is the Christmas of folkway that is the Christmas so passionately defended by those who talk about "the war on Christmas."

The Christmas of Santa and Rudolph, and trees and stockings, and candy canes and "Merry Christmas" greetings began to be most publicly celebrated in the United States only after -- and only because -- the religious impetus for the holiday had already dwindled away.

Follow us @CNNOpinion on Twitter.

Join us at Facebook/CNNOpinion.

The opinions expressed in this commentary are solely those of David Frum.

0
Comments »

SHARE THIS

3.5k
Recommend

Print
Email
More sharing

Ghostery blocked comments powered by Disqus.

Mark Coleman says the group's new release likely has more to do with extending the copyright than anyone's need to hear obscure, unpolished tracks. But the band remains a multimillion dollar draw

Tea party, GOP need a divorce

updated 2:15 PM EST, Wed December 18, 2013

LZ Granderson says the tea party is facing a GOP leadership that wants to rein it in for 2016. It may be time for the group to see if it has the strength to stand on its own two feet

When is my personal drone landing?

updated 11:59 AM EST, Tue December 17, 2013

Ryan Calo says the real exciting innovation will come when people write apps for drones

It's time to reconsider polygamy

updated 6:37 PM EST, Mon December 16, 2013

Mark Goldfeder says recognition of plural marriage would enable law enforcement to crack down on abuse

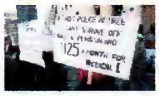
Who broke the law, Snowden or the NSA?

updated 12:21 PM EST, Wed December 18, 2013

Kirk Wiebe says Edward Snowden swore to uphold the Constitution above all, and reported massive surveillance of Americans that a judge says violates the Constitution. So who can say he's guilty?

What bled Detroit dry? (It's not pensions)

updated 8:40 PM EST, Tue December 17, 2013



Ross Eisenbrey says the same dynamics that created the huge inequality in this country are what bankrupted Detroit; not city workers' modest pensions.

Should false rape accusers be sued?

updated 7:52 AM EST, Tue December 17, 2013

Roxanne Jones says experts do not dispute that false rape accusations happen. Some men are suing accusers.

Alan Turing

Mikhail Kalashnikov

Steve Martin

Tiffany & Co.

LISTENING TO VEGETABLES

The howls of the vegetable kingdom could be harnessed in the battle against their parasites

SCIENTISTS AT THE INSTITUTE OF Applied Physics at the University of Bonn have developed a method of listening to sounds from plants inaccessible to the human ear. The basic technique was developed at the Catholic University of Nijmegen in the Netherlands, but the German equipment is more sensitive. When a leaf or a stem is sliced, the plant signals pain (or dismay) by releasing the gas ethylene over its entire surface. The gas molecules are collected in a bell jar and bombarded with calibrated laser beams, which makes them vibrate. The resultant sound waves are amplified in a resonance tube, then detected with a sensitive microphone. The more a plant is subjected to stress, the louder the signal.

One surprising result came from an apparently healthy cucumber that was virtually shouting with agony. A closer study showed it had developed mildew, though the symptoms were not apparent. Eavesdropping on plants could be of great benefit to farmers as an early-warning system to detect pests and disease and as an aid to efficient storing and transporting. Apples, for instance, emit high levels of ethylene, increasing with ripeness and causing neighbouring fruit to wilt. Invisible differences of ripeness can be detected acoustically, enabling fruit to be separated into batches and prolong its freshness.

Parallel research at Kyoto University in Japan has shown that lima-bean plants attacked by spider mites responded with five separate defence mechanisms. The first injured plant released a chemical that changed the plant's flavour, making it less attractive to the mites. Other chemicals were emitted as a distress signal, causing adjacent plants to emit the same chemicals before any more mites arrived. Some of these acted as a spider mite repellent, while others attracted a predator mite that enjoyed lunching on the spider mites. It was shown that the plants could tell the difference between damage caused by crushing and damage caused by munching insects. Crushed beans released chemicals, but the other plants ignored the signals, somehow realising there was no threat. Research in the last five years has shown that many types of plants, such as maize and tobacco, send out chemical warnings to their neighbours. This could lead to new crop-protection methods. *New Scientist, 8 Mar 1997; Irish Times, 3 Aug 2000; [AP] 16 Mar 2001; Times, 3 May 2002.*

A LITTLE SOMETHING FROM LITTLE SUMBA

Continuing a steady stream of discoveries on the owl front in recent years, a team of ornithological researchers from the University of Canberra has recently announced the finding of a new species of Indonesian hawk owl, belonging to the genus *Ninox*. Formally reported in the journal *Emu*, the owl in question was discovered on the island of Little Sumba, and possibly just in time, as its researchers fear that it may be an endangered species, and therefore in need of official protection.

http://www.publish.csiro.au/journals/article.cfm?F=MU02006.pdf 3 Sept 2002.

10BEST: Places where history is alive

History is best understood by walking the ground where it happened, says filmmaker **Ken Burns**. "You feel the presence of what went on before. We go to these places because we're aware that the ghosts and echoes of an almost inexpressibly wise past summon us." Burns, whose new seven-part documentary, *The Roosevelts: An Intimate History*, airs on PBS stations beginning Sept. 14, shares favorite sites with **Larry Bleiberg** for USA TODAY.

MARK TWAIN HOUSE
HARTFORD, CONN.
Visitors to Mark Twain's house can sense the author's presence, Burns says. "You walk into the room and you can almost see the cigar smoke. You feel that if you just moved fast enough you could see the white haired man." The home's Texas Deck porch is where Twain wrote much of *Huckleberry Finn*, he notes. *860-247-0998; marktwainhouse.org*

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, N.Y.
It's remarkable enough that John Roebling's span over the East River is still in constant use more than 130 years after it opened, but it also shows the energy, optimism and creativity of the age. "It's one of the most gorgeous pieces of art and architecture of the 19th century," Burns says. "In an age where most buildings were three or four stories, to have a place where seagulls flew beneath

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA

The park, which Burns considers "the most beautiful place on Earth," played a key role in our nation's attitude toward conservation. This year celebrates the 150th anniversary of the act signed by Abraham Lincoln that first preserved the area. It demonstrated that while our still-young country didn't yet have great cities or cathedrals, it had unparalleled natural beauty, Burns says. "It was the Declaration of Independence applied to a landscape," Burns says. *209-372-0200; nps.gov/yose*

FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS

Visitors can feel cultures clashing, meeting and merging in this focal point of American history. Visit to see New Orleans' architecture, its wrought iron fences, and the Mississippi River "bringing all the foods and products of the hinterlands out to the Gulf of Mexico," Burns says. "It's not about gawdy Mardi Gras. It's the Grand Canyon of American history, a station of the cross if you're American and want to know its history." *504-589-2133; nps.gov/jela/french-quarter-site.htm*

MORE 10BEST:
TRAVEL.USATODAY.COM
See lists for travel ideas online.

SPRINGWOOD
HYDE PARK, N.Y.

To get to know Franklin D. Roosevelt, the man Burns considers the 20th century's most important President, you have to visit his home, located along a scenic stretch of the Hudson River. "It's where he spent all his summers. It's where he came to recuperate. It's where his family had the fondest memories of being together," he says. Exhibits at Springwood also address the leader's polio. "You'll also see the braces he had to wear, the arcane torture devices, almost something from the Inquisition, and see his wheelchair." *800-337-8474; nps.gov/hofr*

GETTYSBURG, PA.

America was shaken to its roots at what Burns calls "the greatest battle ever fought on American soil," when more than 50,000 soldiers were killed, wounded, captured or went missing. "It was so traumatic for the nation that four months later, Lincoln would go on to give the most famous speech in U.S. history, doubling down on the Declaration of Independence." The museum and visitors center offers a comprehensive preview, including a film narrated by Morgan Freeman. After touring the battlefield, Burns suggests heading to the national cemetery at sundown. *717-334-1124; nps.gov/gett*

JOHN GROO, THE MARK TWAIN HOUSE & MUSEUM

The porch at Mark Twain's house in Hartford, Conn., is where he wrote *Huckleberry Finn*.

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD, MASS.

To comprehend the American Revolution, visit these Boston-area towns. "You'll understand the beginning of the guerrilla warfare that took place," Burns says, "the notion that a citizenry feeling the oppression of a country across the ocean would rise up and against the most powerful government on Earth." Walk the battlefields at Lexington Green and North Bridge and other sites, and try to imagine Colonial and British soldiers engaged in a running firefight. *978-369-6993; nps.gov/mima*

Revolutionary War re-enactors get into the spirit of 1775 at Lexington and Concord outside Boston.

NPS.GOV

SAGAMORE HILL
OYSTER BAY, N.Y.

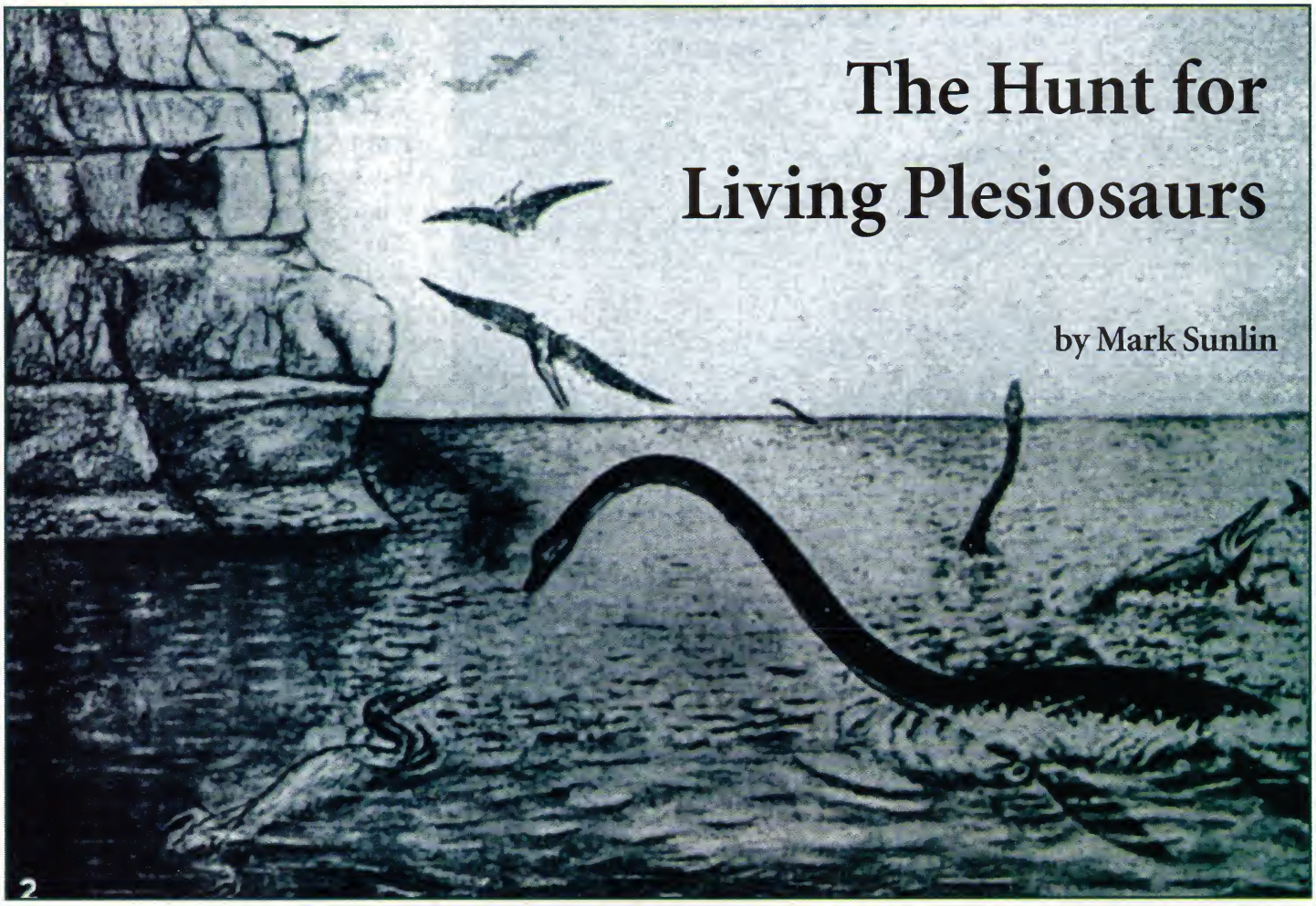
Theodore Roosevelt experienced some of the best and worst moments of his life at his Long Island home. It's here that he got the news that his youngest son died in World War I, where he learned of his humiliating defeat as a third-party candidate and also where he lived with the love of his life, his second wife, Burns says. "It's a magnificent palace, the trophy case of his life, with the animals and the big game he shot." *516-922-4788; nps.gov/sahi*

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

It's hard to overstate the importance of this building, where colonial leaders met and wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. "It's the place where the United States was born," Burns says. "Try to go on a hot summer day and understand that pre-air conditioning, our founding fathers gathered and tried to figure out how to invent a government." *215-965-2305; nps.gov/inde*

U.S. CAPITOL AND THE NATIONAL MALL
WASHINGTON

The center of U.S. political power provides a nearly palpable sense of the country's storied past and its future. Walking the Mall takes visitors by world-renowned museums of art and history. "It's one of the greatest places on Earth, and the heart of it is the U.S. Capitol, perhaps the most recognized building on Earth," Burns says. *202-426-6841; nps.gov/nama*



The Hunt for Living Plesiosaurs

by Mark Sunlin

In April 1977, the nets of a Japanese fishing ship snagged a rotting two-ton, 32-foot monster-like carcass off New Zealand which many believed to be a plesiosaur. Professor Yoshinori Imaizumi, of Japan's National Science Museum remarked, "It's a reptile, and the sketch looks very much like a plesiosaur. It seems to show that these creatures are not extinct after all." But in contrast to petrified fossils from 65-plus million years ago, this was a fleshy carcass, sans bones.

Tissue samples were taken, and the carcass unceremoniously dumped back into the sea lest it contaminate the mackerel catch. Later, these samples were found to yield the same ratio of the amino-acid tyrosine to other amino acids as does the blue shark's fin. It seems that shark bodies decompose in such a manner that they come to resemble a monstrous plesiosaur, and this sort of subsequent-mistaken identity has occurred on many occasions. As the British magazine *New Scientist* remarked, "greater experts than the Japanese fishermen have been fooled by the similarity of shark remains to a plesiosaur."

Yet this hadn't been enough to upset staunch believers: "Even if the tissue contains the same protein as the shark's," said unrepentant paleontologist Tokio Shikama of Yokohama National University, "the finding isn't enough to refute speculation that the monster is a plesiosaur."

Plesiosaurs were sea-dwelling reptiles about 15 to 40 feet in length, having long to very long necks on flippered, seal-like bodies with short paddle-like tails. They were fish-eaters, and swam the seas until around 65 million years ago. Yet according to many monster-seeking "cryptozoologists," plesiosaurs are common to this day, inhabiting seas and suburban lakes seemingly less primordially suitable as a habitat than the remote South American "Lost World" jungle of Arthur Conan Doyle's novel.

Loch Ness

In 1933, Scotland's Loch Ness made worldwide news when, following the opening of a new highway leading to the region and increased tourism, sightings of a lake serpent were interpreted by many as evidence of a herd of plesiosaurs. However, contrary to inevitable media pronouncements, such legends do not stretch back for centuries. Robert Shine, a naturalist who undertook a survey of the loch, looked into the region's back issues of newspapers and found that during the 1800s the legend was that a huge fish haunted the lake. "At some point a departure took place between the local tradition of a huge fish and the new tradition of a prehistoric monster," he said, in 1993.

In 1968, the journal *Nature* remarked that "The plesiosaur theory holds that Loch Ness, once an arm of the sea, was pinched off by movement of the land, and so trapped the monsters. In fact, the loch was created by Pleistocene glaciers, and has always been a freshwater lake." Nevertheless, sturgeons reportedly come to Loch Ness from the sea, so compared to the idea of plesiosaurs surviving 65 million years, believers have little trouble shrugging this argument away.

A bobbing log, viewed from a distance, can appear disconcertingly like a living water serpent or a plesiosaur—the ultimate "lake effect"

Maurice Burton, of the British Museum, followed the Nessie phenomenon from its 1933 beginning, at one time as a plesiosaur believer, but increasingly as a skeptic. In 1960 he remarked: "After reading Contance Whyte's book *More Than a Legend,* I became converted to the plesiosaur idea, or at least to the idea that the animal might be of the plesiosaur type. Today I am less sure that any of these ideas hold water." With a nod to the varied eyewitnesses' descriptions, he sighed, "I can only regard the monster as the most versatile animal I have ever met in color, shape, and general behavior. Indeed, if we are to believe all that we read and hear, the creature belongs to no fewer than three distinct genera of plesiosaurs."

As hundreds of sightings continued to pour in, many of which turned out to be aquatic birds, otters, or logs, with no evidence of a monster, Burton contended that "when we have reduced the quasi-acceptable evidence, the plesiosaur theory begins to look a bit tattered." In one case a group of people watching "Nessie" from the shore were enlightened by someone armed with binoculars that the "monster" was only a great northern diver bird, while on another the alleged skeleton of a monster in the loch near Urquhart Castle turned out to be a sunken log.

British Columbia

In North America, the Okanakane Indians believed that a dragonlike creature called *na-ha-ha-itkh,* or "holy water serpent," haunted Okanagan Lake in southern British Columbia when they were first visited by whites in 1770. The tribe even carved the likeness of the creatures on ceremonial canoes. Later dubbed "Ogopogo" after a fictional African king in a parlor song, the phantom is now likened to a freshwater plesiosaur by believing cryptozoologists—or a serpentine dragon by fanciful park statues.

William Eschmeyer, curator of Ichthyology at the California Academy of Sciences, is one who believes Ogopogo is a plesiosaur, to which end he evokes the cryptozoologists' enshrined coelacanth: "The discovery of a 'living fossil' coelacanth fish in 1938 was roughly comparable to finding a dinosaur walking around in your backyard," he deduces, adding, "I guess anything is possible."

Pacific Northwest

Also in British Columbia, the region around Cadboro Bay in the Pacific Ocean has been reputed to be haunted by a sea serpent dating back to local Indian legends some 2,000 years, according to believing University of British Columbia oceanographer Paul LeBlond. Such Indian tales told of a dragon-like, seven-foot serpent capable of growing wings and walking on land as well. A 1933 naming contest on the wake of the late-breaking Loch Ness news stories settled on "Cadborosaurus," from the name of the bay and the Greek for "lizard." This was quickly abbreviated to "Caddy."

LeBlond, who has co-authored a book on Caddy, believes the source to be a plesiosaur-style (and size, contrary to Indian legends) survivor from dinosaur days, although not specifically a plesiosaur. Based on eyewitness descriptions, he describes his quarry as "a creature with a long neck, whiskers, a mane, and a large body with humps on the back," contending that "evidence strongly supports recognition of this animal as a distinct vertebrate species."

Lake Champlain

Lake Champlain, a huge, long lake five times the size of Loch Ness, measuring 118 miles in length, reaching into Vermont, New York State, and Quebec, also has a plesiosaur-style legend. Local schoolteacher Joseph Zarzynski, who has searched relentlessly and unsuccessfully for the phantom since the mid-1970s, believes "Champ," as the would-be creatures are called, to be a two- or three-humped, 25- to 30-foot-long plesiosaur. He has not seen any such creature himself, but he has collected eyewitness accounts from those who say they have, including such unlikely descriptions as "lizard like, long-necked with four legs and feet, a forked tongue; emits a hissing noise." One photograph taken by a couple from the shore in 1977 does show a very plesiosaur-like humped, long-necked image in the lake's waters. But Lake Champlain is hardly ideal habitat for an air-breathing plesiosaur, for its waters freeze over during the winters. Even so, some believers have resolved that Champ may simply "drill tiny holes in the ice, as seals do."

Africa

From out of Africa comes the most Hollywood-style of the plesiosaur or sauropod legends in the form of a creature called *mokele-mbembe,* who is said to inhabit swampy Lake Tele in the People's Repub-

Plesiosaur—or floating log?

Even water birds have been mistaken for plesiosaur-style lake monsters when seen from a distance in the right light and frame of mind.

lic of the Congo—prime habitat for a primordial Lost World, indeed. Biologist Marcellin Agnagna specifically sought the creature in a camera safari in 1983. He reported that he spotted his 12-foot quarry from 240 meters, then excitedly began shooting with his camera. But he had been a little *too* excited, for it seems he had forgotten to adjust the camera's settings, and so he had to be content with only an eyewitness sketch of the ultimate big one that got away.

When Is a Plesiosaur Not a Plesiosaur?

Eyewitness descriptions of lake monsters tend to be less similar to a seal-like plesiosaur than multi-humped dragons. In fact, in traditional Scottish, Scandinavian, and Japanese folklore, dragons were often regarded as water-serpents, sometimes called "worms" in Europe, from the Old Norse *orm*, meaning "serpent." But plesiosaurs—unlike dragons—did once exist, so those who believe in such water-monsters have found it more assuring to contend that their quarry is a survivor from the past rather than a figment of mythology.

In any event, assuming a more skeptical outlook in light of such widespread legends coupled with the failure to prove them, this contrast itself should raise a question: Why are all these sightings so similarly serpentine? Why do we rarely hear of a blob-shaped water monster? Large jellyfish and squids do exist, and gobs of vegetation on lakes or seas could just as easily be mistaken for them with a little stretch of the imagination as logs are for plesiosaurs. But, as Jane Goodall remarked from Africa, "There is something utterly unnerving about a snake in the water." Actually, it should not be surprising that humans exhibit a fear of serpentine water images given the terror which many exhibit towards snakes.

For millions of years our ancestors were grubbing about in tropical lands in search of small edible creatures from termites to toads where venomous snakes also dwelled. Any hominid who grabbed such a snake for a meal would have been bitten in defense and so eliminated from the family tree. Those who fearfully avoided snakes, on the other hand, were the ones who survived to pass their loathing on to future generations, including today's often-cryptozoologist humans. (Even lions, who do not habitually hunt small prey also exhibit such snake-fears, as Joy Adamson observed in Elsa in *Born Free.*) Humans and other creatures exhibit a seemingly morbid fascination directed towards threatening situations such as wildfires, a charging bull, or a falling tree even if they themselves are not immediately within the threatened area, for such riveting attention keeps them on guard in case the threat spreads. It is possible that such trepidation of potentially venomous snakes, operating at a subliminal level below overt fear, may be the source of these lake-monster legends. Thus, the serpentine image of a bobbing log, a family of otters, aquatic birds, or solitary waves (all of which have been mistaken for lake monsters) may trigger such primeval trepidation and be interpreted as monsters as a result of the mysterious loathing they unleash, thus allowing us to experience something of what our pre-human and human ancestors may have felt—albeit not so far back as dinosaur days.

This view does not *disprove* the existence of serpentine water monsters, nor require that they not exist. Cryptozoologists might wish to argue that such serpent-dreading *ophiophobia* (the fear of snakes) may account for the apprehension and obsession which many harbor towards such serpentine phantoms. ♈/≈

Mark Sunlin *was raised in the lake country of Minnesota and has written for* BBC Wildlife *magazine, the RSPCA, and* Animal Agendas. *He has also authored a book on lake-serpent legends,* Water Dragons.

EATEN BY LIZARDS

THE NEWS JOURNAL (WILMINGTON, DELAWARE)/BOB HERBERT

ON 16 JANUARY, POLICE WERE called to the studio apartment of car park attendant Ronald Huff in Newark, Delaware, after he failed to turn up for work. Huff's body was on the floor, with his pet Nile monitor lizards feeding on his flesh. Huff, 42, had last been seen on 13 January. The cause of death was not immediately known; but infection from a lizard bite could have contributed to the death if not treated.

Seven lizards were recovered, the largest measuring 6ft (1.8m) and weighing 25lb (11kg). One of Huff's cats was also removed, along with three containers of 2in (5cm) Madagascar hissing roaches, which serve as lizard food. One lizard was acting aggressively, "actually going towards you, mouth open", said John Caldwell, director of the Delaware Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nile monitors have small but very sharp teeth and muscular, whip-like tails that can cause serious injury. In the wild, they eat eggs, birds and other animals, while in captivity, they are fed raw chicken and liver, and the occasional hard-boiled egg. The DSPCA hoped to place the lizards with zoos or educational groups; barring that, they would be put down. *[AP] 17 Jan; Wilmington (DE) News Journal, Philadelphia Inquirer, 18 Jan 2002.*

Sanford treasure hunters find priceless Spanish artifact off Fort Pierce beach

2hr

wesh.com

• SANFORD, Fla. —After 300 years on the bottom of the ocean, priceless Spanish treasure has been recovered.

Treasure hunters from Sanford have struck it rich. They say they spotted the lost piece of history shining in the sand of a Fort Pierce beach.

"When I moved the boulder, I looked down and I could see the corner of the piece, and I could see the filigree," said Eric Schmitt.

What he found was a piece of immense value and incredible workmanship.

It's called a pyx, made to carry the holy Eucharist, or body of Christ. It sank with a Spanish ship 299 years ago Thursday.

When Eric Schmitt of Sanford pulled it from the sand just a hundred yards off a Fort Pierce beach, he knew exactly what he had.

It could be worth maybe $600,000, maybe a million - maybe a lot more.

Most watched: 2 women nearly run over by freight train

Rick Schmitt heads a family of treasure hunters who've been at it for 50 years.

"It's almost too much. It's just so wonderful," Rick Schmitt said.

Treasure hunters don't get to keep everything, but that's more than enough, they say.

And what's more important is to be there to bookend this piece's holy mission with a burst of sincere, if irreverent, joy.

"There's nothing else like this piece in the world that's been published that we know about," Rick Schmitt said. "I'm still on top of the wave. I haven't come down yet."

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -90px !important; width: 180px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

FEATURE

STEREO Hunts for Remains of an Ancient Planet near Earth

04.09.2009

+ Play Audio | + Download Audio | + Email to a friend | + Join mailing list

April 9, 2009: NASA's twin STEREO probes are entering a mysterious region of space to look for remains of an ancient planet which once orbited the Sun not far from Earth. If they find anything, it could solve a major puzzle--the origin of the Moon.

"The name of the planet is Theia," says Mike Kaiser, STEREO project scientist at the Goddard Space Flight Center. "It's a hypothetical world. We've never actually seen it, but some researchers believe it existed 4.5 billion years ago—and that it collided with Earth to form the Moon."

Right: An artist's concept of one of the STEREO spacecraft. [Larger image]

The "Theia hypothesis" is a brainchild of Princeton theorists Edward Belbruno and Richard Gott. It starts with the popular Great Impact theory of the Moon's origin. Many astronomers hold that in the formative years of the solar system, a Mars-sized protoplanet crashed into Earth. Debris from the collision, a mixture of material from both bodies, spun out into Earth orbit and coalesced into the Moon. This scenario explains many aspects of lunar geology including the size of the Moon's core and the density and isotopic composition of moon rocks.

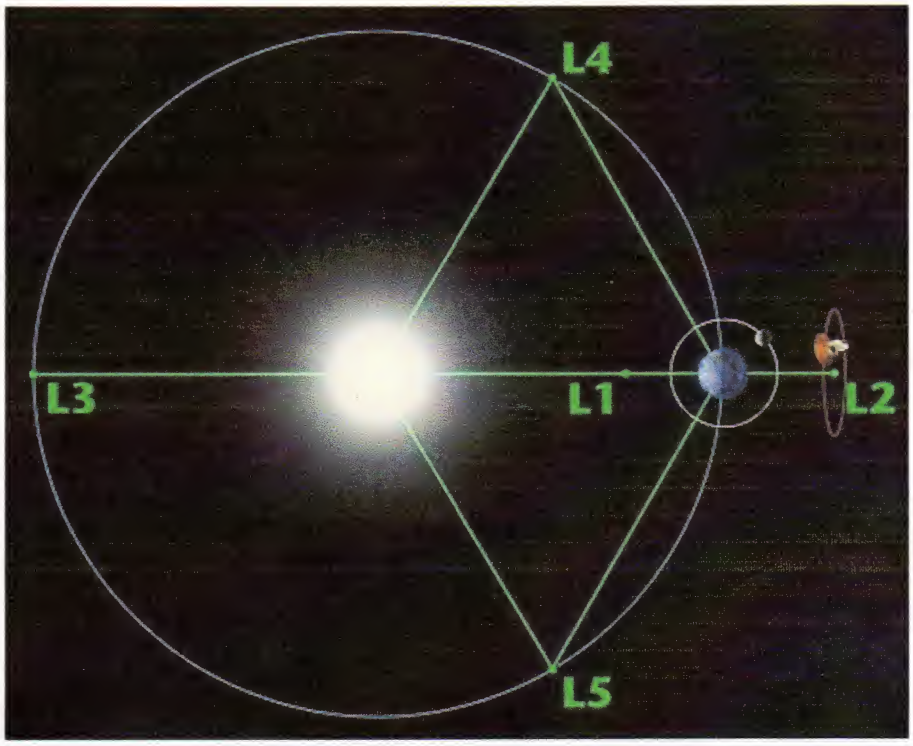
Sign up for EXPRESS SCIENCE NEWS delivery

It's a good theory, but it leaves one awkward question unanswered: Where did the enormous protoplanet come from?

Belbruno and Gott believe it came from a Sun-Earth Lagrange point.

Sun-Earth Lagrange points are regions of space where the pull of the Sun and Earth combine to form a "gravitational well." The flotsam of space tends to gather there much as water gathers at the bottom of a well on Earth. 18th-century mathematician Josef Lagrange proved that there are five such wells in the Sun-Earth system: L1, L2, L3, L4 and L5 located as shown in the diagram below.

When the solar system was young, Lagrange points were populated mainly by planetesimals, the asteroid-sized building blocks of planets. Belbruno and Gott suggest that in one of the Lagrange points, L4 or L5, the planetesimals assembled themselves into Theia, nicknamed after the mythological Greek Titan who gave birth to the Moon goddess Selene.



Above: Sun-Earth Lagrange points. The STEREO probes are about to pass through L4 and L5. Solar observatories often park themselves at L1 while deep space observatories prefer L2. [more]

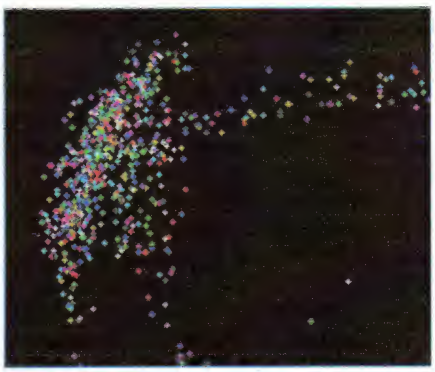
"Their computer models show that Theia could have grown large enough to produce the Moon if it formed in the L4 or L5 regions, where the balance of forces allowed enough material to accumulate," says Kaiser. "Later, Theia would have been nudged out of L4 or L5 by the increasing gravity of other developing planets like Venus and sent on a collision course with Earth."

If this idea is correct, Theia itself is long gone, but some of the ancient planetesimals that failed to join Theia may still be lingering at L4 or L5.

"The STEREO probes are entering these regions of space now," says Kaiser. "This puts us in a good position to search for Theia's asteroid-sized leftovers."

Just call them "Theiasteroids."

Astronomers have looked for Theiasteroids before using telescopes on Earth, and found nothing, but their results only rule out kilometer-sized objects. By actually entering L4 and L5, STEREO will be able to hunt for much smaller bodies at relatively close range.



Right: This dynamical simulation shows how asteroids linger in the gravitational well of a Lagrange point of the Sun-Jupiter system. The principle of Sun-Earth Lagrange points is the same. Credit: Prof. Aldo Vitagliano/SOLEX.

"The search actually began last month when both spacecraft rolled 180 degrees so that they could take a series of 2-hour exposures of the general L4/L5 areas. In the first sets of images, amateur astronomers found some known asteroids and new comet Itagaki was imaged just a couple of days after the announcement of its discovery. No Theiasteroids however."

Hunting for Theiasteroids is not STEREO's primary mission, he points out. "STEREO is a

solar observatory. The two probes are flanking the sun on opposite sides to gain a 3D view of solar activity. We just happen to be passing through the L4 and L5 Lagrange points en route. This is purely bonus science."

"We might not see anything," he continues, "but if we discover lots of asteroids around L4 or L5, it could lead to a mission to analyze the composition of these asteroids in detail. If that mission discovers the asteroids have the same composition as the Earth and Moon, it will support Belbruno and Gott's version of the giant impact theory."

The search will continue for many months to come. Lagrange points are not infinitesimal points in space; they are broad regions 50 million kilometers wide. The STEREO probes are only in the outskirts now. Closest approach to the bottoms of the gravitational wells comes in Sept-Oct. 2009. "We have a lot of observing ahead of us," notes Kaiser.

Readers, you may be able to help. The STEREO team is inviting the public to participate in the search by scrutinizing photos as they come in from the spacecraft. If you see a dot of light moving with respect to the stars, you may have found a Theiasteroid. Links to the data and further instructions may be found at sungrazer.nrl.navy.mil.

Let the hunt begin!

SEND THIS STORY TO A FRIEND

Author: Dr. Tony Phillips | Credit: Science@NASA

more information

Solar TErrestrial RElations Observatory -- STEREO home page

Yahoo! 'STEREO Hunters' discussion group -- a nice resource for people who would like to help find asteroids and comets in STEREO images

STEREO Sees the Dark Side of the Sun -- (Science@NASA)

NASA's Future: US Space Exploration Policy

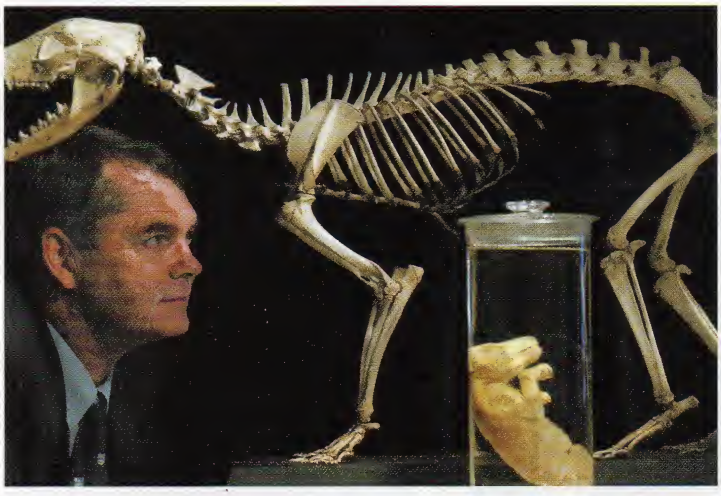
USA.gov Government Made Easy

+ Freedom of Information Act
+ Budgets, Strategic Plans and Accountability Reports
+ The President's Management Agenda
+ Privacy Policy and Important Notices
+ Inspector General Hotline
+ Equal Employment Opportunity Data Posted Pursuant to the No Fear Act
+ Information-Dissemination Priorities and Inventories
+ USA.gov - Your First Click to the US Government
+ ExpectMore - A Program Which Determines Whether Government Programs Are Effective

Curator: Bryan Walls
NASA Official: John M. Horack
Last Updated: June 9, 2005
+ Contact NASA

LOOKING FOR THE TASSIE TIGERS

Officially extinct for 66 years, thylacines are still seen - though not often in the form of a $270, 000 rug



POPPERFOTO/REUTERS/DAVID GRAY

NEWSPIX

TIGER SKIN: Angela Foster, rug merchant (above). Prof Mike Archer with skeleton and embryo of the thylacine (top left).

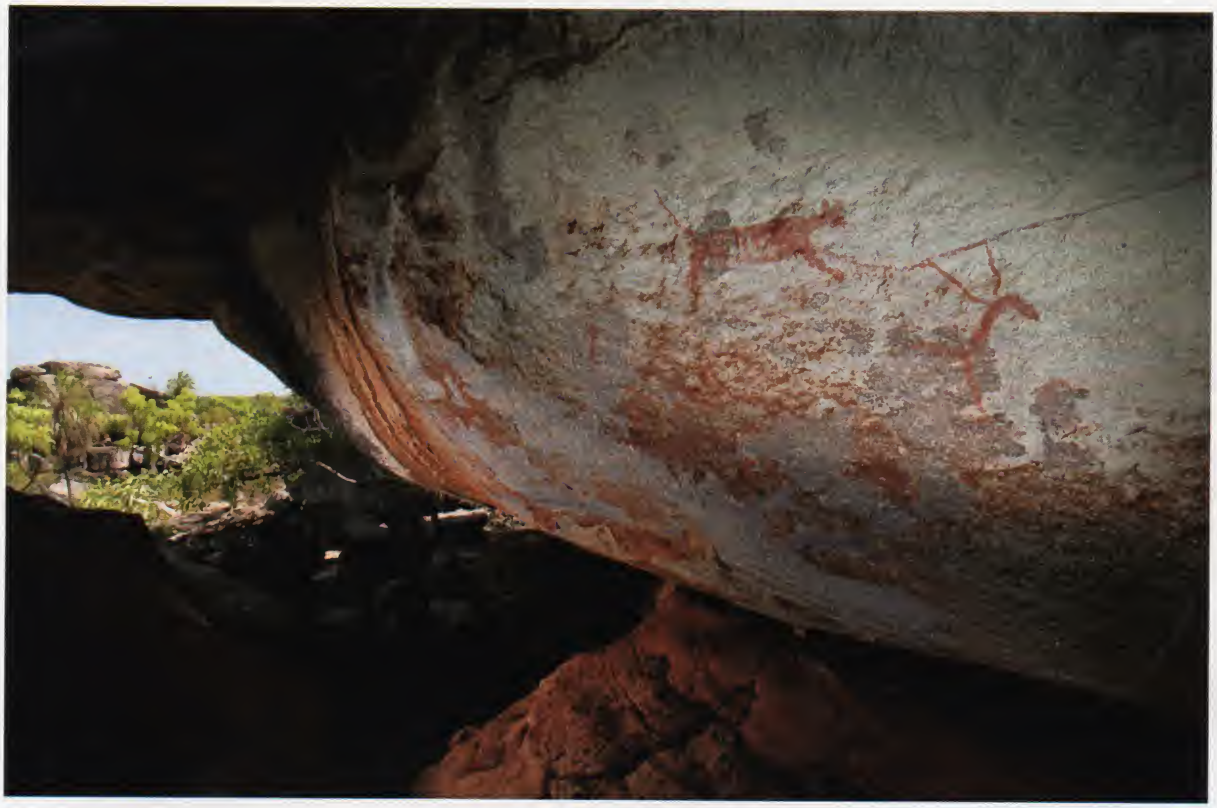
AN HISTORIC RUG MADE FROM the skins of eight thylacines went to auction in Tasmania on National Threatened Species Day (7 September), the 66th anniversary of the death of the last captive Tasmanian tiger in 1936 at Beaumaris Zoo in Hobart. The historic rug spent the past 70 years at Pleasant Banks, Evandale, the home of the Fosters, who had bought it from the Stevenson family for three pounds and five shillings. The wolf-like marsupial has long been presumed extinct (notwithstanding numerous reported sightings). In the event, the rug was kept in Tasmania when it was bought for a whopping $270,000 (roughly £95,000) by two state museums and the Federal Hotels chain. *Hobart Mercury, 19 Aug; Melbourne Sunday Age, 8 Sept 2002.*

The project to clone a Tasmanian Tiger, using DNA extracted from pups preserved in ethanol, began in 1999 [***FT124:7***]. Professor Mike Archer, director of the Australian Museum in Sydney, announced on 28 May that his team had succeeded in replicating some fragments of DNA (not entire genes) and that a Tassie clone could be born within a decade, although most other scientists are sceptical. "There's about a snowball's chance in hell of this project being successful," said Harry Griffin, assistant director of Scotland's Roslin Institute, where Dolly the sheep was cloned. "You need a whole genome for cloning, and that means the cell nucleus has to be intact." *[R] 28 May; Guardian, Times, 29 May 2002.*

On 18 June, hunter James Malley, famous for having spent almost half a century searching for thylacines, received a call about a thylacine sighting on a bush road. The witness, who wished to remain anonymous to avoid ridicule, said the supposedly extinct predator had stared at him from about five metres (16ft) away before following two wombats it was hunting on a track near Circular Head.

"That's not the only one I have heard of in that area," said Mr Malley. "Over the last two years I have probably had five [reports] and all fit with a seasonal pattern... I still get calls from all over Tasmania from people wanting me to come and have a look at tracks. It would be more useful spending millions of dollars on a full-scale search rather than trying to clone a tiger. If they put the money into rediscovery, there would be a much greater chance of the tiger being seen again." *Hobart Mercury, 21 June 2002.*

Possibly the first direct evidence of human-megafauna interaction, rock art along the Drysdale River appears to show a hunter fending off a large predator, likely *Thylacoleo carnifex.* Its massive jaws and teeth look lethal on a cast skeleton (bottom) at Adelaide's South Australian Museum.



(Continued from page 96) years ago, when falling sea levels allowed humans to finally reach the island, Flannery says. That parallels the situation of mammoths in Siberia and giant sloths in the Americas, which also found island refuges and survived for thousands of years after the broader extinction spasms on the mainland. This line of argument relies on the lack of fossil evidence for a prolonged human-megafauna overlap. If, however, we find evidence that human beings and megafauna lived side by side for many thousands or tens of thousands of years, then the role of humans in the extinctions would become blurry at best. Certainly it would disprove the notion of a rapid-fire, Martin-Flannery-style blitzkrieg.

As it happens, there is one place in the Australian outback where there may be such evidence. But which extinction hypothesis the evidence supports is still in question.

Cuddie Springs is an ephemeral lake in north-central New South Wales. Way back in 1878 a farmer sinking a well turned up megafauna bones at Cuddie. Today the person most vocal about the site, a woman who has spent her career excavating and interpreting its fossils, is Judith Field, an archaeologist at the University of Sydney.

In 1991, working as a graduate student at the site, Field discovered megafauna bones directly adjacent to stone tools—a headline-making find. She says there are two layers showing the association, one about 30,000 years old, the other 35,000 years old. If that dating is accurate, it would mean humans and megafauna coexisted in Australia for something like 20,000 years.

"What Cuddie Springs demonstrates is that you have an extended overlap of humans and megafauna," Field says.

Nonsense, say her critics. They say the fossils have been moved from their original resting places and redeposited in younger sediments. Bert Roberts, a co-author with Flannery of a 2001 paper that argues for some kind of human causation in megafauna extinctions, has examined grains of sand at Cuddie and says he has found very young grains mixed among the supposedly older fossils. That tells him that the stratigraphy is not clear-cut.

"If you don't even know the order of events, it's worthless, a waste of time," Roberts says.

Rainer Grün, another Australian scientist who has dated fossils from the site, backs Roberts, saying Cuddie Springs is a bit disorderly: "This site shows clear signs of disturbance. And if it's disturbed, anything is possible. It's possible that the archaeological artifacts and the megafauna really do go together. I'm not denying that. You just can't make the case for it."

Field vigorously disputes that interpretation and argues that her critics are too wed to a human impact hypothesis for the megafauna extinctions.

THE EARTH PRESERVES ITS HISTORY HAPHAZARDLY. BONES DISINTEGRATE, LAND ERODES, ARTIFACTS CRUMBLE—THE PAST, IF NOT OBLITERATED, IS OBSCURED.

Unfortunately, Cuddie Springs was completely flooded and unreachable when I visited Australia to report this story (not that I could have, in any case, refereed the stratigraphic dispute). Field and I decided to drive instead to another famous boneyard in the same general region, a place called Wellington Caves. We drove for five hours from Sydney, across the Blue Mountains through a pastoral country that looks much like the rolling coastal lands of central California. When we pulled into the Wellington Caves parking lot, we found it guarded by a fiberglass *Diprotodon.*

Diprotodon was most mega of the megafauna, the largest known marsupial ever to tread the Earth. Bulky and stubby-legged, *Diprotodon* seems forever fated to be described in museums as "lumbering."

We met Mike Augee, a scientist on-site who showed us the place where *Diprotodon* was first

discovered. It's a wide hole in the ground, a curving vertical shaft through a limestone hill, covered with a metal grate.

"This is a sacred site in Australian paleontology," Augee said.

Here's why: In 1830 a local official named George Rankin lowered himself into the cave on a rope tied to a protrusion in the cave wall. The protrusion turned out to be a bone.

A surveyor named Thomas Mitchell arrived later that year, explored the caves in the area, and shipped fossils off to Richard Owen, the British paleontologist who later gained fame for revealing the existence of dinosaurs. Owen recognized that the Wellington bones belonged to extinct marsupials. I asked Augee what he thinks happened to the megafauna.

IF WE FIND EVIDENCE THAT HUMANS AND MEGAFAUNA LIVED SIDE BY SIDE FOR MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS, THE ROLE OF HUMANS IN THE EXTINCTIONS IS BLURRY AT BEST.

"I believe 100 percent in Tim Flannery's model," he said.

Field raised an eyebrow.

"But it's a cave," Augee added. "You can't trust charcoal to give you good dates in caves."

True. Things wash into caves. Water reworks sediments. Young, heavy things sink into the older layers. The earth is trickier than you think.

JUDITH FIELD MAKES a key point about her scientific data—there's not enough of it, not enough searching for the encoded narratives of the past.

"There are about 200 late Pleistocene sites in Australia," Field says. "Dates from fewer than 20 of these are accepted. What you're looking at is an incredibly thin data set from which these elaborate explanatory models are constructed."

Fortunately, there are bone hunters all over the continent. Amateur paleontologists play a crucial role in finding the megafauna bones. Lindsay Hatcher is one of them.

Hatcher is an easygoing fellow I met near the town of Margaret River, about a four-hour drive south of Perth. Hatcher made one of the most significant fossil finds in recent years at Margaret River. In 1992 he decided to explore the aptly named Tight Entrance Cave. Hatcher took the path often used by spelunkers and found himself working his way right through a bunch of fossils. "This is an extinct kangaroo everyone is walking on," he told his friends. A hole in the floor of the cave turned out to be the eye socket of a huge kangaroo. More than 10,000 megafauna bones have since been hauled from Tight Entrance Cave.

Sometimes the bone hunters fly ultralights over the vast wasteland known as the Nullarbor Plain, the treeless underbelly of Australia along the Southern Ocean, and use GPS to map the locations of cave entrances they see from the air. Hundreds of caves have been found recently in the Nullarbor, and four in particular have produced abundant megafauna bones. Hatcher has also found caves with primitive boomerangs that he believes were used for hunting bats. But again, megafauna and humans aren't found in the same places—except in a tantalizing few.

Mammoth Cave has become a popular tourist destination near Margaret River. Between 1909 and 1915 the cave sediments that contained fossils were hauled out and examined in a haphazard manner that no scientist today would approve. ("They took the jewels, basically," Hatcher said.)

Still, one bone in particular has drawn extensive attention: a femur with a notch in it. There's a replica of the bone on display at Mammoth Cave. Hatcher thinks the bone was notched by a sharp tool. When he looks at Mammoth Cave, he sees an obvious human habitat, a great shelter during the Ice Age.

"Beautiful place for people to live. Sheltered. Permanent source of water in those days. There's plenty of bush tucker," Hatcher said as we

GIANT WOMBAT

Diprotodon optatum

A plodding colossus, *D. optatum,* the largest known marsupial, grew to rhinoceros size. The biggest ones reached over six feet tall at the shoulder and ten feet long, their furry, pillar-like legs supporting three tons of weight. *Diprotodon* occupied a niche similar to the African elephant, browsing on shrubs and collecting at water holes. Its SUV size and lack of agility would have made it a tempting target for marsupial lions and human hunters.

wandered the illuminated chambers of the cavern.

Or was the femur notched by the razor-sharp tooth of a marsupial lion? Everything's interpretation. What's certain is that Hatcher will keep searching, doing his part to solve the continent's greatest mystery.

THE EARTH PRESERVES its history haphazardly. Bones disintegrate, artifacts crumble, the land erodes, the climate changes, forests come and go, rivers change their course—and the past, if not obliterated, is steadily obscured. By necessity, narratives are constructed from limited data.

Australia's first people expressed themselves in rock art found on outcrops across the continent. I caught up with Peter Murray, a paleontologist based in Alice Springs. We drove to a site south of town where the red sandstone is adorned with circular and serpentine symbols. "Quite attractive. And enigmatic," Murray said. "But no megafauna."

Murray has, however, studied a rock painting in Arnhem Land, in far northern Australia, that shows what looks very much like a megafauna marsupial known as *Palorchestes.* Often compared to a tapir, *Palorchestes* had a small, mobile trunk and a long tongue like that of a giraffe. In Western Australia another ambiguous rock-art site shows what appears to be a human hunter with either a marsupial lion or a Tasmanian tiger—a major distinction, since the marsupial lion went extinct and the much smaller Tasmanian tiger survived into the historical era.

Murray, over an Alice Springs dinner of camel with beet sauce and some smoked emu, said of his profession, "Every step of the way involves interpretation. The data doesn't just speak for itself."

THE BLITZKRIEG HYPOTHESIS paints the alarming picture of human beings rapidly wiping out a great number of animals. But there's an even more ominous scenario: The extinctions don't happen quickly because of anything that resembles overkill but rather through a very incremental sequence of events, including climate change, during which the people involved could not fully discern what was happening to their environment.

Which takes us to today.

"The way we have lived and are living is destroying our future," Flannery says. Yet we are only gradually figuring out how we're changing our world and the extent to which our efflorescence is harming or even driving to extinction countless species.

After tramping around Australia for a couple of weeks, poking into caves in three different states and hiking the outback, I returned to Sydney for a review session with Judith Field. She spoke

On a drying lake bed in Victoria, a farmer in 2007 alerted scientists to a major find: well-preserved tracks of a *Diprotodon.* The slow-moving behemoth had been crossing a volcanic plain 100,000 years ago, when megafauna still walked tall.

again of the controversial stratigraphy of Cuddie Springs, of the layers where megafauna and human tools may be associated, of the history of the enmity among the scientists. As I listened, she suddenly said, "Are you very tired?" My chin was cradled in my hand—I guess I looked as though I was about to put my head down on the table.

"I'm sorry I wasn't able to crystallize the story for you," she said weeks later on the phone.

"Oh, it's crystal clear," I said. "It's a perfect muddle."

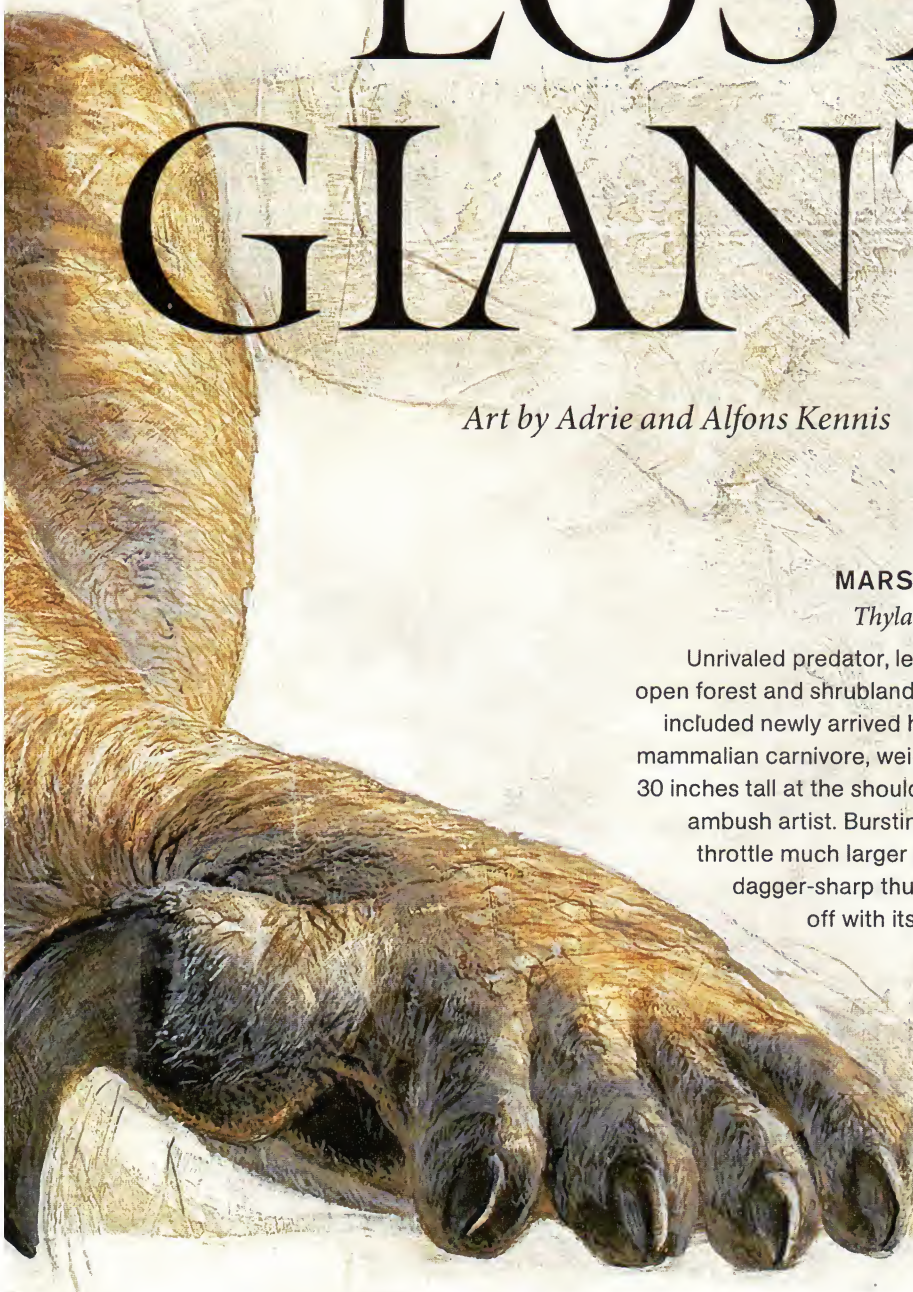
But we'll muddle on. Science is a laborious process, and sometimes progress comes only with many stumbles and blind alleys. Think of Rod Wells in Victoria Fossil Cave, slithering on his belly through passages so narrow that he had to turn his head sideways to squeeze forward. Scrambling. Digging.

Sometimes we will strike an impassable obstacle and have to back up the way we came. □

Seven-foot-tall kangaroos, rhino-size browsers, enormous flightless birds, and a predator that could kill them all: Such were the megafauna that once dominated Australia. Then humans arrived, and most of the giant animals vanished. Did the Ice Age finally catch up with them? Or did humans hunt megafauna to extinction?

LOST GIANTS

Art by Adrie and Alfons Kennis



MARSUPIAL LION
Thylacoleo carnifex

Unrivaled predator, leopard-size *T. carnifex* stalked open forest and shrubland in search of prey, which probably included newly arrived humans. The continent's largest mammalian carnivore, weighing up to 350 pounds and up to 30 inches tall at the shoulder, this hunter likely thrived as an ambush artist. Bursting from undergrowth, it could throttle much larger game, grasping its prey with dagger-sharp thumb claws and finishing it off with its large front teeth.

By Joel Achenbach
Photographs by Amy Toensing

YOU WILL FIND THE NARACOORTE CAVES IN THE PASTORAL WINE COUNTRY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, four hours from Adelaide on lonely roads heading toward what the Aussies call the Southern Ocean. The grapevines thrive in red soil that sits like a layer of icing on porous limestone. It's lovely country, but it can be treacherous. The ground is pocked with holes, many no wider than a café table, known as pitfall traps. They're deep. They plunge into the blackest of caverns. Pitfall traps have gobbled up many a kangaroo bounding through the night.

One day in 1969 a fledgling fossil hunter named Rod Wells came to Naracoorte to explore what was then known as Victoria Cave. It was an old tourist attraction, with steps and handrails and electric lights. But Wells and half a dozen colleagues ventured beyond the tourist section, clawing through dark, narrow passages. When they felt a suggestive breeze wafting from a pile of loose rubble, they knew there was a chamber beyond. Wells and one other slithered into the huge room. Its expansive floor of red soil was littered with strange objects. It took Wells a moment to realize what they were looking at. Bones: lots of bones. Pitfall-trap victims galore.

Victoria Fossil Cave, as the cavern is now known, warehouses the bones of something like 45,000 animals. Some of the oldest bones belonged to creatures far larger and more fearsome than any found today in Australia. They were the ancient Australian megafauna—huge animals that roamed the continent during the Pleistocene epoch.

In boneyards across the continent, scientists have found the fossils of a giant snake; a huge flightless bird; a wombat-like creature the size of a rhinoceros; and a seven-foot-tall kangaroo with a strangely short face. They've found the remains of a tapir-like creature; a hippo-like beast; and a lizard, 20 feet long, that ambushed its prey and swallowed everything down to the last feather.

The Australian megafauna dominated their ecosystems—and then were gone in an extinction spasm that swept away nearly every animal that weighed a hundred pounds or more. What, exactly, killed them off?

Park guides scout bone-rich sediment in Kelly Hill Caves on Kangaroo Island, possibly one of the last places megafauna survived in Australia. Scientists are finding abundant remains of animals that fell into the caves.

Given how much ink has been spilled on the extinction of the dinosaurs, it's a wonder that even more hasn't been devoted to the megafauna of the Pleistocene, creatures that had the dual virtues of being dramatically large *and* coexistent with humans. Prehistoric humans never threw spears at *Tyrannosaurus rex,* except in cartoons. Humans, however, really did hunt mammoths and mastodons.

The disappearance of American megafauna—mammoths, camels, giant short-faced bears, giant armadillos, stag moose, glyptodonts, saber-toothed cats, dire wolves, giant ground sloths, and horses, among others—happened relatively soon after the arrival of human beings, about 13,000 years ago. In the 1960s, paleoecologist Paul Martin developed what became known as the blitzkrieg hypothesis. Modern humans, Martin said, created havoc as they spread through the Americas, wielding spears tipped with stone points to annihilate animals that had never

faced a technological predator. But the extinction spasm wasn't comprehensive. North America kept its deer, pronghorn, black bears, and a small type of bison; brown bears and newly arrived elk and moose expanded their ranges. South America retained jaguars and llamas.

In Australia the largest indigenous land animals are red kangaroos.

What happened to Australia's large animals is one of the planet's most baffling paleontological mysteries. For years scientists blamed the extinctions on climate change. Indeed, Australia has been drying out for a million years or more, and the megafauna were faced with a continent that became increasingly parched and denuded of vegetation. Australian paleontologist Tim Flannery suggests that humans, who arrived on the continent around 50,000 years ago, used fire to hunt, which led to deforestation and a dramatic disruption of the hydrologic cycle.

Here's what's certain, Flannery says. Something dramatic happened to Australia's dominant land creatures—abruptly (how abruptly is a matter of debate)—somewhere around 46,000 years ago, strikingly soon after the invasion of a tool-wielding, highly intelligent predator.

In 1994 Flannery published a book called *The Future Eaters,* in which he advanced the antipodal version of Paul Martin's blitzkrieg hypothesis. He put forth an even broader and more ambitious thesis as well: that human beings, in general, are a new kind of animal on the planet, one prone to ruining ecosystems and destroying their own futures.

Flannery's book proved highly controversial. Some viewed it as critical of the Aborigines, who pride themselves on living in harmony with nature. The more basic problem with Flannery's thesis is that there is no direct evidence that human beings killed any of the megafauna—not so much as a single animal. It would be helpful if someone uncovered a *Diprotodon* skeleton with a spear point embedded in a rib—or perhaps a pile of *Thylacoleo* bones next to the charcoal of a human campfire. Such kill sites have been found in the Americas. But there's no archaeological analog in Australia. As one of Flannery's most prominent critics, Stephen Wroe of the University of New South Wales, puts it, "If this were a murder trial, it wouldn't get past first base. It would be laughed out of court."

HOW COULD PEOPLE ARMED WITH ONLY SPEARS AND FIRE HAVE ERADICATED SO MANY SPECIES? BY DEFINITION, IN EXTINCTION THERE CAN BE NO SURVIVORS.

Another challenge to the Flannery model of Australian megafauna extinction is more mechanistic: How could people armed with only spears and fire have eradicated so many species? Relatively few people, maybe numbering in just the thousands, would have had to kill a population of animals dispersed in a wide variety of habitats and refuges across an entire continent. Extinction is different: By definition there can be no survivors.

THE DEBATE ABOUT megafauna pivots to a great degree on the techniques for dating old bones and the sediments in which they are buried. It's all about timing. If scientists can show that the megafauna died out fairly quickly and that this extinction event happened within a few hundred years, or even a couple thousand years, of the arrival of humans, that's a strong case—even if a purely circumstantial one—that the one thing was the direct result of the other. Flannery contends that islands hold another clue to the mystery. Some species of megafauna survived on Tasmania until 40,000 *(Continued on page 105)*

Joel Achenbach is reporting on the Gulf oil spill for the Washington Post. *Amy Toensing covered the drought in Australia's Murray-Darling River Basin in April 2009. Dutch twin brothers and artists, Adrie and Alfons Kennis specialize in paintings and models of extinct animals and humans.*

GIANT SHORT-FACED KANGAROO

Procoptodon goliah

No living kangaroo can do this: reach above its head and pull leaves off a tree. Long, clawed fingers and forelimbs that could extend upward like human arms allowed *P. goliah*, the largest kangaroo ever, to thrive as a browser in open forests. The seven-foot-tall marsupial with hooflike toes was one of the last of the megafauna to go extinct, overlapping with humans for thousands of years and likely inspiring Aboriginal tales about a long-limbed fighting roo.

THE MYSTERY OF MEGAFAUNA EXTINCTIONS

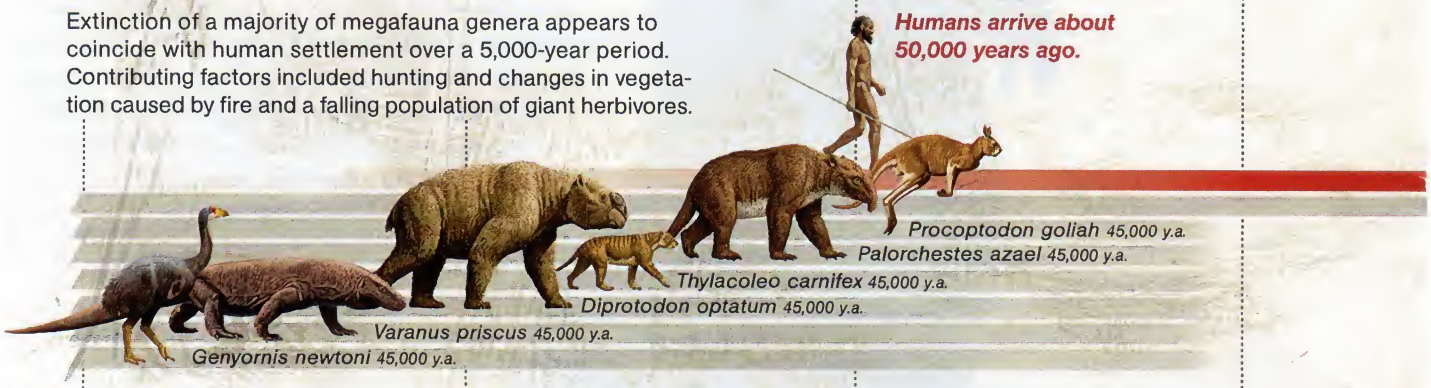
Between 50,000 and 10,000 years ago, two-thirds of all large animal genera in the world, from mastodons to giant kangaroos, disappeared. Was climate change, with shifts in rainfall patterns and vegetation, responsible for the die-off of megafauna (large-bodied animals weighing about a hundred pounds or more)? Or, as mounting evidence suggests, did the fanning out of humans from Africa and Asia—a new, sophisticated predator—contribute to rapid, continent-wide extinctions?

Approximate extinction dates*

70,000 YEARS AGO (Y.A.) 60,000 50,000 40,000

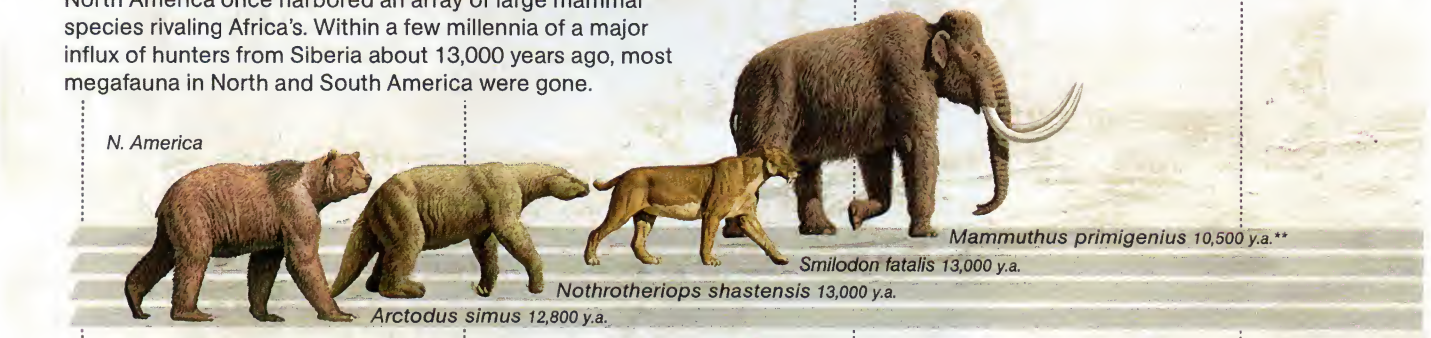
Australia

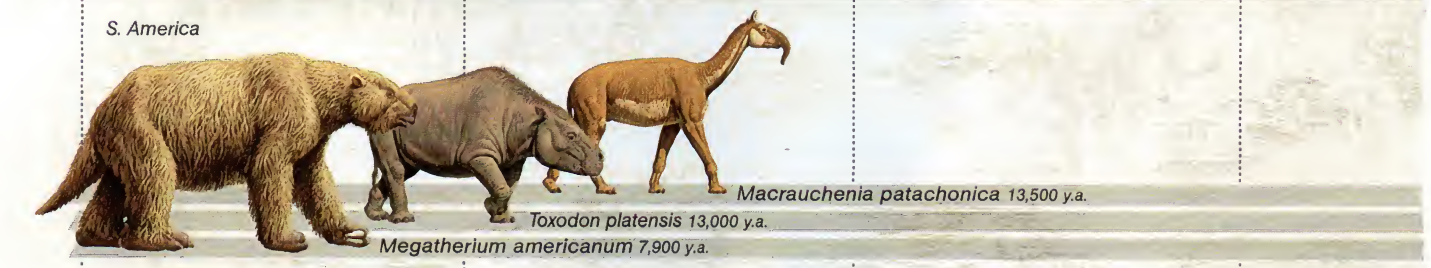
Extinction of a majority of megafauna genera appears to coincide with human settlement over a 5,000-year period. Contributing factors included hunting and changes in vegetation caused by fire and a falling population of giant herbivores.



North and South America

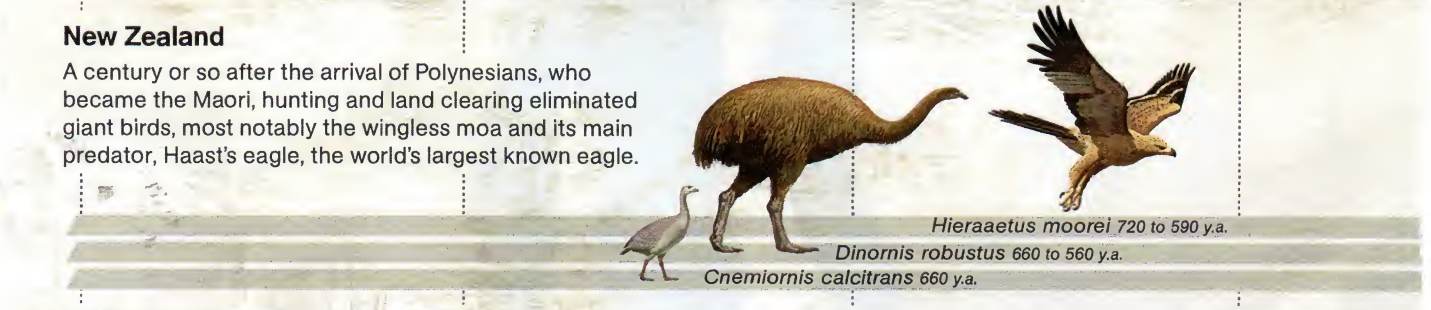
North America once harbored an array of large mammal species rivaling Africa's. Within a few millennia of a major influx of hunters from Siberia about 13,000 years ago, most megafauna in North and South America were gone.





New Zealand

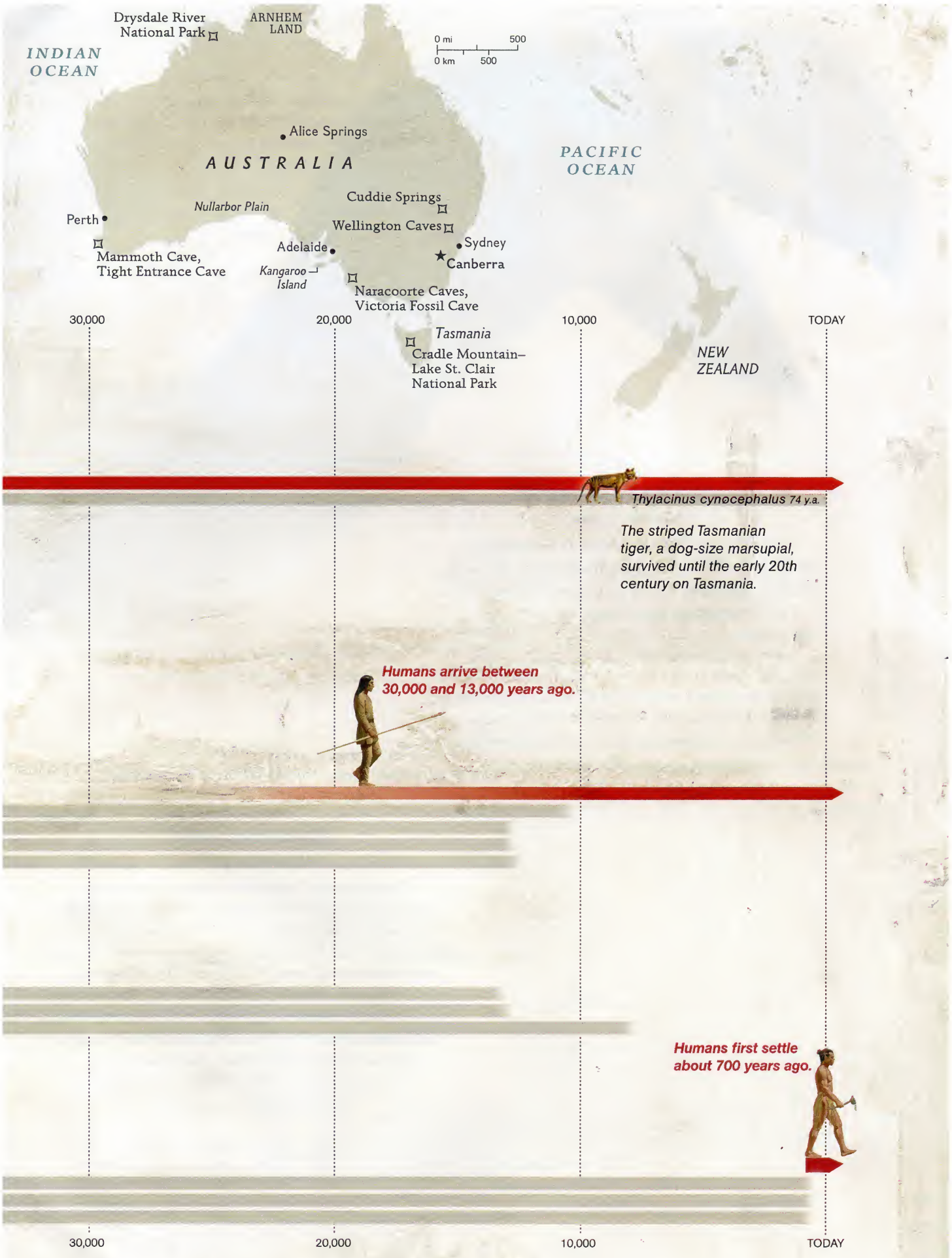
A century or so after the arrival of Polynesians, who became the Maori, hunting and land clearing eliminated giant birds, most notably the wingless moa and its main predator, Haast's eagle, the world's largest known eagle.



70,000 YEARS AGO 60,000 50,000 40,000

HIRAM HENRIQUEZ AND PATRICIA HEALY
ART: RAÚL MARTÍN

*DATES INDICATE THE LAST TIME THE ANIMALS WERE ABUNDANT. EXTINCTION LIKELY FOLLOWED SOON AFTER.
**ISOLATED ISLAND POPULATION EXTINCTION 3,900 YEARS AGO



SOURCES: ANTHONY D. BARNOSKY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY; AARON CAMENS, UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE; ARAPATA HAKIWAI, MUSEUM OF NEW ZEALAND; RICHARD N. HOLDAWAY, PALAECOL RESEARCH LTD; JOHN A. LONG, NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY; DENNIS STANFORD AND HANS-DIETER SUES, NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY; ROD T. WELLS, FLINDERS UNIVERSITY

STIRTON'S THUNDERBIRD

Dromornis stirtoni

Perhaps the largest known bird, *D. stirtoni* never left the ground. Ten feet tall and weighing a thousand pounds, it belonged to a family of giant flightless birds, the dromornithids. Parrotlike beaks could crack fruit and nuts. Humans never saw Stirton's thunderbird; it lived about eight million years ago in the late Miocene, when Australia was drying out. Smaller, less specialized species, such as *Genyornis newtoni,* lasted into the Pleistocene. Though emu-like in shape, dromornithids are related to ducks and geese.

MARSUPIAL TAPIR

Palorchestes painei

"Tree wreckers": that's how paleontologist Tim Flannery describes *Palorchestes,* cow-size marsupials that used powerful limbs, a trunk-like nose, and a long giraffe-type tongue to strip bark and tear up roots. Scientists first mistook their teeth for those of giant kangaroos, hence the name, meaning "ancient leapers." The snout is tapir-like, but wombats and koalas are their closest kin. A changing climate long before human arrival probably doomed *Palorchestes painei,* which gave way in the Pleistocene to *Palorchestes azael,* better suited to dryland vegetation.

HUNTING HIGH - AND LOWE!

After 70 years, one of the world's most elusive mammals has at last been tracked down, thanks to a camera trap set on the eastern side of Tanzania's Udzungwa Mountains National Park. When a scientist from the Wildlife Conservation Society (WCS) examined this camera's film recently, he discovered to his great surprise that it had photographed a live specimen of Lowe's servaline genet (above). Until then, this reclusive species had been known to science only from its type specimen - a spotted pelt obtained by British explorer-naturalist Willoughby Lowe in 1932.
http://www.anomalist.com 20 June 2002.

The Collection Online

The Werewolf or the Cannibal
Lucas Cranach the Elder
(German, Kronach 1472–1553 Weimar)

Medium: Woodcut
Dimensions: Sheet: 6 1/2 × 5 1/16 in. (16.5 × 12.8 cm)
Classification: Prints
Credit Line: Harris Brisbane Dick Fund, 1942
Accession Number: 42.45.1

Not on view

OBJECT INFORMATION RELATED OBJECTS ONLINE RESOURCES

Signatures, Inscriptions, and Markings

Marking: Verso Lower Left: Metropolitan Museum of Art stamp

Provenance

Vendor: Ye Olde Antique and Hobby Shoppe (New York)

Catalogue Raisonné

MAKING CONTACT

Conference to focus on UFO sightings and life on other planets

By Denise Goolsby
The Desert Sun

Tim Gaul had an extraterrestrial experience — in sales.

Gaul, an artist who graduated from Indio High School, found out how mainstream the fascination with other possible life has become when he rolled out his newest necklace creation earlier this week at a festival: porcelain alien faces — featuring those familiar almond-shaped eyes.

He sold dozens within a few days.

Although Gaul doesn't think a bunch of E.T.s are walking the Earth, he doesn't rule out the idea that other beings exist.

"I believe there's life on other planets," he said. "Maybe there's a race of other people on other planets."

And if there are, they aren't evil.

"Or they would have taken us out already," he said.

Extraterrestrials, ancient aliens, crop circles, contact experiences and UFO sightings are among the many out-of-this-world topics that will be explored during the "Contact in the Desert" four-day conference beginning

Please see CONTACT, A9

IF YOU GO

Contact in the Desert
Joshua Tree Retreat Center, 59-700 Twentynine Palms Highway, Joshua Tree
Date: Aug. 8 - Aug. 11
Cost of four-day pass: Single: $250; Couple: $475
All lectures and panels are included. Workshops, intensives, tours and meal plans sold separately.
To order tickets, call (760) 365-8371 or visit contactinthedesert.com

George Van Tassel advertising flying saucers. Description on ad: This actual photo of a Flying Saucer, taken by the Brazilian Navy, is similar to the one seen hovering over Giant Rock Airport. COURTESY MORONGO BASIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Contact

Continued from A1

Aug. 8 in Joshua Tree.

The second such conference, it features scientists, researchers, archeologists, best-selling authors and experts featured on History Channel shows such as "Ancient Aliens" and "Hangar 1."

It's in "stark contrast to UFO conventions famous for attracting fanatics in foil hats," according to organizers.

The event coincides with the Perseid meteor shower — one of the brightest meteor showers of the year — which occurs every August, peaking this year between Aug. 10 and Aug. 13.

The location of the conference is significant.

"Joshua Tree has a long history of sightings," co-organizer Paul Andrews said. "We think that, scientifically, there's something about the area that is attractive to this phenomena."

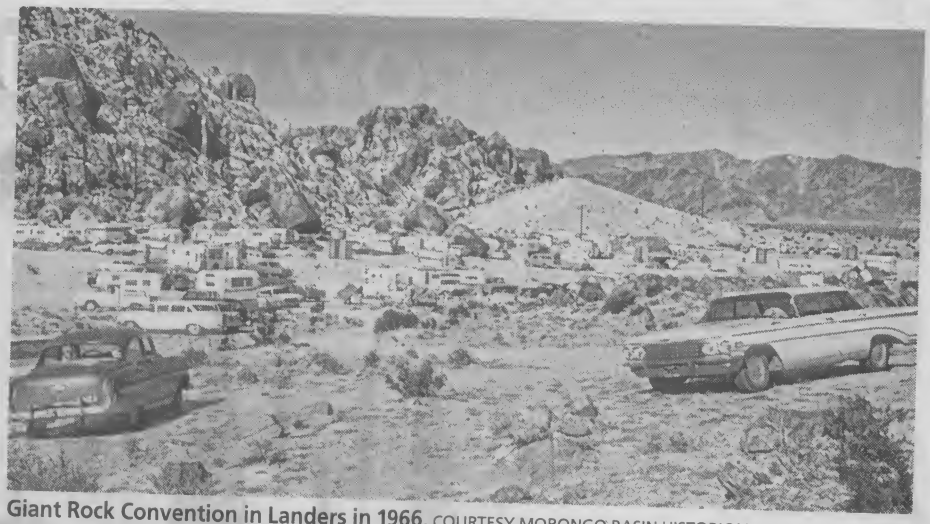
Just as us earthlings are drawn to Joshua Tree — its other-worldly beauty amplified by a sense of spiritual serenity — visitors from other worlds might also be lured by the charm of this secluded, sprawling high desert sanctuary.

George Noory, host of the nationally syndicated radio talk show, "Coast to Coast AM;" Giorgio A. Tsoukalos, host of "Ancient Aliens;" and Erich von Däniken, author of "Chariots of the Gods," are among the headliners of the event, which features a lineup of nearly 40 speakers, including local historian Barbara Harris, who has studied the Morongo Basin communities, specifically Morongo Valley, Landers and Joshua Tree for the past 30 years.

Harris said the history of the area's connection to UFOs dates back to at least 1947 when George Van Tassel — an aircraft mechanic and flight inspector who worked for Douglas Aircraft, Hughes Aircraft and Lockheed — left Southern California's aerospace industry and moved his family to Landers, site of the mysterious Giant Rock, a massive, freestanding boulder standing seven stories tall.

The 25,000-ton behemoth, purported to be the largest freestanding boulder in the world, covers 5,800 square feet — the size of an estate-size home in the Coachella Valley.

"That's where all of the UFO stuff began," she said. "Van Tassel started having visions or connections with space beings from Venus."



Giant Rock Convention in Landers in 1966. COURTESY MORONGO BASIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

During one of these encounters, he received some advice.

"They told him, 'You human beings are coming along OK as a species. However, when you finally get to the place where you 'get it' you die.' They gave him some information on how to build the integratron — a time machine or rejuvenation device to help extend human life."

The one-of-a-kind, all-wood parabolic dome-shaped structure was built on a powerful geomagnetic vortex. Construction began in 1954 and he worked on it until his sudden death in 1978.

The structure, which still stands today, is open to the public.

Van Tassel put on open-air conferences called the Interplanetary Spacecraft conventions, which began April 4, 1953.

"In the 50s and 60s, as many as 10,000 people found themselves driving to the middle of nowhere in the middle of the desert to listen to George Van Tassel speak, to listen to contactees," Harris said.

Harris believes UFO activity — and sightings — are related to specific times in history.

The upheaval of World War II and the development and use of nuclear weapons may have drawn intelligent life closer to Earth, she said.

"Certain people believe the UFOs and the E.T.s come here as a support system to the human race. They're here, basically, to help us grow as a species. They were showing up so we wouldn't destroy ourselves."

"During this time period, people were just starting to come out of their shells and talk about UFOs, talk about X-Files and talk about government conspiracies. At the same time, things were happening in Roswell," she said.

Harris said people living in the high desert at the time had such an interest in UFOs that a newsletter was published — known as The Smoke Signal — that reported specifically on UFO sightings.

Interest in aliens ebbed in the 70s, 80s and 90s.

"There are times when the subject has its peaks and its lows, depending on media coverage," said Nick Redfern, an author and lecturer who writes about a wide range of unsolved mysteries including Bigfoot, UFOs, the Lochness Monster, alien encounters and government conspiracies.

"Fortunately today, there's a great deal of media coverage and attention given to the subject. History Channel, Nat Geo, Discovery. The more attention it gets, the more people listen to it."

Redfern, who is a featured speaker at the conference, will present a lecture on "The Pyramids and the Pentagon" and a workshop, "The Real Men in Black."

In the past, the media would laugh at the subject, poke fun and make jokes about "little green men," he said.

"The stereotype is a 40-year-old UFO researcher living in mom and dad's basement," he said.

"The reality is, most people, we have normal lives, but we just happen to be interested in unusual subjects. It's not like it's an obsession. It's a fascination which I've made into a job."

Mermaid Legend : Mami Wata (Africa)

Mami Wata is represented as one of the most powerful goddesses in the African religion of Voudun **(not to be mistaken to the newer and more heavily publicized Voodoo)** and is today celebrated as a goddess that must be both loved and feared.

She is often portrayed as a long haired beautiful mermaid, half human and half fish, but sometimes she can walk the earth in more human body

Colors of Mami Wata's attire carry great significance in African people. Red symbolizes the color of blood, violence and death, and white symbolizes spirituality, beauty and female body. In the mermaid form she is always represented naked, sometimes combing her long hair and looking at herself in the golden mirror.

Stories of the encounters with the Mami Wata are widespread across entire Africa. In most common version, she stalks the shores of the ocean and abducts men and women while they are swimming or traveling in a boat. If the goddess thinks that the captive is worthy of her attention, she will return them to the shore, completely dry and with changed attitude toward spirituality and religion that can often make them rich, attractive and famous. Other encounters tell the story of her leaving her comb and mirror in the presence of sailors. After they took the items she would haunt their dreams, requesting the return of the items in an exchange of eternal sexual favors.

U.S. Geological Survey Fact Sheet 172-96
Online Version 2.0

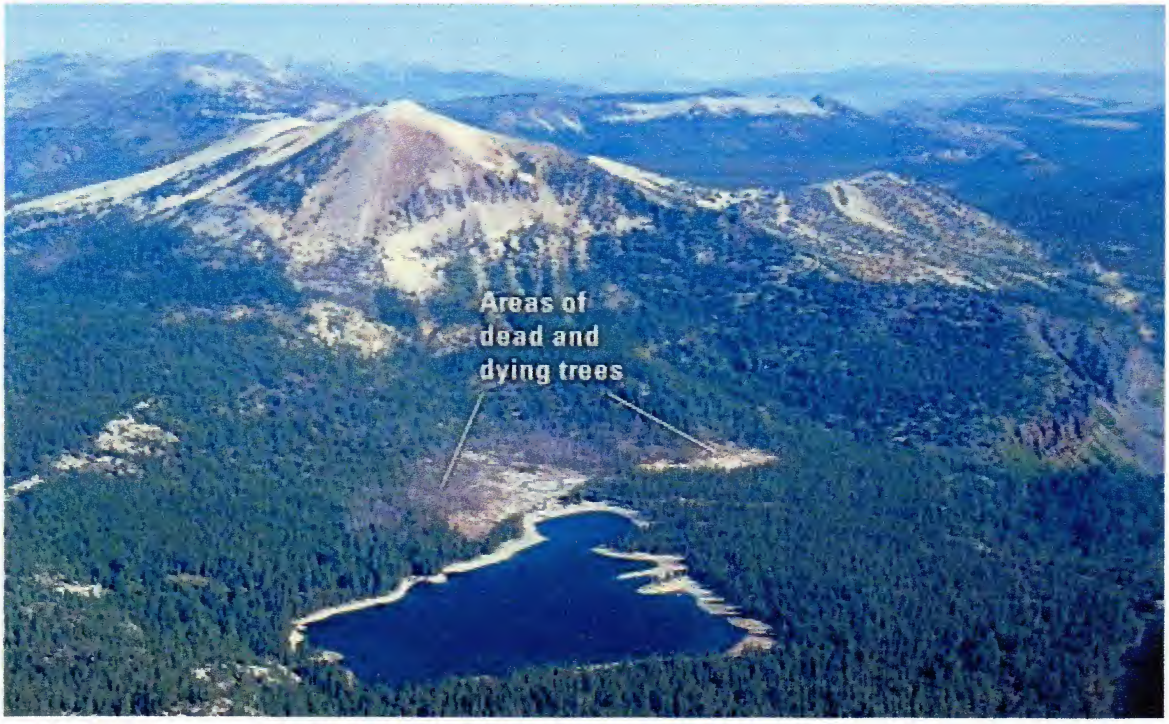
Invisible CO_2 Gas Killing Trees at Mammoth Mountain, California

Since 1980, scientists have monitored geologic unrest in Long Valley Caldera and at adjacent Mammoth Mountain, California. After a persistent swarm of earthquakes beneath Mammoth Mountain in 1989, geologists discovered that large volumes of carbon dioxide (CO_2) gas were seeping from beneath this volcano. This gas is killing trees on the mountain and also can be a danger to people. The U.S. Geological Survey (USGS) continues to study the CO_2 emissions to help protect the public from this invisible potential hazard.

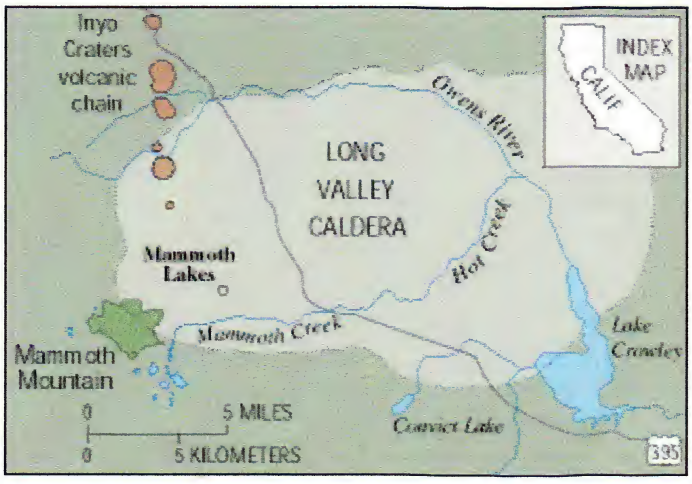
Mammoth Mountain is a young volcano on the southwest rim of Long Valley Caldera, a large volcanic depression in eastern California. The Long Valley area, well known for its superb skiing, hiking, and camping, has been volcanically active for about 4 million years. The most recent volcanic eruptions in the region occurred about 200 years ago, and earthquakes frequently shake the area. Because of this, the U.S. Geological Survey (USGS) operates an extensive network of instruments to monitor the continuing unrest in the Long Valley area.

Numerous small earthquakes occurred beneath Mammoth Mountain from May to November 1989. Data collected from monitoring instruments during those months indicated that a small body of magma (molten rock) was rising through a fissure beneath the mountain. During the next year, U.S. Forest Service rangers noticed areas of dead and dying trees on the mountain. After drought and insect infestations were eliminated as causes, a geologic explanation was suspected. USGS scientists then made measurements and discovered that the roots of the trees were being killed by exceptionally high concentrations of carbon dioxide (CO_2) gas in the soil. Today, areas of dead and dying trees at Mammoth Mountain

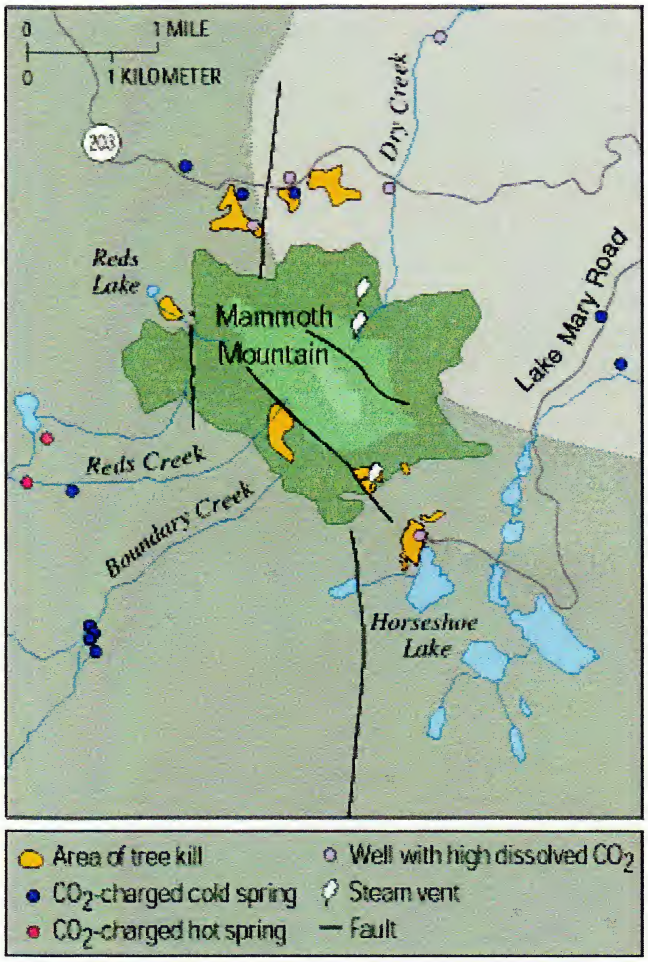
total more than 100 acres. The town of Mammoth Lakes, just east of this volcano, has not been affected.



Mammoth Mountain, a young volcano in eastern California, sits on the southwest rim of Long Valley Caldera. In 1994, scientists detected high concentrations of CO_2 gas in the soil on Mammoth Mountain. This invisible gas, seeping from beneath the volcano, is killing trees on the sides of the mountain and can pose a threat to humans. Recent measurements indicate that the total rate of CO_2 gas emission at Mammoth Mountain is close to 300 tons per day. In this photo, large areas of dead and dying trees are visible near Horseshoe Lake, on the southeast flank of Mammoth Mountain. (**Copyrighted photo courtesy of John D. Rogie.**)



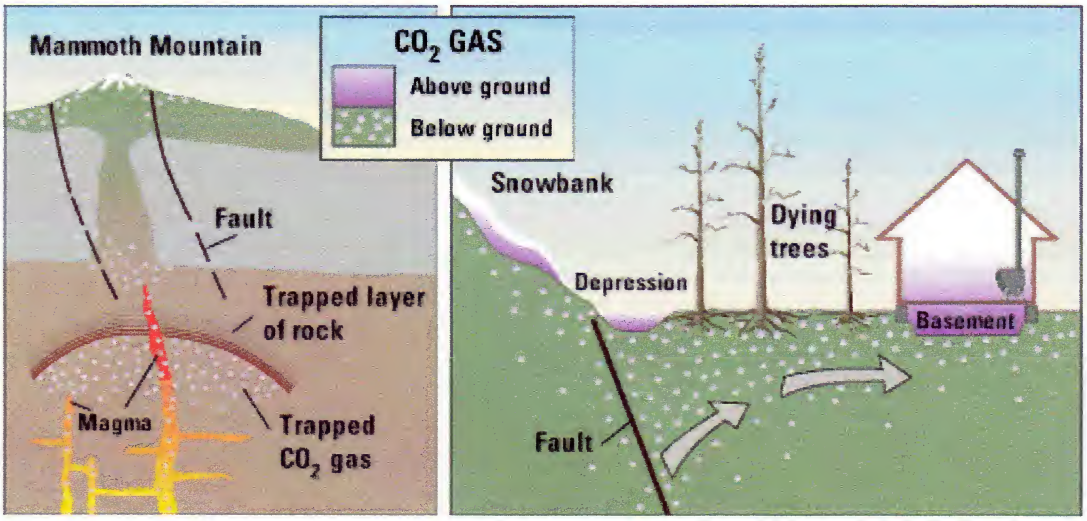
Areas of dead and dying trees at Mammoth Mountain volcano total more than 100 acres. In 1990, the year after a persistent swarm of small earthquakes occurred beneath the volcano, U.S.



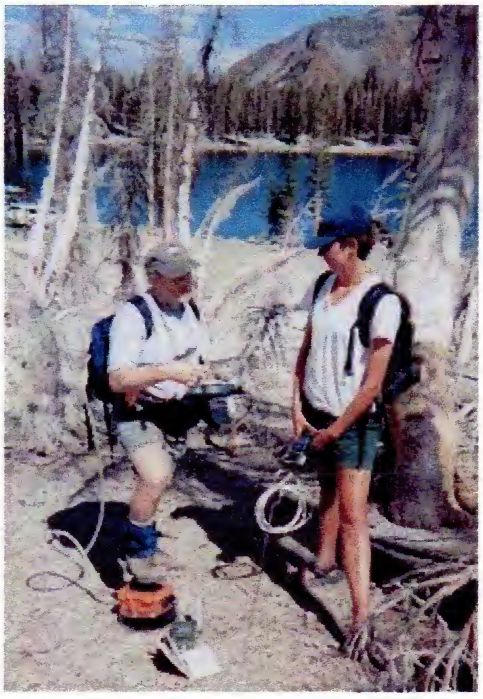
Forest Service rangers first noticed areas of tree kill. When U.S. Geological Survey scientists investigated, they discovered that the trees are being killed by high concentrations of CO_2 gas in the soil. The seepage of CO_2 gas from below Mammoth Mountain and the continued occurrence of local earthquakes are signs of the ongoing geologic unrest in the area. The upper part of the 11,053-foot-high volcano (above 9,500 feet) is shown in darker shades of green (map, top right).

Although leaves of plants produce oxygen (O_2) from CO_2 during photosynthesis, their roots need to absorb O_2 directly. The high CO_2 concentrations in the soil on Mammoth Mountain are killing trees by denying their roots O_2 and by interfering with nutrient uptake. In the areas of tree kill, CO_2 makes up about 20 to 95% of the gas content of the soil; soil gas normally contains 1% or less CO_2.

When CO_2 from soil leaves the ground, it normally mixes with the air and dissipates rapidly. CO_2 is heavier than air, however, and it can collect at high concentrations in the lower parts of depressions and enclosures, posing a potential danger to people. Breathing air with more than 30% CO_2 can very quickly cause unconsciousness and death. Therefore, poorly ventilated areas above and below ground can be dangerous in areas of CO_2 seepage. Where thick snowpacks accumulate in winter, the CO_2 can be trapped within and beneath the snow. Dangerous levels of CO_2 have been measured in pits dug in the snowpack in tree-kill areas on Mammoth Mountain, and snow-cave camping in such areas is not advised.



CO_2 gas seeping from the ground at Mammoth Mountain is likely derived from magma (molten rock) beneath the volcano. In 1989, rising magma may have opened cracks, allowing large amounts of trapped CO_2 gas to leak upward along faults. High concentrations of CO_2 in soil can kill the roots of trees. CO_2 gas is heavier than air, and when it leaks from the soil, it can collect in snowbanks, depressions, and poorly ventilated enclosures, such as cabins and tents, posing a potential danger to people.



In 1989–90, trees in this area on the south side of Mammoth Mountain volcano began dying from high concentrations of CO_2 gas in the soil. Although leaves of plants produce oxygen (O_2) from CO_2 during photosynthesis, their roots need to absorb O_2 directly. High CO_2 concentrations in the soil kill plants by denying their roots O_2 and by interfering with nutrient uptake. In the areas of tree kill at Mammoth Mountain, CO_2 makes up about 20 to 95% of the gas content of the soil. Inset (right photo) shows scientists measuring soil gas in this area.

Geologists have detected CO_2 emissions, like those at Mammoth Mountain, on the flanks of other volcanoes, including Kilauea in Hawaii and Mount Etna in Sicily. Measuring the total rate of CO_2 gas emissions on the flanks of volcanoes or within calderas is difficult and labor intensive and is commonly done using portable infrared CO_2 detectors.

Recent measurements at Mammoth Mountain indicate that the total rate of CO_2 gas emission is close to 300 tons per day. This value varies on both short (days to weeks) and long (months to years) time scales because of changes in atmospheric conditions and in the rate at which gas is being released from beneath the volcano.

Past eruptions at Mammoth Mountain, such as the phreatic (steam blast) eruptions that occurred about 700 years ago on the volcano's north flank, may have been accompanied by CO_2 emissions. Scientists think that the current episode of high CO_2 emissions is the first such activity on the mountain for at least 250 years because the oldest trees in the active tree-kill areas are about that age. Carbon-isotopic analyses of the annual growth rings in trees near the margins of the tree-kill areas imply that the gas-emission rate reached a peak in 1991, subsequently declined, and then has been relatively stable since about 1996.

CO_2 and other volcanic gases, like helium, seeping from Mammoth Mountain appear to be leaking from a large reservoir of gas supplied by repeated intrusions of magma. Tree-ring evidence from near springs on the mountain's flanks shows that some CO_2 gas was leaking before 1989 and dissolving in the ground-water system. It is likely that the latest intrusion of magma (in 1989) opened deep fractures, increasing the rate of gas seepage.

The continuing occurrence of small earthquakes and CO_2 seepage beneath Mammoth Mountain are only two of the many signs of volcanic unrest in the area. Earthquakes and ground uplift are also occurring within the central part of Long Valley Caldera, only a few miles east of Mammoth Mountain, and the Mono-Inyo Craters volcanic chain to the north has had small volcanic eruptions every few hundred years for the past 4,000 years.

Scientists with the USGS Volcano Hazards Program are closely monitoring CO_2 emissions and other geologic hazards at Mammoth Mountain. The work of these scientists is only part of the USGS Volcano Hazards Program's ongoing efforts to protect people's lives and property in all of the volcanic regions of the United States, including the Pacific Northwest, Alaska, Hawaii, and Arizona.

Michael L. Sorey, Christopher D. Farrar, Terrance M. Gerlach, Kenneth A. McGee, William C. Evans, Elizabeth M. Colvard, David P. Hill, Roy A. Bailey, John D. Rogie, James W. Hendley II, and Peter H. Stauffer

Graphic design by
Susan Mayfield and Sara Boore
Banner design by Bobbie Myers

COOPERATING ORGANIZATIONS

Mammoth Mountain Ski Area
Town of Mammoth Lakes
U.S. Department of Agriculture, Forest Service
Pennsylvania State University

For more information contact:

Earthquake Information Hotline (650) 329-4085
U.S. Geological Survey, Mail Stop 977
345 Middlefield Road, Menlo Park, CA 94025

http://lvo.wr.usgs.gov/

Related Fact Sheets

Living With a Restless Caldera—Long Valley, California (USGS Fact Sheet 108-96)

Future Eruptions in California's Long Valley Area—What's Likely? (USGS Fact Sheet 073-97)

U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY—REDUCING THE RISK FROM VOLCANO HAZARDS

Learn more about volcanoes at the USGS Volcano Hazards Program website

Download a PDF version of this fact sheet (1.43 Mb)

Man fined for pretending to be a ghost at a cemetery

Posted: Aug 07, 2014 9:06 AM PDT
Updated: Aug 07, 2014 9:31 AM PDT

PORTSMOUTH, United Kingdom - A man has been fined after he allegedly pretended to be a ghost while at a cemetery.

According to a report on Scotsman.com, 24-year-old Anthony Stallard was seen inside the cemetery kicking a football around with a friend after the two had been drinking.

Authorities say the two were shouting, singing, and being disrespectful.

"He was throwing himself backwards, waving his arms about and going 'wooooooo'. I'm assuming he was pretending to be a ghost," Tim Concannon, prosecuting at Portsmouth Magistrates' Court, told Scotsman.com.

The article says Stallard was undergoing testing for autism at the time of the incident. The report said he was fined for his actions.

READ MORE: **http://www.scotsman.com/news/odd/man-fined-for-pretending-to-be-ghost-in-cemetery-1-3502200**

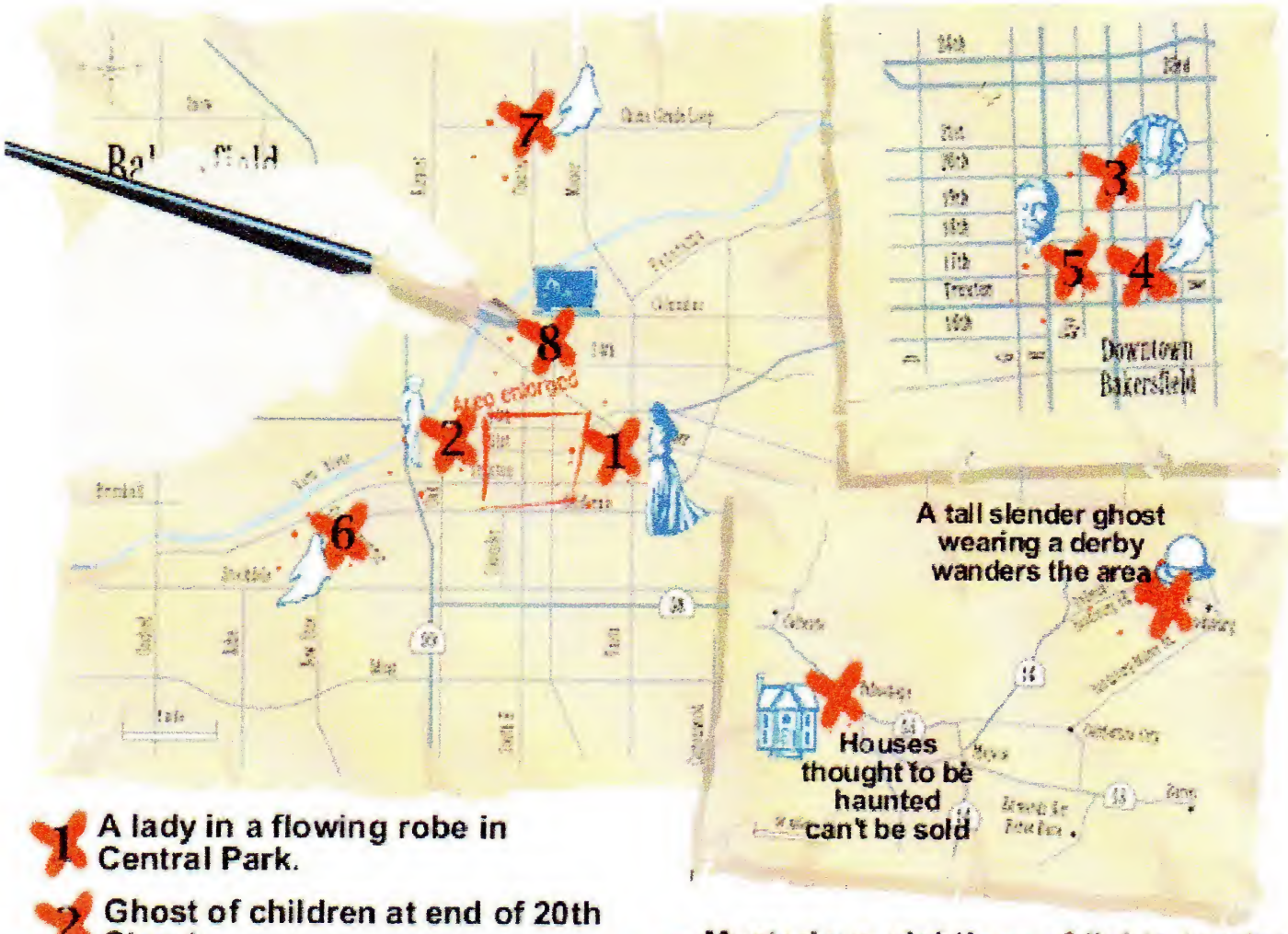
worldnow

WTTG FOX 5 & myfoxdc
5151 Wisconsin Ave. NW
Washington, DC 20016
Main Number: (202) 244-5151
Newsroom: (202) 895-3000
fox5tips@wttg.com

DIDN'T FIND WHAT YOU WERE L

SEARCH FOR IT HERE

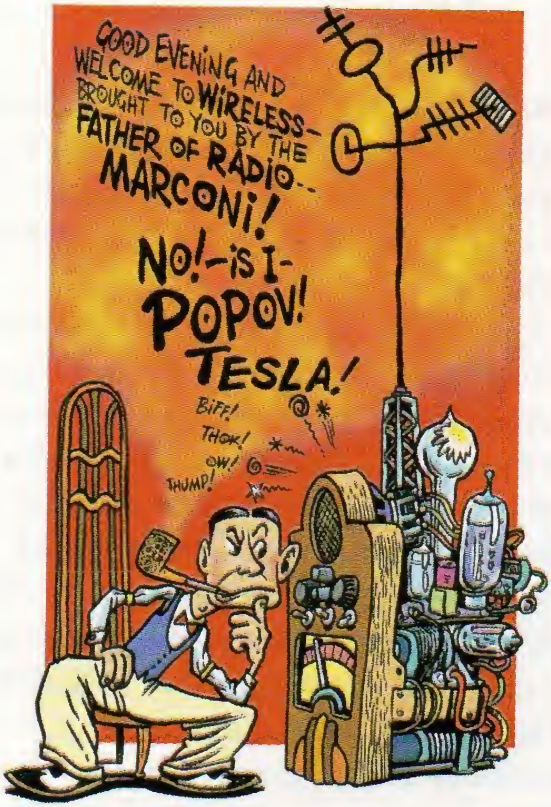
All content © Copyright 2000 - 2014 Fox Television Stations, Inc. and Worldnow. All Ri
Privacy Policy | New Terms of Service What's new | Ad Choices



1. A lady in a flowing robe in Central Park.
2. Ghost of children at end of 20th Street.
3. Ghosts of firefighters crossin K Street.
4. Haberfelde Building haunted, on 17th and K Street.
5. Ghost of Alfred Harrel in the Californian building on Eye & 17th Street.
6. Mysterious sightings of lights turning on and off, and wisps of smoke in the Atrium Building on Commercenter Drive.
7. Things have been seen moving by themselves at the Vaudeville Express Melodrama Musical Theatre on North Chester Avenue & China Grade Loop
8. Chalk tapping on the chalkboard in the schoolhouse display at the Kern County Museum on North Chester Avenue & 36th Street.

a map of Bako Ghosts

MARCONI'S RADIO



THE MYTH

Guglielmo Marconi (1874-1937) invented radio.

THE "TRUTH"

Marconi experimented with wireless telegraphy in his native Italy, before transmitting signals across the English Channel in 1898, and the Atlantic in 1901. His company established a world-wide radio telegraph network, and he won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1909. His status as the Father of Radio, however, has long been under attack. In Russia, Alexander Popov (1859-1905) is often named as the true begetter of wireless, in 1896, while many Americans (not all of them Net-dwelling conspiracy buffs) champion Nikola Tesla (1856-1943), who lost out to Marconi in US patenting battles which owed as much to politics and business as they did to scientific rigour. Tesla is Marconi's most famous rival, but the full list of those with credible claims to have achieved radio transmission pre-Marconi is a long one. Whatever his scientific debts, though, Marconi was certainly the first entrepreneur to properly understand and exploit the new technology.

Marcus Beck

The painting of Marcus Beck, a portrait of a former surgeon, currently located in the Greater London University College Hospital on Gower Street, may actually be responsible for the deaths of countless patients! Legend states that if the shutters were not closed on the painting at night, the patients who fell asleep under the painting would fall ill, some even died as a result. The painting was stolen in 2001 and to this very day it's whereabouts are unknown.

WWW.EYEPORT.CO.UK

Contact Andy and David at aj.roberts@blueyonder.co.uk or at www.flyingsaucery.com

ufology

ANDY ROBERTS & DR DAVID CLARKE present their regular survey of the latest fads and flaps from the world of flying saucery

McMinnville's myth

THE VOICE IS BACK

Veteran ufologists will recall Barry King from the 1970s when he used to write for *Flying Saucer Review* before becoming part of UFOIN, the group of maverick UFO researchers which included Graham Hancock and Andy Collins, both of whom are now well-known fortean authors. King, however, remained on the fringe, playing a now-you-see-him-now-you-don't game with ufology. In the 1990s he re-appeared again, this time announcing that he'd been working for a top-secret psy-ops unit which had infiltrated British ufology in order to spread disinformation. King's other claims included his detailed knowledge of alien/government bases in the UK and a host of other tantalising fragments of information including mind control and the activities of the secret state. This was disseminated by his irregular publication *The Voice* (now available via his website) and included details of ufologists whom he alleged were working for the Government – Andy Roberts among them! King is the closest UK ufology has to a Bob Lazar figure, and just as weird. Is he telling the truth, or has he invented his own little world in which 'facts' are an inconvenience? Go to www.darkerrealms.co.uk and find out for yourselves.

BEFORE KENNETH ARNOLD...

It has long been believed that Kenneth Arnold's sighting of nine strange objects above the Cascade Mountains on 24 June 1947 was the event that triggered off the modern UFO era. But research has revealed that Britain had its own 'flap' six months before Arnold's report was splashed across the world's media. In January 1947 the Royal Air Force launched their first UFO probe, code-named 'Operation Charlie.' Formerly secret files reveal how on several occasions that winter radar stations detected "unidentified aircraft" approaching England's east coast from the direction of the North Sea. Fighters were scrambled and one Mosquito crew chased what was called a "ghost plane" for nearly one hour before it disappeared. Soviet spy planes and even smugglers were suspected but never proved to be the culprits and the mystery remained 'unsolved' in June 1947 when the first flying saucer sightings were made in the USA. These early military encounters were briefly mentioned by the British press, but were played down by the Air Ministry. The full story only came to light 50 years later in RAF records preserved at the Public Record Office.

A detailed paper on 'Operation Charlie' by David Clarke and Martin Shough can be found at: www.project1947.com/1947/index.html

Condon team experts were unable to debunk the photographs

McMINNVILLE TAKES ON ROSWELL

Having a UFO legend in your neighbourhood is good for tourism. The good citizens of Roswell, New Mexico, had the business acumen to open museums and host UFO conventions, and now the small community of McMinnville, on America's Pacific northwest coast, has developed a rival 'happening' of its own.

It was on a tiny farm near the Oregon town of McMinnville on an evening in May 1950 that Paul Trent and his wife Evelyn saw one of the 'flying saucers' they had read so much about in the newspapers. Evelyn was feeding rabbits when it appeared and alerted her husband, who had enough time to retrieve his camera from the house and take two photographs of a disc-shaped object speeding across the sky. The story goes that the couple said nothing, fearing they had seen some secret experimental aircraft. When news leaked out to the local newspaper the couple searched their farmhouse and found the pictures, which had been stashed in a desk drawer.

Trent's photos were the biggest news story ever to hit McMinnville, and when they appeared in *Life* magazine the story went global. The tiny local newspaper, the *McMinnville Telephone-Register*, which had a circulation of just 4,000, received so many inquiries it was forced to put out a special press run of 10,000 copies.

Experts from the Condon team looked at the photos in 1969 but were unable to debunk them, and proponents such as Bruce Maccabee, who spent years studying the case, concluded the couple were too dimwitted and unimaginative to perpetrate a hoax.

But were they? Researcher Joel Carpenter believes the Trents' 'object' was a car mirror, possibly taken from a 1911 Ford Model T. His website, www.ufx.org/mcminn/photo.htm demonstrates how a car mirror could have been easily suspended by nylon fishing line from the overhead wires visible in the famous photos.

Maybe as in other classic cases, this was a joke that got out of hand. We will never know for sure as the couple died in the late 1990s, and the house where the photos were taken has long since been torn down.

But the myth lives on. For the 50th anniversary a local historian revived the story to coincide with the opening of a new hotel in McMinnville. The event was such a success that the town now hosts an annual 'alien' festival, with speakers including pro-UFO celebrities such as Maccabee and Stanton Friedman. No surprise that Joel Carpenter has yet to receive an invitation!

In May this year hundreds lined the streets to see the highlight of the weekend, an 'alien parade' of floats and townsfolk whose costumes reflected "diversity not only of race, creed and colour, but also of planetary origin".

One of the visitors was retired journalist Bill Powell, who broke the original story. He said the1950 headline "*At Long Last – Authentic Photographs of a Flying Saucer [?]*" should be read carefully. Perhaps with tongue planted firmly in his cheek, he added: "You'll notice that on my screamer, I put a question mark. I was covering my butt a little bit."

***McMinnville News-Register* story archive: www.newsregister.com**

11988 031

The Bakersfield Ca

LITTLE BULLFIGHTERS, A3

KOBE

Arnold Virgen chases after a calf at Cinco de May celebrations at the Baker-field Sports Arena Sun

COCO WALTERS / THE CALI

COCO WALTERS / THE CALIFORNIAN

Coming out ahead in end

Arnold Virgen, one of four "Little Bullfighters" at the Bakersfield Sports Arena on Sunday, topples over after riding a reluctant calf but then pulls him down during Cinco de Mayo celebrations at the arena.

SAUSALITO POLICE DEPARTMENT VIA AP

The Louis Vuitton bag and its contents that was found — and turned in — by John Suhrhoff. The purse and its contents were worth $1 million.

What would you do? Man returns million-dollar purse

BY JUSTIN M. NORTON
The Associated Press

SAN FRANCISCO — John Suhrhoff found the Louis Vuitton bag on a Sausalito park bench during a lunch stop in the scenic city following a weekend hike.

Inside the bag, police say, was a treasure trove: a 12-carat diamond ring, pearl and emerald jewelry, a Cartier watch and roughly $500 in Canadian and American cash. The contents were worth a cool $1 million.

But the respiratory therapist didn't think of heading to a pawn shop — he returned the bag to Sausalito police headquarters on Monday afternoon after failing to track down the owners. The bag is en route to the Ghannadian family of Toronto, Canada, who were in Northern California for a daughter's wedding.

"Every person I know or associate with would have done the same thing," Suhrhoff, 56, of San Rafael, said Tuesday. "I'm glad to be able to help."

The Ghannadians told the *Marin Independent Journal* of Novato that their flight to Toronto was scheduled for Sunday evening, so they decided to visit Sausalito. The town is known for its waterfront views of San Francisco and is a tourist hub.

Shahla Ghannadian briefly left her husband in charge of the purse, which contained jewelry she wore at the wedding, according to the paper.

Suhrhoff said he found the bag on a park bench near a tour bus depot.

Ghannadian started crying when she returned to her San Francisco hotel and realized the bag was gone, the paper said. The family went to Sausalito police headquarters and didn't have any luck — and were told chances were slim the bag would be returned.

But thanks to Suhrhoff, the bag and its contents are safe.

"You have to be a real man to return that bag," Ghannadian's son Ali told the *Independent Journal*. "Even the bag is expensive. We're really, really thankful to that guy."

The family did not return calls requesting comment on Tuesday.

Sausalito police Sgt. Kurtis Skoog said it's rare to find someone so honest that they'd pass up a bag of expensive loot. Many others would have tried to pawn the contents off for a fraction of their value, he said.

Suhrhoff is happy the bag is headed back to Canada but couldn't help wondering why the family was taking such pricey items on day trips to begin with.

"It seems like a lot of expensive jewelry to be carrying around in a purse," he said.

MISSION ABORTED

JAMES OBERG ON CONSPIRACISTS, KOOKS AND NASA'S PUBLISHING U-TURN.

Depending on which opinion polls you read, there's a core of "Apollo Moon flight" disbelievers even within the United States – perhaps 10 per cent of the population, and up to twice that in specific demographic groups. Overseas, the results are similar, fanned by local attitudes toward the US in general and technology in particular. Some religious fundamentalists – Hare Krishna cultists and some extreme Islamic mullahs, for example – declare the theological impossibility of human trips to other worlds in space. Resentment of American cultural and political dominance clearly fuels other 'disbelievers', including those political groups which had been hoping for a different outcome to the 'Space Race' – for example, many Cuban schools, both in Cuba and where Cuban schoolteachers were lent, such as Sandinista Nicaragua, taught their students that Apollo was a fraud.

Like a counter-cultural heresy, the 'Moon hoax' theme had been lingering beyond the fringes of mainstream society for decades. A self-published pamphlet here, a 'B-grade' science fiction movie there, or a radio talk show guest over there – for many years it all looked like a shrivelling leftover of the original human inability to accept the reality of revolutionary changes.

But, in the last 10 years, an entirely new wave of hoax theories has appeared – on cable TV, on the internet, via self-publishing, and through other 'alternate' publication methods. These methods are the result of the technological progress that Apollo symbolised, now ironically fuelling the arguments against one of the greatest technological achievements in human history.

NASA's official reaction to these and other questions was both clumsy and often counter-productive. On the infamous Fox Television Moon hoax programme, which was broadcast several times in the first half of 2001, a NASA spokesman named Brian Welch appeared several times to counter the hoaxist arguments (Welch was a top-level official at the Public Affairs Office at NASA Headquarters, who died tragically a few months later). The poor TV impression he gave – a know-it-all 'rocket scientist' denouncing each argument as false but usually without providing supporting evidence – may have been due to deliberate editing by the producers to make the 'NASA guy' look arrogant and contemptuous, but to a large degree it accurately reflected NASA's institutional attitude to the entire controversy. The disappointing results of participating seemed to strengthen the view within NASA that the best response was no response – avoid anything that might 'dignify' the charges.

Dr Roger Launius, then the chief of the history office at headquarters, was an exception to NASA's overall unwillingness to engage with the issue. As an amateur space historian and folklorist, I had been discussing with him for years the need for NASA to fulfill its outreach charter and to issue a series of modest monographs on various widespread cultural myths about space activities. These ranged from allegations of UFO sightings (and videotapes) by astronauts, the discovery of alien artifacts on the Moon, Mars and elsewhere, miraculous and paranormal folklore associated with space activities, to the 'Moon hoax' accusations. Launius, nearing retirement in early 2002, decided it was time for a detailed response to the Apollo hoax accusations, and offered me a sole-source contract to write a monograph that analysed why such stories seemed so attractive to so many people. Launius departed NASA soon thereafter, leaving the project in the care of a junior historian, Dr Stephen Garber.

AP PHOTOS/DAVID J PHILLIP

NASA WASHED ITS HANDS OF THE PROJECT

My requests for input from various NASA offices and public educational organisations soon reached the ears of news reporters, and some print stories appeared in late October. Although NASA officials were somewhat taken aback by the publicity, they were at first inclined to defend the project on educational grounds.

Then, on Monday, 4 November 2002, the eve of the national elections, ABC *World News Tonight* anchorman Peter Jennings chose the subject for his closing story: "Finally this evening, we're not quite sure what we think about this," he intoned. "But the space agency is going to spend a few thousand dollars trying to prove to some people that the United States did indeed land men on the Moon."

Jennings described how "NASA had been so rattled" it "hired" somebody "to write a book refuting the conspiracy theorists." He closed with a misquotation: "A professor of astronomy in California said he thought it was beneath NASA's dignity to give these Twinkies the time of day. Now, that was his phrase, by the way. We simply wonder about NASA."

Jennings was referring to Dr Philip Plait, an educator (not a professor) in California who runs the "Bad Astronomy" website which treats many mythical aspects of outer space. What Plait had actually said was that he felt it *was* proper for NASA to respond, but that it did seem "beneath their dignity" to be forced to do it. Contrary to Jennings's account, Plait fully supported the monograph contract.

But that TV insult did it as far as NASA management was concerned. Their dignity called into question, and fearing angry telephone calls from congressmen returning to Washington after the election, they decided to revoke the contract. They paid for work done to date, and washed their hands of the project.

Many educators contacted me in dismay. Like them, and unlike the NASA spokesmen, I had always felt that "there is no such thing as a stupid question." And to me, the Moon hoax controversy was not a bothersome distraction, but a unique opportunity. This is the way I see it: if many people who are exposed to the hoaxist arguments find them credible, it is neither the fault of the hoaxists nor of their believers – it's the fault of the educators and explainers (NASA among them), who are responsible for providing adequate knowledge and workable reasoning skills. And the localised success of the hoaxist arguments thus provides us with a detection system to identify just where these resources are inadequate.

I intend to complete the project, depending on successfully arranging new funding sources. The popularity of this particular myth is a heaven-sent (or an outer-space-sent) opportunity to address fundamental issues of public understanding of technological controversies.

James Oberg is a space engineer specialising in space shuttle operations, a scientific consultant and the author of over 10 books and countless articles.
www.jamesoberg.com

RELIGION

Chocolate Jesus draws outcry

An angry public outcry forced the cancellation of a display of an anatomically correct, 6-foot chocolate sculpture of a nude Jesus at a New York art gallery. The 200-pound, milk-chocolate confection, titled "My Sweet Lord," was to debut Monday evening, the day after Palm Sunday and just four days before Christians mark the crucifixion on Good Friday. The final day of the exhibit was planned for Easter Sunday.

Page A6

Chocolate Jesus not so sweet for critics

BY LARRY MCSHANE
The Associated Press

NEW YORK — A planned Holy Week exhibition of a nude, anatomically correct chocolate sculpture of Jesus Christ was canceled Friday after Cardinal Edward Egan and other outraged Catholics complained.

The "My Sweet Lord" display was shut down by the hotel that houses the Lab Gallery in midtown Manhattan. Roger Smith Hotel president James Knowles cited the public outcry for his decision.

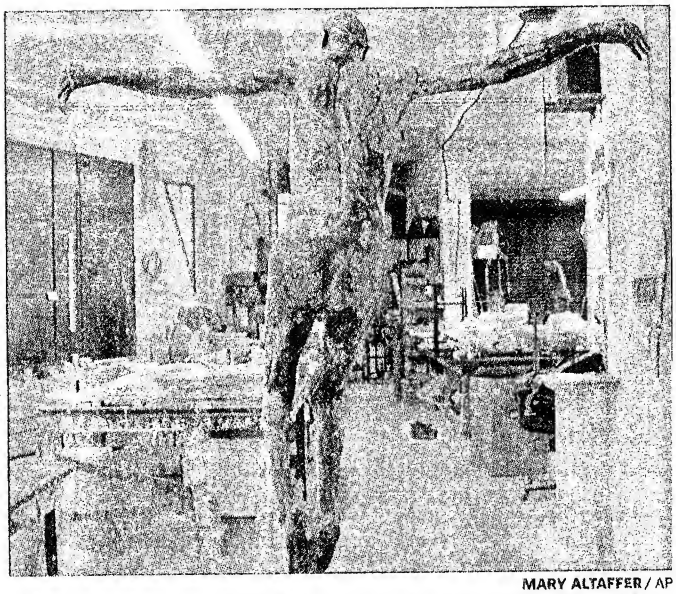
The reaction "is crystal clear and has brought to our attention the unintended reaction of you and other conscientious friends of ours to the exhibition," Knowles wrote in the cancellation notice.

Matt Semler, the gallery's creative director, resigned in protest.

The 6-foot sculpture was the victim of "a strong-arming from people who haven't seen the show, seen what we're doing," Semler said. "They jumped to conclusions completely contrary to our intentions."

But word of the confectionary Christ infuriated Catholics, including Egan, who described it as "a sickening display." Bill Donohue, head of the watchdog Catholic League, said it was "one of the worst assaults on Christian sensibilities ever."

The hotel and the gallery were overrun Thursday with angry phone calls and e-mails about the exhibit. Semler said the calls included death threats over the work of artist Cosimo Cavallaro, who was described as disappointed by the decision to cancel the display.



MARY ALTAFFER / AP

"My Sweet Lord," a chocolate statue by artist Cosimo Cavallaro of a naked Jesus, hangs at Ranieris Sculpture Casting in New York.

The sculpture was to debut Monday evening, the day after Palm Sunday and just four days before Christians mark the crucifixion of Jesus Christ on Good Friday. The final day of the exhibit was planned for Easter Sunday.

The artwork was created from more than 200 pounds of milk chocolate.

WWW.ALBUM-ONLINE.COM

SURREAL: That eye-watering moment from *Un Chien Andalou*.

The fine art of torture

SPANISH ART HISTORIAN JOSE Milicua has uncovered what is alleged to be the first use of modern art as a deliberate form of torture. In the Barcelona jails constructed by the CNT (Confederación Nacional de Trabajadores, the anarcho-syndicalist trades union) during the Spanish Civil War, new ways were devised of making prisoners crack up and spill their secrets. Bauhaus artists were said to have inspired a series of secret cells built in 1938 under the direction of a 37-year-old Frenchman of Austrian parentage called Alfonso Laurencic, a double agent posing as a CNT supporter. He swindled both sides in the war, making huge amounts of money by smuggling people out of the Republican zone. Milicua's information came from an account by RL Chacon of Laurencic's trial before a Francoist military tribunal in 1939.

Laurencic so-called "coloured cells" were hidden from foreign journalists who visited the makeshift jails on Vallmajor and Saragossa streets. His "psychotechnic" torture techniques were allegedly inspired by ideas of geometric abstraction and surrealism and by avant garde art theories on the psychological impact of colours, developed in the Bauhaus era by Paul Klee, Wassily Kandinsky and Johannes Itten. Laurencic's proposals were basic: red had a stimulating effect while blue was relaxing. Green produced melancholy and sadness, which was why this was used for the glass in the cell windows.

The cells were approximately 6ft 6in (2m) high, 5ft (1.5m) wide and 6ft 6in long. Covered with tar inside and out, they became unbearably hot during the day. Those held inside could never rest. The plank that served as a bed was at a 20-degree angle, making it impossible to sleep without falling to the floor. If the prisoner tried to walk around, he would stumble over bricks and other objects scattered on the floor. The only option left to prisoners was staring at the walls, which were covered with optical illusions, cubes, coloured circles and spirals. Lighting effects gave the impression that the dizzying patterns were moving. The intention, according to Chacon, was to "tear the victim's nerves to shreds".

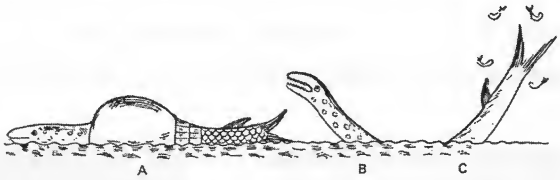
Laurencic told the military court that he had been commissioned to build the cells by a prominent anarchist who had heard of similar ones used elsewhere in the republican zone during the civil war, possibly in Valencia. Also, according to the prosecutors, a jail in Murcia in south-east Spain forced prisoners to view the infamously disturbing scene from Dali and Bunuel's 1929 surrealist film *Un Chien Andalou*, in which an eyeball is sliced open. The Spanish newspaper *El Pais* commented: "The creators of such revolutionary and liberating [artistic] languages could never have imagined that they would be so intrinsically linked to repression."

A word of caution here: Chacon was hardly a disinterested observer. As a supporter of Franco, he was an enemy of so-called "degenerative art", including the output of the Bauhaus and the surrealists.

Observer, 26 Jan; Int. Herald Tribune, 3 Feb 2003.

Moha-moha revisited

The old cryptozoological yarn of the moha-moha may have arisen from a real aboriginal tradition argues ULRICH MAGIN



67. Three views of the *moha-moha*, 1890, according to Miss S. Lovell

ULRICH MAGIN has written books on ufology, geomancy, cryptozoology and Charles Fort. He lives near the Black Forest with three budgies.

On 8 June 1890, Miss S Lovell, standing on the beach of Fraser Island, Queensland, Australia, saw a most mysterious beast. The story can be read in a number of classic books on sea-serpents, from Commander Rupert Gould's *The Case for the Sea-serpent* to Bernard Heuvelmans' classic *In the Wake of the Sea-serpents*. Miss Lovell reported that what she had witnessed was a giant tortoise-like sea monster with a fish's tail, a long neck and small head, a giant dome-shaped body and four rudimentary limbs (which she could not actually see). She claimed that the natives she asked had seen the creature previously and were very much afraid of it, as it had been known to attack people. They knew it under the name of "Moha-moha".

The tale of the moha-moha is a cryptozoological classic, but it is also a controversial one. Gould thought the story authentic, but Heuvelmans was sure it was just a hoax based on Indian legends. He had good reasons for his opinion – the sighting report is full of inconsistencies, the measurements do not fit, the creature behaves in a fashion that defies normal biology, and it has features (such as horizontal lines of large overlapping scales) that, from a mechanical point of view, simply won't do. What's more, the moha-moha was never ever seen again – it remains a unique sea-serpent, a one-off, something never repeated.

But there is evidence – overlooked as far as I am aware – that the natives knew their moha-moha well. Whether their moha-moha was identical to the sphinx-like composite observed by the Australian schoolteacher is another question.

Miss Lovell wrote several (not completely consistent) letters about her curious encounter. As Australian cryptozoologist Malcolm Smith in his excellent book *Bunyips & Bigfoots* says, Lovell originally gave the Aboriginal name of the beast not as moha-moha, but "moka-moka". (Heuvelmans thought otherwise, stating that "moka" was a corruption of "moha", rather than vice versa!) As Smith points out, "moka" fits the native languages far better: "[Moha-moha is] impossible in any aboriginal language, as they lack the sound of 'h'. I presume the second spelling resulted from a misreading of Miss Lovell's handwriting, and she decided to retain it."

Enter the "mochel-mochel" which is also discussed in Smith's book, although he doesn't notice any connection. In the 1850s, Thomas Hall reported on this Queensland version of the bunyip, a local Australian lake monster, when he heard rumors of it in the Darling Downs. It was a water creature the natives were very afraid of, and they alleged it had eaten all the fish in a waterhole. Hall himself saw it after he heard it utter "a piercing shriek". It was the size of a sheep dog and resembled an otter with the head of a "blackfellow". There were probably other white witnesses on other occasions, but their descriptions have not come down to us. Other bunyip sightings were reported from Queensland, apparently without using the name "mochel-mochel".

"Mochel", pronounced in the English way would sound like "mokel" – very close to "moka". Both creatures were reported in Queensland – in fact, the mochel-mochel sighting took place only 300 km (186 miles) from Sandy Cape, Fraser Island. Therefore, there might actually be a genuine aboriginal mythical beast behind Miss Lovell's sighting on that day in June 1890. This doesn't explain what she saw – it remains an impossible creature, a fantastic beast – but it means that at least there appears to be a genuine Australian *tradition* of a water beast which is called moka-moka or mochel-mochel, no matter what really lies behind it. Miss Lovell did not pluck her adventure out of thin air, but based it on something she would have heard from the natives. So what did *they* see? FT

FORTEAN PICTURE LIBRARY/RICHARD SVENSON

TOP: Drawing of Miss Lovell's moha-moha from Heuvelmans' *In the Wake of the Sea Serpents*.

ABOVE: An artist's impression of an aborginal bunyip encounter.

Enigmas of the Mongol Empire

Did Subudai Bagatur have a titanium-steel wagon?

by Paul Stonehill

These are four hounds of my Temudjin, reared on human flesh; he tied them to an iron chain; these hounds have copper foreheads, carved teeth, thorn-like tongues, and iron hearts. Instead of a horse lash they use crooked sabers. They drink dew, and ride the wind; in battles they devour human flesh. Now they have been unchained from their chain; they salivate; they are merry. The four hounds are: Jebe, Khubilai, Jelme, and Subudai."

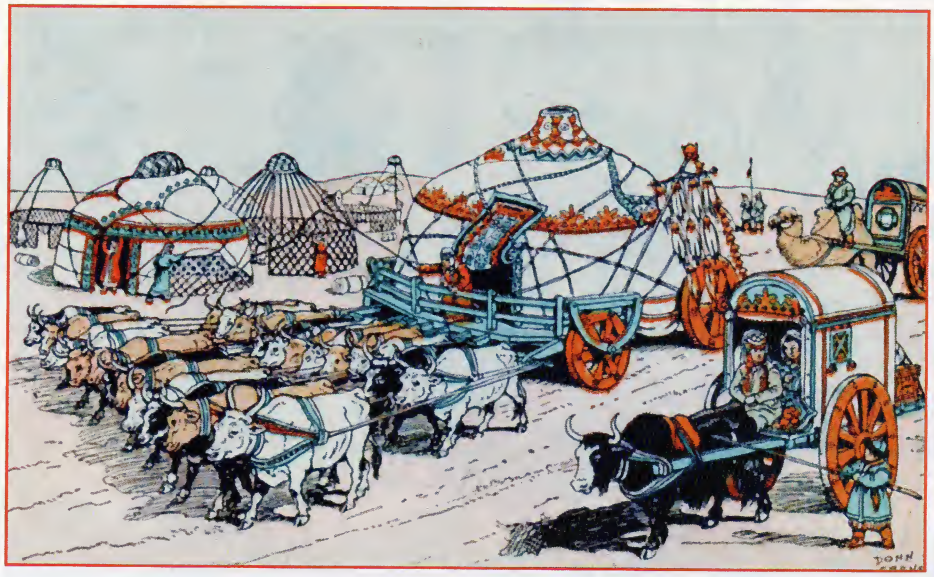
This is what Jamukha, the stepbrother *(anda)* of Genghis Khan, said of the bloody Universal Ruler and his fellow fighters. Jamukha, a relative and clan chief, helped Temudjin free his family when it was kidnapped. Years later the "hounds" captured Jamukha, who rebelled against Genghis Khan, and they murdered him. When they captured Jamukha, Genghis Khan did Jamukha the honor of killing him by rolling him up in a carpet and crushing him with boulders, so that the blood would remain in the body. In the years that followed, the hounds also killed millions of people throughout the world and crushed thriving civilizations, for their conquest was a terrible disaster of the Middle Ages. The Mongols of the 13th century laid waste to nations, cities, towns, and villages. They destroyed, burned, pillaged, raped, and killed. Their cruelty was but a part of the comprehensive strategy of conquest. The Mongols instilled fear and sought to convince the world that resistance was futile. They made sure that the tales of their savagery and merciless slaughter had preceded them.

A Cart Unlike Any Other

The Mongols carried their tents on four-wheeled carts, and they also used two-wheeled carts covered with black felt thoroughly treated with tallow to waterproof it. Usually camels, horses, or oxen drew such carts. The carts provided them with enhanced and rapid mobility, for the Mongols carried their families, belongings, supplies, and provisions in the carts.

Ancient Mongol records tell that Subudai Bagatur, one of the "hounds," had a habit of resting in a special vehicle during his military campaigns. This vehicle was made of a special metal, and no arrow could penetrate its walls. Not long ago, according to Viktor Nikitin in *Tayni inikh mirov* (Saint Petersburg, 2001), a two-wheeled, covered, metal vehicle was unearthed during archaeological excavations in the vicinity of Pusan, South Korea. A chemical analysis of the metal indicated that it was alloyed steel, with an admixture of molybdenum and tungsten. A bullet cannot penetrate sheathing made from this metal.

I made inquiries about this vehicle, writing letters to archaeologists in South Korea and others in the United States who study Korean archaeology. I received no replies and have not been able to ascertain the veracity of the find. If the Russian au-



Donne P. Crane

Mongolian yurts and wagons.

thor is correct, then I have but one question: how would the nomadic tribes from the Asiatic steppes be able to build such a vehicle?

Metallurgy is the process of working metal ores into metal artifacts. Mongol warriors were not metallurgists. The conquerors from the steppes borrowed technology from the conquered nations, from the Chinese, Arabs, and Persians. Their armies were accompanied by wise and learned foreigners, as well as forcefully conscripted soldiers from among the vanquished people. Still, the Mongols could not create such an alloy.

Tungsten and Molybdenum

Let us look at the metals that were admixed into the alloy.

Molybdenum, a silvery-white metal, was discovered in 1778. It is used in alloys, electrodes, and catalysts. A well-known Nazi artillery piece, "Big Bertha," contained molybdenum as an essential component of its steel. Native molybdenum does not occur but is obtained principally from molybdenite. To get pure samples of the metal, metallurgists first dissolve the oxide in ammonium hydroxide to make ammonium molybdate and afterward reduce the molybdate with hydrogen to form the metal. In its pure state, molybdenum is somewhat heavier than iron but melts at a much higher temperature—4,730°F (as compared to 2,795° for iron).

The word tungsten is Swedish for "heavy stone." China is reported to have about 75 percent of the world's tungsten resources. Tungsten has the highest melting point and lowest vapor pressure of all metals, and at temperatures of more than 3,000°F has the highest tensile strength. Tungsten has excellent corrosion resistance and is attacked only slightly by most mineral acids. Tungsten compounds are used for cutting tools and high-temperature lubricants.

The first attempts to produce tungsten steel were made in 1855, but industrial use was not possible because of the high price of tungsten metal. Tungsten occurs in the natural state only in the form of chemical compounds with other elements and is usually mined underground. The ore is first crushed and milled to liberate the tungsten mineral crystals.

Most of the tungsten metal powder is converted to tungsten carbide by reaction with pure carbon powder—e.g. carbon black—at 1,650-4,000°F in pusher or batch furnaces, a process called carburization. Tungsten carbide is, quantitatively, the most important tungsten compound. Because of its hardness, it is the main constituent in cemented carbide. Hard metal is the most important use of tungsten. Its main constituent is tungsten monocarbide (WC), with a hardness close to diamond.

By the way, the most promising area of growth for tungsten demand in the military arena is in the manufacture of armor-piercing projectiles, particularly for small-caliber ammunition.

Mongolia was a horse-based culture, and the Mongolian steppes and deserts were not centers of advanced metallurgy.

Where did the nomadic warriors of the 13th century get this vehicle?

Fame Measured in Blood

In the 13th century, Mongolia was one of the most powerful states in the world. A capable Mongol warrior and chieftain called Temudjin Esukhei gathered various scattered nomadic tribes under his leadership, named his state Mongolia, and renamed himself Genghis Khan (also spelled Chingghis or Jenghiz Khan). The difficult and bloody process of establishing the nomadic state was described in the famous Mongolian document *Nuuts tovchoo* (Secret history of the Mongols).

Temudjin, one of the most famous conquerors of history, extended his empire across Asia to the Adriatic Sea. He died on August 18, 1227. A warrior and ruler who started from obscure and insignificant beginnings, Genghis Khan used the military prowess of his united tribes to create a nation that spanned from China to Turkey and Iraq, from Egypt to Russia, all the way over to Korea and down to Vietnam.

The Mongols were known as Tartars in Europe. Their warlords, cruel but brilliant military leaders, created the largest empire known to man. The Mongol military machine is the basis for every military in the world today. Of all the commanders who arrived from Mongolia, Subudai Bagatur was the greatest. He led the Western onslaught of the Mongol army against Russia, Europe, and the Caucasian countries.

Subudai outlived Genghis Khan and continued to serve his people under Batu Khan and Ugedey, the second son of Genghis Khan.

Mongol Conquests

Genghis Khan conquered the northeastern part of China in the years 1211 through 1215. Subudai and another trusted general, Chupe Noyon, each with a battal-

ion-size military unit, terrorized the Chinese countryside, cleverly using the rich technology of the Chinese empire against them. Then the Mongol leader marched against Central Asia, launching an offensive on Muhammad, Shah of Khorezm (1200–1220). The detachment of the Mongol army, led by Jebe and Subudai, the same detachment that had made war on Muhammad and his son Jalal-ad-Din (1200–1231), attacked the kingdom of Georgia several times in the early 1220s.

In 1221, a reconnaissance detachment of 15,000 Mongols separated from the Central Asian expedition and traveled around the Caspian Sea, exploring the lands on its western shore. It was Subudai (and Jebe) who led the Mongol horsemen when they met with a superior Russian force and their Kipchak Cuman (Polovtsy) allies. The Mongol light cavalry outmaneuvered the Russian forces and defeated them in the battle of the Kalka (1223). Russia was conquered in 1237 and 1238. Batu Khan sent Subudai to quell a revolt led by Jiku and Baian in 1238 and 1239. Next, Subudai's forces descended upon the Ukrainian steppe, conquering Polovtsy in 1239 and Kiev in 1240.

Later, Subudai set his sights on Europe. Hungary attracted the Mongols because of its wide-open steppes. In 1241 the Mongol invaders charged into central Europe and defeated the combined armies of Germany, Poland, and Bohemia in the battle of Liegnitz. Other parts of Subudai's force descended into Hungary from the Carpathian Mountains from several directions. The Hungarian king fled, and the Mongols conquered the country, establishing garrisons to enforce their control.

Only the news of the death in Mongolia of the Great Khan Ugedey saved Western Europe from Subudai Bagatur and his merciless, disciplined, fearless Mongol hordes. In 1242, the Mongols departed back to Asia.

Mongols Invade Korea

Korea is an ancient country with a history of more than 5,000 years. But it experienced many bloody periods, and Mongol invaders caused one of them.

Donne P. Crane

Mongols at war with Turks and Persians.

In 1231, the Mongols invaded Korea, forcing the Goryeo royal family to flee to Kanghwa Island near Seoul. After 25 years of struggle, the royal family finally surrendered. The following 150 years saw continued Goryeo rule, but under the control of the Mongols. Korea's English name, by the way, was derived during the Goryeo period (A.D. 918–1392).

After the death of the last Mongolian Emperor Mongke in 1259, the Mongol Empire broke up into the Golden Horde of Batu Khan (Genghis Khan's grandson), inhabiting the Russian lands; the Kingdom of Ugedey (Genghis Khan's son), who had conquered East Turkestan and Uzbek lands, and the Yuan State of Kubla Khan, which included the Mongolian and Chinese territories. Once Kubla Khan had pacified China, he turned his sights on other countries of Asia and conquered the empires where Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Indonesia are located today. He invaded Korea and used it as a base in an attempt to conquer Japan, but he failed. Unlike Genghis Khan's, his army consisted mostly of infantry, with little cavalry, and he was also the first Mongolian ruler to have a navy.

Perhaps he also had in his possession Subudai's two-wheeled, covered vehicle made of molybdenum and tungsten.

Technological Wonders of Ancient China

Based on my research, I have come to the conclusion that the Mongols brought the mysterious metal vehicle from China. Subudai shed enough blood and spent sufficient time in China to loot the country of its treasures. He followed the teaching of the Universal Ruler, who once said that "man's greatest good fortune is to chase and defeat his enemy, seize his total possessions, leave his married women weeping and wailing, ride his gelding, and use the bodies of his women." At the same time, we need to remember that the Mongols did not persecute people for being Muslim, Buddhist, or Christian. Their capital of Karakorum contained a Muslim mosque, a Buddhist temple, and quite possibly a

Donne P. Crane

Gifts being presented to Genghis Khan by Russian dukes.

Christian church. Theirs was a ruthless, merciless empire, yet it assimilated other cultures and tolerated other faiths, unlike some of the modern nation states.

At one time in its history, China was the world's most technologically advanced society. Indeed, for much of ancient times and the Middle Ages, China was significantly more advanced than Europe. Many important innovations were developed in ancient China, such as the mariner's compass, papermaking, the clock, the wheelbarrow, the crossbow, the animal harness, the printing press, ink, playing cards, gunpowder, and paper money. By A.D. 1000, the Chinese had invented seismographs to measure earthquakes. They possessed blast furnaces capable of producing cast iron.

But could they mine tungsten and produce tungsten steel?

In metallurgy, China has long held a leading position. Ancient Chinese scientists possessed knowledge of protochemistry and alchemy. (Medicine and chemistry in ancient China were closely related to alchemy. Ancient Chinese metallurgical chemistry and alchemy, is a subject of international research.)

China has deposits of all minerals known in the world. There are verified reserves of 151 different minerals. On September 18, 2000, China's newspaper, *People's Daily,* informed the world that Chinese geologists had discovered world-class mineral deposits in what used to be part of an ancient Silk Road, the Hexi Corridor, in northwestern China. The actual reserves of nickel, copper, cobalt, platinum, tungsten, and gold in the corridor could be twice as much as the verified discoveries.

Luoyang, one of the seven ancient cities in China, lies in the northwestern part of Henan province. The deposits there abound in molybdenum, aluminum, and tungsten. Jiangxi Province in southeast China also has rich mineral resources, including tungsten, selenium, tellurium, rubidium, and lithium.

The ancient Chinese developed methods for the manufacture of steel that have only recently been matched in the West. The Chinese were able to develop a method for converting cast iron into steel by blowing air on the molten metal, which reduced the carbon content.

The ancient Chinese developed technologies that were fantastically advanced for the time. According to the Xinhua Agency (Beijing), Chinese surgeons were able to perform a craniotomy, the surgical opening of the skull—difficult even in modern times—as early as 4,000 years ago. Such great minds of Soviet science as Ivan Efremov lend credence to the legends that the ancient Chinese possessed a medical device capable of seeing inside human bodies, non-intrusive, and made of special glass.

We have yet to find evidence of the ancient production of tungsten alloys. If we do, then the mystery of Subudai's impenetrable vehicle will be solved.

There is another interesting episode of Subudai's biography that involves a search for the treasures of Genghis Khan.

A Pearl of Central Asia

Kyrgyzstan is nestled between Uzbek deserts, the Kazakh steppe, Tajikistan, and the outback of Western China. The majestic Tian Shan and Pamir mountain ranges stretch across this country.

Lake Issyk-Kul, a turquoise, unspoiled water reservoir, is located at an altitude of 5,291 feet and occupies the central part of the valley surrounded by the snow-capped Kungey Ala-Tau and Teskey Ala-Too mountain ranges. This vast lake lies in northeastern Kyrgyzstan, near the borders with China and Kazakhstan. The lake greatly affects the climate of the area. It doesn't freeze in winter; its waters are surprisingly warm and exceptionally transparent.

Issyk-Kul is truly a pearl of Central Asia. It is the second largest highland lake in the world, after Lake Titicaca in Peru. The lake's length is 110 miles, its width about 40 miles, and it has a maximum depth of 1,110 feet.

This lake conceals numerous mysteries. Associated with it are Neanderthal camps, ancient burial mounds, clusters of cave drawings, mysterious dolls made from stones, and the ruins of strange settlements, towns, and graves hidden beneath the warm waters. Some date back to the first millennium. There are more than 100,000 petroglyphs on the shore of Lake Issyk-Kul dating back to the Neolithic period. Different nomadic tribal cultures that dwelt in the area left artifacts of their vanished ways of life. Archaeologists of Central Asia are aware of more than a dozen ancient and medieval sunken settlements on the bottom of the lake. One example is the town of Chigu, capital of the once powerful state of the Usuns. Investigators have discovered ceramics, earthen pottery, and bronze and copper artifacts, coins, and items from the Mongol period. The latter had their own name for Lake Issyk-Kul; they called it Femur-u-nor.

The Great Silk Road and the Mongols

The Great Silk Road functioned as an extremely important trade route from China to the Roman Empire in the second century B.C. The road was about 4,300 miles

long. Before the discovery of the sea route to India, the Silk Road was the most important connection between the Orient and the West. The most valuable commodity imported from China was silk; hence, the entire transcontinental trade route was named the Silk Road. But many other commodities were also traded: gold, ivory, exotic animals, plants, iron, furs, ceramics, jade, bronze objects, lacquer, precious stones, and glass. Religion, too, was a precious commodity of the great Silk Road, for Buddhism came to China from India along the northern branch of the trade route. And nowadays, scattered throughout the mountains and valleys of Kyrgyzstan, are ruins of numerous Zoroastrian, Buddhist, and Nestorian Christian monuments. There are still ruins of three ancient towns on the great Silk Road: Navekat, Suyab, and Balasagun.

The geographic location of Kyrgyzstan assured its significance on the Great Silk Road. Thus, from the very beginning, three branches of the road ran through the area.

In the 13th century, Mongol warriors under Genghis Khan invaded and devastated Kyrgyzstan. They destroyed irrigation systems, laid waste to towns, and turned farms to dust. There were settlements and caravanserai on the shores of Issyk-Kul, along the Silk Road, from the seventh century B.C. The towns prospered, the trade thrived—and then came the vicious and merciless Mongol hordes. The devastation inflicted on the territory was so harsh that the populations and cultures of Central Asia did not begin to recover until the Russian expansion there in the 19th century.

But before their prosperous towns were annihilated, the rich inhabitants hid their treasures, either in the soil or on the bottom of the beautiful lake. Who knows what fate befell those who buried their treasures away from the greedy hands of the invaders?

The Templars on the Lake

The search for the treasures has never stopped since the Mongols arrived on the shores of the lake ages ago. What sort of treasures were the Mongols looking for?

©Copyright Jonathan Barth

Fishermen on Issyk-Kul lake in Kyrgyzstan.

None other than Subudai Bagatur searched for the treasures in Issyk-Kul's waters. China was ordered to provide skilled divers for Subudai's project. He was looking for the alleged hidden riches of the Templars. The legends had it that the Nestorian Christians had reached the lake and founded a monastery on the northern shore.

The ancient cemeteries discovered in the area cover the period from the middle of the 13th to the middle of the 14th century. There is a macabre legacy associated with the community of the Nestorian Christians: the Black Death that killed nearly half of the European population is believed to have spread from the hot, arid plains of central Asia, and the first known victims of the plague were probably a community of Nestorian Christians at Issyk-Kul. But the plague did not enter the Silk Road at the time of the Subudai's sojourn at the lake; the first victims were recorded in 1338.

Apparently, the Nestorians were aiding the Templars in building a castle somewhere on an island in Issyk-Kul. Here, supposedly, was the place where the Templars brought their fabulous treasures. The Knights Templar were a tremendously influential and powerful religious monastic military order that was formed as a result of the Crusades. Their wealth, limitless powers, and influence caused them to have prominent enemies. They were destroyed by Philip IV of France and Pope Clement V, and by 1314, they were gone, but not forgotten, from the European scene.

We will not explore the countless myths and legends about the order, but it would be of great interest to historians to find out what the fearsome Mongol commander knew about the Templars. They did meet on the Polish battlefield of Liegnitz, but the knights were no match for the Mongol armies.

Perhaps one of the imprisoned knights knew too much about the treasures hidden by his order in the Issyk-Kul and revealed the information under torture.

Treasures of the Nestorians

Nestorian Christianity flourished in China for several hundred years. The sect's followers spread out from Syria and founded colonies in the cities along the Silk Road through Central Asia. When Emperor Constantine made Christianity the official religion of the Roman Empire in the middle of the fourth century, he suppressed Hellenistic teachings and alchemy, among other things, as being pagan. The Nestorians, a sect of dissident Christians, smuggled out forbidden manuscripts to Persia in A.D. 400.

In 1218, Genghis Khan sent his "hound" Jebe and a large military detachment to the Chu Valley. Ugedey, one of the sons of the Ruler of the Universe, was a participant in the military operation. Their goal was to take the town of Balasagun.

Genghis Khan.

This town appeared in the ninth to eleventh centuries and became the capital of the Karakhanid Kaganat (empire) of Central Asia. Local Christians, together with monks of the Suyab Abbey near Balasagun, knew quite well the enemy that was coming their way and fled, taking their treasures with them. They organized a convoy of 200 camels loaded with gold and jewels, and traveled, rather quickly, along the north shore of Lake Issyk-Kul toward Kashgar. This place is 4200 feet above sea level in a cul-de-sac formed by the Tian Shan, Pamir, and Kunlun ranges. It was a major Silk Road town and a crossroads for invading armies.

The Christians never reached it, because another Mongol detail was approaching from the Santash mountain pass, over the watershed between the Ili and Issyk-Kul basins. The trapped Christians decided to hide their treasure. Part of it was buried in an Armenian Christian Abbey in the area. Another part of the treasure was hidden in the coastal waters. The remaining treasure was taken to a cave in the mountains. There was a river that ran into this cave, and the Christians were able to divert its waters for a while. They hid the treasure in the cave, probably underground; then they placed stone slabs over the hiding place. They marked one slab with a cross and then covered everything with soil. The river was again allowed to run into the cave, and the treasure was saved or lost, depending on one's point of view.

Treasures of the Universal Ruler

In 1227, Genghis Khan was severely injured and died shortly after falling from a horse. It has been largely accepted by historians that he died while fighting in Xixia, a territory bordering on current Ningxia and Inner Mongolia (both autonomous Chinese regions). Some legends have it that he was buried on the Ordos Plateau (Inner Mongolia) of China and that a shrine was built there. There are conflicting accounts of why the Universal Ruler chose the area. Some state that because of its beauty, he chose it as the place to be buried. There were to be no tombs for Mongol noblemen after their death, but imperial temples were built in order to permit commemoration of royal ancestors.

The exact gravesite of Temudjin is one of archaeology's lasting mysteries. To conceal the actual gravesite, 800 soldiers, who in turn were killed to ensure that Genghis Khan's rest was undisturbed, supposedly massacred every one of the 2,000 people who attended his funeral. Virgins (their precise quantity undetermined) were entombed with the Mongol leader. The Mongols rode horses back and forth over his grave to forever hide it, and the treasures buried with Temudjin. As a rule, when any Mongolian nobleman died, his burial immediately became a taboo subject, but not to the extent of Temudjin's.

There have been reports recently that American scientists have found a possible Temudjin gravesite in Mongolia, but could not proceed with their investigations because of problems with Mongolian authorities. Some Mongol researchers also point to the Altai Mountains as the burial place of Genghis Khan. Some of his belongings were buried in Ordos as a diversion.

Universal Recognition

China has had a special relationship with the legacy of the Universal Ruler. Most rulers of China, including the Ming and Qing Dynasties, the Kuomintang Republican regime, and the Communists, gave official recognition and support to the founder of the Mongol Empire—even after the collapse of the Mongol-established Yuan Dynasty of China. The Red Guards of the Cultural Revolution had no such respect and did destroy some important artifacts from Genghis Khan's times.

Even today, one can learn much from the visit to Dongsheng, China, and Genghis Khan's mausoleum. The Chinese have researched the legacy of the Mongol empire, and it behooves researchers in the West to learn what the Chinese scientists have discovered.

For example, there are experts in China who discount Mongolia as a burial place

of the Ruler of the Universe. One skeptic is Luo Xinyou, a professor at the Institute of Minorities at China's Academy of Social Sciences in Beijing. According to him, a Mongolian legend suggests that Genghis Khan was buried secretly in a mountainous region (*Agence France Press*, August 23, 2001). But what mountainous region?

Scientists in Kyrgystan believe that the treasures and the body of the Universal Ruler were actually hidden at the bottom of Lake Issyk-Kul.

Hiding the Treasure

There are old Kyrgyz legends about how Ugedey, one of the sons of Genghis Khan, prepared a coffin made of a very hard and durable material. His father's body, along with treasures of gold and jewels, was put into the coffin and buried on the bottom of the lake. But there were more Mongol treasures to hide, and that is precisely what the son did. He placed the jewels and gems in a mountain cave that was later flooded.

There are reports that the KGB and the Geological Council of the Kyrgyz SSR were engaged in the search for Genghis Khan's treasures. *Pravda*, the well-known Soviet newspaper, ran an article on August 24, 1975. Titled "Return to the Secret," it informed the Soviets that the Ministry of Internal Affairs was searching for Genghis Khan's treasures in Lake Issyk-Kul.

Interesting details of the Soviet treasure hunt in the area in the early 1950s are reported on an obscure but very informative Kyrgyz ecological website, and it contains the information about this search for the treasures of the Universal Ruler. It was conducted by the Geological Department of the Kyrgyzstan Soviet Republic, based on a map the Red Chinese gave to their Soviet allies.

Tyup village was supposedly the location of the hidden treasure. Allegedly, the gold and silver were hidden under Kaznak, a huge rock. However, it is unclear whether the treasure the Soviets were trying to find was that of the Nestorians (most likely, because the people who hid it were described as being chased by nomads) or the Mongols.

CIA—The World Factbook

Map of Kyrgyzstan.

Soviet Hunt Is Ended

The map was very poor and nothing was discovered, probably because the local inhabitants secretly and skillfully sabotaged the work. The area was surrounded by barbed wire, and guards were placed to protect the treasures. The biggest obstacle, however, was Stalin's death in 1953 and the turmoil that followed. In 1973, a popular Soviet newspaper, *Trud*, published an article about treasures hidden throughout the Soviet Union. Tyup was mentioned as the location where Genghis Khan's treasure was buried. The information was based on Soviet secret police files from the 1930s. Other fascinating developments can be found at *www.agat.freenet.kg/agat/index.htm*

Some hushed-up activities, conducted by Kyrgyz geologists, took place in 1976 and 1977. The geologists researched ancient legends and looked for the treasure in the area of Kurmentu Canyon. There were once gold and silver mines, but the geologists were looking for treasures, and apparently, found some proof, but they needed input from archaeologists.

There have been free-lancers as well, especially after the fall of the USSR, because the new Civic Code of the Kyrgyz Republic states that anyone who finds the treasure has the right to 50 percent of the treasure's value.

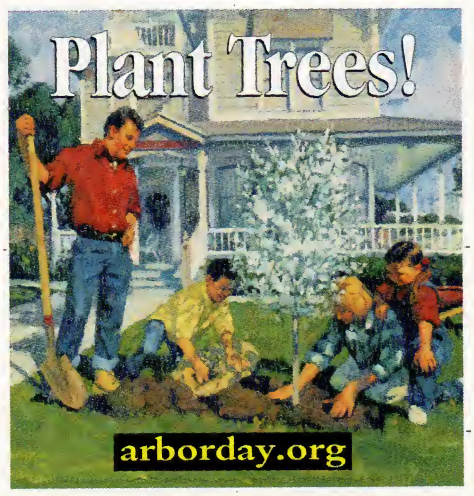
Do Not Disturb

Whatever one's opinion of the Mongol conquests may be, I think we can all agree that looting or disturbing sacred ancient graves is not the answer to finding out the truth about the past. Modern Mongolians will not look kindly at anyone who would disturb the burial ground of their ancient leader.

This is their tradition—no one is allowed to lay hands on the bones of their ancestors—and their obedience to the will of Genghis Khan. He did not want any sign of his grave to be left after his death lest his everlasting peace be disturbed. There is a Mongol legend that the Universal Ruler will be reborn after 800 years from the day of his death.

Actually, that's not too long from now. ⊤

Paul Stonehill *is a California-based writer, lecturer, researcher and consultant. He is the author of* The Soviet UFO Files *(1998) and co-author, with Philip Mantle, of* UFO-USSR, *to be published in 2003.*



The popular view of the Mesolithic era (8000–4000 BC) as a time when humans lived on a diet of nuts, berries and shellfish may need revising after the discovery of a thighbone in the River Trent in Nottinghamshire of a woman who died about 7,700 years ago. Researchers from Bradford University who conducted a Stable Isotope Analysis of the thighbone – by a technique used to assess the source of protein in bones – found that the woman's diet was virtually as meat-rich as a carnivorous wild animal. Nitrogen levels in the bone were measured at 9.3, on a scale running from 6 for herbivore cattle to 10 for wolves. Additional tests carried out on the thighbone indicate that the Mesolithic woman's diet contained no marine food at all, contrary to the cliché of the seashore-dwelling Mesolithic hunter gatherer. *British Archaeology, Aug 2002.*

MORE NEW MONKEYS

Brazil-based Dutch zoologist Dr Marc van Roosmalen continues his extraordinary success at discovering and describing new species of Amazonian primates with his recent formal naming in the journal *Neotropical Primates* of two additional finds of the furry kind – a pair of lately-revealed titi monkeys the size of small cats. *Callicebus stephennashi*, or Stephen Nash's titi, is predominantly silver in colour, but with contrasting red sideburns, chest, and inner limbs, plus a black brow. Even more striking, however, as illustrated in colour (courtesy of Dr van Roosmalen) within my latest book, *The New Zoo*, is Prince Bernhard's titi *C. bernhardi.* Christened in honour of Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands, this species is readily distinguished by its bright orange sideburns, chest, and inner limbs, its reddish-brown back, and its white-tipped black tail, and measures roughly 3ft (90cm) long.

A LOVELY PAIR: The two newly discovered and named titi monkeys, Prince Bernhard's titi (far left) and Stephen Nash's titi (left), with their distinctive red sideburns.

http://www.mycfnow.com/sh/news/stories/nat-news-aptv-152648120020623-220641.html 23 June 2002; Shuker, Karl PN, 'The New Zoo: New and Rediscovered Animals of the Twentieth Century' (House of Stratus: Thirsk, 2002).

CORNISH BEASTY

Morgawr sighted by fishermen and captured on video

BY A NECK: John Holmes shot this video footage of what might be Morgawr while filming his wife.

IN THE EARLY EVENING OF 1 AUGUST 1999, John Holmes of St Austell, Cornwall, who worked for the Natural History Museum for 19 years, was in the Gerrans Bay area, on the Cornish coast south-east of Truro, filming video footage of his wife as she swam close to the beach. He switched off the camera and climbed up some rocks to admire the view when at about 6.40pm he saw a dark, fin-like object emerge about 200 metres (220 yards) from shore. At first he thought it was a basking shark or a killer whale, but as he focused on the object through the zoom lens of his video camera, he saw it was an unfamiliar long-necked creature.

He began filming as it moved about the sunlit surface of the bay. Its head and neck appeared to clear the water by about a metre. He estimated the length of the head at 25cm (10in), with a mid-neck diameter of 21cm (8in), becoming much broader where the neck entered the water. A low, rounded back could be seen occasionally breaking the surface, with an estimated length of 2.2m (7ft). The creature appeared serpentine, with a flattened and very mobile reptilian head. Mr Holmes only filmed a short sequence before the creature dived out of sight.

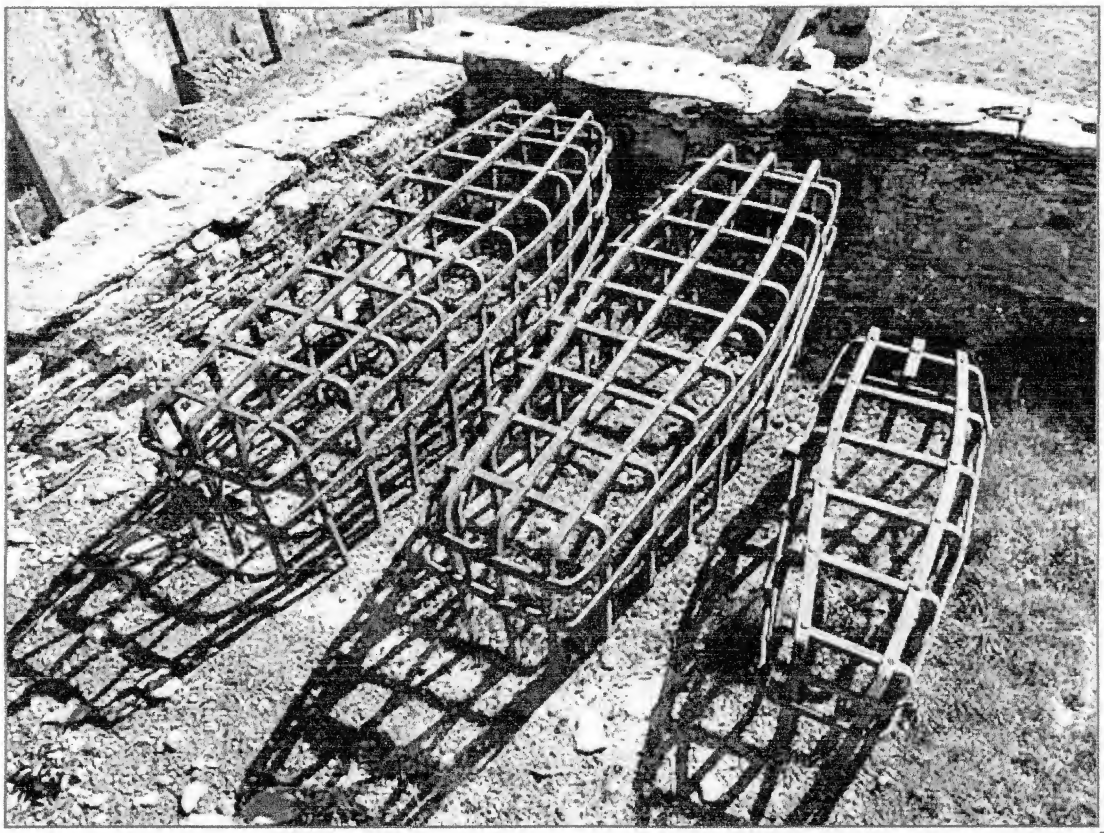
Back home, watching the footage in slow motion mode, he noticed the head and neck arch over to the side, followed by what appeared to be a rhomboid anterior flipper. Could it be Morgawr, Cornwall's legendary sea monster? In 2001, he showed the footage to various marine zoologists. One suggested it might be a floundering oarfish, but couldn't be sure because the video was too indistinct. Summarised from Mr Holmes' account sent to *FT*. See also *Western Morning News*, 3 + 4 *July*, 2002.

A LOW, ROUNDED BACK BROKE THE WATER'S SURFACE

Two experienced seamen believe they may have seen Morgawr this year near the Manacles off The Lizard. Dan Matthew, cox for the St Piran patrol boat who works for Cornwall Sea Fisheries, was on a small boarding boat travelling from the Manacles towards Maenporth at around 10.30am on 8 May when he saw something strange.

"I said to the fisheries officer that there was something a bit weird in the water and as we got a bit closer I saw this huge head. As we got within 100 yards, its neck was completely out of the water, but when it saw us coming its neck fell from a vertical position and made quite a big splash. It was grey/black in colour. I've boated in the Fal for many years and I've never seen anything like this. I've seen lots of dolphins and whales, but it wasn't either of those."

Four days later, Mike Bedford, chief engineer aboard the patrol boat, was at the quayside in Falmouth chatting to 82-year-old fisherman George Vinnicombe, who said he had also seen something strange on 8 May. "I was about a mile north of the Manacles and saw what looked like a very large fin, up to three feet in length," said Mr Vinnicombe, who claims to have seen Morgawr in 1976. "It was too big for a basking shark. The way it moved through the water was unusual." *West Briton*, *16 May 2002*. *For more on Morgawr, see* **FT16:17-19**,



Mortsafes

Mortsafes were contraptions designed to protect graves from disturbance. The necessity for medical students to learn anatomy by attending dissections of human subjects was frustrated by the limited allowance of dead bodies - the corpses of executed criminals - granted by the government. As such, there had been body-snatching close to the schools of anatomy in Scotland since the early 18th century.

Many people were determined to protect the graves of newly deceased friends and relatives. The rich could afford heavy table tombstones, vaults, mausolea and iron cages around graves. The poor began to place flowers and pebbles on graves to detect disturbances and dig heather and branches into the soil to make disinterment more difficult. Large stones, often coffin-shaped, sometimes the gift of a wealthy man to the parish, were placed over new graves. Friends and relatives took turns or hired men to watch graves through the hours of darkness. Watching societies were often formed in towns, one in Glasgow having 2,000 members. But graves were still violated.

The mortsafe was invented in about 1816. These were iron or iron-and-stone devices of great weight, in many different designs. Often they were complex heavy iron contraptions of rods and plates, padlocked together - examples have been found close to all Scottish medical schools. A plate was placed over the coffin and rods with heads were pushed through holes in it. These rods were kept in place by locking a second plate over the first to form extremely heavy protection. It would be removed by two people with keys. They were placed over the coffins for about six weeks, then removed for further use when the body inside was sufficiently decayed.

[There are some fantastic examples of these still intact at Glasgow Necropolis]

PRINT | BACK TO SLATE

Slate

DISPATCHES

The Most Isolated Man on the Planet

He's alone in the Brazilian Amazon, but for how long?

By Monte Reel

Posted Friday, Aug. 20, 2010, at 7:08 AM ET

The most isolated man on the planet will spend tonight inside a leafy palm-thatch hut in the Brazilian Amazon. As always, insects will darn the air. Spider monkeys will patrol the treetops. Wild pigs will root in the undergrowth. And the man will remain a quietly anonymous fixture of the landscape, camouflaged to the point of near invisibility.

That description relies on a few unknowable assumptions, obviously, but they're relatively safe. The man's isolation has been so well-established—and is so mind-bendingly *extreme*—that portraying him silently enduring another moment of utter solitude is a practical guarantee of reportorial accuracy.

He's an Indian, and Brazilian officials have concluded that he's the last survivor of an uncontacted tribe. They first became aware of his existence nearly 15 years ago and for a decade launched numerous expeditions to track him, to ensure his safety, and to try to establish peaceful contact with him. In 2007, with ranching and logging closing in quickly on all sides, government officials declared a 31-square-mile area around him off-limits to trespassing and development.

It's meant to be a safe zone. He's still in there. Alone.

History offers few examples of people who can rival his solitude in terms of duration and degree. The one that comes closest is the "Lone Woman of San Nicolas"—an Indian woman first spotted by an otter hunter in 1853, completely alone on an island off the coast of California. Catholic priests who sent a boat to fetch her determined that she had been alone for as long as 18 years, the last survivor of her tribe. But the details of her survival were never really fleshed out. She died just weeks after being "rescued."

Certainly other last tribesmen and -women have succumbed unobserved throughout history, the world unaware of their passing. But what makes the man in Brazil unique is not merely the extent of his solitude or the fact that the government is aware of his existence. It's the way they've responded to it.

Advanced societies invariably have subsumed whatever indigenous populations they've encountered, determining those tribes' fates for them. But Brazil is in the middle of an experiment. If peaceful contact is established with the lone Indian, they want it to be *his* choice. They've dubbed this the "Policy of No Contact." After years of often-tragic attempts to assimilate into modern life the people who still inhabit the few remaining wild places on the planet, the policy is a step in a totally different direction. The case of the lone Indian represents its most challenging test.

A few Brazilians first heard of the lone Indian in 1996, when loggers in the western state of Rondônia began spreading a rumor: A wild man was in the forest, and he seemed to be alone. Government field agents specializing in isolated tribes soon found one of his huts—a tiny shelter of palm thatch, with a mysterious hole dug in the center of the floor. As they continued to search for whoever had built that hut, they discovered that the man was on the run, moving from shelter to shelter, abandoning each hut as soon as loggers—or the agents—got close. No other tribes in the region were known to live like he did, digging holes inside of huts—more than five feet deep, rectangular, serving no apparent purpose. He didn't seem to be a stray castaway from a documented tribe.

Eventually, the agents found the man. He was unclothed, appeared to be in his mid-30s (he's now in his late 40, give or take a few years), and always armed with a bow-and-arrow. Their encounters fell into a well-worn pattern: tense standoffs, ending in frustration or tragedy. On one occasion, the Indian delivered a clear message to one agent who pushed the attempts at contact too far: an arrow to the chest.

Peaceful contact proved elusive, but those encounters helped the agents stitch together a profile of a man with a calamitous past. In one jungle clearing they found the bulldozed ruins of several huts, each featuring the exact same kind of hole—14 in all—that the lone Indian customarily dug inside his dwellings. They concluded that it had been the site of his village, and that it had been destroyed by land-hungry settlers in early 1996.

Those kinds of clashes aren't unheard of: Brazil's 1988 Constitution gave Indians the legal right to the land they have traditionally occupied, which created a powerful incentive for settlers to chase uncontacted tribes off of any properties they

might be eyeing for development. Just months before the agents began tracking the lone Indian, they made peaceful first contact with two other tribes that lived in the same region. One tribe, the Akuntsu, had been reduced to just six members. The rest of the tribe, explained the chief, had been killed during a raid by men with guns and chainsaws.

If you go to Rondônia today, none of the local landowners will claim any knowledge of these anecdotal massacres. But most aren't afraid to loudly voice their disdain over the creation of reserves for such small tribes. They will say that it's absurd to save 31 square miles of land for the benefit of just one man, when a productive ranch potentially could provide food for thousands.

That argument wilts under scrutiny, in part because thousands of square miles of already-cleared forest throughout the Amazon remain barren wastelands, undeveloped. The only economic model in which increased production absolutely depends on increased clearing is a strictly local one. The question of who'd benefit from clearing the land versus preserving it boils down to two people: the individual developer and the lone Indian.

The government agents know this, which is why they view the protection of the lone tribesman as a question human rights, not economics.

He eats mostly wild game, which he either hunts with his bow-and-arrow or traps in spiked-bottom pitfalls. He grows a few crops around his huts, including corn and manioc, and often collects honey from hives that stingless bees construct in the hollows of tree trunks. Some of the markings he makes on trees have suggested to indigenous experts that he maintains a spiritual life, which they've speculated might help him survive the psychological toil of being, to a certain extent, the last man standing in a world of one.

But how long can his isolation last? I get Facebook updates telling me what people half a world away are eating for breakfast. Corporations and governments are pushing deeper and farther than ever in search of bankable resources. How can it be that no one has flushed this man out already? In 2010, can anyone realistically live off the grid?

Some Brazilians believe that the rapid spread of technology itself might protect his solitude, not threaten it. The agents who have worked on the lone Indian's case since 1996 believe that the wider the story of the man's isolation spreads —something that's easier than ever now—the safer he'll be from the sort of stealthy, anonymous raids by local land-grabbers that have decimated tribes in the past. Technologies like Google Earth and other mapping programs can assist in monitoring the boundaries of his territory. Instead of launching intrusive expeditions into the tribal territories to verify the Indians' safety, Brazilian officials have announced they will experiment with heat-seeking sensors that can be attached to airplanes flying high enough to cause no disruption on the ground.

I first heard of the lone Indian a little more than five years ago, when I was the South America correspondent for the *Washington Post* and was interviewing a man who headed the federal department responsible for protecting isolated tribes in the Amazon. He mentioned the man as an aside, giving me a rundown of the latest attempt to force contact with him—the expedition that ended with an agent getting shot in the chest with an arrow.

I traced a huge star and three exclamation points in the margin of my notebook as he moved onto another subject. Those flags—*don't forget to come back to this*!—were pointless, because I couldn't stop thinking about the lone man and those daredevil expeditions to contact him.

Now, what I keep coming back to is a little different: the lone man and the unprecedented restraint the agents are showing in choosing not to repeat history.

Like ***Slate*** *on Facebook. Follow us on Twitter.*

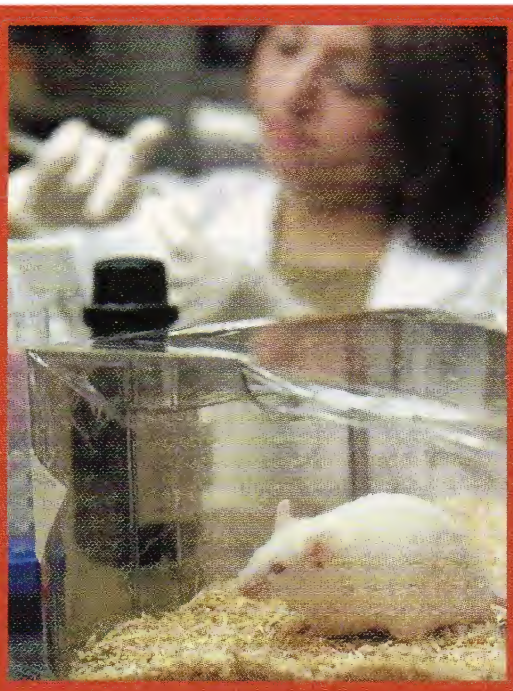
Monte Reel is the author of The Last of the Tribe: The Epic Quest To Save a Lone Man in the Amazon.

Article URL: http://www.slate.com/id/2264478/

Also In Slate

- Are Twentysomethings Really as Pathetic as the *New York Times* Says?
- *The Big C*: Laura Linney's Sardonic Yet Fun Portrayal of a Cancer Patient
- Is Debate Club Improving American Political Discourse or Ruining It?
- The Incredibly Sexist Coverage of Australia's First Female Prime Minister, Julia Gillard
- *How Authors of Young-Adult Novels Get Teen Slang Right*
- *Soul Kitchen*: A Nutty Little Movie About Bohemians and Junk Food

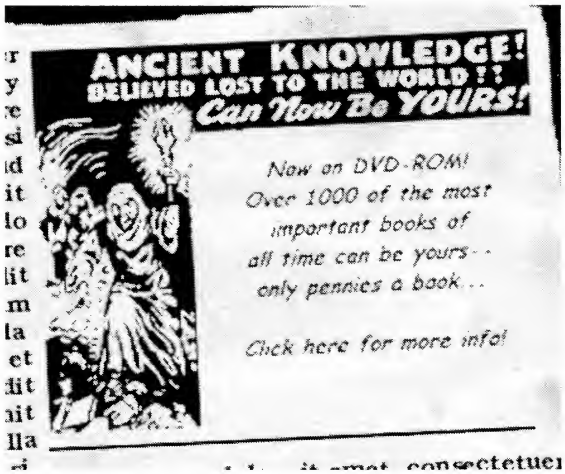
Copyright 2010 Washingtonpost.Newsweek Interactive Co. LLC



MOUSE RAVE

SCIENTISTS WHO BLASTED drugged mice with loud music in an experiment described by the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection as "tasteless and horrific" have received an official Home Office reprimand, a year after the results of the study were published in the journal *NeuroReport*. The experiments on 238 mice at Cambridge University, led by Dr Jenny Morton, were a by-product of research into Huntingdon's disease.

Half the mice were injected with methamphetamine and half with salt water. They were then exposed to silence, white noise, or loud music - either the dance act The Prodigy or Bach's *Violin Concerto in A minor*, which have a similar tempo. Mice injected with salt fell asleep when the music was played, but the sound dramatically affected the drugged mice, causing them to suffer more speed-induced brain damage than normal. Seven died listening to The Prodigy and four while listening to Bach. They appeared to "jiggle backwards and forwards" as the music pounded in their ears. *Scotsman, Irish Times, D.Telegraph, 19 Aug 2002.*



Sacred Texts Pacific Index Previous Next

p. 321

XXIII

MU AND MENEHUNE PEOPLE

LUA-NU'U (Second Nu'u, or cycle of time), called also Kane-hoa-lani, Lalo-kona, Pua-Nawao, Ku-ma-menehune, Ku-hooia, Ku-iiki, is placed as the twelfth name from Nu'u on the Kumuhonua genealogical line. Laka (Kupulupulu) and Pili are his sons. Maui, Kanaloa and Kaneapua, Waha-nui, and Makali'i are the mythical names belonging to his period. The names Pua-Nawao and Ku-ma-menehune refer to him as ancestor of the Nawao and Menehune people. Ho-oia is an epithet applied to one who confirms the truth (oiai'o), i-ike to one who is keen-witted (ike). The name of Lalo-kona and the wife's of Honua-po-ilalo are said to be derived from his migration "to a remote country called Honua-ilalo to the south." The name Kane-hoa-lani, Malo equates with Kane-wahi-lani and calls him a god who rules the heavens. [1] It is the name given to the phallic stones called "stones of Kane" set up at the place of family worship, where prayer and sacrifice are offered to an ancestral deity for help in time of need. A legend is told of Lua-nu'u to explain why the highest peak rising cone-shaped from the ridge back of Kualoa on the north side of Oahu has the name of Kane-hoa-lani and the two lower peaks those of Ku-pulupulu and Pili-lua-nu'u.

The god Kane orders Lua-nu'u to perform a sacrifice, and as he finds no suitable place for this offering in the mountains of Kahiki-ku where he is then living, he is told to travel eastward until he finds "a sharp-pointed hill projecting precipitately into the ocean." He sails in his canoe with "his son Ku-pulupulu and his servant Pili" to the ridge back of Kualoa on Oahu and here performs the sacrifice. [2]

On the Kumuhonua genealogy Lua-nu'u becomes the father

p. 322

by a slave wife of the Nawao (The wild people), a Mu race living on bananas in the forest (ka-lahui-mu-ai-maia-a-laau-haeleele), and described by Fornander as "a people of large size, wild, [who] did not associate with kanakas (men). . . . Hunting people (lahui alualu holoholona). . . numerous in former times, but now . . . disappeared." [3] The Nawao are ancestors of the Mu (silent) and Wa (shouting) people listed as Namu and Nawa among the aumakua, [4] and all three are invoked as Ku-a-mu, Ku-a-wa, Ku-a-wao by

322:7 Pol. Race 1:53-56.

323:8 Col. 6: 270.

325:9 Green, 71-79.

326:10 34, 39-41.

326:11 *HAA* 1916, 144-147.

326:12 121.

326:13 *HHS Reports* 29: 25-27; *HAA* 1913, 125-127.

327:14 34-44.

328:15 Pol. Race 2: 23.

328:16 *Ibid.* 1: 99 note from Kamakau; Bastian, *Heilige Sage*, 126-127.

328:17 Westervelt, Honolulu, 131-132.

329:18 44-46.

329:19 Thrum, *More Tales*, 94-97.

329:20 *Tales*, 110-111.

329:21 *HAA* 1907, 40, 63-64.

330:22 *HAA* 1916, 144-147.

330:23 For. Col. 4: 178-185.

331:24 Rice, 44-45.

331:25 For. Col. 4: 224-225.

331:26 Rice, 47-48.

332:27 *HHS Reports* 29 (1920): 25-27; *HAA* 1913, 125-137.

332:28 91.

332:29 Westervelt, Honolulu, 5-6; *Gods and Ghosts*, 90-91, 141-142, 144-145, 150; Thrum, *HAA* 1907, 56; Stokes, *HHS Reports* 33: 43-44.

333:30 Thrum, *Tales*, 114-116.

333:31 Stuebel, 63-64.

333:32 Thrum, *HAA* 1909, 40, 46; 1892, 122; 1907, 56; 1929, 86; *Tales*, 116-117; Dickey, *HHS Reports* 25: 25; Westervelt, *Honolulu*, 131.

334:33 2: 7.

334:34 Gifford, *Bul.* 8: 70; McKern, *Bul.* 60: 76.

334:35 Henry, 196, 229, 439; Emory, *Bul.* 53: 121.

334:36 Stimson MS. *Chant of Rua*.

334:37 Smith, *JPS* 28: 194.

335:38 White 3: 188-189.

335:39 *JPS* 27: 18.

335:40 Taylor, 153-154.

335:41 Grey, 178-183.

335:42 *JPS* 30: 96-102, 142-151.

335:43 *Ibid.* 28: 28, and compare Smith, *MPS* 3: 175-176, 182-193.

335:44 Christian, 45.

335:45 Henry, 383.

336:46 Gill, 256-264.

336:47 Brewster, 88, 222-224.

336:48 Fox, 138-154, 293, 345-346.

Next: XXIV. Runners, Man-Eaters, Dog-Men

those who go to the upland forest for tree felling and by the multitude at the ohia-ku procession when bringing down a tree for the god of a newly dedicated heiau. Any man who comes into the path of such a procession may be seized for sacrifice. 5 A sorcerer's invocation to such an aumakua runs:

> O Ku-a-mu, go thou to [name of victim],
> Enter him, head and tail,
> Let him become your bread and meat,
> Return not again until he is devoured of worms. 6

By his chiefess wife Mee-haku-lani (Mee heavenly lord) or Mee-hiwa (-black), Lua-nu'u becomes the father of the Menehune people, "a numerous and powerful race from whom the present race of Hawaiians is descended." The older branch of the Menehune are descended from Aholoholo, a wanderer, the younger branch from a son called Ka-imi-puku-ku or Kinilau-a-Mano (Many descendants of Mano). There are twelve "sons" in all of whom Luanu'u becomes ancestor (equated by Fornander with the twelve sons of Toho [Toko] in Marquesan legends 7 from two of whom, Atea and Tane, the Marquesans count descent). From one of these twelve descends Hawaii-loa the navigator.

It is evident that we have here to do, in the legend of Luanu'u and his forest-dwelling, banana-eating progeny, with that period of early settlement noted in the chant of Kumulipo as directly following the dawn of day (ao) and the appearance

of Kane, Ki'i, and Kanaloa, when the ancestors dwelt in the uplands on the edge of the damp forests favorable to the planting of bananas, which were their principal food--the period expressed in the names "Vast expanse of forest" (Moanaliha-i-ka-waokele) and "Dwelling in cold uplands of the first chiefs of the dim past" (Ku-polo-liili-ali'i-mua-o-lo'i-po). During this period and under Lua-nu'u, according to Fornander, the use of incision was introduced, 8 and from such a reference to the rite as occurs in the Palila legend it is at least possible to infer that incision began during this time to distinguish the Kane people from the "wild" and was regarded as a necessary step to becoming a marriageable member of the ancestral stock. Ku-pulupulu, the son of Lua-nu'u, is Kolo-i-ke-ao or Laka on the Kumuhonua genealogy and the name itself refers to the wild fern growth of those damp forests of which Laka is patron. The word pili is a term applied to an indirect relation, a sort of hanger-on. The Kumuhonua genealogy descends from Pili to Papa, the Kumuuli from Laka to Wakea, husband of Papa.

On the side of mythology, Stokes thinks that Wakea's infidelity to Papa in the affair of Ho'ohoku is a misplaced episode belonging to Tiki in the south islands and should be related of Ki'i, who appears twelve generations down the line on the Wakea genealogy as father of Ulu and Nana-ulu from whom descend the high chiefs of the Hawaiian group. It is in fact likely that the whole Kumuhonua line down to Wakea is a mere threefold duplication of the Wakea line down to Ki'i. Kolo-i-ka-po and Kolo-i-ke-ao, born to Kumuhonua's wife after the two were driven out of their home by Kane's bird, duplicate Haloa the taro plant and Haloa the son, born from the unfortunate affair of Wakea with Ho'ohoku, from which, however, sprung the line of ruling chiefs. If Kumu-honua as the fallen chief who brought death into the world is the equivalent of Wakea, then the "death" for which he was responsible is not natural death, which to a Hawaiian could occur only in extreme old age when a man "withered up and flattened out like a lauhala mat," as they express it, but to

p. 324

premature death as a punishment for transgression against a law of the aumakua. Wakea's sin was not one of incest, but of breaking the tapu upon intercourse with women during the tapu of the god. This it was that caused Kane's anger and drove the race down to death. This may be the explanation of the "excellent laws" made by Kumuhonua, alluded to by Kamakau, which were the cause of his being driven out of the land. They were laws of Kane and as such any infringement was punishable by death.

Stories of the Mu and Menehune forest livers, who are placed by genealogists among the early generations of Kumuhonua's offspring, also include a legend of migration, but generally not pictured as compulsory, away from their home on this group to some mysterious other world of the gods. Besides this tradition of migration there have gathered a number of traditions about these Mu and Menehune people, most of them from Kauai and Oahu, all of which represent the two (or three) groups as former inhabitants of the islands, sometimes as aborigines but more often as introduced from abroad and living in upland forests. The Menehune are called "human" as distinguished from the "wild" Nawao people, most of whom they are said to have exterminated. To the Menehune, or sometimes to the Mu, is ascribed the building of old heiaus, fishponds, and other stonework found about the island. The legend of the Kauai chief Ola is connected with these people, and that of the Oahu chief Ka-hanai-o-ke-akua, the ward of Kane and Kanaloa at Waolani.

It is hazardous to attempt to untangle from these legends the actual interweaving of fancy and fact which has gone to their shaping. The "wao" is that part of the mountainside inhabited by spirits alone and it is tempting to regard the Mu and Wa of the Nawao family as nature spirits represented in the silent and noisy living creatures who dwell there, like the rat and the gecko (mo'o) who play so important a part in Hawaiian aumakua legends. But these aumakua creatures had their human offspring as well from whom Hawaiian families count descent, and it is possible that certain short, stocky family types of very primitive culture were referred to such ancestry. Hawaiian families count the Menehune as

p. 325

their ancestral spirits and helpers, and these little people play the part of benevolent godparents to their descendants. On the other hand, Hawaiians speak of eepa spirits who are tricky rather than helpful to mankind. A family story told in Kau district on Hawaii illustrates the benevolent activities of the Menehune spirits and many examples occur in old legends like those of Laka, Hainakolo, and Kawelo.

STORY OF KEAHIALOA

Ke-ahi-aloa (Eternal fire) is adopted by an older sister of her mother and taken to Kauai, where she is neglected, until finally she is taken in by an aged couple who find her nibbling raw potatoes in their garden patch and pity her starving condition. When she arrives at marriageable age her parents in Kau are made aware of her aunt's neglect and the father goes to seek his child, encouraged by a propitious dream in the form of his guardian shark who assures him of protection. Meanwhile the land agent of the district has chanced to see the beautiful girl and fallen in love with her. The night before the marriage mysterious sounds are heard. The Menehune people, her family gods, are preparing a sumptuous marriage feast. Her father arrives in time to give his blessing, and she decrees that never again shall an older sister be allowed to adopt a niece, but only a younger sister, and this rule is observed in the family to this day. 9

LEGEND OF THE MU PEOPLE

(*a*) *Rice* (*Kauai*) *version*. After the deluge there were left three peoples who made their home on Kauai, the Mu (Rena-mu), the Wa (Ke-na-wa), and the Menehune. Kualu-nui-kini-akua (Kualu of the little gods) and his son Kualu-nui-pauku-mokumoku (Kualu of the broken rope) are chiefs of the Mu people in Kahiki. They travel from Ka-paia-ha'a (New Zealand) to Ka-ma-wae-lua-lani (Kauai) and there Ola is born. The Menehune are then summoned back from Ka-paia-ha'a to serve Ola. They live for some time at Lumahai, then at Wainiha, then at Lanihuli, then they migrate in order to preserve the

p. 326

purity of the race, because the people are found to be inter-marrying with the "Hawaiians." 10

(*b*) *Kanehunamoku* (*Oahu*) *version*. The Mu are banana-eating people of Kuaihelani, one of the divisions of the floating land of Kane-huna-moku. They are sent for to Kauai to help Ola with his building. A few of them divide from the Menehune at Pele-i-holani on Kauai and travel over the ridges to a rocky gulch called Laau in the mountains of Wainiha where they live with their wives and find water in abundance and till the soil of the uplands. They are dwarf people, banana planters and hairy, with round stomachs as distinguished from the Menehune, who are smooth people with distended stomachs. After the work is completed for their chief Ola, all return to the floating land of Kueihelani and never return, but two Mu are left asleep under banana leaves. 11

(*c*) *Green version*. When Paao comes to Hawaii he first visits Kahiki and brings thence the Manahune-nuku-mu-ai-maia (Bug-mouthed Menehune banana eaters), so called because of their small mouths, and they land in Puna. 12

(*d*) *Lydgate version*. The Mu-ai-maia (Banana-eating people) are aborigines of Kauai, already there when "the first people" come to the island. They are a short stocky race with bushy hair, beards, and eyebrows, active runners, and with a guttural way of talking different from the Hawaiian. They know nothing of cooking food and live on wild plants. They live at Laau at the headwaters of the Wainiha where the wild bananas still grow which were their food. Campers must be on their guard lest these little people steal up and make off with food that is cooking by piercing it with sharp sticks. Hawaiians still fear to camp on the small plateau above the valley where the Mu made their home, believing it to be still haunted by their spirits. 13

p. 327

LEGEND OF THE MENEHUNE PEOPLE

(*a*) *Rice* (*Kauai*) *version*. Menehune are a pygmy people "about two feet in height." Their food is a pudding of the starch plant (haupia), squash (pala-ai) made from a wild plant in the forest, sweet-potato pudding (koele-palau), and cooked taro leaves (luau). They live in caves. Their trails along the Kauai cliffs can still be seen and the hollows where they planted.

The sports in which they indulge are top spinning (olo-hu), quoits (maika), shooting arrows (ke'a-pua), hide-the-thimble (puhenehene), foot races, sled races, hand wrestling (uma or kulakulai), and diving off a cliff. Kahunas, soothsayers, astrologers belong to the company of the chief. "Story-tellers, fun-makers, minstrels, and musicians" furnish him amusement. The nose-flute and the ti-leaf trumpet, the ukeke stringed instrument, and the shark-skin drum are their accompaniments.

The Menehune migrate under their chief Maoli-ku-laiakea with Hema to New Zealand, hence the name Maori for the New Zealanders, and Raiatea for a place there. They are accompanied by the chief Aliikiola and his wife Lepoa. They return to Kauai to serve Ola as expert builders and craftsmen when he becomes ruling chief in Waimea, and increase in such numbers that the grown men can form two rows from Makaweli to Wailua. Papa-enaena is the guard who lays out the work required by the chiefs. A "bow-legged, deep-voiced" Menehune named Weli is sheriff for the chief and planted the breadfruit trees on the plain of Lumahai. A Menehune named Maliu once lingered in a Hawaiian house and was missed from work, but escaped punishment because he was able to report the discovery of a new spring of fresh water.

After living some time in the Lanihuli valley the Menehune are commanded to migrate because they are being troubled by thieving and the men are taking wives among the Hawaiians and destroying the purity of the race. Not a single expert craftsman is allowed

to remain behind. Along the route they traveled, offerings of leaves are still made to certain rocks which mark the petrified body of one or another of their number who was so changed because of disobedience or folly, and who is still supposed to have control over the weather. 14

p. 328

(*b*) *Fornander* (*Oahu*) *version*. Mewa-lani (Lewa-lani, Heavenly space) has two sons, Lonohoonewa, father of Paumakua, and Kahano-a-Newa, Paumakua's uncle. Kahano introduces the Menehune people from Kahiki and establishes them on Oahu as laborers at Kailua in Koolau, and at Pauoa and Puowaina in Kona as servants for his mistress Kahihi-ku-o-ka-lani (identified by Fornander with Kahihi-o-ka-lani, wife of Nanakaoka and mother of Kapawa [or Hele-ipawa]). He "stretched out his hands to the farthest bounds of Kahiki and on them came the Menehune people to Oahu," and "when the sun vanished and the earth became dark Kahano brought the sun back again. . . ." Ku-leo-nui (Ku loud voice) is their leader "whose voice was heard all over the island" summoning them to work. 15

(*c*) *Migration* (*Oahu*) *legend*. (1). Waha-nui, ruling chief of Honua-ilalo, oppresses the Menehune, and their god Kane sends Kanaloa and Kaneapua to lead them away from Kapakapaua-a-Kane, the place where Kumuhonua's sons Laka and Pili have taken refuge, to the Aina-momona-a-Kane (Fat land of Kane), or Ka-one-lauena-a-Kane, or Ka-aina-i-ka-houpo-a-Kane, the original continent which once connected all the island groups before it was overwhelmed and broken up by inundation. The four Ku days are to be kept as a memorial of this deliverance. 16

(2). The Menehune have a heiau at Kukaoo. The "owl god" at Pu'u-pueo (Owl hill) summons the owls of Kauai and drives the Menehune out of the valley (or Kuali'i the great chief of Oahu is their persecutor). 17

OLA LEGEND

(a) Rice version. Ola is the son of Kualu-nui-pauku-mokumoku (a chief of the Mu people) and the chiefess Kuhapu-ola from Pe'ape'a on the Waimea side above Hanapepe, whom the chief meets clandestinely. His name Ola is given when he is recognized by his father and thus "saved from death" (ola) for

p. 329

breaking the chief's tapu. He succeeds his father in the rule over the Waimea district. Desiring to bring water to the taro patches of the Waimea flats, he is advised by his kahuna Pi to proclaim a tapu and summon the Menehune people to his aid. Each brings a stone and the watercourse (Kiki-a-Ola) is laid in a single night. These people also build the heiau of Hauola named "after the famous city of refuge of his father at Kekaha." They camp on the flats above called Kanaloa-huluhulu, plant taro (which is still growing on the cliffs of Kalalau), and build a big oven (Kapuahi-a-Ola) between Kalalau and Waimea. They also make a road of sticks (Kiki papa a Ola) through the swamps of Alakai to the height above Wainiha. 18

(*b*) *Knudsen version*. The chief priest of Ola's father's time is a powerful and designing man who causes any nominee from the chief's party to be assassinated. Ola is therefore brought up in retirement as if under the displeasure of his father and only at the age of twenty-four when he is able to defend himself by warlike skill is he publicly elected for the succession. The chief priest recognizes the youth as he appears before the people and hurls at him the sacred javelin, but Ola wards it off and the priest takes his own life. It is because of this event that the heiau at Waiawa on Kauai is called Hau-ola (Stricken with a spear). 19

(*c*) *Thrum version*. Pi is the chief of Waimea who gets the Menehune to construct for him a dam across the Waimea river and a watercourse leading from it to a place above Kiki-a-ola. The Menehune are brought from the mountains of Pu'u-ka-pele and the sound ("hum") of their voices gives rise to the saying, "Wawa ka Menehune i Pu'u-ka-pele ma Kauai, puoho ka manu o ka loko o Kawainui ma Koolauloa, Oahu" (The noise of the Menehune at Pu'ukapele on Kauai startles the birds on the fish-pond of

Kawainui at Koolauloa, Oahu). 20 It is Ola who builds the three-stepped heiau called Ahu-loulu at the foot of Pu'u-ka-pele crater cone on Kauai. 21

p. 330

(*d*) *Kanehunamoku version*. Kiki-a-ola is the chief of Waimea. Hulukuamauna the priest hears from Kane that only through Kanehunamoku and his people can the dam and water-course of Waimea be constructed. The chief seems to be the sacrifice to be offered at its completion. The services of the little people are requested. Kanehunamoku receives from Kane a branch of red fruit as a token of the god's consent and grants the request. The Waimea chief also asks for the sacred chiefess Namaka-o-ka-hai for his wife, but this request is refused. After the completion of the work, Namaka and Kanehunamoku depart with the Menehune and the Mu from Laau to the floating land of Kueihelani and never return. 22

A curious resemblance between some of the incidents in these Kauai stories and episodes in the legend of Umi on Hawaii may be merely fortuitous or may point to interchange of legends between the two islands. The story of the birth of Umi, although more fully elaborated, resembles that of Ola.

UMI STORY

On a journey into the country, Liloa finds a beautiful woman at her bathing pool and makes her his wife. He gives her his loincloth, whale-tooth necklace, and war club as tokens for the child. Umi becomes a nuisance to his supposed father because he gives away food lavishly, and his mother sends him to Liloa wearing the tokens. The chief makes him a favorite and eventually Umi usurps the place of the legitimate heir. 23

OLA STORY

Ola's father has an affair with a chiefess from Pe'ape'a on the Waimea side above Hanapepe and leaves his malo and whale-tooth necklace for the child who is to be born. The child grows up mischievous and the mother sends him to the father living in Waimea. She follows with the tokens, tossing and catching nuts as she walks, according to the kahuna's instructions, and since none falls she is successful in freeing her child, whom she finds

p. 331

bound and about to be sacrificed for breaking the chief's tapu, and later she secures his succession to the ruling power. 24

[paragraph continues] An incident in Rice's story of the "Bird-man of Wainiha" who handles invaders at a narrow pass resembles the account of how Nau held back Umi when he came to invade Hilo.

UMI STORY

Seeing the water muddied as it flows into the sea, Nau goes up into the hills to investigate. There he hides at the defile and thrusts each man with his spear until Pi'imaiwa'a leaps down from above and kills him. 25

WAINIHA STORY

Lahi and his uncle Kane-alohi live in the Wainiha valley and go up to Kilohana to catch uwa'u birds for food, a kind of bird that seeks its nest in the cliffs by day, blinded by the light. Their first enemy is a "giant" whom they lure into a hole and kill. Their next is the chief with "four hundred" soldiers who objects to the depredations among the birds. They sit on a rock eating birds and watch the rippling of the water below for men approaching [hence a popular proverb]. The boy hides at the pass and throws all four hundred men over the cliff. The chief comes last and, recognizing Lahi as his own son, invites him to the village. He prepares a

trap, but this the boy discovers and, burning down the house with his treacherous father and followers within, takes over the rule of the land. 26

LEGEND OF THE TRAPPED WIFE

(*a*) *Lydgate version*. A band of banana eaters settle above the Wainiha Valley. A bird catcher from the village below becomes friendly with them and marries a pretty banana eater. Their beautiful daughter is sought as wife by the chief from her father's village, but is too wild to consent to leave her old home. The chief organizes a boar hunt. At Ipu-wai-nui he bids his followers

p. 332

approach silently as he hears the sound of tapa beating. Her father, who desires the match, conceals the chief in the house, rolled up in a mat. When the girl enters she is caught by both father and lover, bound, and conveyed to the sea in a litter (manele). She becomes the chief's wife and mother of a beautiful daughter. 27

(*b*) *Rice version*. In a cave below a waterfall at Holua-manu in the mountains above Makaweli lives a mo‘o. A child of the family is fretful and is told to "Go to the mo‘o and live with her." She obeys, the mo‘o treats her kindly and the girl is happy. The family however wish to recover her and succeed in trapping her in a net. She is carried to Waimea where she becomes gradually reconciled, grows into a beautiful woman, and marries the ruling chief. 28

OAHU CANOE LEGENDS

(*a*) Kahanai-o-ke-akua (Adopted by the gods) is brought from a foreign land and reared by the gods Kane and Kanaloa who live at Waolani heiau, Kahanai lives at the heiau of Kaheiki built by the Menehune and presided over by the kahuna who founded the priesthood called Mo‘o-kahuna.

Kahanai wants canoes to visit his former home. Both Mu and Menehune set to work to furnish them. The Menehune get the work done first, hence the Na-mu-na-wa leave their canoes in the ditch, where they long remain. On his return, both classes of little people welcome him with shouts, the eepa in the uplands, the Menehune at the shore to lift the travelers from the canoe and later to prepare them houses. When the fish tree Makalei is brought to Oahu the little people shout so loud that the tree falls where it stands and cannot be brought up to Waolani. Hence the Menehune and eepa people (Na-mu-na-wa) are banished from Waolani. 29

p. 333

(*b*) Kakae's wife wants a canoe to go in search of her brother and Kakae sends Ke-kupua to find a suitable koa tree for the purpose. Since Kakae is a descendant of the Menehune, the little people set to work to make the canoe, but day breaks before they can get it dragged down to the shore and it is left in the ditch at Kaalaa near Wai-ka-halulu where it goes by the name of Ka-wa‘a-kekupua (The canoe of the kupua). 30

The Kahanai story may be compared with a similar situation in a Samoan boat-building legend:

Mata-iteite comes seeking a husband and finally finds one to her liking. She begs to have a boat built and asks Tagaloa to send her boat builders. They work in the woods and are to be fed daily without being seen. One day the women, when they bring them food, slip in upon them secretly and they fly back to heaven. They are naked and have no axes but work with their teeth. 31

Heiau said to be "built by the Menehune" are to be found among the oldest temple structures on each island. On Molokai they built a heiau on the cliff at Waikolu valley near Kalaupapa which no one has been able to reach either from above or below, and the Luakini heiau of Pakui between Ualapue and Manawai, said to be dedicated to Hina. On Maui the Pihana heiau at Wailuku was built by the Menehune "in a single night" from stones brought from Paukukalo beach. Hale-o-kane and Pu‘u-kini are other Maui heiaus built by the Menehune. 32 It is said that in constructing a heiau it was the custom for a chief over a large district to line up all the men under him and pass the stones from hand to hand until all was in place,

much like our own barn raisings in pioneer life. The time element is important in these Menehune structures, especially as the workers themselves become purely mythical beings and night is the time of their activity. Raffles reports a similar tradition from Java where, he says,

p. 334

[paragraph continues] "The temples themselves were conceived to have been the work of a divinity, and to have been constructed in one night." 33 In Tonga a space between what was once two islands is filled in and trees are planted "in a single night." 34

A Menehune class is known in other groups, especially in Tahiti, where the first migration from "Havai'i" (Ra'iatea) which settled Tahiti was composed of commoners alone and hence the island was known as Tahiti-manahune. Those manahune who remained agriculturists later formed the lowest social class of plebeians and were used for sacrifice. The warriors became chiefs and their families intermarried with the royal family of Opoa in Ra'iatea. Archaeological remains preserve the records of these changes in population. Two types of marae exist: the inland belonging to an earlier culture and represented on Necker island and occasionally on Hawaii by the platform structure; the later, the walled marae, common on coastal Tahiti and introduced there from Ra'iatea "by the lath or 13th century" and from Tahiti into Hawaii between 1100 and 1400 when the great migrations took place which introduced the culture that prevailed in the Hawaiian group at the time of its discovery by Cook. 35 In the western Tuamotus the "Manahune" are known as ancient people of Tahiti, and former adversaries of the Tuamotuans, say the eastern Tuamotuans. They are sometimes spoken of as giants, as at Tatakoto and Vahitahi, but in Tatakoto as friendly giants. 36 In Rarotonga, among the clans of Tangiia's people over whom he makes Iro chief are the Mana-une, said to be found also in Mangaia and "known traditionally to the Maoris." 37

Stories of spirit races who have relations with human beings are reported from Polynesian groups. In New Zealand the Patu-paierehe (or -paiarehe) are a wild race of spirits who inhabit the mountains. When Maui fished up the south island of New Zealand he left Kui in charge. The Tutumai-ao people from the other side of the ocean annihilated his

p. 335

people. The Turehu, a fairy-like people, came over the ocean and annihilated the Tutu-mai-ao people. The descendants of Maui now came to the island and lived among the Turehu and after ten generations exterminated them and today they are the Patu-pai-a-rehe (wild men) dwelling in the mountains. 38 They have reddish skin, hair with a golden tinge called uru-kehu (Hawaiian ehu), eyes black or blue. Pipi, wife of Ira the son of Uenuku, is famed as an urukehu. 39 Albinos are considered the offspring of Maori women with fairy lovers. The Patu-paiarehe may be seen in the early morning. They are full-sized, dress in white, are not tattooed, and nurse children in their arms. 40 They are a very numerous people, merry, cheerful, singing like crickets. They work at night and cease working when the sun rises. Their skin is light like that of a European. They do not bend down the reeds when they walk. Their canoe is a stem of flax. From them Kahukura learns to make netting for fish nets. 41 They are a peaceful folk and have guardianship of the sacred places (wahi tapu). They use wooden and bone flutes called putorino and koauau. Their path is in the drifting clouds and the low-lying banks of cloud. 42 Of the double rainbow, male and female, the upper, which is male, is called Turehu. 43

Moorea in the Tahitian group is the island of "fairy folk" with golden hair. 44 The little lizard called mo'opuapua, which lives on flowers, is the shadow form of these spirits among the flowers. 45

In Mangaia, "fairies" of the underworld associated with Miru come through special apertures from Avaiki to take part in a dance performed in honor of Miru's son Tautiti. They bathe at sunset in the stream Aupara in the northern part of the island or in the stream Vaipau or Vaikaute in the southern, and dress their hair on the height above. When they dance upon the fresh-cut banana leaves prepared for them at one end of the dance floor the leaves are not disturbed.

p. 336

[paragraph continues] When the morning star arises they return to Avaiki. They are associated with the worship of Tane. The Tapairu or "peerless ones" are the four daughters of Miru, sisters of Tautiti. Four male fairies also appear. In the sky are other fairies of whom Ina is the most famous. Ngaru learned from the fairies of the underworld the art of ball playing which he taught in Mangaia. 46

In Fiji, spirit people, invisible save to worshipers, pygmies with "fuzzy mops of hair" like themselves of former days in miniature, live in the woods and caves on wild bananas and kava. Akin to them are the Luve-ni-wai, who are "water spirits." Young people of Fiji formed a sect who were supposed to become votaries of these spirits and learn song and dance from them. At their dance places a votary would sweep the place with fans and hang garlands in hope of a vision. Miscarriages of women of rank were supposed to become such spirits. They were friendly folk skilled in conjuring. Maui was regarded as one of these little people. 47

Two classes of spirits are described on San Cristoval, distinct but sometimes confused with each other. The Kakamora are said to be from six inches to three or four feet in height, from fair to dark, go naked with long straight hair to their knees, are strong as three or four men, and fond of dancing and singing. They do not use cooked food. They have a ruler, male or female. They are described as harmless but tricky, or as malicious and dangerous, and are differently named all along the coast. The Masi are strong and stupid, easily tricked, but otherwise like people. Their descendants are skilled craftsmen and canoe makers and carvers in stone. Their work may be left unfinished because the craftsmen are called away by some trivial matter. The stories strongly resemble Hawaiian Menehune traditions. 48

Footnotes

321:1 114.

321:2 For. Pol. Race 1: 97-99.

322:3 Col. 6: 271.

322:4 *Ibid.* 54.

322:5 Malo, 219, 238 note 20; *HAA* 1910, 61; For. Col. 6: 12-15.

322:6 Emerson, *HHS Papers* 2: 21.

CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB

Fainting schoolgirls fuel fears of ancient Egyptian curse

School friends Tania and Alessandra, both 11 years old, complained of nausea and headaches before fainting as they examined the sarcophagus of the pharaoh Ini in the basement of the Egyptian Museum in Turin, northern Italy, on 16 January. Moments later, another girl started to shake and burst into tears. They were rushed to hospital, but medical tests failed to pinpoint any causes for their malady. Two 14-year-old girls also needed medical attention in March last year after visiting the museum, and two months later a school party of 10, plus their teachers, also felt unwell while visiting the museum. Many complained of a strange pungent smell coming from the exhibits before they fainted.

"There is no doubt a perfectly rational explanation," insisted Anna Maria Donadoni, curator of the collection, "but everyone is interested because there is the hint of a curse. There are 400,000 visitors a year to the museum and there have only been a handful of cases of people feeling ill."

The theme of the mummy's curse has been traced back to Jane Loudon Webb, 25, who witnessed the unwrapping of an Egyptian mummy near Piccadilly Circus in 1821 and was inspired to write a science fiction story called *The Mummy*. Set in the 22nd century, it featured an angry, vengeful mummy who came back to life and threatened to strangle the book's hero, a young scholar called Edric. This was followed in 1828 by an anonymous English children's book, *The Fruits of Enterprize*, in which mummies were set alight and used by intrepid explorers as torches to illuminate the interior of an Egyptian pyramid. Not surprisingly, the mummies were portrayed as looking particularly vengeful.

In 1869, the author of *Little Women*, Louisa May Alcott, wrote a short story called *Lost in a Pyramid: or, The Mummy's Curse*. This work was itself lost and only recently rediscovered in the periodical collection of the Library of Congress. Like the 1828 book, the story featured an explorer who used a mummy as a torch to light up the interior of a pyramid, enabling him to steal a gold box containing three seeds from the mummy's tomb. Back in America, he presented the seeds to his fiancée who planted them. They grew into grotesque flowers that she wore at their wedding. Inhaling their scent, she fell into a coma and became a living mummy. This literary motif of the mummy's curse was copied by several other novelists in Britain and America for some 30 years from the 1880s.

Following the opening of Tutankhamun's burial chamber in 1923, the novelist Marie Corelli (Mary Mackay) issued a dramatic warning that "the most dire punishment follows any rash intruder into a sealed tomb." The death, two weeks later, of Lord Carnarvon, the chief intruder into the tomb, made the curse concept front page news; a so-called "ancient Egyptian" inscription – "Death shall come on swift wings to him that toucheth the tomb of Pharoah" – was invented; and any death associated with the expedition, however remotely, was put down to the curse. However, only six of the 26 people present at the opening of Tutankhamun's tomb died in the decade following the discovery; and there are no known genuinely ancient Egyptian curses related to opening tombs or removing objects from them. *Independent on Sunday, 31 Dec 2000; D.Express, National Post (Toronto), 18 Jan 2002.*

CHRIS GARBUTT

A STRANGE SMELL CAME FROM THE EXHIBITS

The Egyptian authorities have asked for the return of two ancient mummies that are buried in the foundations of a McDonald's restaurant in Tamworth, Staffordshire. The mummies were obtained by the Rev William McGregor who travelled to Egypt in 1885 to improve his health and returned with a large number of antiquities, which he exhibited at his house, Bolehill Manor, near Tamworth. The identity of the mummies is unknown. After a few years in the damp Midlands climate, they started to deteriorate and McGregor buried them in his back garden.

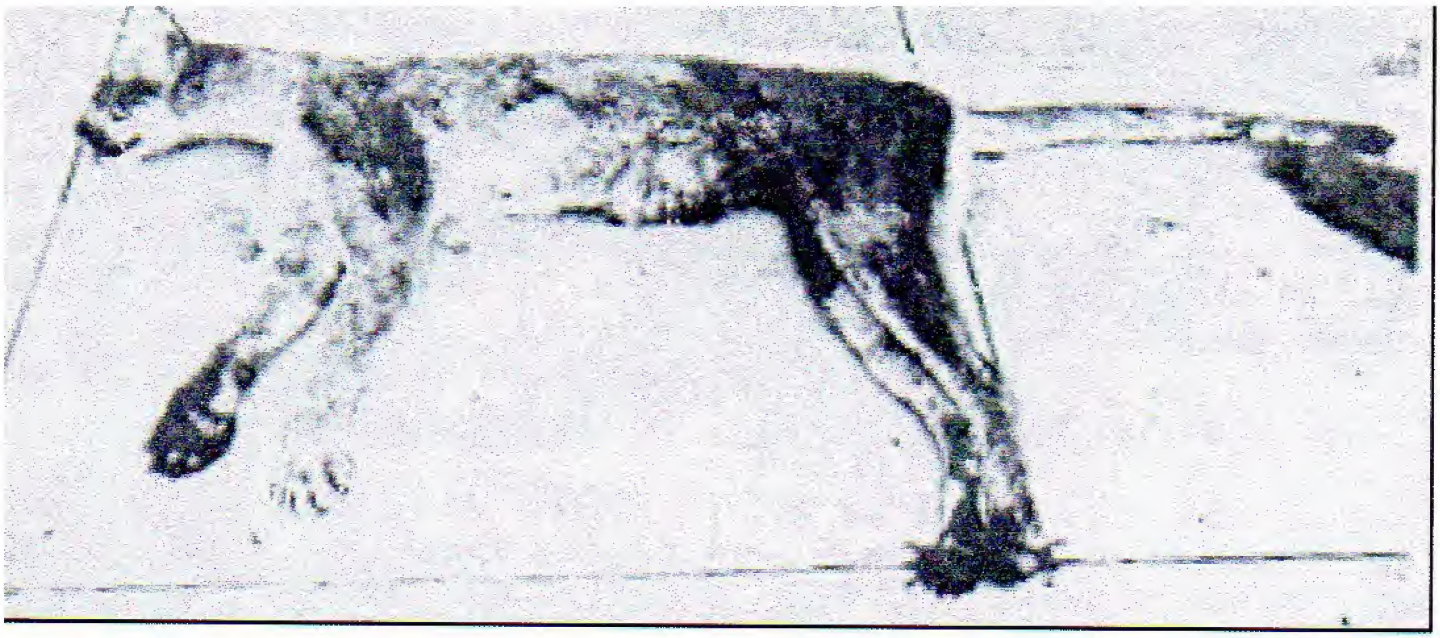
The foundations of the Palace Cinema, which was being built in Tamworth in 1935, looked like the kind of burial sites that McGregor had seen in Egypt, so he asked the building foreman if the mummies could be deposited in the foundations. The mummies were duly dug up and reinterred. McDonalds bought the building a decade ago, but the presence of the mummies has only recently been revealed by the former owner of the cinema. "We understand that they are well within the foundations," said a McDonalds spokesman, "so an excavation is out of the question, unfortunately." *D.Mail, Scotsman, 28 Dec 2001.*

MURDER.

Republican Banner, October 4, 1847

1847 We understand that a murder was committed on the 30th ult., in Smith county, on the road near Brush Creek Meeting-house, on the body of Isaac H. Davis. Some persons near the road hearing cries for HELP, ran towards the place, when the murderer left, but not before he was recognized as a man named Wm. D. Hale. Davis was dead when he was found, having been cut in thirty-four places. Our informant states that officers were in Nashville on Saturday, in pursuit of Hale. The Proclamation of the Governor, offering a reward for his apprehension, will be found in another column.

(Source: Tennessee State Library and Archives)



Murillo Onza Carcass

Origins of Mysterious World Trade Center Ship Revealed

By Megan Gannon, News Editor | July 28, 2014 11:54am ET

In July 2010, amid the gargantuan rebuilding effort at the site of the World Trade Center in Lower Manhattan, construction workers halted the backhoes when they uncovered something unexpected just south of where the Twin Towers once stood.

At 22 feet (6.7 meters) below today's street level, in a pit that would become an underground security and parking complex, excavators found the mangled skeleton of a long-forgotten wooden ship.

Now, a new report finds that tree rings in those waterlogged ribs show the vessel was likely built in 1773, or soon after, in a small shipyard near Philadelphia. What's more, the ship was perhaps made from the same kind of white oak trees used to build parts of Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence and U.S. Constitution were signed, according to the study published this month in the journal Tree-Ring Research. [See Photos of the Ship and Its Tree Rings]

Archaeologists had been on-site throughout the excavation of the World Trade Center's Vehicular Security Center. They had found animal bones, ceramic dishes, bottles and dozens of shoes, but the excitement really kicked up when the 32-foot-long (9.75 m) partial hull of the ship emerged from the dirt.

The vessel was quickly excavated, to prevent damage from exposure to the air. Piece by piece, the delicate oak fragments were documented and taken out of the rotten-smelling mud. The timbers were sent to the Maryland Archaeological Conservation Laboratory, where they would be soaked in water to keep the wood from cracking and warping.

A few timbers were sent back to New York, just 20 miles (32 kilometers) north of the World Trade Center, to the Tree Ring Laboratory at Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory in Palisades, New York. Researchers at the lab dried the fragments slowly in a cold room and cut thick slices of the wood to get a clear look at the tree rings.

Rings in the white oak timbers used to build the ship reveal that the vessel was built around 1773 near Philadelphia.
Credit: Courtesy of Lower Manhattan Development Corporation, via Columbia University

The team established that the trees used to build the ship — some of which had lived to be more than 100 years old — were mostly cut down around 1773. Then, to determine where the wood came from, the researchers had to find a match between the ring pattern in the timbers and a ring pattern in live trees and archaeological samples from a specific region.

"What makes the tree-ring patterns in a certain region look very similar, in general, is climate," said the leader of the new study, Dario Martin-Benito, who is now a postdoctoral fellow at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology (ETH) in Zurich. Regional ring patterns arise from local rain levels and temperatures, with wetter periods producing thicker rings and drier periods producing smaller rings, he said.

Martin-Benito and his colleagues at Columbia's Tree Ring Lab narrowed their search to

trees in the eastern United States, thanks to the keel of the ship, which contained hickory, a tree found only in eastern North America and eastern Asia. Otherwise, the researchers would have had much more difficulty in limiting their search, as oak is found all over the world. [Shipwrecks Gallery: Secrets of the Deep]

The ship's signature pattern most closely matched with the rings found in old living trees and historic wood samples from the Philadelphia area, including a sample taken during an earlier study from Independence Hall, which was built between 1732 and 1756.

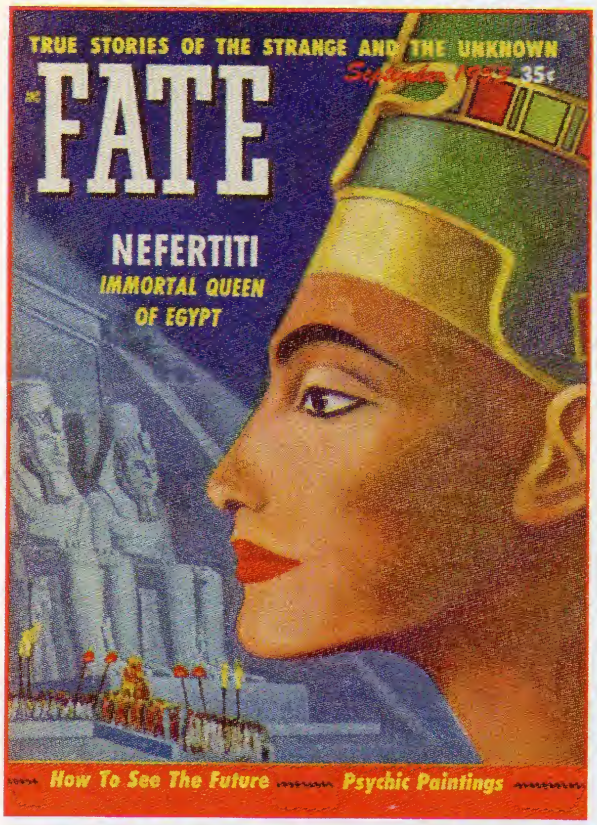
"We could see that at that time in Philadelphia, there were still a lot of old-growth forests, and [they were] being logged for shipbuilding and building Independence Hall," Martin-Benito told Live Science. "Philadelphia was one of the most — if not the most — important shipbuilding cities in the U.S. at the time. And they had plenty of wood so it made lots of sense that the wood could come from there."

Historians still aren't certain whether the ship sank accidently or if it was purposely submerged to become part of a landfill used to bulk up Lower Manhattan's coastline. Oysters found fixed to the ship's hull suggest it at least languished in the water for some time before being buried by layers of trash and dirt.

Previous investigations found that the vessel's timbers had been damaged by burrowing holes of *Lyrodus pedicellatus*, a type of "shipworm" typically found in high-salinity, warm waters — a sign that the ship, at some point in its life, made a trip to the Caribbean, perhaps on a trading voyage. Martin-Benito speculated that the infestation might have been one of the reasons the ship met its demise just 20 or 30 years after it was built.

"I don't know much about the life expectancy for boats, but that doesn't seem like too long for something that would take so long to build," Martin-Benito said.

Fifty years ago



FATE
September 1953
Vol. 6, No. 9

Mystery of the Death Quarry

Why did the strange quarry deaths always occur in May? Is an evil entity active there in that month?

by Harold T. Wilkins

THERE IS something mighty queer about that old quarry on Bredon Hill, yonder. It is not a place I'd go wandering around in the dark. More than one man who has done so has felt something take him by the throat and try to push him over the edge of the field into the quarry. And it's a 30-foot drop."

The speaker was a farmer in the vale of Bredon, on the borders of Gloucestershire, England. I was talking to him last summer in an old-fashioned inn just above a deep cut through which roar the expresses on the main line of the Midland Region of British Railroads.

I gazed outside a window at the hilltop of which the farmer spoke. It was about three miles away across a vale of fruit farms and pasture lands. My object was to examine some very grim and remarkable remains on the summit of this hill, which is 980 feet high. These remains include a weird stone, like a squatting elephant, used for a purpose which is no puzzle to those who have seen similar ancient remains in Mexico and South America. That purpose was human sacrifice in fertility rites.

As I gazed at the hill, the farmer uttered another queer remark: "Man and boy, I've lived in this vale of Bredon for 45 years, and I tell you I would not go wandering

Author Harold T. Wilkins leans against the ancient Slaughter Stone in the quarry on Bredon Hill. The top of the stone once served as an altar for human sacrifice.

round that quarry in May."

"Why May?" I asked.

"Because it is always in that month that folk have had the queer experience of something unseen pushing 'em to the edge of that quarry. My father, 40 years ago, was on an inquest into a mysterious death in that same quarry. I can't remember when stone last was cut there, for it's been abandoned for years. I warn ye, 'tis a bad place to get hurt in, as ye might be there for days and no one come near ye."

I did not know then that the mysterious quarry would prove to be linked with my objective on top of Bredon Hill. My brother was with me and as we set out along the quiet country lanes, with the June sun shining warmly, it was hard to associate that vividly green hill with mysteries and tragedies. Yet associated with them it definitely was.

As I walked I took from my pocket one of several newspaper clippings which I had collected in regards to strange deaths in the quarry. The clipping was from the London *Daily Herald* for May 13, 1939. It read:

"Slipping from a boulder in a quarry at Bredon Hill near here, Harry Francis Dean, 49-year-old borough accountant of Tewkesbury was choked to death by his

collar and tie and died before help arrived. His wife said he was in perfect health and had no worries. Dr. Margaret Wilson said death was caused by asphyxia, due to pressure of collar and tie. The coroner of South Worcestershire, Mr. H. J. Saunders, said Dean fell only two and a half to three feet. He apparently stood on top of a large boulder to have a look around and slipped. Mr. Saunders said his clerk and officer had gone there before the inquest and also had had two nasty falls, injuring his ankle."

I later met this coroner's officer, who is a pretty hefty policeman, certainly not unduly imaginative or given to nerves. He said, "I fell twice there, when the coroner was with me, and I'm a man used to pretty rough walking. Seems as if something tripped me up."

"Seems as if something tripped me up."

Harry Francis Dean had at one time been a reporter on the staff of a now defunct newspaper, the *Tewkesbury Record.* He had quit to take a position as a clerk and accountant on the staff of the town clerk of the municipal borough of Tewkesbury, which position he had held for 26 years.

Dean was no weakling. He was an athlete and for years had played on local football, hockey and cricket teams. His wife pointed out at the inquest that he enjoyed very good health and certainly had no motive for committing suicide. But as often happens with Rugby football players, one of his legs was a little shorter than the other, due to a slight displacement of the cartilage in an accident while playing football.

He had often walked on Bredon Hill. It is a steep ascent of two miles, requiring an able body and good wind in the climber. From the hilltop there is a wonderful view, in which connection it might be noted that stone age folk always selected the most beautiful sites for their religious rites and monuments. So fond was Dean of this hill that, said his wife, he had planned to camp there with her in the summer of the year of his death.

He had left work on Tuesday evening, May 9, 1939, at 5:30. But instead of going home he boarded a bus running from Tewkesbury to Evesham. It put him down at the hamlet of Woodmancote, from which a steep ascent led in a climb of two miles to the summit of Bredon Hill. That was the last time he was seen alive.

His wife became alarmed when he did not return home that night and went to the local police, who with people in Tewkesbury organized a search party. From midnight until dawn they roamed the hill, which extends for miles and would take a man the best part of a day to cover. Some time after dawn on Wednesday, May 10, 1939, the police entered the quarry and found Dean lying dead at the foot of a boulder. The boulder is a large one and stands on the level floor of the abandoned quarry, about four feet from a nearly sheer cliff wall, which reaches to a height of about

30 feet. The wall is studded with rock ledges and bushes and its edges are ringed with pines.

The local coroner held an inquest into the death, which sat at Tewkesbury on Friday, May 12, 1939. British coroners are attorneys. Their job is a salaried one, to which they are appointed by the Lord Chancellor of the British House of Lords. With very rare exceptions, coroners are unimaginative men, who pay little heed to testimony that touches on the supernormal. Witnesses who give such testimony are regarded as merely fanciful or superstitious.

At the inquest two local men gave testimony about queer experiences which they had near the quarry. The following excerpts are from the *Tewkesbury Gazette* for May 13, 1939:

"...on a sudden something took me round the neck..."

"William Moore of Woodmancote, a hamlet at the foot of Bredon Hill where Mr. Dean was found dead, said: 'About four years ago I was walking at dusk near this quarry, which has only one entrance to it. The quarry has high walls, with ledges and sides covered with bushes and brambles. I was walking close to the edge in the circle of pines and on a sudden something took me round the neck, tried to choke me and pushed me toward the edge, where there is a drop of 30 feet to the quarry floor. I struggled with all my might, tore my throat free and got out of its grasp. But when I looked round, I saw no one there!'

"William Maynard, of Bredon village, said he also had, one evening in May some years ago, a feeling that something was trying to push him over the edge of the quarry when he was coming down from the top of the hill. He said folks around in the vale of Bredon say the place has a bad repute.

"Dr. Margaret Wilson said she had examined the body of Dean and supposed his death was consistent with his having apparently climbed a big boulder in the quarry, perhaps to look around, when he may have slipped, and in falling was choked by his collar and tie. Death was due to asphyxia.

"The coroner for south Worcestershire, Mr. H. J. Saunders, who held the inquest, said he was sure that Dean did not fall more than three feet. He had no doubt slipped off the boulder, displaced the cartilage of his knee and fainted, whereupon his collar and tie had choked him, in the unfortunate position in which he fell. It was a case of accidental death."

The jury who are, in England, forcibly impanelled to serve at coroner's inquests and get not a cent for their time, are usually not of the highest intelligence and regard service as a nuisance. Here, they docilely took their cue from Saunders, who is an attorney, and returned a verdict of "death from misadventure."

It does not seem to have struck either the coroner or the woman doctor that an athletic man like Dean, falling only three

feet from a boulder, was in the highest degree unlikely to have been accidentally choked to death in these circumstances. Choked to death he was, but how?

The two witnesses, Moore and Maynard, suggest a supernatural and evil entity at work in the quarry—and in the month of May.

Another improbability is why Dean should, as suggested by the coroner, have climbed the boulder in order "to look around" when cliff walls 30 feet high shut out every view. I have photographed the boulder, have even climbed it, and I have no hesitation whatever in asserting that the coroner's suggestion is absurd.

True, Dean was found lying dead near the foot of the boulder, but it is highly probable that he was dead—choked to death—before his body fell at the foot of the boulder. Possibly he never climbed the boulder at all!

My own investigations incline me to believe that what happened on that fateful night in May was this: Dean, who knew Bredon Hill well, had ascended to the summit, where stands the ancient human sacrifice or slaughter stone, locally called the Bambury stone. It is significant to those with a knowledge of prehistory that the name "Bambury" has sinister meaning. It is a corruption of *Ambrosie Petrie,* meaning the "anointed stone." In this case, "anointed" with the blood of human victims in ancient fertility rites.

Dean walked the two miles of steep ascent from where he got off the bus. In the dusk, he returned the way he came, along a very ancient path in the turf, which runs past numerous still unopened tumuli, or barrow graves of the early Neolithic age. He may have been looking around for a suitable place for the camp he planned later in the year.

In the May dusk, as the evening stars came out, Dean, unknowing or not believing in the sinister repute of the quarry, wandered through the pines at the edge of the hill, where some diabolical entity took him by the throat. Dean was caught by surprise, and in the struggle was precipitated into the quarry 30 feet below. He was choked to death—but not by accident. This appears borne out by the significant fact that his death took place in the month of May.

...some diabolical entity took him by the throat.

In this strange case, I followed the line that every sleuth worth his salt should follow: If you have a mystery, investigate on the spot where it happened. After a stiff climb of about an hour, I stood in the mysterious quarry. It is situated in a deep glen on the hill and has a completely flat floor. One would think that it had been paved with flagstones, except that wild flowers and bushes were growing there. Four boulders stood on this flat floor, oriented almost north, south, east, and west. One of them resembled a huge capstone and might have been an ancient altar. Not

one of the four boulders could have fallen from the sides of the quarry, or been placed there by modern quarry-men. It was obvious that they had been present, undisturbed, for ages.

I examined the jagged boulder to the northwest of the "capstone." This was the stone of the mysterious and fatal accidents—a series of them in 10 years—always happening in May. The boulder was about four feet high. It seemed incredible to me that a healthy and active man could have died in falling from it.

One had to leave the old quarry by the same route as that by which one entered. Outside the quarry was a pathway in deep turf, which led from the quarry, across the shoulder of the hill, and to a weird stone resembling an elephant with a flat back. Thousands of years of frost and heat have fissured a gaping hole at the back of the elephantine "head." This odd-shaped stone stands in an ancient camp, or fortified hill stockade, in which have been found 50 skeletons of young men with hands, legs and heads removed, all barbarously mutilated. They appear to have been the defenders of peaceful ancient folk who lived below the hill and who, when attacked by enemies, stockaded themselves inside this ancient fort.

The elephant-shaped stone never formed part of this ancient hill fort. It is ages older than the fort and must have been an object of awe and mystery to the old hill men. It is strongly reminiscent of the flat stones on the tops of *teocallis,* or pyramids, on which Aztec priests cut open the hearts of sacrificial youths and maidens.

The Bambury stone undoubtedly was the center of bloody rites which took place on the dawn of May Day. These rites were performed to propitiate the dark gods of harvest and fertility and have left behind them an aura of evil. Memories of these grim rites lingered for ages afterward in the vicinity of Bredon Hill. I have seen, in the Folk Museum of the town of Gloucester, some 12 miles from Bredon Hill, what is called a "corn dolly." It is a puppet made of wheat straw, which until about 1860 was carried around at harvest festivals by the farmers. It is, of course, a substitution for the original victim of the human sacrifice on the Bambury stone.

A man, who later died, said, when found badly hurt in the quarry, that "something he did not see pushed him over as he stood on the edge of the hill." At five inquests in some 10 years up to 1939, substantially the same story has been told. Every one of these strange accidents has happened in the month of May.

The skeptic may talk of coincidence. I point to the sinister history of this hill and to the facts disclosed at the inquests. No coroner has advanced any theory to explain these oddly identical tragedies. Perhaps because the only theory that could cover all the facts is that in May, the time of the ancient rite of human sacrifice, some evil, unseen entity, which resents the presence of intruders, is actively dealing in death in the quarry.

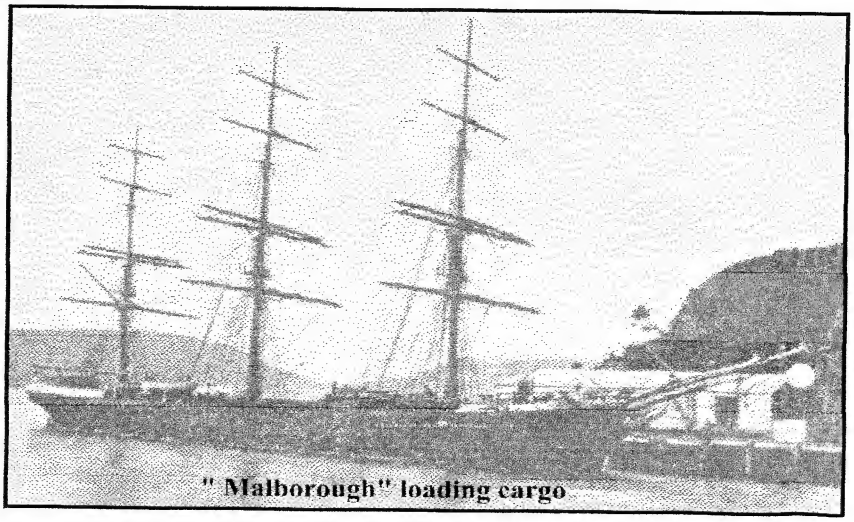
The Mystery of the Marlborough
Tragic loss by fire of the Cospatrick.

by Anthony G. Flude ©2002.

There were many tragedies and losses in the old sailing days, when a voyage across the world from England to New Zealand was a great adventure for some. Others, not so fortunate, experienced a terrifying journey, the ship running into violent storms when the passengers were battened below decks for their own safety, or the nightmare of dodging large icebergs in the frozen waters of the Southern Ocean under reduced sail.

The *"Marlborough"* was a beautiful ship which had made fourteen successful passages with immigrants from London to New Zealand during the period of 1876 to 1890. Under Captain Anderson from 1876 until 1883, she carried a crew of twenty-nine, returning to London with cargo's of frozen meat and wool. Launched in Glascow in 1876, she was subsequently sold to the Shaw, Saville & Albion Company.

Captain Herd took over command of the vessel in 1884 and was on the vessel at the time of her voyage back to London from Lyttleton in 1890, when she totally disappeared without trace.



" Malborough" loading cargo

The vessel left New Zealand waters on the 11th January and two days later was hailed by a passing vessel. From that time onwards she was never heard of again. No news of her came and so after many months had passed by, Lyoyds shipping in London posted her as "missing", presumed sunk by icebergs after rounding Cape Horn. This coastline was notorious for violent storms and freezing conditions.

Over twenty years later, in the year 1919, a strange newspaper report appeared in the *Glascow Evening Post* stating that the Marlborough had been found with the skeletons of her crew still onboard.
"It was stated that the crew of a passing ship in 1891, saw men, whom they believed to be British seamen, signalling off one of the islands near Cape Horn but it was not possible to get near them owing to the bad weather." Why the incident was never reported at that time seems strange, but corroborates the story told by a British vessel homeward bound from Lytleton, New Zealand. This new report from London, stated that the sad truth of the vessel's fate was quite dramatic! Having related how his vessel had safely rounded Cape Horn, South America, the Captain outlined the details of the following incident.

"We were off the rocky coves near Punta Arenus, keeping near the land for shelter. The coves were deep and silent and the sailing was difficult and dangerous...with jagged rocks on the landward side. The stillness was uncanny and it was a weirdly wild evening with the sun low and setting over the horizon. As we rounded a point, there before us, just a mile across the water, stood a sailing vessel with the barest shreds of canvas fluttering in the light breeze."
The crew signalled and the vessel was hoveto. No answer came from the ship across the water. There was no movement aboard and not a living soul appeared to be around. With their eyeglasses they could see that the masts and spars were green with decay and that the vessel lay between rocks where she was held fast as if lying in a cradle.
The report continued: "At last we came up alongside her creaking hull. There was no sign of life on board. The mate and a number of the crew decided to board her.
The sight that met their gaze was unbelievable. Below the wheel lay the skeleton of a man. Treading warily on the rotting decks, which cracked and broke in places as they walked, they encountered three more skeletons. In the messroom were the remains of ten more bodies and six others were found, one alone, possibly the captain, on the bridge.....there were mouldy, dank smelling books in the cabin and a rusty sabre sword....."

The first mate was sent forward to examine the still faint letters on the bow of the derelict vessel. After much trouble he read aloud *"Marlborough-Glascow."* It was the missing ship.

As though striking a chord in others who heard about this amazing report, an American from Seattle, named Captain Burley, recalled to mind a happening which he had personally experienced, telling the story to one of the skippers of the Shaw Saville liners later in the same year. In it he was able to give a good description of the wreck that they saw.

The skipper listened as Captain Burley recalled that in his youth and early days at sea, he was aboard a ship that had been wrecked off Staten Island, near Cape Horn, and that he and the only other survivor had set off to look for a whaling station, thought to be on the island.
While they were searching, they came across a large ship with painted ports, wedged in a cove, which bore the name "Marlborough". Lying nearby were the skeletons of twenty men and heaps of shellfish which told how they had tried in vain to fight off starvation.
Again this story did not come to light until many years after the captain saw the wreck and heard of the newspaper article. He had not reported what he had seen as there were no survivors, but his story is likely to be close to the truth and was almost certainly the same ship.

Although her disappearance was not so dramatic as the Marlborough, another vessel sailing from New Zealand to London was lost two months later and possibly under similar circumstances.
The barque and well-known immigrant ship *Dunedin,* left Oamaru for her return passage to London with a crew of thirty-four and a cargo of wool and frozen meat in March, 1890. She never reached her destination.

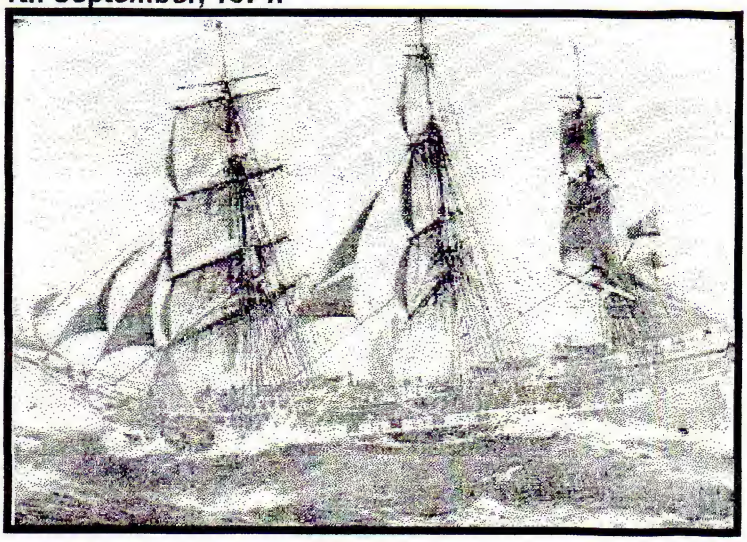
Seen once, before reaching Cape Horn, it was believed that she foundered in a storm off the rocky coast of the Cape or was sunk by the many icebergs encountered in this vicinity.

THE BURNING OF THE BARQUE *"Cospatrick"*

British Emigrants Perish in Fire Horror.

ONE of the worst disasters in the history of sail, struck a crowded immigrant ship bound for Auckland, New Zealand, in the year 1874.
The well known shipping firm of Shaw, Saville and Company, began a regular service of sailing vessels between New Zealand and England in the year 1860, when fifteen sailing ships a year plied the route, the passage taking between four and five months. This period of time was shortened in later years as the iron steamships, *Crusader, Helen Denny and the Margaret Galbraith* came into service.

In the year 1873, the Shaw Saville company bought the barque *Cospatrick* and sent her, laden with cut kauri timber, on a second voyage under their flag, to the Port of London. Here, the vessel loaded with a mixed cargo and took on board a group of 460 immigrant passengers bound for Auckland, New Zealand.
The *Cospatrick* sailed from the river Thames dockyards, under the command of Captain Elmslie, on the 11th September, 1874.



Making good sailing time, the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, was sighted on the 19th November when the vessel was making headway in light north-westerly winds.
Henry Macdonald, the ships second mate, went below after keeping his watch and was alerted by a strong smell of smoke. Going back on deck to raise the alarm, he found that fire had broken out in the bosun's store, where oakum, tar, paint and ropes were stored. Acrid smoke began to pour out of the fore peak. The crew were immediately called to rig the fire engine, while the Captain turned the ships head before the wind to take the smoke and flames forward and try to contain the fire.

In the confusion that followed in fighting the blaze, the ship drifted back to her previous course, allowing the flames and suffocating smoke to be fanned back towards the vessel's stern. In less than an hour and a half, the hull, masts, yards and sails were alight and burning fiercely.
Meanwhile, panic had spread rapidly among the passengers, who rushed to get into the lifeboats, one of which was capsized before it could be launched, pitching the passengers into the sea below. The longboat was gone, aflame from end to end, while to add to the panic, the main and mizzen masts crashed in flames onto the crowded immigrants gathered on the stern.

Two lifeboats managed to get away containing about forty passengers each, but they found they had no oars or sail, both lost overboard in the confusion. The boats were forced to drift in the vicinity of the ship, watching the stricken remaining passengers jumping overboard into the sea through the dense smoke only to disappear beneath the waves. Captain Elmslie was the last to be seen from the boats, gasping in the sea, trying to keep himself and his wife afloat while hanging onto a blackened spar.

Charred and smoking, burned to the waterline, the *Cospatrick* slowly sank beneath the waves before their eyes, leaving the blackened survivers aboard the

lifeboats, many still in their nightclothes, without food or water, to drift helplessly on the often stormy seas off Cape Hope.

Two days later a strong wind sprang up and the two lifeboats became separated from each other. As the days wore on, thirst claimed some of the men and women, others went mad and threw themselves overboard. After ten days adrift in the burning sun and without water, many of the survivors had died. A foreign ship was sighted and came close by but did not see them.
Finally the British ship *Sceptre*, bound for Dundee from Calcutta, spotted the lifeboat drifting aimlessly in the swell. A boat was sent to investigate, when they found the remaining three survivors and brought them on board.
The second mate and two able seamen were later landed at the island of St. Helena, where, after regaining their health, they were to obtain final passage back to Auckland to tell their story. There was no news of the second lifeboat and its passengers and all were presumed lost.

Back to Index Page

Detail of large Writing Rock.

THE MYSTERY OF WRITING ROCK

Did These Stones Foretell the Future?

by Don Kaufman & Nan Belknap

On a hill overlooking the rolling plains of northwestern North Dakota, at Writing Rock State Park, resides one of the most intriguing monuments ever created by ancient man.

Thought to have been first discovered during General Sully's expedition of 1864, two solitary granite boulders now rest in a modern shelter, each carved with mysterious symbols that may have been the work of prehistoric man or possibly early explorers from the last millennium. Studied extensively over the years at both the Smithsonian and the University of North Dakota, the symbols have never been adequately interpreted or dated.

Referred to as petroglyph rocks by archaeologists and considered sacred by Native Americans, the larger is locally known as "Writing Rock," or Hoi-Waukun (Spirit Rock) by the Sioux and Assiniboine tribes. It is about five feet high, three and one-half feet wide and two feet thick, weighing approximately ten tons. Deposited on a high ridge by a glacier, it is ideally placed for monument purposes. The ridge stands nearly 300 feet above the surrounding prairie, making it a natural "lookout tower" with a clear view 30 miles to the south, west into Montana, and north into Canada.

The Small Rock

The smaller rock is of a different granite and was originally found near a spring some 200 feet from the larger boulder. It is considered to be of an earlier origin and the symbols, although similar to Writing Rock, are somewhat different and are badly eroded.

Both rocks bear a large figure of a flying bird, possibly representing the Thunderbird, a mythological figure sacred to late prehistoric Plains Indians. Outlines of the bird, showing its wings extended and surrounded by abstract designs, appear on both rocks. In Plains Indian mythology, such beings as the Thunderbird often combat snake-like water monsters, but since the rocks are many miles from any significant body of water, we can only guess its true meaning. It is also interesting to note that the Thunderbird motif is not only common, but very ancient. It is found throughout the northern plains on bone pendants, pottery, and shells dating from before the time of Christ.

While it is easy to dismiss Writing Rock as simply another example of what may be the random chiseling of prehistoric nomads, scholars have proposed some interesting theories.

One such theory points to the similar-

and they were known variously as "elf cups" or "self-bored stones" by country folk. Either way, their otherwise-inexplicable appearance associated them with elf-lore rather than with whirlpools, much as Meaden and crop-circle mystics—and indeed crop-circle hoaxer proponents—see more than just Nature as being responsible for such doings.

View Into Elfland

In some cases, it was believed that one could see into the elfin world by looking through these "potholes" as portholes. More often, elf-cups were considered good-luck charms. "Elf-cups are placed over stable doors as a safeguard against witchcraft," noted one 19th-century source, while in 1976 English Folklore Society president Katharine Briggs, Ph.D., remarked that "the house and livestock were protected from being elf-ridden by self-bored stones hung above the door." This probably sounds familiar, since horseshoes were similarly employed, which in turn set the stage for the familiar good luck horseshoe: "A horseshoe hung above a stable or house prevented the entrance of fairies or witches," said Briggs, without noting the connection.

In fact, the elf-cup tradition itself seems to have been the actual underlying origin of the good-luck horseshoe custom, for after shod horses and their worn shoes became more common, such similarly rounded, more-available iron horseshoes took the place (literally—above doors) of the rare, hard-to-find elf-cap stones as safeguards—although exactly why either was considered protective is less clear.

In any case, "elf cups" or "potholes" sometimes occur on small, coconut-size stream stones. These can be found at times among the supply of rounded, stream-smoothed stones sold as yard decorations for arid Western suburban front yards. Residents are probably unaware of their origin—and of the good luck which such stones were once believed to bring to their households. ☥

Mark Sunlin, *a California free-lancer, has written for BBC* Wildlife, *Time-Life Books,* Omni, *and other publications.*

California Indians carved pothole-like mortars in boulders for grinding acorns. Yet, unlike the whirlpool-caused versions, these are always deeper than they are wide.

Small, coconut-size "elf-cup" stones were once looked upon as good-luck charms in British folklore.

Writing Rock shelter.

ities between the symbols on Writing Rock and an ancient class of carvings known as "cup sculptures," linked to a people who practiced sun worship. These carvings are found in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, England, Denmark, Germany, Brittany, and Sweden. This connection is doubly interesting because a history of Wales written in 1584 relates that a Prince Madoc sailed west past Ireland in 1170 with ten ships and 120 people, not only once but twice, to settle in unknown land, presumably the eastern shore of the United States. If this is true, these early settlers would have had to make friends and intermarry with the local Indians in order to survive in such a hostile land. They may also have migrated into the interior of the continent where their ancestors were discovered, as some historians believe, 45 miles north of present-day Bismarck, North Dakota, by the Verendrye Expedition of 1738.

People From the East

In his report to the King of France, Verendrye related that he met the Mandans, a tribe of Indians known as the "People from the East," and that he found their "fortifications not Indian" and women "without Indian physiognomy." These early explorers were surprised to find bearded, light-skinned Indians living in large buildings surrounded by fortress walls with drawbridges, long before the American Revolution.

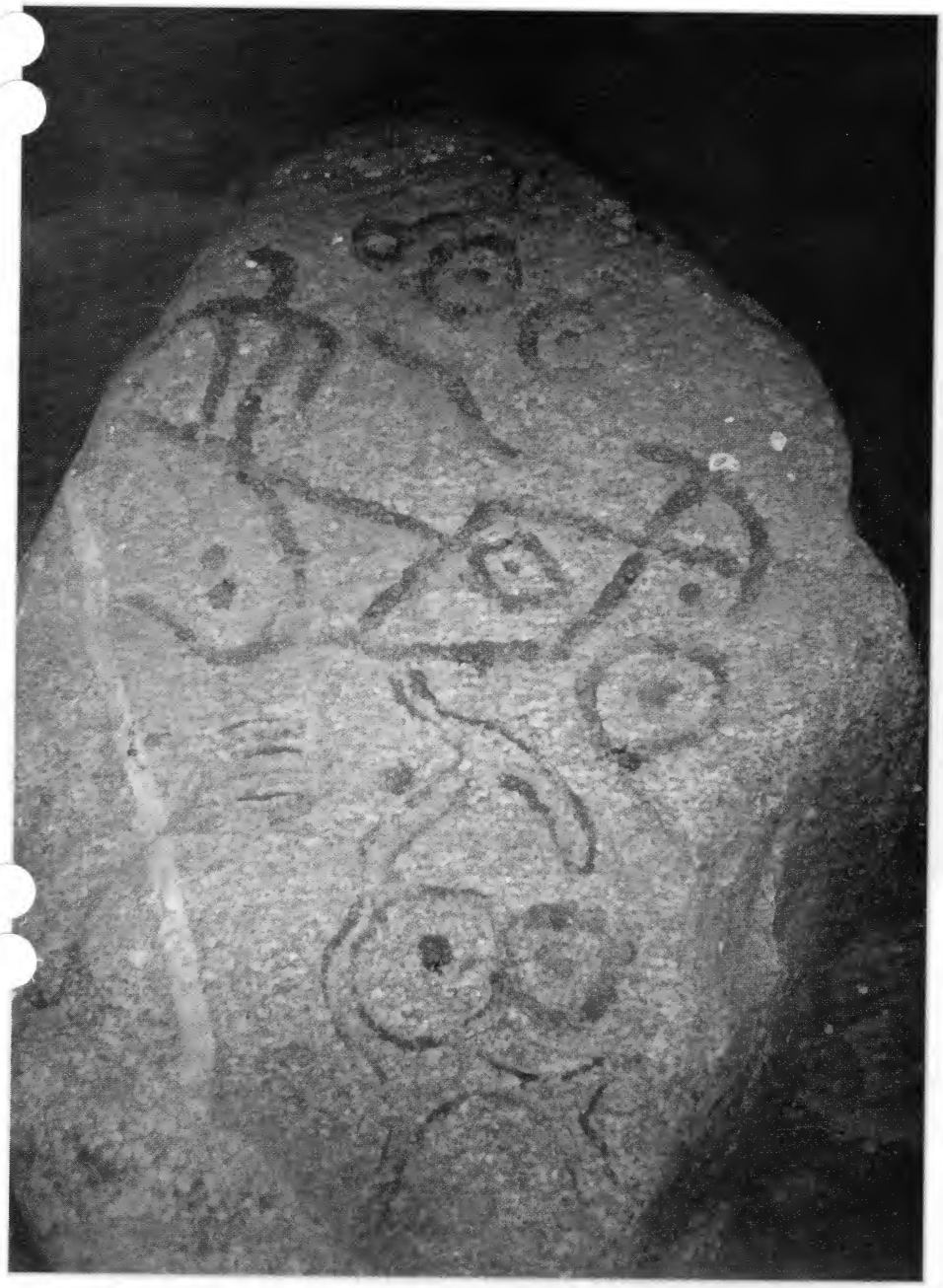
Lewis and Clark wintered with the Mandans in 1804-05 and found them "more civilized, brilliant, and polished than any Indian group they had visited." Not only did they live in huts and communities that "were not Indian," they were fair-skinned, with light hair and blue eyes, and their language contained words similar to Welsh. Unfortunately, in the late 19th century, the Mandan Nation was nearly destroyed by smallpox and the migrating Sioux, virtually becoming extinct when they were forced to unite with the Arikara Nation.

Of course there are many clues to support the conjecture that Vikings migrated to the interior of the continent via Hudson Bay many years prior to the possible arrival of Prince Madoc. But the evidence of early Norse settlements tends to [illegible] found in the eastern part of North Dakota and western Minnesota, closer to the Red River of the North. Although the carvings on Writing Rock appear Scandinavian in nature, there is little evidence that Vikings journeyed this far to the west.

Whatever its origin, neither the Indians native to the surrounding area nor white men have been able to decipher the lines, dots, bird symbols, or circles containing dots carved on Writing Rock, yet it has always been regarded as sacred by the Indians. The Mandan, Hidatsa, Assiniboine, and the Sioux all consider the rock as a ceremonial site, yet none can offer an explanation as to who carved it or what it symbolizes—yet their legends tend to express a common theme: the rock's ability to see into the future.

Legend of the Eight Warriors

One Indian legend most often associated with the rocks tells of eight warri[illegible] who stopped for the night near the rock and heard a voice calling in the distance as they were ready to sleep. Fearing an attack



"Small" Writing Rock.

by neighboring tribes, they investigated the sound but found nothing. The following morning, they heard a woman's voice in the distance and again searched in vain for the source. While searching, they came across the larger rock and found it engraved with a picture of eight warriors with their packs on the ground and realized it was themselves. Later, returning home, they again passed the rock and saw that the inscription had changed. Upon returning home, they told the village of the mysterious rock, and the whole village moved near it, only to find the picture changed once again, showing a village of tepees. From that time on, the rock was believed to foretell the future and became an object of mystery and worship. Indian shamans made pilgrimages from as far as Canada to conduct ceremonies in order to "look into the future." Eventually, white men settled the area and moved the smaller of the two Writing Rocks, allegedly dissipating its power.

After years of discussion, the North Dakota Historical Society purchased Writing Rock and developed a park on ten acres donated by local farmers in 1936. A shelter was built in 1956 to protect Writing Rock and picnic facilities were added later. In 1965, the smaller stone was brought home to rest in the shelter after residing at the University of North Dakota for 35 years.

Once thought to foretell the future by changing their shape, the Writing Rock symbols stand silent now. Although Native American shamans no longer make pilgrimages to the site for ceremonial purposes, they come, together with people of all cultures, in surprising numbers each season, to ponder the mystery of the stones at Writing Rock State Park.

Not North American?

The first impression one gets is the peculiar sensation that these carvings do not belong to North America. They resemble tenth-century runic carvings found in Scandinavian countries, yet appear to have a Celtic motif. Modern scholars agree that the Celts at one time inhabited much of Western Europe and influenced Nordic culture to a great degree. However, as I mentioned earlier, it is unlikely that Viking explorers visited this area. Besides, the carvings on these rocks appear much older and cause us to marvel as to how many times North America was discovered, and by how many different peoples.

Whatever their origin, these symbols struck an important chord, not only with Native Americans, but with the Scandinavian and German settlers as well. Even today, these mysterious symbols seem to connect with some primitive awareness in each of us. Through them, we can bridge the eons and touch the hand of our ancient kinsmen. On this solitary hill, we can share the same unchanged horizon, feel the same prairie wind, and touch the same earth as those nameless travelers from the distant past. Whatever force drew them to this place calls us also.

We are all spiritual warriors seeking our own personal grail of enlightenment, and Writing Rock has something significant to tell each of us. It may well be a site of great power or merely a signpost for the weary traveler, but it is for each of us to decipher the symbols as they apply to our own quest. ☥

***Don Kaufman** and **Nan Belknap** are freelance writers currently residing in Estes Park, Colorado.*

MYTHCONCEPTIONS 56

BY MAT COWARD

RHINO HORNS

ILLUSTRATIONS: HUNT EMERSON

THE MYTH

In traditional Chinese medicine, rhino horn is used as an aphrodisiac.

THE "TRUTH"

One of the main threats to the survival of the rhino is that its so-called "horn" is used medicinally – principally to treat fevers, and against delirium and convulsions. According to the World Wide Fund for Nature, years of investigating the trade in rhino horn has produced no evidence that it is prescribed for any sexual purpose; such applications are absent from the traditionalist's pharmacopœia. Conservationists say that the mistrust caused by the perpetuation of this Western myth – the cultural origins of which seem depressingly obvious – is an obstacle to field work.

SOURCES A Press release by Traffic (the wildlife trade monitoring programme of the WWF and IUCN), 5 June 1998, archived at http://www.traffic.org/news/press-releases/viagra.html; an article in *Salon*, "Can Viagra save the tigers?" by Susan McCarthy, 22 Sept 1999, archived at www.salon.com/health/feature/1999/09/22/medicinal_animals/

DISCLAIMER If you have evidence to the contrary, please contact *FT*. It's not for us, you understand – it's for a friend.

MYTHCHASER

Prince Charles's populist campaigns against "political correctness" and "red tape" have raised several juicy hares worth Mythchasing. Archetypically daft is the story of a regulation requiring care homes to strengthen the auto-closing mechanism on internal doors, with the predictable result that in one unnamed home the doors are now so strongly sprung that the residents cannot open them. A subsequent BBC Radio investigation failed to uncover either the home or the ruling. Presumably, Charlie heard an urban legend at a dinner party, swallowed it whole, and promptly wrote to his MP about it – just like any other saloon bar pea-brain. The basic story sounds familiar, and elderly; can anyone identify its origins?

Family comes face to face with naked Witch

SUNDAY, 12 JULY 2009 12:15 EDITOR NEWS

Ads by Google

By Vincent Gono in Masvingo

A Zimbabwean man was stunned to silence after he came face to face with a naked old woman - vampirically sucking his daughter's breast in the middle of the night, *The Zim Diaspora* can exclusively reveal.

The shocking incident has left people in headman Masunda's area, Chivi district, Masvingo dumbfounded and horrified.

Although the case was not reported to the police, headman Chinodya Jongore Masunda confirmed the incident and said he presided over the matter at his community court last week.

Headman Masunda told our correspondent during a visit to the district last week that the man claimed to have come face to face with the witch who then quickly vanished into the thickness of the night.

The man, headman Masunda said, claims that his daughters were always complaining of breast pain and he decided to visit a prophet who gave him some holy water that he sprinkled in the house before they retired to bed.

The holy water was meant to give him power to see the witch when she came into the house.

They then went to sleep and at midnight the man claims to have seen the woman stark naked going into his children's bedroom and he followed her.

He claims to have seen the woman kneeling down sucking the breasts of his teenage girl who had allegedly been complaining of breast pain.

The man claimed that he moved closer but the woman felt that something was wrong and she quickly got up and vanished into the dark night leaving the man stunned in horror.

In the morning, headman Masunda said, the man got up early, took his axe and went to the forest where he cut a branch of a tree known in Shona as "chizhuzhu" that he took to the woman's house and blocked the entrance to her kitchen.

The headman told the our correspondent that the branch of the tree had a cultural significance that meant that the man was convinced that the woman was a witch.
The headman said the man was therefore accusing the woman of witchcraft.

The woman, however, was well aware of the significance of the branch of the tree that had been put by the man and reported the matter to the village head who in turn referred the case further to the headman's court.

Headman Masunda, however, said the man, despite talking with so much conviction, failed to prove his allegations when he was brought to the headman's court and was charged for witchcraft accusation. He said the problem was that the man failed to catch the alleged witch in the act so this presented a problem to the court.

He was initially asked to pay two beasts and 200 rand by headman Masunda's court but leniency was exercised and the fine was reduced to a single beast and 200 rand.
The headman said the man, who believes that he was being punished unjustifiably, had not yet paid anything.

"It is true that there was such a case in my area that I presided over. The man, however, failed to prove his case against the woman and my court convicted him. He was alleging that he had so much faith in the prophet who gave him the holy water and was so convinced that he saw the woman kneeling and sucking the breasts of his teenage girl. Asked why he didn't catch the woman, the man said the woman quickly vanished into the night after feeling his

presence," said headman Masunda.

The traditional leader decried the increase in the number of prophets in his area saying it had led to an increase in the number of cases involving witchcraft accusations.

Attempts by our correspondent to get a comment from the man were fruitless as he was said to have gone to Mashava.

Ads by Google

< Prev Next >

LAST UPDATED (SUNDAY, 12 JULY 2009 12:39)

NAME OF THE RAT

Gordon Bowker's new biography of George Orwell reveals that while Orwell was fighting for the Trotskyist POUM in Spain, information about him was gathered clandestinely and passed to Stalinist spy Hugh O'Donnell, whose codename was O'Brien. Since Orwell was oblivious to this, it is very curious that he gave the name O'Brien to the character in *1984* who wins the confidence of Winston Smith before betraying him.

Guardian, 5 May 2003.

In Britain, discoveries of previously unknown megalith monuments are rare enough, so the discovery of an entirely new class of prehistoric site is particularly remarkable. Reports of an unusual monument on Leskernick Hill on Bodmin Moor, Cornwall, comprising a large boulder raised partially off the ground by smaller boulders wedged below it first came to light in the early 1990s. With no precedent for the undated monument, it was noted as an interesting anomaly. However, further fieldwork carried out on the moor over the last decade has shown that the monument is far from unique. Similar monuments, now dated tentatively to the Early Neolithic period and called 'propped stones' or 'pseudo-quoits', have been identified on Bodmin Moor and further afield on the Scilly Isles and Dartmoor. Many of the monuments appear to have been astronomically orientated or aligned to significant natural features visible from the sites. Tony Blackman of the Cornwall Archæological Society, the driving force behind the fieldwork, has named many of the sites after the people who discovered them; hence James' Stone, Dot's Stone and YAC (Young Archæologists Club) Stone all taking their place in the antiquarian landscape! *Meyn Mamvro No. 49, Autumn 2002.*

Nashville's First Telephone Call

Some Interesting Experiments With Sound Telegraphy On North Vine Street

The Daily American, Sept. 2, 1877

1877 A number of ladies and gentlemen were profitably entertained, yesterday noon, at the residence of Mrs. James K. Polk and Mr. A. G. Adams by some exceedingly interesting and instructive experiments with the telephone, manipulated by Prof. Nipher, of St. Louis, and Prof. Lovewell, of Wisconsin. Prof. Nipher had charge of the little magnet battery at Mr. Adams' and Prof. Lovewell conducted the experiments at the other terminal on the line, which was the spacious gallery in front of the residence of Mrs. Polk—the connection having been established by a delicate copper wire stretched across Union street.

Messages were conveyed by speaking distinctly through the little magnet battery—a box-like contrivance some two inches square, containing a magnet, a thin metallic plate, and an extremely delicate coil of wire. Speaking through the mouth-piece or tube—speaking trumpet fashion—the vibration produced by the voice forces the delicate wire coil against the sensitive metal plate which surmounts the magnet. This establishes the current, and the corresponding battery at the other end of the wire is similarly effected and the sense vibrations produced and the utterances repeated at a distance of a whole block, or some two or three hundred yards off. By holding the mouth-piece close to the ear after sending a message, in an instant the response is heard, quite distinctly, though not loud. Pieces of music played on the piano at Mr. Adams' were easily recognized at Mrs. Polk's and vice versa—the little battery having first been placed upon the wire over the sounding board of the instrument. Mrs. G. W. Fall and Miss Sadie Fall presided at the piano at the latter point, and Mrs. Gwynn and Miss

(Continued on page 7)

Telephone Call

(Continued from page 1)

1877 Adams at the residence of Mr. Adams.

When Prof. Lovewell had secured the attention of the operator at the other end of the line, he communicated to him the fact that Mrs. Polk was ready to receive a message. Pretty soon it came, but not distinctly enough for the recipient to quite make it out, and she requested a repetition. By and by Mrs. Polk succeeded in getting an intelligible message. She then requested some music. The music came, and Mrs. Polk could hear it, like the distant strains of a music box, but could not make out the air.

Rev. Dr. T. O. Summers then took the instrument in his hand, and sent this message: "How do you pronounce it? Is it '*Tel*ephone' or 'Telep*ho* ne' or *Teleph* o-ne'?"

Ans.–"Take your choice."

Dr. S.–"That's not very respectful."

The distant battery promptly apologized. The Doctor was so much pleased with the test that he told the Professor to go ahead and perfect the wonderful invention until he could be able, by means of it, to preach to all the world.

Mrs. Gus Warren sent a message, which was answered indistinctly. She then telegraphed: "Speak louder. Please speak again."

Ans.–"All right. Will you hear some music?"

Mrs. W.–"Yes: play Dixie."

Pretty soon a message came from the other end.

"Do you want more music?"

Mrs. Gwynn–"Yes, if you play something worth hearing."

Ans.–"Do you hear that?"

Mrs. G.–"Yes, but you will have to give it a name." ...

At the other end of the line, which we might denominate "Adams' Station" (No. 2), and "Polk Station" (No. 1), the responses seemed more distinct, and the following colloquy was recorded:

No. 1–Are you ready?

No. 2–Yes. What are you going to do?

No. 1–We will give you some music. Are you listening?

No. 2–Yes.

No. 1 plays Nathalie waltz.

No. 2 hums the air back through the instrument.

No. 1 (playing Dily Dale)–Did you hear that?

No. 2–Yes. I thought Miss Dale was dead.

No. 1–I will now play the Kiss waltz.

No. 2–That was nice, but I could not make it out. Now stop, and I will play for Mad. Polk (music Nath. waltz). Did you hear the music?

No. 1–Play it a long time, so we can all listen.

No. 2–I will play a long and pretty waltz, which you will like. Very well. (Plays Nathalie and the Blue Danube.)

No. 2 (loquitur)–Did you hear that? It was played distinctly and very artistically–equal to any operatic music.

No. 1–It was perfectly grand–equal to any operatic music I ever heard. Play some more. We cannot get enough.

No. 2 plays Farmer's gallop.

The music and conversation was kept up for some time, attesting practically to all who enjoyed the experiment, the great success and wonderful possibilities in the not distant future.

(Sources: Tennessee State Library & Archives, and the Foundation of William and Jennifer Frist)

Russia holds suspect over theft of women's skeletons

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-europe-15590851

Police investigating Russian grave robberies are holding a man after the remains of at least 20 women were found in his flat, Russian media report.

Mummified remains of 27 women were found in the flat in Nizhny Novgorod, a police source told government newspaper Rossiyskaya Gazeta.

The suspect, 45, is a local historian, Russian news agencies say.

He is believed to have dug up the remains of young women at various cemeteries and put dresses on them.

An official statement on the case is not expected until after Friday, a public holiday in Russia.

The remains are believed to have been stolen from local graves in Nizhny Novgorod, a city on the Volga.

The suspect may be charged with desecrating human remains, according to Rossiyskaya Gazeta.

He apparently specialised in exploring cemeteries and was planning to publish a guide book, it adds.

Differing figures for the number of sets of remains found in the flat were given by Russian media, from "more than 20" to 27, as reported by Rossiyskaya Gazeta.

Nevern Castle ancient inscriptions to 'ward off evil'

Experts believe the scratchings were made by a peasant some time between 1170 and 1190

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-wales-south-west-wales-15153026
4 October 2011 Last updated at 02:28 ET

Experts believe rare 12th Century slate inscriptions found on a castle were probably made to protect against evil.

The dozen scratchings were uncovered during a three-week excavation at Nevern in Pembrokeshire.

Archaeologists think the stars and other designs were made by a serf, labourer or soldier some time between 1170 and 1190 when the castle was built.

They say they also give an insight into the beliefs of medieval working men.

> The work underway on the slates will no doubt provide more fascinating information about the beliefs and ideas of the people who built and lived in the castle in the late 12th century"
>
> Dr Chris Caple University of Durham

Dr Chris Caple of the University of Durham led the archaeological dig at the site and said the slates were from a late 12th century cut-stone entranceway.

"They were found in only one place in the castle and were probably intended to ward off evil," he explained.

"In the late 12th century, Nevern would have been an impressive looking castle and entrance, especially from the south side, and it was clearly visible to all passing along the road between St David's and Cardigan.

"The work under way on the slates will no doubt provide more fascinating information about the beliefs and ideas of the people who built and lived in the castle."

Work is under way cleaning, revealing and recording the images and further research is being carried out by the university's department of archaeology.

Phil Bennett, the Pembrokeshire Coastal National Park Authority's head of archaeological heritage, said it was hoped to keep the slates in Nevern.

It was the fourth year that the site has been excavated

"These drawings connect us with the lives and beliefs of masons or labourers who built the castle.

"We hardly ever recover evidence about the peasants of the medieval world, and never information about their beliefs and ideas, but these scratched designs are from the imagination of a serf, a farm labourer or a man at arms."

The dig also unearthed information about the phased building of parts of the castle and revealed that a round tower thought to have imprisoned Lord Rhys in 1194 was also the quarters of high status members of the castle household.

It was the fourth year that the site has been excavated in a partnership project between Dr Caple, the National Park Authority, Dyfed Archaeological Trust and Nevern community council which owns the site.

- Home
- Other Sciences
- Archaeology & Fossils
- August 7, 2014

New geoglyphs found in Nazca desert after sandstorm

11 hours ago by Bob Yirka

Enlarge

Credit: Elcomercio

(Phys.org) —While flying over the famous Nazca desert recently, pilot Eduardo Herrán Gómez de la Torre spotted some geoglyphs that had not been seen before. He believes the geoglyphs or Nazca Lines, as others call them, were exposed after recent sand-storms carried away soil that was covering them.

The Nazca Lines have become world famous, showing up in paintings, movies, books and news articles. They exist on the floor of the Nazca desert in a southwestern part of Peru, near the ocean. Scientists believe the figures (approximately 700 in all) were created by the ancient Nazca people over a time period of a thousand years—500BC to 500AD. The geoglyphs vary in size and have been categorized into two distinct categories: natural objects and geometric figures. The natural objects include animals such as birds, camelids, or snakes. It is believed the lines were created by removing iron-oxide coated pellets to a depth of four to six inches—that left the lighter sand below in stark contrast to the surrounding area. The images vary dramatically in size, with the largest approximately 935 feet long. It is a myth that the figures on the desert floor can only be seen by aircraft (they were first "discovered" by a pilot flying over the desert in 1939). In fact, they can be seen quite easily when standing on nearby mountains or hills.

The newly revealed figures discovered by de la Torre are of a snake (approximately 196 feet in length), a bird, a camelid (perhaps a llama) and some zig-zag lines. They are actually on some hills in the El Ingenio Valley and Pampas de Jumana near the desert floor. Archeologists have been alerted to authenticate the find.

The reason for the creation of the geoglyphs is still uncertain, though a host of possible explanations have been offered, many centered around religion and or water. Interestingly, all of the figures are believed to have been created using a single line that never crosses itself. Similar to how a picture might be drawn with a pencil, never lifting it from the paper. It has also been noted that many of the images depicted by geoglyphs also appear on pottery made by people over the same time period, and, archeologists have found evidence of wooden stakes used to help create the images, suggesting they were made using very simple techniques.

Explore further: Field study suggests geoglyphs in ancient Peru were made to lead travelers to trade fairs

More information: via Elcomercio

-
-

New tree species discovered in Ethiopia

BY THOMAS H. MAUGH II
Los Angeles Times

As many as 10,000 new species of plants, animals and insects are discovered each year, but usually they are isolated individuals or small clusters of specimens hidden away in forests or other isolated areas. Often they are small specimens that are easily overlooked.

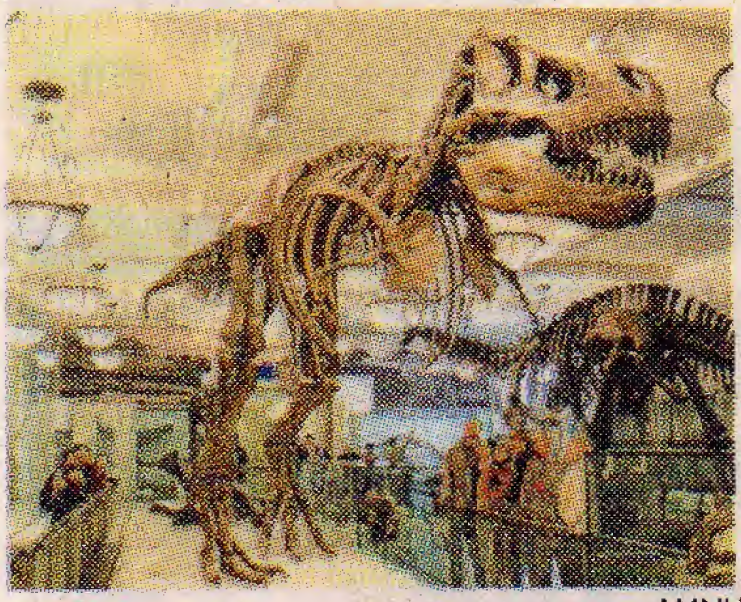
But on recent visits to Ethiopia, Swedish botanist Mats Thulin discovered a new species of tree that covers an area of more than 3,100 square miles, an area the size of the island of Crete.

Botanist David J. Mabberley of Britain's Royal Botanic Gardens in Kew described the new tree in a report Friday in the journal Science, noting that it probably has been overlooked by botanists because few have visited the region where Ethiopia's Ogaden National Liberation Front is fighting for self-rule.

The area is also difficult to get to, he said, and the trees can be seen from drivable roads in only a few places.

The newly identified tree, called Acacia fumosa, grows to about 18 feet to 20 feet tall, with a canopy that spreads 24 feet to 30 feet in diameter. It sprouts pink flowers during the dry season when it is leafless. It differs from closely related species in the color of its flowers and in its gray, smooth bark, among other things.

The total number of trees in the region "must be in the millions," Mabberley wrote.



AMNH

On Aug. 1, adults can roam the halls and run with the dinosaurs.

It's museum night for the grown-ups

Never mind that it lacks beds and private bathrooms: New York's most exclusive spot to sleep on the night of Aug. 1 might be under the 94-foot-long blue whale at the American Museum of Natural History.

A Night at the Museum for Grown-Ups, its first adults-only sleepover, is open to 150 who pay $375 to roam the empty halls. Included: Champagne reception, three-course dinner and midnight viewing of the planetarium show. Tell your friends "you slept under a blue whale and watched the birth of the universe," says the museum's Brad Harris.

Jayne Clark

Tokyo launches samurai and ninja tour

News from Elsewhere... ...**media reports** from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring 10:01 UK time, Monday, 21 July 2014

Japan's largest travel agency is launching a bus tour around Tokyo that will feature flying ninjas and sword-wielding samurais, it seems.

The hour-long Samurai and Ninja Safari tour begins with a guided visit to key sights in the Japanese capital, according to The Japan Times. Then it moves on to the historic Asakusa entertainment district, where street performers dressed as samurai warriors and black-clad ninjas leap out of the shadows as the bus cruises by.

JTB travel agency and the SGRS events planner say that at one point there will even be a fight between the historical characters. "As the samurai and ninja battle in Asakusa, passengers can enjoy it from inside the bus - it's theatre in motion," Kazuhiro Kumade of SGRS says. The ride is reminiscent of New York's popular tour called The Ride, which includes theatrical performances along the bus route. Tickets for seats on the Tokyo tour with the clearest view cost £40 ($68), a little cheaper than the New York experience.

Samurai warriors and ninja spies and saboteurs are iconic figures from the Sengoku civil war period in 15th Century Japan. Contrary to their popular image ninjas did not routinely dress in black, but rather were masters of disguise.

Kenya warns: 'No booze for baboons'

News from Elsewhere... News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring 12:18 UK time, Wednesday, 30 July 2014

Travellers along one of Kenya's busiest highways have been warned not to give alcohol to baboons, it is reported.

The Kenya Wildlife Service says it is "irresponsible and careless" to offer intoxicating drinks to the primates, The Nation newspaper reports. "Liquor has the same effect in animals as on human beings," says the service's director, William Kibet Kiprono. "They might become violent, or distract road users, causing accidents. They might also start fighting people and cause death if unchecked."

He was speaking in Naivasha, a town on a motorway linking the city of Nakuru with Kenya's capital, Nairobi. The area is sandwiched between several nature reserves, where wildlife abounds. It is not clear how common it is for people to give alcohol to monkeys, but up to 7,000 baboons are believed to live outside nature reserves. Kenya's NTV television says the busy highway is "under siege by groups of marauding baboons".

Meanwhile, locals have been complaining about the nuisance tipsy animals are causing. "They eat our goats, and we have been unable to plant food for the last three years," one farmer tells The Nation. Another villager adds: "We chase 20 monkeys every night. They enter our kitchens and steal food."

You Report

Cotton didn't take root in Bakersfield

BY GEORGE GILBERT LYNCH
Contributing writer

In August 1871, one year after the post office was established naming our town Bakersfield, the entire town was sold by its owners, Horatio Livermore and Julius Chester. They sold Bakersfield and 100,000 acres south of town for about $5 per acre. The buyers were going into the cotton-growing business in a big way.

The California Cotton Growers and Manufacturers Association was composed of Californians and Englishmen, who, after examining the San Joaquin Valley, had selected the Bakersfield area as the site of operations and purchased the town.

Horatio and Charles Livermore, wealthy San Francisco drug wholesalers, in partnership with Julius Chester, a Bakersfield merchant and land owner, had accumulated countless thousands of acres of southern valley property, and downtown Bakersfield was part of their holdings. The purchased town and surrounding area consisted of 2,900 people. Included in the transaction were: the Kern County Courier, the town's newspaper; 16 assorted houses; the George B. Chester store, post office and telegraph office; a large brick mercantile store and warehouse; the newly built two-story flour mill and access to water from the Kern Island Canal; the saloon; the stage line carriages; wagons and livestock; downtown stables and merchandising business of Livermore and Chester and a farm of 1,000 acres along with all buildings, tools, horse teams and more.

The association's press release stated: Our vast plantation will be divided into cotton parks of 50 to 100 acres each, surrounded by hedges of mulberry which will be clipped regularly. At intervals in the hedge rows, different varieties of fruit trees will be planted to furnish fruit and shade." The grand idea was to create a Southern cotton plantation type of operation, but instead of using slaves, the plan was to hire Chinese laborers to plant and harvest 1,000 acres of cotton the first year. Then the company would diversify into manufacturing.

These pioneers of industry were banking on the new railroad to transport their cotton, wool and manufactured goods to national markets. They had a grand idea, but being absentee owners didn't pan out. The hired management was ineffective, and many cotton fields were lost by too much or too little water and failure to plant the seed at the proper time.

After six years of failure, a San Francisco investor was sent to Bakersfield as trustee of the corporation. After finding the company's books in a mess, he began dissolution of the corporation. George B. Chester acquired the general store at 19th and Chester.

In 1878, Tevis and Haggin's Kern Land Company purchased the property from the dissolved corporation and began selling it as small farms to immigrants from England and the East Coast.

China's Government Takes Bite Out of Vampire 'Blood' Beverages
http://blogs.wsj.com/chinarealtime/2014/07/18/chinas-government-takes-bite-out-of-vampire-blood-beverages/

Wannabe vampires in China will need to sip blood elsewhere.

In an announcement posted on its website this week, the China Food and Drug Administration warned consumers to avoid buying fruity drinks dubbed "vampire" or "The Vampire Diaries drink" that often come packaged in look-alike medical bags, complete with blood-type labels. The administration banned sales of the products, citing concerns over English-only and poor labeling, which it said were attracting young sippers.

"This kind of sales strategy, which sells no-name products that pander to peoples' desire for things exciting and new, violates social integrity and moral principles and fails to conform to related national laws. It misleads customers and damages the health of youth," the CFDA statement said.

Included in the announcement were images of products to beware of, drinks such as "Zombie Blood" and "Blood Energy Potion." The administration also called for strict monitoring of similar products.

U.S. shows such as "The Vampire Diaries" and "True Blood," readily available in China on popular video sites Sohu and Youku, have spurred Chinese teenagers' fascination with vampires and supernatural characters. One vampire-themed café in Liaoning, in northeast China, gained international media attention earlier this month after it began serving red wine and cherry soda in blood bags, with staff dressed as doctors and nurses.

It's not just China, either: In the Hongdae area of Seoul near Hongik University, cocktails and juices are served in clear bags with IV-like straws.

Despite the ban, vampire drinks were still being sold on Taobao on Wednesday, going for as low as 8 yuan (about $1.30) per bag for a strawberry flavor, while others, which appeared to be U.S. imports, were available for more than 250 yuan per drink.

- Alyssa Abkowitz. Follow her on Twitter @AlyssaAbkowitz

The Nyami Nyami, otherwise known as the Zambezi River God or Zambezi spirit snake

Origins -Tonga tribe of Zimbabwe and Zambia

is one of the most important gods of Tonga . Nyami Nyami is believed to protect the Tonga people and give them sustenance in difficult times. The River God is usually portrayed as male.

Variously described as having the body of a snake and the head of a fish, a whirlpool or a river dragon, the Nyami Nyami is seen as the god of Zambezi Valley and the river before the creation of the Kariba Dam. The Nyami Nyami is regularly depicted as a snake-like being and can be found as pendants on jewellery, usually carved out of wood, stone or bone, occasionally ivory, silver or gold both as a fashion accessory and as a good luck charm

Obama Suddenly Panicked After Gazing Too Far Into Future

SEPTEMBER 11, 2008 | ISSUE 44•37

MADISON, WI—Sen. Barack Obama (D-IL) fell deathly silent in the middle of a speech on education before the Wisconsin Teachers Union Tuesday, his failure of words reportedly a result of the Democratic nominee's forward-looking tendencies suddenly bringing him a harrowing glimpse of a future world shaped by madness and horror. "And that is why we must all strive to make our own tomorrow together," Obama said to resounding applause before stopping abruptly, breaking into a cold sweat, and bringing his trembling hands to his blanched face. "Oh, God, no. They're sentient. Every last one of them is sentient!" While spokespeople from the Obama camp have suggested that the candidate's recent comments about magnets being "our only hope for survival" were taken out of context, they did confirm that he has canceled all future appearances in New Mexico, especially those taking place during the month of October.

RELATED AR
Tim Kaine's
Kaine Could
President Of
Maybe
Sponsored by
AUGUST 18
Clinton Blas
Slamming F
SEPTEMBE

Ochosi (also known as Ochossi, Oshosi, or Oxosi)

The divine hunter and embodiment of justice amongst the orishas. He is a skilled tracker and the most talented archer in the world. While he can find his way in and out of the jungle where others get lost, he does not live there. He is an urban orisha and lives in Obatala's castle as his personal hunter. He is close friends with Eleggua and Ogun; the three of whom are called "the warriors". He is an orisha of high moral and ethical standards and encourages his worshippers to be law-abiding, upstanding citizens. He helps his followers to "hit the mark" when they strive to attain goals, and to do so with integrity. He is frequently called upon for issues of injustice and for court cases and legal issues and is considered the patron of police officers and court officials by many followers.

(Art by Kaltbult)

GEORGIA **Atlanta:** Mayor Kasim Reed says the massive Atlanta Cyclorama painting, which has been on display in Grant Park for the past century, will be moved to the Atlanta History Center in the city's Buckhead neighborhood. The 128-year-old painting depicts the Battle of Atlanta during the Civil War.

SAFETY FIRST: "This rock salt is over 200 million years old, formed through ancient geological processes in the German mountain ranges. Best before April 2003." (Label on a carton of culinary salt). ***Brisbane Sunday Mail, 3 Feb 2002.***

SUBSCRIBE TO *OLD NEWS.*

A one-year subscription to Old News (six issues) costs $17.
A two-year subscription (twelve issues) costs $33.

SEND A NEW SUBSCRIPTION TO ME:

Name.....Street.....Apt.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

.....Payment enclosed: $ .....Please bill me

Phone (.....)..... (PLEASE PRINT)

GIVE *OLD NEWS* AS A GIFT.

SEND A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO:

Name.....Street.....Apt.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

Send gift announcement. .....Yes. .....No.

When gift subscription expires, send renewal to me. .....Yes. .....No.

.....Payment enclosed: $ .....Please bill me.

GIFT IS FROM:

Name.....Street.....Apt.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

OLD NEWS
3 West Brandt Blvd.
Landisville, PA 17538-1105
717-898-9207

Index at website address:
http://www.oldnewspublishing.com

founders
Nancy H. Bromer
Richard F. Bromer

publisher & editor
Rick Bromer

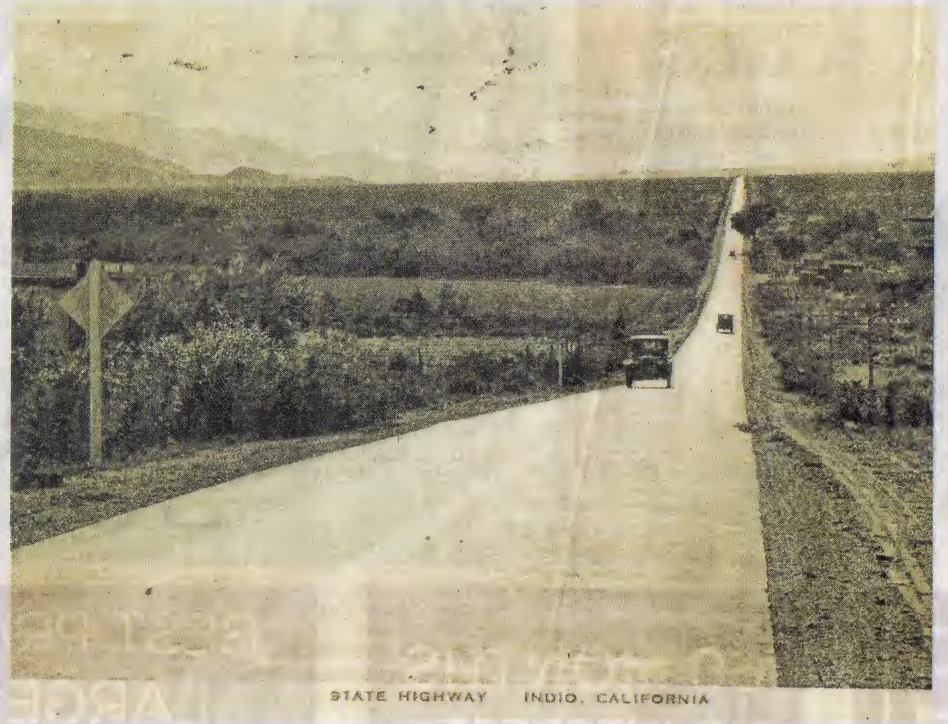
circulation manager
Kathy McCarty

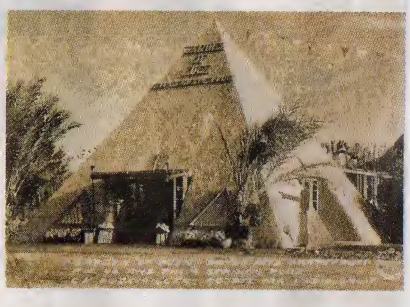
OLD NEWS (ISSN 1047-3068) is published bimonthly, for $17 a year, by Susquehanna Times & Magazine, Inc., 3 West Brandt Blvd., Landisville, PA 17538-1105. Second-class postage paid at Landisville, PA 17538 and additional mailing office. Postmaster: send address changes to Old News, Landisville, PA 17538.

Vol. 21, No. 5
April & May 2010

OLD INDIO POSTCARDS

From downtown to date farms, tale a look back at the history of Indio through old postcards





Above: A highway runs through rural Indio. **Top right:** Indio Postcard: Hotel Plaza, Indio. "The Date Capital of America." **Middle right:** Garden of Eden - Dates and Grapefruit. Avenue 46 and Palm Springs Road. **Bottom right:** Archie's, located on Highway 111.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF LA QUINTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY/LOUISE NEELEY

Is this the oldest person ever?

News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring 11:34 UK time, Thursday, 26 June 2014

A woman in western China claims to have just celebrated her 128th birthday which would make her the oldest person in recorded history.

Almihan Seyiti, from the Xinjiang region, lives in a village near the city of Kashgar. A member of the Uighur Turkic minority, she is vigorous, and enjoys singing, playing the dutar musical instrument and occasionally helping out on the farm, Xinjiang TV-2 reports. The state channel, aware of separatist sentiment among Uighurs, is keen to have Mrs Seyiti express her gratitude to the Chinese Communist authorities: "They threw a good birthday party for me with my family, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. My life is good. The authorities treat me well. They have built a house for me, where I live. I am very happy," she told the reporter.

But no one outside China is likely to accept Mrs Seyiti's claim at face value. Birth records in the outlying regions of the 19th Century Chinese empire were sparse and unreliable, especially for the ethnic minorities, and China has reported Uighurs living into their 120s before without any solid evidence. The oldest verified person was a Frenchwoman, Jeanne Calment, who died in 1997 aged 122, but Mrs Seyiti enjoyed her party nonetheless.

Olympic superstitions include lucky undies, socks

Associated Press

Skeleton competitor Noelle Pikus-Pace poses for a portrait Sept. 11, 2009, during the USOC Media Summit in Chicago. Pikus-Pace keeps a picture of her 2-year-old daughter in her helmet and a tracing in marker of the child's hand prints on her sled.

By MEGAN K. SCOTT and NICHOLAS K. GERANIOS
Associated Press

Years of training, special diets and elite coaching may not be enough to win an Olympic medal. That's when athletes turn to special socks, pictures of their kids or fortune cookies.

Superstition runs deep in humans, even those jocks seeking to represent the U.S. in the Vancouver Olympics. Many are looking for a slight edge, and sometimes they look in some strange places.

"If I have a good race, whatever socks I'm wearing, whatever turtleneck I'm wearing, that tends to be the go-to," said ski crosser Casey Puckett. "It generally is the undergarments."

"I like to believe in the skill and preparedness," Puckett said. "But at the same time, I do recognize that there is a bit of luck that comes into it."

Sometimes it's bad luck, as Puckett's push to make his fifth Olympics is in jeopardy after a severe shoulder injury in France.

Speed skater Chad Hedrick puts his faith in fortune cookies.

"Before the 2006 games, a fortune said 'your golden opportunity is coming soon,'" said Hedrick, who went on to win gold, silver and bronze medals in Turin.

As a result, he tends to keep the fortunes he likes, with a supply of 25 to 30 on hand.

Superstition and sport have be linked forever.

See Olympic, D

Olympic

Continued from D1

You have baseball players who refuse to discuss a no-hitter in progress. Some tennis players refuse to hold three balls in one hand. Golfers believe carrying coins in their pockets is good luck.

Skeleton racer Noelle Pikus-Pace keeps a picture of her 2-year-old daughter in her helmet and a tracing in marker of the child's hand prints on her sled.

"I always kiss my hand and then slap her hand like I'm giving her five," she said.

Skier Michelle Roark wears the same perfume to each race, and makes the scent herself. That was after her sports psychologist suggested she visualize skiing well with all five of your senses before events. She found she could hear, see, taste and feel success, but not smell it.

Dissatisfied with fragrances she tried, she started her own perfume and cologne manufacturing company called Phinominal which are all-natural.

Enhanced performance?

Sports psychologist Jerry May of Meadow Vista, Calif., said superstitions don't really help performance.

"There is no evidence that shows that perfume makes you a better skater or skier or curler," May said.

Performance coach Jonathan Katz has a more benevolent view. He said superstitions can reduce anxiety and give athletes something they can control.

"I don't have a problem with superstitions as long as they don't become too cumbersome to the person," Katz said.

Sports psychologist Sam Maniar of Cleveland said competition routines — such as a baseball player swinging the bat the same number of times before stepping into the box — are more valuable than superstitions.

Such routines keep them focused on the moment, rather than wandering to the past or future, he said.

Superstitions also can be a hindrance, Maniar said.

"If your superstition is you only perform well on a sunny day, and it's not a sunny day, that's a problem," he said. "What's the backup plan if there is a hole in their sock."

Cross country skier Liz Stephen solves that by rotating a couple pairs of lucky socks, but wears the same gloves for races. She realizes that seems silly.

"I think the more superstitious you get, the harder it is to just remember that you are out there to race," she said.

OMEN Any phenomenon or circumstance purporting to portend good or evil. In order to believe in omens a specific prior belief is absolutely necessary—that the future is knowable, in other words, that everything that is to be has been foreordained. Thus an omen is an event that presupposes destiny. The chief feature of an omen is its fortuitous and unsought nature: the black cat runs across your path, the owl hoots as you pass by. From far back in recorded history many changing aspects of nature have been noted as harbingers of good or ill; it is interesting that most forebode ill. The probable origin of superstitions of this kind was mankind's attempt to know the future and perhaps, through fore-knowledge, to avoid disaster. Omens have always formed a basis for action rather than an indication of inexorable fate.

In the ancient world an omen did not have to be an extraordinary happening, like a comet foretelling misfortune. Quite ordinary events observed, or heard, to happen in the sky were noted: thunder and lightning, or the flight or song of birds, could be deemed to be auguries. Very important was the direction from which a sign first came; it was this that indicated whether it predicted good or evil. In Ancient Greece an owl hooting on the left was an unlucky omen while one hooting on the right was lucky; in Roman society the values were reversed. The anomaly could have arisen from Rome's early national struggles for power in the Mediterranean, leading to the belief that an omen that was bad for Greece was necessarily good for Rome.

In the Western world belief in omens has survived down the centuries and is still with us today, linking us to our distant magical past. Many find it very hard to shrug off belief in prognostic signs that for thousands of years were part of the survival strategy of human beings and have now become ingrained—so much so that in today's scientific world omens are frequently presented in a pseudoscientific guise. Red skies are said to be omens of bad weather according to an old verse learned as children:

Red sky at night, shepherd's delight.
Red sky in the morning, shepherd's warning.

These omens are likely to be more correct than not when we realize that "sky at night" means sunset in the west, and "sky in the morning" means sunrise in the east, and that, in Britain and the northwestern United States, the prevailing winds come from the west. So, at sunset if the sky is sunny and bright in the west, the clear, moisture-free air between the observer and the horizon is scattering predominantly red light towards the shepherd. This means the weather will remain dry for many hours whilst the wind moves towards the east. At sunrise, however, when the red sky is in the east, there is no guarantee that these conditions will remain for long, because the prevailing winds will soon blow the clear air away and the next weather front carrying rain clouds will likely blow in from the west. But rain clouds might not come in from the west, so red sky in the morning is not as reliable a shepherd's warning as red sky at night.

Uganda cop shoots 'aggressive' tortoise

News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring 12:56 UK time, Monday, 07 July 2014

A police officer in Uganda has reportedly shot a tortoise dead after being attacked by the "aggressive" creature.

The incident happened in the Nebbi district in the north of the country near the Congolese border. The officer - named as Charles Onegiu by the New Vision newspaper - said the animal entered his home and attacked him while he was enjoying a post-work cup of tea. "I tried to scare it but the tortoise became very aggressive. I took a stick to chase it but it instead became more violent," he told the paper. After attempting to fend off the tortoise with a plastic chair, he said he "instinctively" drew his firearm and shot it dead. A local Christian group later prayed for Onegiu, "before burning the dead reptile to ashes."

Contacted by New Vision, Nebbi district police commander Onesmus Mwesigwa said that his officer's extreme reaction to the attack may have been down to local superstitions "where people think 'somebody is after me'". After consulting local elders and police colleagues, Mwesigwa appealed for calm "from the residents and police officers, maintaining that their lives are not in danger as they may have assumed", New Vision reported.

Nervousness among local law enforcers could be explained by tribal clashes in the border area with DR Congo, which have lead to dozens of deaths in recent days, according to Al-Jazeera. Additionally, Uganda is currently in a heightened state of security following "specific threats" against the country's main Entebbe Airport.

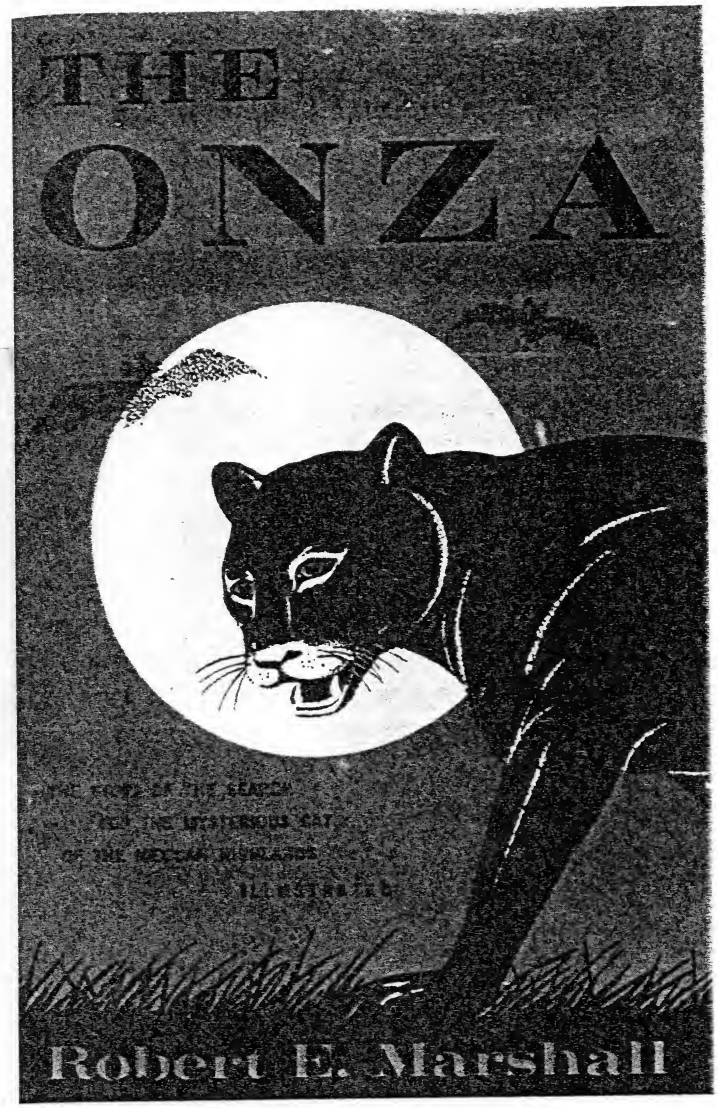
ONTOGENY AND PHYLOGENY Theory that relates the development of an individual to its biological past. The phrase "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny" was, during the 19th century, one of the main arguments of scientific racism in the Western world. It was first stated by German zoologist Ernst HAECKEL in *Über Arbeitstheilung in Natur und Menschenleben* (1869) as a way of understanding EVOLUTION. Because the fossil record was very incomplete, Haeckel proposed that it might be possible to read the evolutionary history of species—its "phylogeny"—through the development of an individual, or "ontology." He believed that every individual passes through stages that represent the adult development of its ancestors—or, as Stephen Jay GOULD puts it in *The Mismeasure of Man*, "an individual, in short, climbs its own family tree."

Individuals of a species do seem to develop characteristics associated with other animals. Human embryos, for instance, develop (and lose) gill slits on their necks, a three-chambered heart (which expands to four chambers), and a tail. These characteristics seemed to prove the 19th-century idea that evolution was a ladder of progress with humans at the top of the ladder. Recapitulation theory even placed human races in a biologically determined hierarchy. Some races were ranked superior to others; white Western Europeans and Americans were placed on top. Scientists theorized that other human races could be understood by studying the behavior of white children. When 20th-century biologists replaced the model of evolution as a ladder with one of a many-branched bush, they no longer had a place for recapitulation theory, and it was discredited.

ONZA A large feline, unrecognized by zoologists, whose main habitat is reportedly the Sierra Madre Occidental range of northwest Mexico. Among the animals of folklore being considered by CRYPTOZOOLOGY but yet to be officially recognized by biologists is the onza. Accounts of the onza go back to the Aztecs, who called it *cuitlamiztl*. They clearly distinguished it from both the jaguar and the puma, the better-known and recognized large cats from the same area. Europeans first saw the animal in the Aztec emperor Montezuma's zoo, where it was distinguished from the puma by its wolfish appearance. In the mid-18th century, Jesuit missionary Ignaz Pfefferkorn gave a more complete description of the onza: He likened it to a cheetah with a long narrow body and long thin legs. The onza, he added, was also notable for its ferociousness.

Modern consideration of the onza began in 1930s when two hunters, Dale and Cecil Lee, and a client, Joseph H. Smirk, killed a strange cat on a jaguar-hunting expedition in Mexico. When they described the animal to U.S. zoologists, their story was ridiculed. They received little attention until the story was included in the 1961 book *The Onza* by Robert Marshall. The story of the onza was picked up again in 1982 by the INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRYPTOZOOLOGY (ISC). Within a very few years, several skulls had been located in various collections, and in 1986 a complete specimen was obtained for dissection by ISC secretary J. Richard Greenwall. The specimen fit the traditional description of the onza, with distinguishing long ears, body, and legs. What remains to be established is whether the onza is a totally new species or merely a local, if extreme, variation of the puma.

The proof of the existence of the onza has been one of the major accomplishments of cryptozoology. It clearly demonstrated that the descriptions of indigenous people can be quite literal and accurate. The story of the onza has given cryptozoologists hope that specimens of some of the other mysterious animals reported to exist in remote corners of the world also will eventually be located



Onza

Orunmila (also known as Orula, Orunla, or Ifa)

The orisha of divination. He is the "eleripin" — the witness of destiny — who knows everything that awaits us as part of our fate. He has a very close working relationship with Eleggua and together they intercede on behalf of humanity to alter people's destinies, ward off death and other misfortunes, and guide us to cultivate good character. His worship is primarily centred around the Ifá tradition, both in traditional African worship and in the African Diaspora in the new world, where his initiated priests, called awos, babalawos, iyanifas or oluwos, act as diviners for the greater community. He is petitioned for help with making wise descisons, opening roads, healing and protection from evil.

Osain (also known as Ozain or Osanyin)

Orisha of wild plants, healing and magic. He is a powerful wizard, master of all spell craft and is found out in the wild, untamed areas of nature. Without Osain, none of the ceremonies in the religion can happen; it is his magic that is used to conjure the shrines of the orishas. Osain is commonly understood to be Shango's godfather who taught him how to spit fire and throw lightning. Osain's magic is so powerful that no one can unravel his spells. Consequently he is petitioned for any purpose where unconquerable magic is required.

Osain is often depicted as an extremely disfigured, impish man. He has one eye, one hand, one foot, one tiny ear that can hear even a pin drop, and one ear larger than his head that hears nothing. He keeps all of his magic in a calabash that he hangs high in a tree, out of reach.

fuckyeahafricanmythology: @Tumblr

Oshun (Ohun, or Ochun)

The Orisha of love, intimacy, beauty, wealth and diplomacy and sweet fresh waters of rivers. Ọṣhun is beneficent, generous and very kind. She does, however, have a horrific temper, one which she seldom ever loses but which causes untold destruction whenever she does

She is often depicted as a mermaid that resides in the river Oshun in modern Nigeria in the Osun state. During her yearly festival she is said to choose one or more young women to represent her in the dance of the sister of the waters.

ouija A device marketed as a game in which answers to questions are divined. The Ouija was invented as an oracle game in 1892 by an American, Elija J. Bond. The name is derived from the French and German words for "yes," *oui* and *ja*.

The Ouija is similar to the planchette (q.v.) The board features letters of the alphabet and numerals zero through nine, and the words "yes" and "no." The pointer is a platform that rests on three felt-tipped legs. The user asks a question, places fingertips on the pointer and then allows the pointer to spell out the answer. Most likely, the user moves the platform subconsciously without realizing it, but many people feel the movements are directed by discarnate beings and spirits of the dead.

Shortly after its invention, the Ouija enjoyed great popularity due to the interest in Spiritualism and to the thousands of bereaved people after World War I who tried to find ways to communicate with their loved ones who had been killed in the war. Since then, its popularity often has coincided with popular interest in the occult. Since 1966 the Ouija has been marketed by the Parker Brothers game company of Beverly, Massachusetts, which states that it is a game for entertainment purposes.

In experimenting with the Ouija, some users find that they can do automatic writing with it. Skeptics contend that such writings really come from the user's own subconscious. Others, however, theorize that such users might have natural mediumistic abilities, and the Ouija has enabled them to contact discarnate beings or spirits of the dead.

Some critics contend that such contact is inherently dangerous, and that any beings who communicate through such a device are likely to be demonic and attempt to possess the user. However, many cases of Ouija use in automatic writing and alleged communication with spirits of the dead have been benign, even productive, in nature. The entity Seth, popularized by the writings of Jane Roberts in the 1960s and 1970s, initiated his communication with Roberts through a Ouija board. The communication then rapidly progressed to direct automatic writing with a pen and then into trance mediumship in which Seth allegedly used Roberts' vocal cords to speak.

The Ouija also served as the initial means of communication with alleged spirits of the dead in 1913 for Pearl Curran (see WORTH, PATIENCE), and in 1919 for Stewart Edward White and his wife, Betty. The Whites spent 17 years studying Betty's mediumship with a group of discarnate beings who called themselves "the Invisibles." After initial contact was made through the Ouija, Betty began using automatic writing and then trance mediumship, in which the spirits allegedly used her own vocal cords. The product of this mediumship is the now classic book, *The Betty Book* (1937), in which the Invisibles talk about the importance of spiritual development among humanity.

Further reading:

Guiley, Rosemary Ellen. *Harper's Encyclopedia of Mystical and Paranormal Experience*. San Francisco: HarperSanFrancisco, 1991.

Roberts, Jane. *The Seth Material*. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1970. First published in 1966 as *How to Develop Your ESP Power*.

White, Stewart Edward. *The Betty Book: Excursions into the World of Other-Consciousness*. New York: Berkeley Med-

OUTCAST ANGELS: In an attempt to curb New Age religious movements, the Vatican has issued a 300-page *Directory of Public Piety*, banning the veneration of angels who don't appear in the Bible. Prayer should be directed solely to Michael, Gabriel and Raphael. Uriel, Jophiel, Chamuel and Zadkiel are banished. (All seven are cited in the Book of Enoch – eventually excluded from the Bible because of its contentious assertions on the nature and deeds of fallen angels.) *Sunday Telegraph, 14 April 2002.*

EX-PAT HIPPOS

Ten Nile hippopotamuses roam among the ruins of a lavish ranch at Puerto Triunfo, 100 miles (160km) north of Bogota in central Colombia, leaving huge footprints in the mud and scaring the local cows. They are all that remain of a private zoo assembled in the 1980s by Pablo Escobar, the cocaine baron shot dead by police in Medellin in 1993. Most of the animals were confiscated, but the hippos remained and became naturalised. Six of them were born in a muddy lake near the Magdalena River. *[R] 23 Jan 2003*.

Saint Padre Pio's stigmata 'exposed' by new book

Italy's Padre Pio used carbolic acid to cause bleeding wounds on his hands that he claimed were replicas of Christ's, according to a new book.

Italy's Padre Pio was canonised in 2002. Photo: AP
11:11AM GMT 16 Nov 2011

Pio, a former monk who died in 1968 aged 81, wore gloves because his hands bled constantly for 50 years in what were revered as stigmata wounds.

He became **Italy's** most loved saint after he was canonised by Pope John Paul II in 2002.

But a new book has heaped more scorn on the claims that his wounds were duplicates of those suffered by Jesus during the crucifixion.

Italian historian Professor Sergio Luzzatto has discovered documents including a letter from a pharmacist who arranged carbolic acid for Pio.

Professor Luzzatto suggests in Padre Pio: Miracle and Politics in a Secular Age that it was the corrosive acid that caused the bleeding on the saint's hands.

He also said many Popes had expressed doubts and suggested the Vatican only canonised Pio – real name Francesco Forgione – because of public pressure.

"Human beings – and particularly the most fragile among them – will still need to look at figures such as Padre Pio to get, if not miracles, then at least consolation and hope," Professor Luzzatto said, according the the Sun.

Professor Luzzatto previously referred to the documents, found in the Vatican's archive, in The Other Christ: Padre Pio and 19th Century Italy.

His claims were dismissed by the Catholic Anti-Defamation League in 2007.

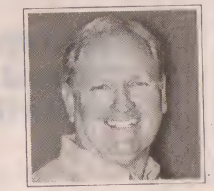
Pietro Siffi, the president of the League, said at the time: "We would like to remind Mr Luzzatto that according to Catholic doctrine, canonisation carries with it papal infallibility.

"We would like to suggest to Mr Luzzatto that he dedicates his energies to studying religion properly."

THE NETHERLANDS

Masked gunmen stole two paintings from a museum, including a work by surrealist Salvador Dali, officials said. Police said several robbers threatened a guard at the Scheringa Museum for Realism in Spanbroek with a gun before making off with two paintings.

Following the history of the giant palm beetle



James Cornett

DESERT SCAPE

Another first. I found a giant palm boring beetle on my front porch.

At 2 inches in length this beetle is truly a giant, nearly twice as large as any other bostrichid beetle, with a huge head and powerful jaws that can easily draw blood were they to clamp onto human skin. The fact that the beetle larvae feeds in the trunks of oasis palms made it unknown to science until 1886, when the beetle and larva were described by G. H. Horn from specimens found by naturalist William G. Wright.

Wright claimed he obtained his beetles in the Mojave Desert but refused to divulge the precise collecting locality. The late desert naturalist Edmund Jaeger wrote that Wright was purposely vague about the destinations of his desert collecting trips and, though entomologist friends tried to follow, he would always elude them.

According to Jaeger, Wright's secrecy was designed to assure a high selling price for his beetles, which brought up to $1,000 a pair from European museums. For 13 years Wright kept his secret and the habitat of the palm boring beetle remained a mystery.

It was not until 1899 that the habits and life history of the giant palm boring beetle were revealed. Two years before Henry Hubbard of Los Angeles found a specimen of Dinapate wrightii (the beetles' scientific name) beneath a desert fan palm near Palm Springs. Upon further investigation he discovered the huge, pale-yellow larvae lived in the native palms and ate extensive tunnels through the trunks. With the publication of this information in Entomological News, the mystery was solved. Within a few years, hundreds of specimens made their way into museums throughout the country.

Dinapate wrightii is impressive not only because of its size but also because of what appears to be an enormous, disproportionate head. Upon close examination the segment is found to be comprised of a normal-sized head that fits into a huge bulbous thorax. The unusual thorax seems to function as a wedge that can be jammed against the ceiling of the tunnel allowing the jaws to be pushed deeply into wood. The thorax is well formed in the larva but cannot be seen as it is covered by the grub's skin-like cuticle.

A second striking feature of Dinapate is its set of two posterior horns. Although present in both sexes, the male's horns are considerably longer. The function of the horns is not known but they could possibly aid in sex recognition when several male beetles are in tight quarters fighting over a female.

Interestingly, these structures force the recently metamorphosed adult palm borer to exit its tree backwards. Since the horns make the posterior width greater than the head or thorax, the only assurance that it has constructed a large enough exit hole is to get the back end out first. A head-first exit runs the risk of having the legs flailing helplessly in mid-air because the horns and abdomen are stuck in the tunnel.

It is not clear just how many years Dinapate larvae spend in their palm nests. The late Nelson Baker suggested the time period from egg to adult beetle lasted three to five years.

A carved human figure, however, made from a palm log was seven years old when an adult Dinapate emerged from its dime-sized exit hole. Thus, under certain conditions, the larvae may persist for seven years inside a trunk.

James Cornett lives in Palm Springs and is the author of "Desert Palm Oasis." Contact him at JWCornett@aol.com.

Historically, shuttles never lasted very long downtown

By Denise Goolsby
The Desert Sun

Ken Feenstra, former director of redevelopment for the city of Palm Springs, contacted The Desert Sun after reading the July 26 "Thanks for the The Memories" column headlined "Buzz trolley not Palm Springs' first shuttle attempt."

Feenstra was right in the thick of things during the city's attempt to get the passenger system, dubbed "Sun Surrey Shuttle," up and running in 1980.

The plan was to purchase double-decker buses — they would receive extensive modifications including the removal of the roof and installation of seating — to shuttle tourists between resort hotels and the downtown business district.

Feenstra contacted the clerk's office and got copies of City Council minutes from that era. This much-appreciated-gesture has really helped me put the history into context.

When we last left off, we were talking about the debate about the graphic design that would adorn the buses.

Subtle, non-pictorial graphics were selected over photos of male and female sunbathers and advertisements.

The next order of business was authorizing the minting of Sun Surrey Fare coin tokens.

On Sept. 2, 1980, Minute Order 2841 on the City Council's consent agenda authorized Roger Williams Mint to produce "500,000 tokens of 15 gauge material," at a cost of $21,750.

Feenstra personally handed these tokens out to merchants, who would in turn, hand them out to their customers. Those without tokens could pay 25 cents to travel on the Sun Surrey.

The British-made buses finally hit the streets in mid-December of 1980 after a two-week delay due to CHP-mandated repairs to the vehicles' brakes and replacement of their windshields, which were refitted with shatterproof glass.

A Desert Sun story, dated Feb. 28, 1991, reports on the unveiling of the Village Shuttle, a trolley that traveled the downtown Palm Springs route. THE DESERT SUN

A story in the Dec. 16, 1980 issue of The Desert Sun reported that the "Sun Surrey shuttle bus was well received by its riders."

It was a short-lived, bumpy ride.

A Central Corridor Business Improvement Area was created in March of 1980 to help pay for operating costs.

It was estimated it would cost merchants about $1.50 a day on average if 500 businesses chipped in to help pay the monthly operating costs.

Sixty merchants refused to pay the levy, and the city filed lawsuits against these holdouts.

According to a story in the May 20, 1981 Desert Sun, a municipal court judge ruled in favor of five of these merchants who refused to pay for a tourist bus system because the assessments were, "arbitrary, discriminatory and unfair."

According to City Council minutes, dated July 22, 1981, Councilman Rose "stated that he believes there is no future for the Sun Surrey; that it was a correct and appropriate decision made by the Council at the time; and that he recommended that, as a symbol to the community, the lawsuits filed be dismissed and that the assessments and penalties collected be refunded."

The front and back of the city of Palm Springs' Sun Surrey fare tokens minted in 1980. DENISE GOOLSBY/THE DESERT SUN

The City Council, at its Sept. 16, 1981 meeting, gave final approval to two separate resolutions that effectively "killed" the Sun Surrey.

The headline above the story that ran the next day in The Desert Sun read, "Surrey, district abolished; refund checks prepared."

The city gave it another try less than a decade later when it turned the new Palm Springs SunTrolleys loose on the streets of downtown on Nov. 11, 1989.

According to news reports, the trolleys were being used "primarily to relieve traffic congestion and parking problems while at the same time, offer an attractive and tourist oriented service to conventioneers and visitors."

Dubbed "Molly Trolleys," the single-decker bus, designed to look like San Francisco cable cars, would originate at the Palm Springs Convention Center, and travel north and south routes along Palm Canyon Drive and Indian Avenue.

Maps and brochures were produced with route information and a list of hotels along the SunTrolley route.

The fare was 50 cents. A day pass could be purchased for $2. The trolleys were scheduled to run through May 28, 1990.

Then, a Feb. 28, 1991 story in The Desert Sun reported "A downtown shuttle service linking the city's major hotels and tourist attractions was officially unveiled."

Dubbed the Village Shuttle, the trolley — which appears to be the same design/model as the 1989/90 version — also offered special guided tours for visitors to celebrity homes and the Indian Canyons.

At least one of the trolleys bore the name of "Sonny," a nod to then-Palm Springs Mayor Sonny Bono.

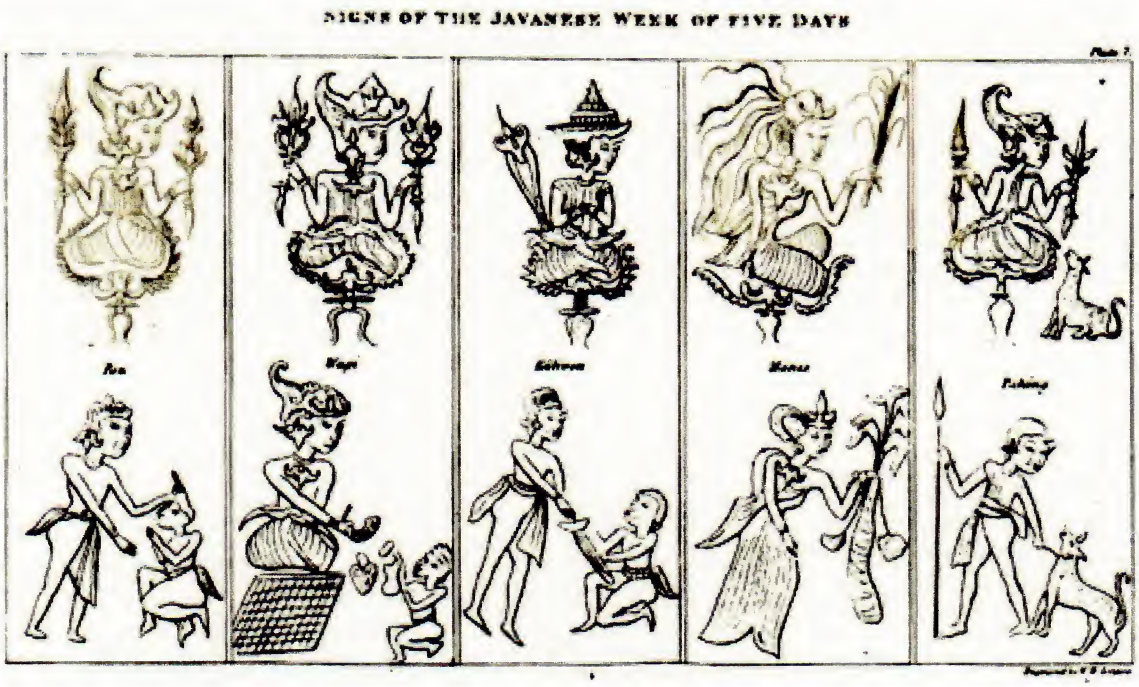
"For years we've been talking about a nice little trolley like this and at last we've got it and we're thrilled to death," former Palm Springs Mayor Frank Bogert said at the time.

Not sure about the shelf live of Village Shuttle — but it doesn't appear to have been long-lived.

Fourteen years later, Palm Springs introduces the Palm Springs Buzz, a free weekend trolley that will shuttle riders along a 14-mile loop from Racquet Club Road to the Parker Palm Springs hotel.

Let's hope history doesn't repeat itself — again.

gardant:



Pancawara is the five-day week of the Javanese calendar. This system structures time around trade and commerce, and in Bahasa Jawa is also called *pasaran hari*, or the "market day" cycle.

The chart shows the ngoko (informal) names of the days, each of which is associated with certain images, colors, and directions.

Legi: white, East (Umanis, in the Balinese calendar)
Paing: red, South
Pon: yellow, West
Wage: black, North
Kliwon: mixed colors, center

The seven-day calendar can be used in conjunction, with certain interlocking patterns bearing special meanings. For example, evenings where Kliwon coincides with Friday (Jumat Kliwon) are considered sacred.

US governor hints at pardon for Billy the Kid

(AFP) – 1 day ago

LOS ANGELES — An outgoing US state governor hinted Thursday that he could soon give a posthumous pardon to Billy the Kid, the infamous 19th-century Wild West outlaw.

New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson, who stands down next month, said his office had received a formal petition, which he will consider and make a decision on before the end of the year.

"As someone who is fascinated with New Mexico's rich history, I've always been intrigued by the story of Billy the Kid and, in particular, the alleged promise of a pardon he was given by Territorial Governor Lew Wallace," he said.

"I will diligently review this new petition and all the facts available regarding an agreement between Billy the Kid and Governor Wallace before rendering any decision," he added.

The legend of Billy the Kid – real name William H. Bonney, although also known as Henry McCarty and Henry Antrim – has inspired dozens of books and films, several impostors and attempts to exhume his grave to test for DNA.

Some say Wallace, who wrote the novel "Ben Hur" from the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe, promised to pardon Bonney, shot down by Sheriff Pat Garrett on July 14, 1881.

Garrett's grandchildren oppose granting a pardon.

It would amount to painting Garrett as a cold-blooded killer, "accusing our grandfather, in national and international media, of hideous crimes," wrote Jarvis Patrick Garrett of Albuquerque and Susan Floyd Garrett of Santa Fe.

"We consider that an abomination as well as an inexcusable defamation of a great man."

But William Wallace, the former governor's great-grandson now living in Westport, Connecticut, recently said there is no historical evidence to back that up.

Pushing for the pardon for more than a decade have been various fans of the Billy the Kid legend, including Elbert A. Garcia of Santa Rosa, New Mexico, who believes he is the great-grandson of Billy the Kid.

Garcia wrote a book in 1999 explaining how his grandfather, Patrociano Garcia, was Bonney's son -- even though there is no proof Bonney had any descendants.

Richardson, a former US energy secretary and US ambassador to the United Nations, is currently in North Korea on a private visit trying to defuse tensions over the reclusive state's nuclear ambitions.

Copyright © 2010 AFP. All rights reserved. More »

Museum pays homage to G

By Denise Goolsby
The Desert Sun

The General Patton Memorial Museum in Chiriaco Summit – just off Interstate 10 near Desert Center, about 30 miles east of Indio — is home to numerous artifacts collected from the nearby training grounds once commanded by Gen. George S. Patton Jr.

Black and white photos and World War II-era news clippings cover the walls of the museum; vintage armament, uniforms, and troop history books are among the many items that fill the museum's glass display cases.

Artifacts from other wars — from World War I to the present war on terror — are also included in the collection.

Old tanks are on display on the museum grounds.

The history of the General Patton Memorial Museum begins with the Chiriaco family.

Joe Chiriaco, the founder of the desert landmark, came west in 1927 from his home state of Alabama to see the Crimson Tide play Stanford in the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. Incidentally, the game ended in a 7-7 tie, the last Rose Bowl game to finish in a draw.

Chiriaco never returned to Alabama, opting to remain in Southern California, where he found a job as a surveyor with the Los Angeles Bureau of Water and Power.

He made his first trek to the desert when his work brought him to an area known as Shaver Summit – the name was changed to Chiriaco Summit in 1958 when a rural branch of the U.S. Post Office was opened.

After several years, he gave up his job with the bureau and settled down at the summit site, which he later purchased from J.E. Cram of Mentone.

In the early 1900s there was a gravel road out of Box Canyon that passed by Shaver Summit,

Margit Chiriaco Rusche and her father, Joe Chiriaco, stand by a rock monument. PHOTO PROVIDED BY GENERAL PATTON MEMORIAL MUSEUM

running east towards Blythe. With rumors of a new paved road between Indio and Phoenix, Joe began constructing a building, and on Aug. 15, 1933, he opened a gas station and general store. That same day, the new two-lane blacktop, U.S. 60, opened, passing in front of Shaver Summit.

Joe married his wife, Ruth, in 1934, and the couple worked 18-hour days providing service to the traveling public.

About the same time as Joe began the business, the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California began construction of the Metropolitan Aqueduct — a 242-mile pipeline that would carry water from the Colorado River to the Los Angeles basin.

Soon after the completion of the aqueduct, Gen. Patton established the Desert Training Center, with its headquarters at Camp Young, adjacent to Shaver's Summit — the only place of its kind "on limits" to the soldiers for many miles.

The availability of water to the Desert Training Center was one of the main reasons Patton selected the area and placed camps accordingly.

The center, created by one of America's most demanding generals, is considered the largest military training facility in the history of military maneuvers, stretching over 18,000 square miles of rugged desert terrain from Southern California into Arizona and Nevada.

From 1942 to 1944, more than one million soldiers trained at the center, populated by thousands of tanks, trucks and self-propelled artillery units. Almost all of the facilities at the camp were non-permanent tent cities.

Seventy years later, vestiges of the camp remain and mementos of its historic past have been preserved and are on display at the museum, which was established next door to Joe Chiriaco's original establishment, which is still in operation.

The museum was first conceptualized in 1985 by Margit Chiriaco Rusche, daughter of Joe and Ruth Chiriaco, and Leslie Cone of the Bureau of Land Management, the agency that manages the land upon which the training center existed.

The duo put a small team together that eventually evolved into the General Patton Memo-

. George Patton

. Patton Memorial Museum in Chiriaco Summit.
'O PROVIDED BY GEN. PATTON MEMORIAL MUSEUM

Museum, Inc., a non-profit ssociation with the BLM.

'The first year was spent or-ıizing and trying to find loca-ıs to house and process the ifacts," Rusche said. "The M had a mobile home that be-ne the first office and reposi-y for information and arti-:ts."

The founders obtained the Coachella DMV office and ved the building to the mu-ım site — on land donated by sche's parents. In 1986, five re modules were purchased, eating a 7,000 square foot ea to serve as the museum ilding. Construction folks nt to work converting the odules into one cohesive ructure.

One of the museum's first ofessional exhibits — it still mains one of the museum's nterpieces — was the donated etropolitan Water District to-graphical map, featuring the ast regions of Southern Cali-rnia where the massive aque-uct was installed.

The museum opened to the ublic on Nov. 11, 1988, coinci-entally, on Patton's 100th birth-ay. "A crowd of over 5,000 at-ended the opening, the outdoor concrete barely dry," Rusche said.

Early expansion of the museum was financed by World War I and World War II veterans purchasing bricks that make up the two half-circle remembrance walls at the base of the Gen. Patton statue featured prominently at the entrance to the museum.

The BLM and the museum operate cooperatively under a memorandum of understanding, working together to continue to preserve and interpret archeological relics scattered throughout the sprawling training center.

Camp Iron Mountain, designated as an Area of Critical Environmental Concern in 1980, is one of the best known and the best preserved of all the camps, according to the BLM.

"Despite the ravages of time, a contour map, many rock mosaics, two altars and numerous rock alignments along roads and walkways have survived," a posting on the BLM website said.

Source: Margit Chiriaco Rusche, Michael Pierson, General Patton Memorial Museum, Bureau of Land Management, chiriacosummit.com

PHOTO GALLERY

Historic photos of the Salton Sea and North Shore Yacht Club on DesertSun.com.

SEE THESE AND MORE AT DESERTSUN.COM/ **PHOTOS**

USA SNAPSHOTS©

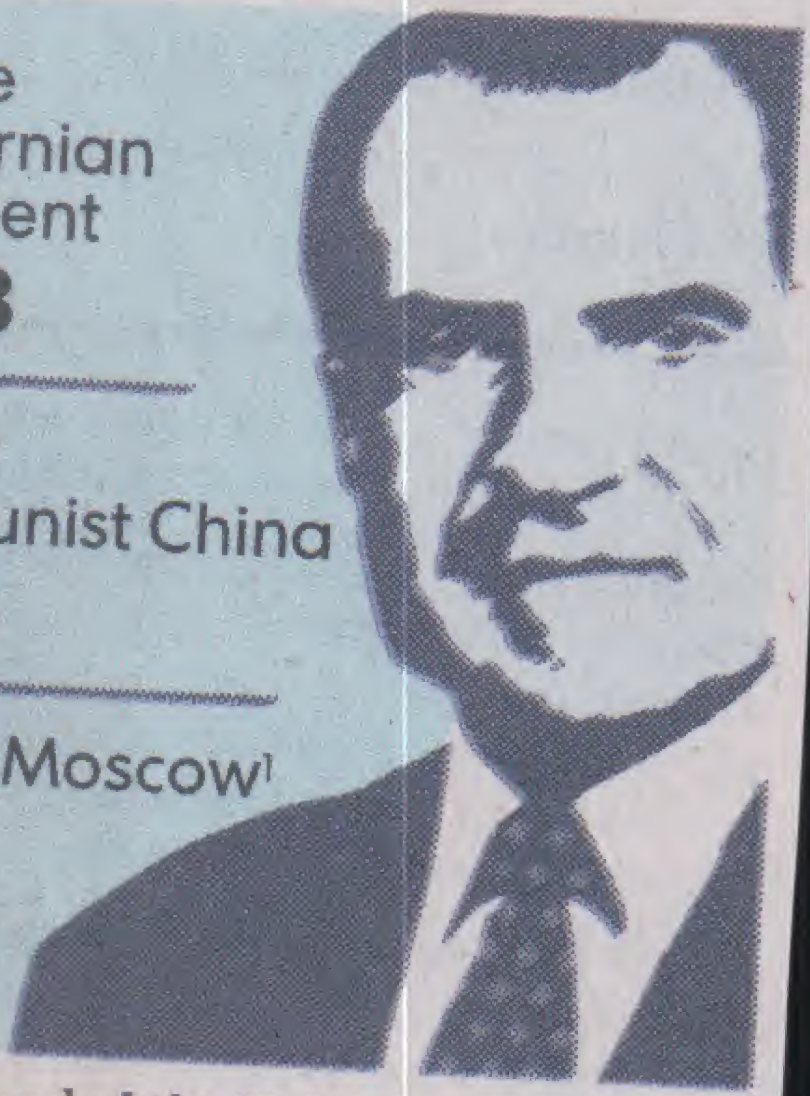
Only U.S. president to resign

Nixon resigned on Aug. 9, 1974. His presidential firsts:

Native Californian president
1968

To visit communist China
1972

To visit Moscow[1]
1972



1 – FDR attended the Yalta Conference in Crimea, Russia in 1945

Source USA TODAY research

ANNE R. CAREY AND PAUL TRAP, USA TODAY

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, August 8, the 220th day of 2014. There are 145 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1911: President William Howard Taft signed a measure raising the number of U.S. representatives from 391 to 433, effective with the next Congress, with a proviso to add two more when New Mexico and Arizona became states.

1937: During the Second Sino-Japanese War, Japan completed its occupation of Beijing.

1945: President Harry S. Truman signed the U.S. instrument of ratification for the United Nations Charter. The Soviet Union declared war against Japan during World War II.

1963: Britain's "Great Train Robbery" took place as thieves made off with 2.6 million pounds in banknotes.

1968: The Republican national convention in Miami Beach nominated Richard Nixon for president on the first ballot.

1974: President Richard Nixon announced his resignation, effective the next day, following damaging new revelations in the Watergate scandal.

2009: Sonia Sotomayor was sworn in as the U.S. Supreme Court's first Hispanic and third female justice.

Thought for today: "It is the anonymous 'they,' the enigmatic 'they' who are in charge. Who is 'they'? I don't know. Nobody knows. Not even 'they' themselves." — Joseph Heller, American author (1923-1999).

FILE PHOTO BY DANNY JOHNSTON, AP

Even McKinney checks the magic in a title at Wordsworth and Company Books in Little Rock in 2007.

LEARN LIKE A MUGGLE

In case you needed another reason to binge-read the Harry Potter books, new research suggests that reading the books may have social benefits. A study in the Journal of Applied Social Psychology found that students who have read the Potter books are less prejudicial toward traditionally stigmatized groups, such as immigrants, gays and refugees.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Monday, August 11, the 223rd day of 2014. There are 142 days left in the year. Highlights in history on this date:

1712: Treaty of Araru ends Swiss War, guaranteeing domination of Protestants over five Catholic cantons.

1786: Penang is ceded to Britain by Rajah of Kedah in Malaya.

1863: French establish protectorate over Cambodia.

1929: Arabs launch attacks on Jews in Palestine over disputes on Jewish use of Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, considered holy by both Jews and Arabs.

1935: Nazi storm troopers stage mass demonstrations against Jews in Germany.

1945: Allies inform Japan that its surrender offer is acceptable as World War II in Pacific nears end.

1950: King Leopold III of Belgium abdicates because of criticism of his actions during World War II. His son Baudouin becomes king the next year.

1952: Prince Hussein is proclaimed King Hussein of Jordan on termination of King Talal's reign.

1965: Race riot begins in the Watts section of Los Angeles, United States, lasting six days. Thirty-four people are killed and more than 1,000 injured.

1973: United States officially ends combat involvement in Indochina, the same day the Viet Cong charge that 71 prisoners of war turned over to them by South Vietnam are not Communist supporters but want to return to Saigon.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Thursday, August 7, the 219th day of 2014. There are 146 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1782: Gen. George Washington created the Order of the Purple Heart, a decoration to recognize merit in enlisted men and noncommissioned officers.

1789: The U.S. War Department was established by Congress.

1814: Pope Pius VII issued a bull restoring the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits, four decades after the order had been suppressed by Pope Clement XIV.

1882: The famous feud between the Hatfields of West Virginia and the McCoys of Kentucky erupted into full-scale violence.

1927: The already opened Peace Bridge connecting Buffalo, N.Y., and Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada, was officially dedicated.

1942: U.S. and other forces landed at Guadalcanal, marking the start of the first major allied offensive in the Pacific during World War II. (Japanese forces abandoned the island the following February.)

1959: The United States launched the Explorer 6 satellite, which sent back images of Earth.

1963: First lady Jacqueline Kennedy gave birth to a boy, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, who died two days later of respiratory distress syndrome.

1964: Congress passed the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, giving President Lyndon B. Johnson broad powers in dealing with reported North Vietnamese attacks on U.S. forces.

1974: French stuntman Philippe Petit repeatedly walked a tightrope strung between the twin towers of New York's World Trade Center.

1989: A plane carrying U.S. Rep. Mickey Leland, D-Texas, and 14 others disappeared over Ethiopia.

1998: Terrorist bombs at U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania killed 224 people, including 12 Americans.

Thought for Today: "You must learn day by day, year by year, to broaden your horizon. The more things you love, the more you are interested in, the more you enjoy, the more you are indignant about — the more you have left when anything happens." — Ethel Barrymore, American actress (1879-1959).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Wednesday, August 6, the 218th day of 2014. There are 147 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1813: During the Venezuelan War of Independence, forces led by Simon Bolivar recaptured Caracas.

1825: Upper Peru became the autonomous republic of Bolivia.

1862: The Confederate ironclad CSS Arkansas was scuttled by its crew on the Mississippi River near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to prevent capture by the Union.

1914: Austria-Hungary declared war against Russia and Serbia declared war against Germany.

1926: Gertrude Ederle became the first woman to swim the English Channel, arriving in Kingsdown, England, from France in 14½ hours.

1930: New York State Supreme Court Justice Joseph Force Crater went missing after leaving a Manhattan restaurant; his disappearance remains a mystery.

1945: During World War II, the United States dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan, resulting in an estimated 140,000 deaths.

1956: The DuMont television network went off the air after a decade of operations.

1961: Soviet cosmonaut Gherman Titov became the second man to orbit Earth as he flew aboard Vostok 2.

1965: President Lyndon B. Johnson signed the Voting Rights Act.

1978: Pope Paul VI died at Castel Gandolfo at age 80.

1993: Louis Freeh won Senate confirmation to be FBI director.

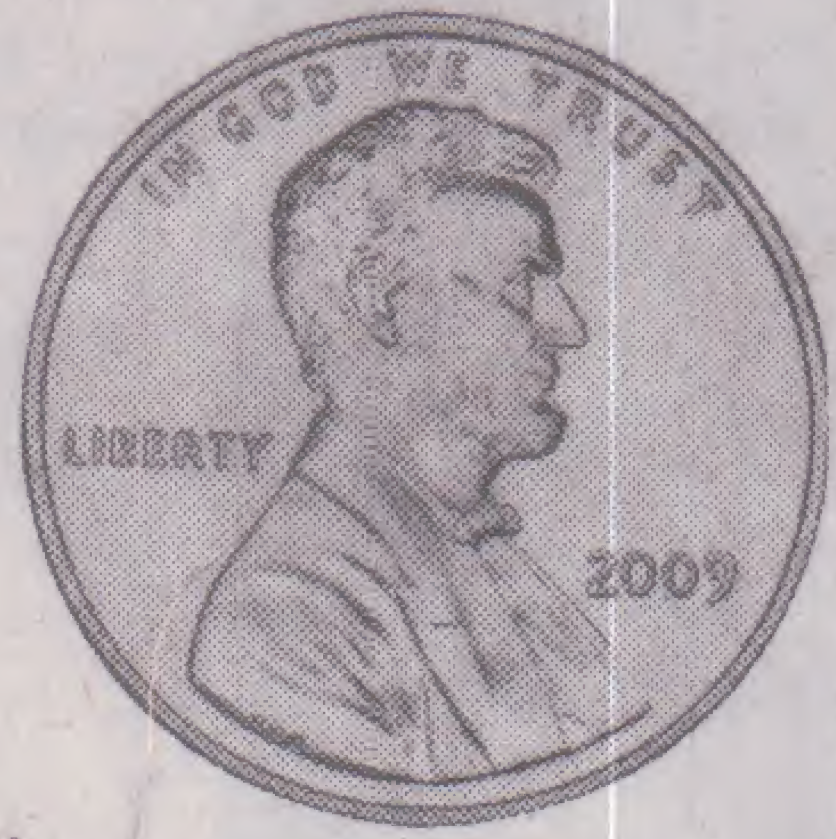
2004: A court found two former top East German officials guilty of failing to stop the killing of people trying to escape across the Berlin Wall and sentenced them to probation. Funk legend Rick James, whose life and career were marred by cocaine addiction and a prison term for assault, died in Los Angeles at age 56.

2013: President Barack Obama said during an appearance on NBC's "The Tonight Show" that he was "disappointed" that Russia had granted temporary asylum to National Security Agency leaker Edward Snowden, defying administration demands that the former government contractor be sent back to the U.S. to face espionage charges.

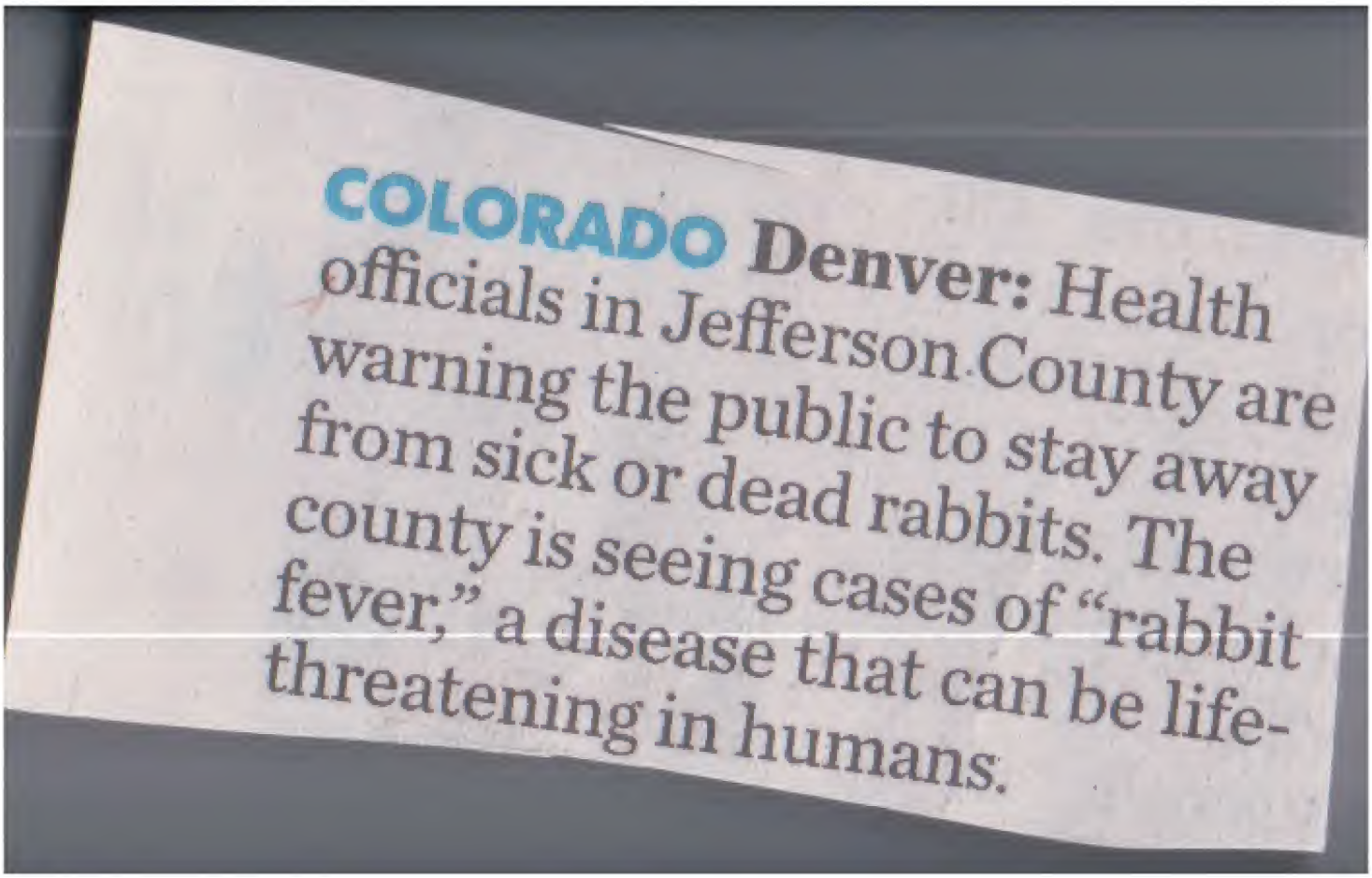
Thought for today: "A successful lie is doubly a lie; an error which has to be corrected is a heavier burden than the truth." — Dag Hammarskjold, U.N. Secretary-General (1905-1961).

STICKING WITH LINCOLN: DON'T TAKE OUR PENNIES

On this month in 1909 the Lincoln penny made its debut — the first U.S. coin bearing a real person's image. Though there have been heated debates in recent decades about whether to get rid of the coin, the public has remained steadfastly opposed to eliminating it. Polls in 1992, 1997 and 2006 all showed more than two-thirds of the public wanting the penny to stick around.



AP



COLORADO Denver: Health officials in Jefferson County are warning the public to stay away from sick or dead rabbits. The county is seeing cases of "rabbit fever," a disease that can be life-threatening in humans.

China plans 'Christian theology'

News from Elsewhere... By News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring 11:46 UK time, Thursday, 07 August 2014

A Chinese priest during Mass

China says it may try to create a theology based on Christianity - that integrates the religion with Chinese culture and is compatible with the country's socialist beliefs, it's been reported.

Wang Zuoan, a senior official for religious affairs, says China supports the development of Christianity within the country. But "the construction of Chinese Christian theology should adapt to China's national condition," the state-backed China Daily website reports. His comments came at a conference for Sinicization of Christianity in Shanghai.

It's thought there are about 23 million to 40 million Protestants in China - 1.7% to 2.9% of the total population - and that each year, about 500,000 people are baptised as Protestants. But China's ruling Communist Party is officially atheistic and relations with the church have sometimes been strained. People are only supposed to worship in places approved by the government, but many underground churches operate in China too.

In Wenzhou - sometimes called China's Jerusalem, where more than one in 10 people are Protestant - state authorities are cracking down on what they say are illegal church buildings, taking away or threatening to remove crosses at more than 130 Protestant churches and demolishing some entirely, the Taipei Times says. It cites experts and church leaders saying they believe the authorities are alarmed by the quick growth of Protestantism in the area, and are trying to suppress it.

'Vampire' Funeral Found Near Vratsa
Society » ARCHAEOLOGY | July 26, 2014, Saturday // 14:51| Views: 1761 | Comments: 0
http://www.novinite.com/articles/162283/%27Vampire%27+Funeral+Found+Near+Vratsa

A Medieval funeral of a man was found during an archaeological dig near Bulgaria's northwestern town Vratsa, reports the Bulgarian National Radio.

The man was buried near the Vratsata pass, in a Christian manner, but with a large stone on the left side of his chest, where the heart is, said Nartsis Torbov, one of the archaeologists at the site.

According to his colleague Aleksandra Petrova, the placing of a stone on the chest was a Medieval tradition for protection against turning into a vampire or a zombie.

Torbov supposed that the manner of the funeral suggests the deceased was a bad person and the people were scared of him.

ARIZONA Kingman: A 120-pound bell that went missing from a local church has been returned. *The Kingman Daily Miner* reported that the brass bell was brought back to St. Mary's Catholic Church on Wednesday by a man who wished to remain anonymous. Church parish coordinator Donna Wicker says the bell was caked in dirt, indicating it had been buried.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Sunday, August 10, the 222nd day of 2014. There are 143 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1566: Iconoclastic riots by fanatical Calvinists break out in the Netherlands.

1627: French forces under Cardinal Richelieu begin siege of La Rochelle, held by Huguenots. Three-quarters of its inhabitants die of starvation during the 15-month siege.

1628: The Swedish warship Vasa capsizes in Stockholm harbor on its maiden voyage. It is raised in 1961.

1664: Truce of Vasvar ends war between Turkey and Holy Roman Empire, whereby rival armies are to withdraw from Transylvania.

1741: Prussia's King Frederick II takes Breslau in Poland.

1787: Turkey declares war on Russia, fearing designs on Georgia.

1792: French monarchy is overthrown when mobs in Paris attack palace of King Louis XVI.

1842: Lord Ashley's Mine Act prohibits women and children under 10 from working underground in Britain.

1866: Bolivia cedes territory between Andes and Pacific Ocean to Chile.

1885: Leo Daft opens America's first commercially operated electric streetcar, in Baltimore.

1897: A young researcher at German chemical firm Bayer, Felix Hoffman, first synthesizes acetylsalicylic acid, aspirin's active ingredient.

1904: Japan's navy cripples Russian fleet off Port Arthur.

1913: Bulgaria gives up its claim to Macedonia in a peace treaty signed in Bucharest, ending Second Balkan War. Tensions remain in the region, exploding a year later in World War I.

1914: France declares war on Austria-Hungary at the start of World War I.

1919: Anglo-White Russian forces defeat Soviet forces in North Dvina.

1945: Japan offers to surrender in World War II if Emperor Hirohito is permitted to keep his throne.

WASHINGTON Shoreline: Someone surprised the parks department by leaving a mystery piano in Shoreview Park. The piano is not authorized in the park and has no weather protection. It's also out of tune.

CONNECTICUT **Bristol:** Police say thieves have made off with hundreds of ears of corn from two farms in Connecticut. WTNH-TV reported that workers at Green Acres Farm here went to pick corn to sell at a market Sunday and discovered that the stalks had been all but picked clean. Police reported that 153 ears of corn were stolen from Anderson Farm Field in Wethersfield.

The Japanese Toilet Paper Crisis
historical-nonfiction
August 3rd 2014, 4:40:28 am · 14 hours ago

The Japanese relied heavily on oil from the Middle East, and one of their government ministers went on television on October 31, 1973, to ask people to use paper sparingly. Of course, people suddenly started panicking.A few hundred people queued up outside an Osaka supermarket the next day and cleared out all of the toilet paper.

When that made the news, others followed suit. Another official begged for calm on November 2, saying there was plenty of toilet paper for everyone in the country – a worry no one had thought to have before. Suddenly, the Japanese became worried about a toilet paper shortage, and the entire country began hoarding as much toilet paper as they could. By the time the crisis came to an end, most people had stocked up on at least a year's worth of the stuff. Despite that, the human memory is so odd that those who remember the time recall it as a period of shortage, with barely a roll in sight.

Do Vampires go to the toilet?
Posted Jul 22 2014 by Michaelynn | in Community, Gen Plumbing
http://lelandplumbing.com/generalplumbing/do-vampires-go-to-the-toilet

A question submitted: Do Vampires go to the toilet?

Answer from TheUnbeholden: They do, as they drink stuff they need, they must get rid of the old stuff so they are new and the vampire stays healthy. If they eat food, then yes. I don't know one that doesn't eat food. Blood is their source of food, and only blood much like the vampire bat. The bat makes a wound by biting, and then licks the blood. Whereas a vampire bites into a jugular vein, and sucks it out.

Another key difference is that Vampires are not a species like the vampire bat is but rather a mutation caused by a virus, which is the best explanation I've been able to find, which also explains why vampires can't have children but are able to infect others with vampirism. I do not think that simply being bitten by one is enough to infect you, but you must drink vampiric tainted blood. Otherwise there would be millions of vampires by now.

– TheUnbeholden

NEW HAMPSHIRE Landaff: The town of Landaff is getting ready to celebrate its 250th birthday. Three days of contests, games, live music and historical exhibits are taking place starting Aug. 15. *The Caledonian Record* reported the town, which has a population of 417, was first chartered to a group of speculators by the King of England after the French and Indian War. The town nearly became home to Dartmouth College and was part of Vermont at one point because of insufficient representation in the New Hampshire Legislature.

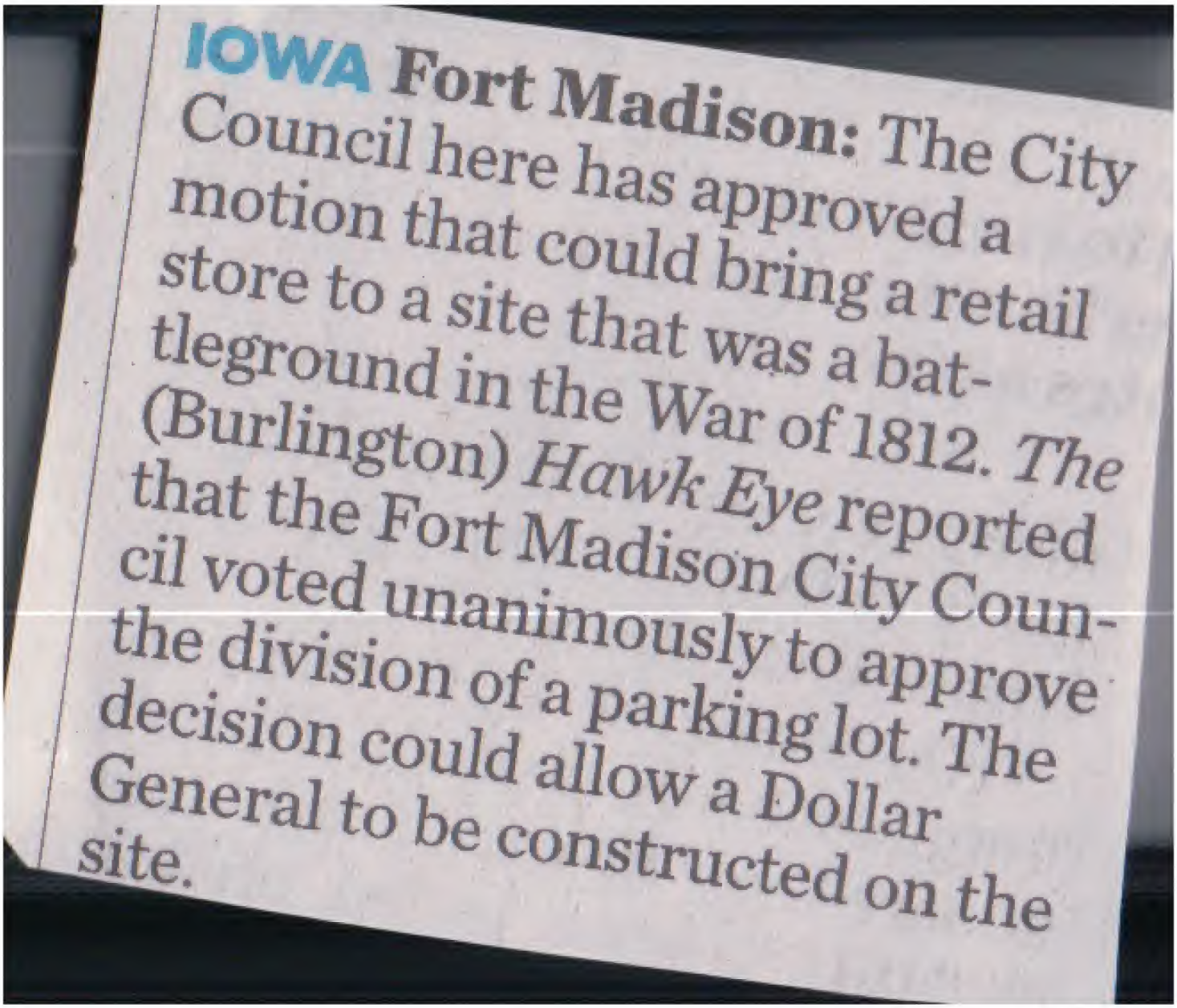
U.S. OFFICIALS RETURN ANCIENT COINS TO GREEKS

Some ancient coins were returned to the government of Greece on Monday after the New York prosecution of a prominent collector from Rhode Island.

Manhattan District Attorney Cyrus Vance Jr. and Greek officials held a ceremony marking the repatriation of coins dating to 500 B.C.

The coins were part of a case against Rhode Island hand surgeon and coin aficionado Arnold-Peter Weiss, whose January 2012 arrest during a coin auction at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel roiled the numismatic world.

An orthopedics professor at Brown University's Alpert Medical School and author of a hand-surgery textbook, Weiss also had been on a coin collector and investor for 35 years.



IOWA Fort Madison: The City Council here has approved a motion that could bring a retail store to a site that was a battleground in the War of 1812. *The* (Burlington) *Hawk Eye* reported that the Fort Madison City Council voted unanimously to approve the division of a parking lot. The decision could allow a Dollar General to be constructed on the site.

When Suspicion Meets Science: Examining the Belief in Vampires in Connecticut and New England
October 16
http://webb-deane-stevens.org/the-new-england-vampire-folk-belief-the-archeological-evidence-october-16/

Wethersfield, Conn. (July 30, 2014) – As if their annual Witches and Tombstones Tours weren't enough, the Webb-Deane-Stevens Museum is adding to October's chill with a timely discussion of a real "skull-and-crossbones" scenario and an historical belief in vampires, right here in Connecticut. On October 16, 2014, state archaeologist Dr. Nicholas Bellantoni will present "The New England Vampire Folk Belief: The Archeological Evidence" in the Webb Barn at the Webb-Deane-Stevens Museum, 211 Main St., Wethersfield. The free presentation will be preceded by a wine reception (by donation) at 6 p.m.

Bellantoni will discuss some new cases of suspected vampirism in the 1800s, and give updates on familiar examples, including the Jewett City Vampires (Connecticut), the Mercy Brown case (Rhode Island), and "Burial Number 4," in Griswold, Connecticut.

In 1990, two Griswold boys playing in a freshly dug gravel pit unearthed two human skulls, leading to a police investigation and a call to the Connecticut Office of State Archaeology. Bellantoni conducted rescue excavations and noted that all the skeletal remains were in proper anatomical position in their graves except for one adult male, who had been beheaded and whose bones were arranged in a "skull and crossbones" manner. Results of the forensic and historical evidence suggested that the individual was believed to be "undead" and capable of leaving the grave and "feeding" on living family members. Vampire feeding was considered by some to be the cause of the tuberculosis, the leading cause of mortality in the Northeast in the 1800s. The re-arrangement of bones, and sometimes the burning of the heart, was considered necessary in order to put the "vampire" to final rest.

Let death row prisoners choose the firing squad

If prisoners on death row or who are sentenced to life without parole were given the choice, many who have lost hope would decide to die, and if they could choose the means of death they would most likely wish to be shot.

Firing squads are quick and efficient. The main criticism of this method is that it is too gruesome for the American public. My answer to this is to allow only law enforcement, other prisoners and victims to witness the execution.

For prisoners who do have hope of becoming better citizens, sentences should be reduced for good behavior and outside services provided to encourage communication with family and potential employers and landlords such as the new startup Pigeonly that was the subject of an article in the Sunday USA Today section.

Nancy Cobb, Palm Springs

SEND YOUR LETTER

Email letters to letters@desertsun.com

» Letters must include the writer's name, address and telephone number for verification

» Letters should be fewer than 200 words

» Letters may be edited for length, clarity and taste

See a complete list of rules online.

Theodore "Dutch" VanKirk, navigator of the Enola Gay, talks about his experiences during World War II in this Aug. 25, 2010, photo. AP

Enola Gay crew's final survivor dies in Georgia

Associated Press

The last surviving member of the crew that dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima, hastening the end of World War II and forcing the world into the atomic age, has died in Georgia.

Theodore VanKirk, also known as "Dutch," died Monday of natural caus[illegible] hon[illegible] Sto[illegible] sor[illegible] we[illegible] b[illegible] W[illegible] F[illegible] J[illegible] [illegible] the retirement [illegible] were a lot of

States should have used the atomic bomb has been debated endlessly.

VanKirk told the AP he thought it was necessary because it shortened the war and eliminated the need for an Allied land invasion that could have cost more lives on both sides.

"I honestly believe the use of the atomic bomb saved lives in the long

Stock	52-wk High	52-wk Low	Last	Chg	%YTD Chg
Abbottlab	43.27	32.70	42.75	-.18	+11.50
Adobesy	74.69	44.70	72.27	-.43	+20.70
Amgen	128.96	103.31	123.31	+.66	+8.10
CalliGrf	10.35	6.76	7.84	+.02	-7.00
eBay	59.70	48.06	53.21	+.28	-3.00
Edisonlnt	58.24	44.26	57.02	-.45	+23.20
Esterline	122.52	74.81	109.27	-1.43	+7.20
FedExCp	155.31	102.00	147.14	-2.39	+2.30
Hyatt	63.29	41.47	61.20	-.41	+23.70
JackInBox	62.90	38.53	57.68	+.11	+15.30
[illegible]	51.49	35.13	[illegible]	[illegible]	+27.10

Stock footnotes: n = new issue within the past 52 weeks, s = stock split or stock dividend amounting to 25 percent or more in the past 52 weeks.

CALIFORNIA BUSINESSES

Stocks

The stock market closed with a modest loss Tuesday as investor[illegible] waited for the Federal Reserve to conclude its policy meeting and followed developments in Europe, where the European Union ap- proved dramatically tougher economic sanctions against Russia.

Stocks swung between small gains and losses throughout the day before turning decisively lower in mid-afternoon trading. Nine of the 10 sectors that make up the Standard & Poor's 500 index fell. Telecommunication companies were the only group to rise af- ter broadband company Windstream said it plans to move some of its assets into a real estate investment trust, reducing its debts.

Stock	Sym	Div	Yld	PE	Last	Chg	%Chg
BkNova g	BNS	2.68	3.9	12	68.52	-.32	-0.5
BkAm	BAC	.04	.2	12	15.53	-.16	-1.0
BarrickG	ABX	.40	2.4	16	16.53	-.04	-0.2
BarkHa A	BRK.A			19	194670	-1422	-0.7
BarkH B	BRK.B			19	129.73	-1.01	-0.8
Biogenldc	BIIB			34	358.89	+5.34	+1.5
Boeing	BA	3.12	2.2	18	144.57	-.74	-0.5

OHIO Cincinnati: Alumni of Wilberforce University, founded in 1856, committed to raise $2 million to help their alma mater's fight for survival amid the risk of accreditation loss, financial deficits and low enrollment. The USA's oldest historically black private university plans to modify facilities and academics, revise financial procedures and find a president to move the school forward.

PENNSYLVANIA Pittsburgh: Police are trying to figure out how a 23-year-old student wound up injured on the roof of a Carnegie Mellon University dormitory.

Theodore "Dutch" VanKirk, navigator of the Enola Gay, talks about his experiences during World War II in this Aug. 25, 2010, photo. AP

Enola Gay crew's final survivor dies in Georgia

Associated Press

The last surviving member of the crew that dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima, hastening the end of World War II and forcing the world into the atomic age, has died in Georgia.

Theodore VanKirk, also known as "Dutch," died Monday of natural causes at the retirement home where he lived in Stone Mountain, Ga., his son Tom VanKirk said. He was 93.

VanKirk flew nearly 60 bombing missions, but it was a single mission in the Pacific that secured him a States should have used the atomic bomb has been debated endlessly.

VanKirk told the AP he thought it was necessary because it shortened the war and eliminated the need for an Allied land invasion that could have cost more lives on both sides.

"I honestly believe the use of the atomic bomb saved lives in the long run. There were a lot of lives saved. Most of the lives saved were Japanese," VanKirk said.

But it also made him wary of war.

"The whole World War II experience shows that

place in history.

He was 24 years old when he served as navigator on the Enola Gay, the B-29 Superfortress that dropped the first atomic bomb deployed in wartime over the Japanese city of Hiroshima on Aug. 6, 1945.

He was teamed with pilot Paul Tibbets and bombardier Tom Ferebee in Tibbets' fledgling 509th Composite Bomb Group for Special Mission No. 13.

The mission went perfectly, VanKirk told The Associated Press in a 2005 interview. He guided the bomber through the night sky, just 15 seconds behind schedule, he said.

As the 9,000-pound bomb nicknamed "Little Boy" fell toward the sleeping city, he and his crewmates hoped to escape with their lives.

They didn't know whether the bomb would actually work and, if it did, whether its shockwaves would rip their plane to shreds. They counted — one thousand one, one thousand two — reaching the 43 seconds they'd been told it would take for detonation and heard nothing.

"I think everybody in the plane concluded it was a dud. It seemed a lot longer than 43 seconds," VanKirk recalled.

Then came a bright flash. Then a shockwave. Then another shockwave.

The blast and its aftereffects killed 140,000 in Hiroshima.

Three days after Hiroshima, a second atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. The blast and its aftermath claimed 80,000 lives. Six days after the Nagasaki bombing, Japan surrendered.

Whether the United wars don't settle anything. And atomic weapons don't settle anything," he said. "I personally think there shouldn't be any atomic bombs in the world — I'd like to see them all abolished.

"But if anyone has one," he added, "I want to have one more than my enemy."

VanKirk stayed on with the military for a year after the war ended. Then he went to school, earned degrees in chemical engineering and signed on with DuPont, where he stayed until he retired in 1985.

He later moved from California to the Atlanta area to be near his daughter.

Like many World War II veterans, VanKirk didn't talk much about his service until much later in his life, when he spoke to school groups, his son said.

"I didn't even find out that he was on that mission until I was 10 years old and read some old news clippings in my grandmother's attic," Tom VanKirk told the AP in a phone interview Tuesday.

Instead, he and his three siblings treasured a wonderful father, who was a great mentor and remained active and "sharp as a tack" until the end of his life.

"I know he was recognized as a war hero, but we just knew him as a great father," Tom VanKirk said.

A funeral service was scheduled for VanKirk on Aug. 5 in his hometown of Northumberland, Penn. He will be buried in Northumberland next to his wife, who died in 1975. The burial will be private.

One of the first fruit trees planted in America is still alive and well at age 383

Stephen Messenger

Science / Natural Sciences

August 24, 2013

http://www.treehugger.com/natural-sciences/first-fruit-tree-planted-america-still-alive-and-well-age-383.html

© Doug Peabody

When the first European settlers stepped foot on Plymouth Rock in 1620, the landscape they encountered must

have felt like the epitome of wildness. In time, of course, cottages and farmhouses, roads and footpaths would

sprout up even there as 'civilization' took root. But little could they have guessed, from those fragile early

shoots, that the whole wild continent would be tamed in just a few short centuries.

It may be hard to believe, however, but one of America's earliest settlers is still alive today – and still

bearing fruit after 383 years.

Among the first wave of immigrants to the New World was an English Puritan named John Endicott, who in 1629,

arrived to serve as the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Charged with the task of establishing a

welcoming setting for new arrivals upon the untamed land, the Pilgrim leader set about making the area around

modern-day Salem as homey as possible.

In approximately 1630, as his children watched on, Endicott planted one of the first fruit trees to be

cultivated in America: a pear sapling imported from across the Atlantic. He is said to have declared at the

time: "I hope the tree will love the soil of the old world and no doubt when we have gone the tree will still

be alive."

The tree did outlive all witnesses to its planting – as well as generations and generations that followed.

By 1763, colonists noted that the tree, dubbed the Endicott pear tree, was already "very old" and showing signs

of decay. But yet it persisted and continued to bear fruit. In 1809, the tree had such notoriety that even

President John Adams is said to have received a special delivery of its pears.

After holding fast through three strong hurricanes which battered the region in the

first half of the 19th

century, the tree became a cherished fixture; a fence was even put up to protect it. As early as 1852, folks

were already proclaiming Endicott's pear tree as "probably the oldest cultivated fruit bearing tree in New

England."

For Arbor Day in 1890, poet Lucy Larcom composed about the old tree so long rooted in American history:

Such a wonder you may see;

For the patriarchal tree

Blossoms still, – the living thought

Of good Governor Endicott.

Fruit again this year to bear;

Honor to that brave old pear!

Through the 20th century, Endicott's pear tree endured as the United States – the nation it predates by 146

years – continued to grow up around it. Through several more strong hurricanes, and even a vandal attack in the

1960s, the tree never stopped bearing fruit.

Although its pears have been described as "medium in size, unattractive, and coarse textured", the tree's

shortcomings have been more than made up for by its resilience – a legacy that will carry on even after the

sands of time eventually wither its branches. The USDA's National Clonal Germplasm Repository, a seed bank,

successfully produced a clone of Endicott's pear tree.

There are few surviving remnants of those earliest days in American history, when European settlers arrived to

the wild lands of the New World. But as their centuries-old headstones have weathered and crumbled with time,

and their names and stories have become lost to the ages, it's reassuring to know that history is rooted by

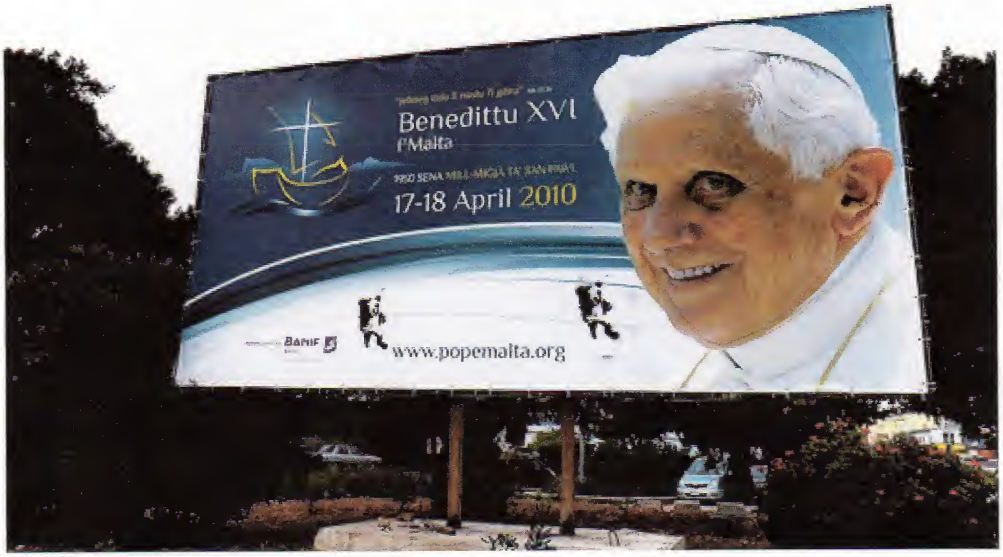
more than human memory and fading ink – and that a living monument has been fruitful through it all.

TIMESOF MALTA.COM

Saturday, 10th April 2010

Panda print

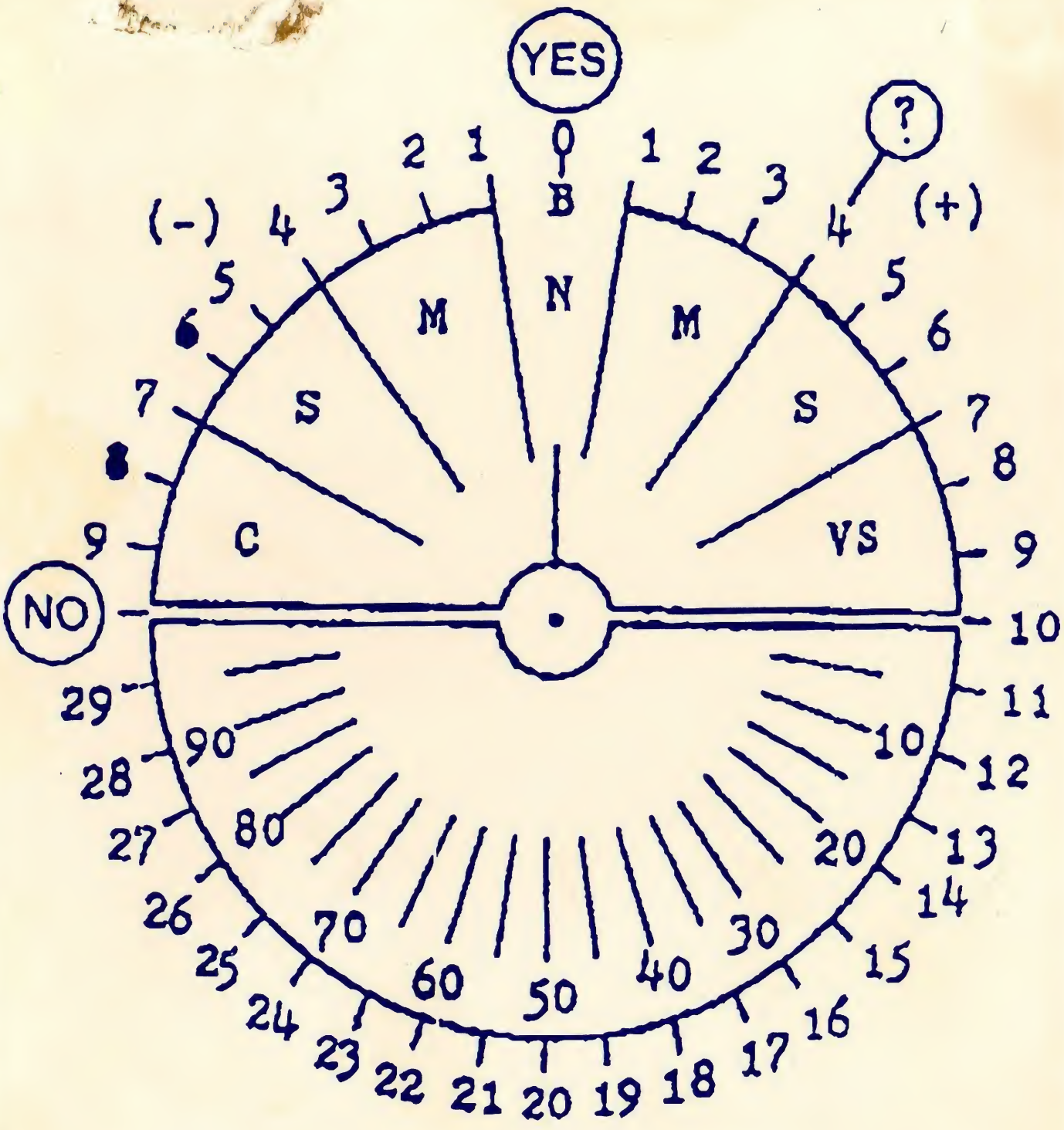
Two billboards in Marsa advertising the Pope's visit to Malta got the unlikely addition of two stencilled images of what looks like a panda. It is not clear why the "artist" in question juxtaposed the bears with the Pope. The organising committee was alerted yesterday morning and it plans to erase the images.



Article © Allied Newspapers Ltd., printed on Sunday, April 11, 2010. This article is for personal use only, and should not be distributed.

Comments

Christian cachia(13 hours, 54 minutes ago)
That is a significant figure, and a message to the Catholic Church. That bear is called Peodobear, a symbol for paedophiles.



Pendulum Dowsing Multipurpose Form

The chart above reads as follows:
B = Balanced
N = Normal
M = Mild,
S = Severe/Strong,
VS = Very Strong
C = Critical.

(-) = Loss, Decrease, Less than, or Deficiency.

(+) = Excess, Improved, Increase, or Surplus.

Numbers: May be % Degrees, Amounts, etc.

Perth man who didn't 'mind the gap' freed

August 6, 2014

Video will begin in 2 seconds. Play now Don't play

Autoplay ON OFF Video feedback Video settings

Passengers rescue man from train gap
Train passengers push a train carriage to free a man whose leg was caught in the gap at a Perth train station.

Dozens of passengers have had to rock a train carriage back and forth to free a man whose leg was caught in the gap at a Perth station.

Public Transport Authority spokesman David Hynes said the man was boarding the train into the city at Stirling Station on Wednesday morning when he stepped awkwardly, causing him to slip down the gap.

He said it was an impressive feat because the gap between the train and platform was less than five centimetres.

The man slipped and fell before being freed. *Photo: Nicolas Taylor/Twitter*

Passengers were asked to stand to the other side of the carriage to push the weight away from the man but it was not enough to free him, Mr Hynes said.

"When that didn't work, they got people off and gathered together enough of them to line up, 50 or so, and say 'one, two, three, push'," he said.

My Hynes described it as a "heartwarming" rescue where "people power saves the day".

People get off the train to help push the train and free the man. *Photo: Renae Bryant/Facebook*

He warned people to "mind the gap" and not to stand near the doorways of arriving trains.

A passenger, known only as Nic, said the man appeared to be in shock but not in pain, and was lifted to safety by two other passengers once the gap widened.

Paramedics treated the man but he was not badly injured and caught a later train.

Nic said the incident made him rethink the warning "mind the gap".

"It's not something you sort of think about or really take seriously," Nic said.

"I always thought it was a bit of a joke but now, yeah, you kind of do."

- AAP and Aleisha Orr

Email article Print

FORTEAN TRAVELLER

22. The Kunstkamera, St. Petersburg, Russia

DANIEL HUMPHRIES visits Peter the Great's fabled cabinet of curiosities and deformities

DANIEL HUMPHRIES

In St Petersburg, if you walk towards the river Neva along Nevsky Prospekt, you will eventually come to the world-famous Hermitage museum. This is a big house containing old statues, old paintings and old furniture. Don't go in. It will bore you.

Instead, walk a little further until you come to the river itself. Now look across the water: see that tall, green and white building capped with a dome? Just on the embankment? That's the Anthropological and Ethnographic Museum. It contains the Kunstkamera, Peter the Great's cabinet of curiosities. Many European monarchs collected strange and grotesque things, but Peter's is perhaps the only collection which is still open to the public. That's where you want to go. Cross the Dvortsovy bridge and run like crazy across the insanely dangerous road – you'll be risking your life, but I promise you: it's worth it.

The young Peter the Great, like many adolescents, was a collector. While he was travelling around Europe, studying ships and engineering, and contemporary Western customs, he also indulged a fascination for the natural world. He haunted auction rooms and markets, buying old, once-living things like sea-shells and stuffed animals. Then, in 1697, in Amsterdam, he visited the workshop of Frederik Ruysch, who at the time was renowned as the greatest embalmer in Europe. Peter's idle curiosity and casual shopping for the inanimate was about to enter a new, darker, much more obsessive level.

Ruysch wasn't content merely to preserve the dead with his own secret fluid: he liked to *do things* with them as well. He was an artist of death. He looked at the corpses of children and saw that they were terribly pretty. So he dressed them in lace, placed them in little coffins – adorned with beads, flowers and small candles – and made them beautiful. He looked at the skeletons of fœtuses and thought they would look wonderful mounted in dioramas illustrating allegorical themes. So he took the little bones and stuck them together in morally instructive combinations. And he had a truly astonishing collection of nature's own 'sports', or whimsies: stillborn mutant babies, floating in jars of his preserving fluid.

Ruysch opened his workshop twice a week so the public could marvel at his handiwork. Peter's was only one of many famous signatures in the guestbook, but his fascination with what he saw there was profound and intimate. He was so affected by the beauty of a dead infant "embalmed so masterfully that it seemed the child was merely sleeping" that this giant of a man (who later tortured his own son to death) could not help but kiss her.

Peter forgot neither that little girl nor the mutant babies. Twenty years after his first visit, he returned to Amsterdam, paid Ruysch 20,000 gulden for the entire collection and had it transported to St Petersburg. It became the foundation of the museum he had just commissioned, the Kunstkamera, the first public museum in Russia.

Ruysch, who was then 79 years old, immediately set about assembling a new collection. Peter, meanwhile, began augmenting the original one. In 1718 he issued his famous 'monsters decree', obliging his subjects to bring 'monsters' and 'ugly ones' from all over the empire to his museum. For 10 years, monsters were delivered to the Kunstkamera, and Peter's collection came to include live dwarves and mutated animals as well as dead ones. People who, for whatever reason, attempted to conceal their 'monsters' were subject to a hefty fine.

Visitors to the museum could see an eight-legged lamb, a three-legged infant, and a sheep with two mouths and two tongues. But the most celebrated of all Peter's freaks was Foma Ignatiev, a dwarf who lived in the museum. Not only was Foma a mere 126 cm (49.6 in) tall, but he suffered from *ectodactyly*, which meant that his hands and feet had only two clawlike digits. In 19th and 20th century carnivals he would have been billed as a lobster boy.

For those who wondered why Peter was putting such horrors on display, his stated goal was "to instruct and teach about Nature – living and dead – and about the artistry that

DANIEL HUMPHRIES

DANIEL HUMPHRIES

His subjects were obliged to bring him 'monsters' from all over the empire

flows from the hands of men". Legend has it that visitors to the museum were offered a free glass of vodka and a slice of *salo* (salted pig's fat) as an incentive to come inside and learn.

There are no live exhibits now, and what survives of Peter's collection is divided between two rooms. (The rest of the museum is devoted to dreadful Soviet-era ethnographic displays, using shop window dummies in fancy dress costumes). The first, in the middle of the first floor, is the most atmospheric. Circular, with multiple exits and entrances, its walls are lined with wooden cabinets which contain (among other things) a stuffed, two-headed lamb; the skeleton of a two-headed baby; the skeleton of Peter the Great's giant footman (Peter had it mounted and put on display as soon as the guy was dead); and some specimens of Ruysch's artistic handiwork. There's a severed hand made curiously elegant by the addition of a lacy frill, and a child's head with the cap of the skull sawn off. The child's eyes, weary and blank, are open. They peer out through the aged, yellow glass as hordes of curious schoolchildren look down into the twisting coils of its brain. The main attraction, however, is the cabinet of bottled babies.

Behind glass, these 300-year-old infants sleep an eerie and unsettling sleep. Drained of all colour, they float there, pale and soft and squishy, as if in suspended animation, awaiting the day they will be woken. There is a wide variety of abnormalities for the connoisseur of such things, from microcephalics with tiny heads to macrocephalics with great, swollen, balloon-skulls. There is a child born with his brain outside his skull, and infants whose faces appear to have collapsed in on themselves.

There are creatures from mythology also, a fleshy mermaid, labelled a 'siren', and a cyclops. And then there are the grimacing Siamese twins, who appear locked in a deadly struggle to wrench themselves free of one another. It's impossible not to imagine the grief and terror of the mother when she saw the monster that had come from her womb, or to wonder how she was treated by her community, highly superstitious

DANIEL HUMPHRIES

DANIEL HUMPHRIES

as it was. Were the parents pitied, or shunned as sinners, bearers of the devil's curse? And did the purported rationalism of Peter's enterprise have any effect on popular attitudes to birth defects?

The second room displays even more extreme examples of deformity. There are more Siamese twins – babies joined at the face, at the waist, end to end, scalp to scalp. There are piles of skulls, elongated skulls, a mummified baby, and etchings of Ruysch's fœtal skeleton dioramas by the engraver Cornelius Huyberts. (The originals appear to have vanished).

This room is sometimes included in the overall price of the museum ticket, sometimes charged as an extra. On my most recent visit it was included in the overall price.

The babies occasionally go on tour around Russia

The nearest metro station to the Anthropological Museum is Gostiny Dvor/Nevsky Prospekt, but even then a mile long walk is inevitable. Arrive early, as queues can be very long at peak times. The museum also operates the less than enlightened practice of charging non-Russians a higher rate of entry (approximately $3.00, compared to 75c), although if you say nothing and just hand over the exact Russian price you might get away with it. As a final point, it is also worth noting that the babies occasionally tour Russia and can sometimes be seen in other cities. I have stumbled upon them in a tent in Moscow's All-Russia Exhibition Centre and in a little building near the Kremlin in Kazan, capital of Tatarstan.

COMING SOON: MAMMOTH DEATH ORGY...
in which Daniel Humphries continues his tour of St Petersburg's odder museums with a visit to the Zoological Institute and its unique collection of woolly mammoths.

DANIEL HUMPHRIES was born in Fife, Scotland in 1974. He has lived and worked in Russia, Kazakhstan and The Czech Republic. Currently based in Moscow, he's working on various projects, among them a book about some of the more bizarre republics that constitute the Russian Federation.

Share your travellers' tales with *FT*! Send submissions, postcards and souvenirs to: The Editor, Fortean Times, IFG Ltd, 9 Dallington St, London EC1V 0BQ or to david.sutton@ifgmags.com

PHANTOM CRASH

Police investigating a reported crash find a wreck and a decomposed body

Around 7pm on 11 December 2002, two motorists called police to report seeing a car veering off the A3 with its headlights blazing at Burpham, near Guildford in Surrey. At first nothing was found, but a more thorough search uncovered a wrecked maroon Vauxhall Astra nose-down in a ditch, concealed by dense undergrowth 20 yards (18m) from where the car had been reported leaving the southbound lanes of the busy dual carriageway. The lights were off – the car's battery had long since died – and the driver's body was badly decomposed.

On 12 December, Surrey police said they believed the crash happened five months earlier. The driver, who appeared to have been trying to escape from the wreck, was identified as Christopher Chandler, 21, from Isleworth, who was being hunted for an alleged robbery. He had been reported missing by his brother David after last being seen in London on 16 July. Had the witnesses to the supposed crash seen a ghostly re-enactment of the original accident?
London Eve. Standard, 12+13 Dec; D.Mail, Sun, 13 Dec 2002.

Parks and Wildlife Commission in Katherine examined their photos, he concluded that the goanna's unique coloration was due to a very rare form of albinism, and freely confessed that he had never seen anything like it before – nor had scientists in Darwin, with whom he discussed this exceptional reptile. *http://www.abc.net.au/news/justin/nat/newsnat-14jun2002-50.htm02.*

THINK PINK

Monitor lizards – or goannas, as they are popularly termed in Australia – are not readily associated with the colour pink, or so herpetologists thought. Following a holiday trip to southern Arnhem Land by Queensland tourists Ed and Jo West, however, researchers are now looking at these rangy lizards in a very different light – or hue – because whilst there, the Wests photographed a specimen on the bank of the Roper River that was irrefutably pink. When naturalist Rory Chapple from the

JIM REED / THE TAMPA TRIBUNE VIA AP

PLAYING HARD TO GET

Trapper Mickey Fagan gets the pole ripped from his hand by an 11-foot-long alligator that had camped on the front step of a home in Tampa, Fla. Homeowner Belinda Donaldson was warned by a neighbor before she opened the front door.

YAHOO! NEWS PRINT Back to story

Portrait shows morbid Poe in more flattering terms

Associated Press

By BEN NUCKOLS, Associated Press Writer
Mon Jan 18, 11:38 am ET

BALTIMORE – Edgar Allan Poe's fertile imagination has endured for more than 150 years — and so has his pale, death-haunted image, with his sunken eyes, a trim mustache and unruly mop of curly hair.

However, scholars say Poe looked far more vigorous, perhaps even dashing, in his earlier years than he does in the well-known series of daguerreotypes taken in the final years of his life.

The more robust Poe is captured in a small watercolor by A.C. Smith, one of just three surviving portraits of the author, which will be shown publicly for the first time Saturday and is expected to fetch tens of thousands of dollars at auction.

Poe sits at a desk with pen and paper in hand, seemingly at the height of his creative powers. His upper lip is clean-shaven, though he sports long, bushy sideburns. And there's the slightest hint of a smile on his face.

"It actually represents Poe as he appeared to his contemporaries — a handsome, sophisticated young man on the rise," said Cliff Krainik, the owner of the portrait and a Poe scholar. "The daguerreotypes show him in his rather dissipated state, where he has gone through the difficulties of his life."

While the portrait has been authenticated, much of its history remains unknown, the details of its creation a mystery that even Poe's famed detective, C. Auguste Dupin, would have trouble unearthing.

This much is certain: Smith was a miniaturist who worked at various times in Philadelphia and Baltimore, cities where Poe also lived, and Poe sat for the watercolor in 1843 or 1844 — five or six years before his death.

Smith drew another sketch of Poe around the same time that served as a model for an engraving that was printed in Graham's Magazine in 1845.

It is unclear what Poe thought of the finished watercolor — though he was not fond of Smith's sketch. In 1844, he wrote to James Russell Lowell, "You inquire about my own portrait. It has been done for some time now — but is better as an engraving, than a portrait. It scarcely resembles me at all."

It's unknown who paid the artist, and the painting's whereabouts before 1978 are unknown. That's when Krainik bought the portrait from a collector's vast estate in Charlottesville, Va. He knew immediately that it was Poe and paid only a few dollars for it, he said.

"I knew it was of historic importance," Krainik said. "I didn't think of it like, 'This is a steal.'"

Beyond the watercolor and sketch by Smith, the only other extant portrait is a painting by Samuel Osgood that hangs at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C. A portrait by James McDougal is lost.

Now, Krainik plans to sell the Smith portrait at auction, and he's picked an auspicious time. A rare copy of Poe's first book, "Tamerlane and Other Poems," sold in December for $662,500, a record for American literature.

Before the auction, scheduled for June at Cowan's Auctions in Cincinnati, the portrait will be unveiled in conjunction with Poe's birthday celebration in Baltimore. Tuesday is the 201st anniversary of Poe's birth, and the portrait will be on display Saturday and Sunday at Westminster Hall, the former church adjacent to Poe's grave.

Krainik claims money is not his goal in unveiling the portrait, but auctioneer Wes Cowan said he expects it will sell for at least $30,000 and perhaps more than $50,000.

"This is the only portrait of Poe that shows him in his occupation," said Cowan, who also is an appraiser on PBS' "Antiques Roadshow." "It's an exceptional image."

Big job

Biologist Gerry Uzuk was hiking in the wilderness of the Yukon, Canada, when he caught the distinct smell of caribou dung wafting through the air. Mr Uzuk was puzzled because there hadn't been any caribou reported in the area for nearly a century. "It was like being in the Twilight Zone", said Rick Farnell, a colleague of Mr Uzuk's, who later helped investigate the mystery pong. "You could see them from a distance – big, black bands of fæces. I'm talking tons of it". A heap of prime caribou dung stood 8ft (2.4m) high and ran for 1,640ft (500m). Laboratory analysis discovered that the dung, the product of innumerable ancient migrating caribou herds, had been frozen in a glacier for thousands of years, and only recently exposed as the glacier retreated. Along with the mighty turds, researchers discovered a wealth of prehistoric human artefacts, including stone darts, arrows and spearheads. *Charlotte (NC) Observer, 17 Jan 2003*.

Wheely old

Slovenian archæologists are claiming that an ancient wheel *(axle pictured right)*, found in a prehistoric marsh settlement near the Slovenian capital of Ljubljana, is the oldest wheel in the world. 'Experts' are reported to have estimated that the 55in (140cm) diameter ash and oak wheel, 2in (5cm) thick, is between 5,100 and 5,350 years old. Dr Anton Veluscek, from the Archæological Institute at the Slovenian Academy of Arts and Sciences, said: "The wheel is surprisingly technologically advanced – much more so than the later models found in Switzerland and Germany". However, "general consensus" places the invention of the wheel in Mesopotamia, at least 15,000 years ago. *Ananova, 25 Feb; Discovery News, 10 Mar 2003*.

POT AND KETTLE

Speaking at the Non-Aligned Movement summit in Kuala Lumpur in February without a hint of irony, President Mugabe of Zimbabwe questioned the legitimacy of President Bush's election victory.
Metro, 26 Feb 2003.

Legs mark the spot

News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring 10:58 UK time, Wednesday, 02 July 2014

A group of artists in Kazakhstan has come up with a novel way of highlighting potholes on the streets of the country's former capital, Almaty.

The Guerrilla creative house has placed fake legs sticking out of 10 holes around the city, giving the impression someone has fallen in head-first. The aim is to alert pedestrians and also lets drivers see the hole from a distance, the artists told the Tengrinews site. "We approached the issue with irony. Rather than make the usual hue and cry about holes in the roads being bad, we simply highlighted the problem and showed it needs sorting".

The artists dressed the legs in brightly-coloured socks to make them all the more visible. They are made of papier-mache, and so can't cause pedestrians many injuries. "People are paying attention, and writing in social media to thank us. This should solve the problem after a while," a Guerrilla activist said, perhaps optimistically. The artists scored a hit with an earlier campaign, when they drew bullseyes around litter bins to help people dispose of rubbish accurately.

"Vixere FORTES ante Agamemnona" (There were great men before Agamemnon) – Horace.

Ctesias was a Greek doctor at the Persian court c400 BC. His books survive in fragments; NG Wilson (*Photius*, Duckworth, London, 1994, pp54–78) provides a generous English sampling. While his *Persian History* is sober, with the odd weird moment (e.g. man crushed by falling hailstones), his India is a non-stop avalanche of amazing stories. He wrote just before Greeks went there with and after Alexander the Great. The Ctesian message is clear: foreign is funny.

Livy's *Roman History* abounds with lists of prodigies. They derived from priestly records, a provenance providing an inherent portmanteau formula: these things are supernatural, hence need no explanation. Livy himself could sometimes rise above this level, while (rightly) insisting that what people believe is always important in context; cf. FB Krauss, *An Interpretation of the Omens, Portents, and Prodigies recorded by Livy, Tacitus, and Suetonius* (Philadelphia, 1930)

Pliny (AD23-79) addressed his *Natural History* to Prince Titus. He claims it contains 20,000 facts from 100 authors, plus his own researches. This "lunatic enterprise" (classicist Peter Jones) serves up fortean fodder alongside mundane fare, often without discrimination, though Pliny does enjoy lambasting "Greek credulity" regarding (e.g.) werewolves. His *Preface* can sound like Fort himself, e.g. "Most of us seek agreeable subjects, while topics of immeasurable abstruseness treated by others are drowned in the shadowy darkness of the theme."

Aulus Gellius (*Attic Nights*, bk9 ch4 – second century AD) exemplified the contents of some dilapidated Greek volumes of Mirabilia acquired in Brindisi – cannibals, dog-faced and one-legged men, hermaphrodites and sex-changes from female to male – in modern tabloid spirit, claiming "disgust with such worthless writings" while eagerly devouring them.

His contemporary Phlegon of Tralles, a secretary to Emperor Hadrian, wrote *Long-Lived Persons* (fragmentary) and *Book of Marvels* (Englished by W Hansen, Univ. Exeter Press, 1996). His emphasis is on giant bones, human freaks, multiple and monstrous births, and sexual oddities, especially women becoming men – for an 18th century French parallel to this last, see the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 4 Aug 1734, p455. Known technically as Paradoxography, Phlegon's stuff is compared by Hansen both to Ambrose Paré's Renaissance tract *On Monsters and Marvels* and to supermarket tabloids.

For readers unable to stomach the complete Livy – his later books suggestively survive only in epitomes – one Julius Obsequens produced a dumbed-down cull entitled *Book of Prodigies*, in which each year's forteana are jammed together without discrimination or comment. Obsequens (4th century AD) was probably a pagan seeking to combat the new industry of Christian history and miracle – the reverse being palpable in, notably, Augustine's *City of God*.

The Byzantines had their paradoxographical cake and ate it, perpetuating the pagan material whilst subordinating it to the Christian strain. Photius is the perfect example. Adoring such stuff, he preserved (e.g. *Bibliotheca*, chs188-90) much that would otherwise be lost, but blots his intellectual copybook when (ch190 para146b) blasting one item, the *New History of Ptolemy Chennus*, thus: "His worst feature is that he does everything he can to explain his absurd yarns." What would he have said about Fort's (e.g.) "Procession of the Damned" (*Books*, pp3–15)?

NB: Gellius, Livy, Obsequens, and Pliny are all translated in the Loeb Classical Library series (Harvard University Press).

Prehistoric pilgrim bones

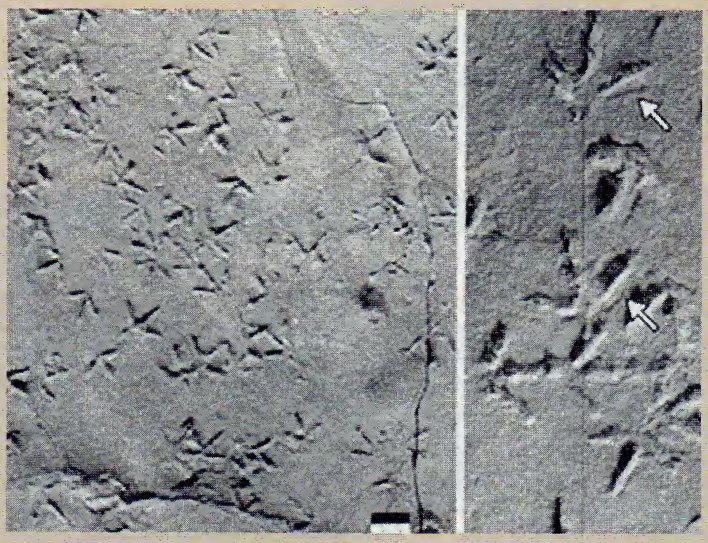
More details about the 'Amesbury Archer' [see **FT163:22**] have been revealed by post-excavation analysis. Tests carried out on oxygen isotopes in the man's teeth suggest that the Archer came from an Alpine region, probably the Swiss Alps, around 2,300 BC, during the long period of Stonehenge's construction. He was buried a short distance from the grave of a younger man, who, according to tests, probably came from the Bristol Channel region. The two men shared a rare genetic trait, but one which was probably unknown to them. Bones at the top of the instep that are usually unarticulated were found to be articulated in both men, suggesting that there was a family link between them.

The proximity to Stonehenge of the two incredibly rich graves, as well as the discovery that the archer probably travelled a considerable distance to get to Stonehenge, have led to suggestions that the monument may have been the focus of a European tribal elite and that the Amesbury Archer may have been a prehistoric pilgrim. Whatever the outcome of these latest findings, it is clear that the influence of Stonehenge in antiquity extended far beyond the bounds of central southern England. *New Scientist, 11 Feb; Current Archæology, Feb 2003*.

FOOTPRINTS PUZZLE PALÆONTOLOGISTS

A slab of fossil footprints from Argentina poses an interesting puzzle for palæontologists. The footprints, an inch or two across, come in clusters, impressed in what was once wet sand or mud on the margins of ponds and streams. The three main toes are widely spaced, sometimes with the impressions of narrow claws, and the occasional trace of a "big toe" touching the ground, pointing in the opposite direction to the other digits. The prints are reminiscent of waders and shore birds paddling along, looking for worms and other food. The problem is that the earliest fossil birds come from rocks laid down 150 million years ago, while these footprints were made in rocks reliably estimated to be Late Triassic, 55 million years older.

Ricardo N Melchor of the Universidad Nacional de La Pampa, writing in *Nature* (June 2002), notes that



while the prints look very like those of birds, there are no signs of holes made by beaks probing for worms, and there are other features that seem unbirdlike. However, they don't look very dinosaur-like either. Could they be from a hitherto unknown group of animals?

Problematic fossils are nothing new. For example, there are trackways of prints made by amphibians in rocks millions of years older than those bearing the earliest skeletal remains of amphibians, in the Late Devonian period, around 365 million years ago. Then there are the trackways known as Climactichnites. These long, ribbon-like impressions can extend for several feet and have a fairly consistent width of an inch or two. With a pattern of horizontal corrugations, they look like motorbike tracks on a wet beach; but they were made in the Cambrian period, 500 million years ago, when there were no known land animals of any kind. The most plausible hypothesis is that they were made by a giant, alien-looking slug.

Complex life is supposed to have emerged in the Pre-Cambrian, roughly 600 million years ago. However, a team reporting in the journal *Geology* last year announced that a rock found in central India, bearing tracks of a complex animal, had been radiometrically dated to 1.6 billion years. "This age makes it unlikely these are trace animal fossils," said Adolph Seilacher of Yale. "At the same time, I have to go with the evidence. I have not found or heard any other explanation. Do we have any non-biological explanation for these things?"

All these fossils just go to show how little we know about life on Earth. *Guardian, 14 Feb, 27 June 2002.*

Qixi fest & astral amour

Thursday, August 23, 2012 | By: Jue Liu (刘珏)

Happy Qixi (七夕) festival! As today is the seventh of July (七月初七 qīyuè chūqī) according to the Chinese lunar calendar, it's a special day for single women and couples alike. Literally meaning "The Night of Sevens", Qixi celebrates the love, loyalty and commitment between lovers, as well as every single lady's right to wish for her own Prince Charming to enter her life.

In recent years, Qixi has become known as Chinese Valentine's Day, but it is by no means the exact equivalent of the Western day of romance. Qixi was originally a celebration based on the night sky. If you can somehow avoid the urban light pollution and be lucky enough to find some clear skies tonight, you'll be able to observe a sad and symbolic reunion of a couple cruelly separated by a broad and powerful river…As you may already have guessed, the couple are really just personifications of two stars that lie on either side of the Milky Way.

For observers in the northern hemisphere, face south and look up right above your head around 10 p.m local time. The Milky Way should appear as a glowing band scorching the sky from north to south. Look for a bright blue-white star to the west of and above the Milky Way—this is Zhinü Xing (织女星, the Weaving-girl Star), the estranged wife of the love story. Below the Milky Way to the east is her forlorn husband, Niulang Xing (牛郎星, the Herd-boy Star), or Qianniu Xing (牵牛星, [the boy] Holding Cattle Star).

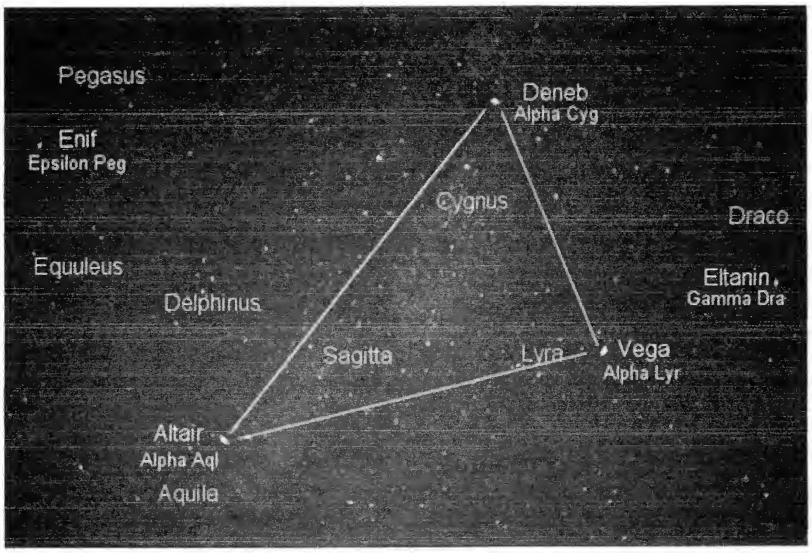
Many will already be familiar with the lovers' story, but here's a quick recap: As a goddess, Zhinü falls in love with Niulang, a mortal farm boy. They swiftly get hitched and have two children on earth, but the Queen Mother of Heaven (王母娘娘 wángmǔ niángniang) is furious to discover this forbidden celestial–mortal love and separates them on either side of the aforementioned river.

Qixi is the only night of the year the couple is allowed to reunite—by crossing a bridge formed by magpies (鹊桥 quèqiáo). If you happen to see a meteor shoot across the Milky Way tonight, it is said to be a lantern held by one of the couple as they cross the bridge to meet the other. On Niulang Xing's left and right are two slightly dimmer stars, representing the couple's two children.

In modern astronomy, Zhinü Xing is known as Vega, the brightest star of the constellation Lyra. Being the second-brightest star of the entire northern celestial sphere, after Arcturus, Vega should be fairly easy to spot. Niulang Xing is known as Alpha Altair, the brightest star in the constellation Aquila. The supposed children of Niulang and Zhinü are Beta Altair and Gamma Altair. Together with Deneb, the brightest star in the constellation Cygnus, the three stars form the prominent "Summer Triangle." Take a look at the picture and see if you can find the triangle for yourself. The truth about Zhinü and Niulang is nothing like the Qixi legend. The two stars are approximately 16.4 light years away from each other and show no signs of getting closer.

Now that you've found these stars, you may be interested (though perhaps unsurprised) to know that traditional Chinese astronomy operates under an entirely different system of stars and constellations than that recognized by the International Astronomical Union.

Astronomy was a serious business in ancient China. As long as 4,300 years ago, an astronomical officer was already regarded as an important position in a tribe. His duty was to "观象授时 (guānxiàng shòushí)," or



qixi-ip3

observe and record the movements of celestial objects, and formulate a calendar to guide the daily lives of his people, especially their agricultural activities.

As early as the Shang Dynasty (2070 B.C. – 1600 B.C.), the sky was divided into 31 regions, each consisting of a group of stars. The Three Enclosures (三垣 sānyuán) formed the centerpiece of the northern night sky, and can be observed all year around. Ancient Chinese thought of them as the residence and work place of the Jade Emperor (玉帝 Yùdì) and his ministers, as well as the busy downtown streets they governed.

Surrounding these central three regions are the remaining 28 star clusters, known as the Twenty-Eight Mansions (二十八宿 èrshíbā xiù), which can only be observed at certain times of the year. They were further divided into four groups of seven, one for each of the four cardinal directions. Four mythological creatures were assigned to represent these four regions: the Azure Dragon (青龙 qīnglóng) for the East, the Vermillion Bird (朱雀 zhūquè) in the South, the White Tiger (白虎 báihǔ) in the West and the Black Tortoise (玄武 xuánwǔ) for the North. Collectively, they are known as the Four Symbols (四相 sìxiāng), and were used by ancient Chinese to represent the four main points of the compass.

qixi-ip1

Besides the folk story, Niulang Xing and Zhinü Xing are important stars in officials record, too. Both belong to the region of the Black Tortoise, though they appeared under different names. According to the star chart reference book 《仪象考成》 (yíxiàng kǎochéng), revised in 1752 under royal command, Niulang Xing is also called Hegu Er (河鼓二, the second star of the river drum). Together with the two nearby stars, they were thought to be the drums used by the heavenly troops as they rested by a river. Zhinü Xing is officially known as Zhinü Yi (织女一, Weaving-girl one).

There are lots of traditional ways to celebrate Qixi, but tonight, you can take your other half star-gazing and impress them with your knowledge of the legend and Chinese astronomy as a whole!

Master photo captured from a Beijing TV documentary

Share this
Facebook Twitter LinkedIn Tumblr Reddit Email

You might also like:

Lantern Festival
Everything You Need to Know About Dragon Boat Festival
Happy "Double Nine"!

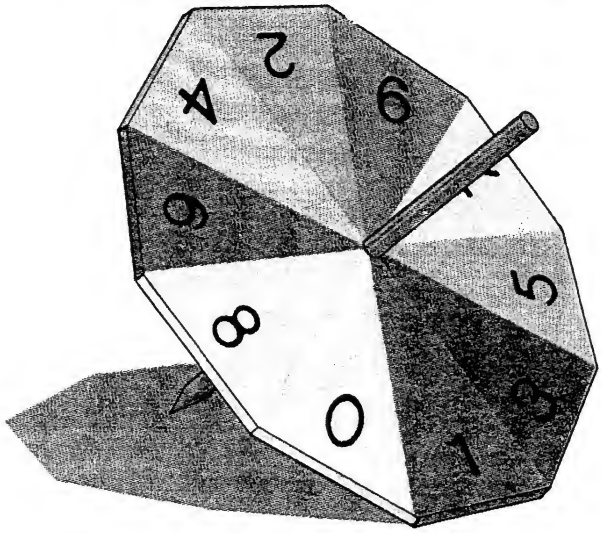
Printed from
THE TIMES OF INDIA

45-yr-old man decapitated

TNN | Jun 26, 2011, 03.27am IST

NEW DELHI: A 45-year-old man was found murdered in central Delhi on Saturday morning. The incident took place near a park in Jhandewalan, close to the Videocon Towers. Police are yet to ascertain the identity of the victim. The police was informed about the murder by the MCD cleaning staff. "The head of the victim had been severed from the body, which was lying in a pool of blood. We have sent the body to Lady Hardinge Hospital mortuary where it will be preserved for identification. Prima facie, personal enmity is the cause of the murder. We are questioning some locals and eunuchs for leads," said a police officer.

Random numbers



Consider the sequence: 1 2 3 4 . . . If Dr Soal had used a sequence like this one in his ESP experiments, Basil Shackleton – or anyone else – could have scored a 100 per cent success rate simply by working out what the pattern was and calculating the next number. To ensure that Shackleton could not cheat – that he was really using ESP and not arithmetic to score his 'hits' – Soal should have made sure that, at any point in the sequence, the chance of any one of the card symbols being next in line was the same as that of any other symbol.

This is, in fact, the idea behind the mathematical definition of a random number: a string of digits in which each digit is selected according to a procedure in which all the numbers from 0 to 9 have an equal chance of being selected.

The strange thing about random numbers is that they are very difficult to come by: you cannot simply ask someone to think of a random number since, however randomly he thinks he is selecting the digits, you will always be able to find some kind of pattern in the sequence. The mathematical definition demands that you use a mechanical method, independent of human bias. The easiest way is to throw a die repeatedly and to record the number on the uppermost face each time.

But this is a slow and laborious method and, besides, a die has only six sides. In laboratory experiments standard lists of random numbers, generated on computers by a variety of methods, are often used; ERNIE, for instance, selects Premium Bond numbers by ingeniously translating the haphazard motion of electrons in a diode into random numbers. In the days before it was possible to use computers to generate long sequences of random numbers, logarithmic tables were used to obtain 'pseudo-random' sequences.

Guided by Jimi

On one of my first visits to Seattle, my roommate and I decided to visit the grave of Jimi Hendrix. As we drove toward the cemetery, we turned the radio to an oldies station and "Purple Haze" blared through our one good speaker as we cruised around the graveyard. The majority of the graves were of the flat marble variety, impossible to read as we drove slowly around. We had no idea where Jimi's grave was, but we noticed that each time we drove past a certain spot, the radio went dead. Acting on a hunch, we parked there and found Jimi's grave a short distance away. There were no nearby wires or anything that would have interrupted the radio signal. To this day we have always felt that Jimi led us to that spot.

Rhias K Hall
By email

Vanishing doll

Here's an oddly creepy story that happened to me some time around 1995 in San Francisco. My wife and I, along with our five-year-old son and our new baby, shared a single bedroom and loft near the beach. The bedroom opened directly to the living room, and had no door. One night, I came home from work, walked through the living room towards the kitchen where my wife was cooking dinner. Our older son was in the backyard, the baby was asleep. As I passed the bedroom, I noticed a new addition to my wife's collection of stuffed animals.

A large, – at least three foot [90cm] tall – Raggedy Ann doll sat on the bed, facing the bedroom entrance. I didn't think anything about the doll was odd, at first. I walked to the kitchen, greeted my wife, and made some small talk. After a moment or two, I asked where she had gotten the new Raggedy Ann doll. My wife looked at me blankly. She had no idea what I was talking about. She gave me a look as if there were large lobsters crawling out my ears! I repeated myself, but she still didn't understand, so I dragged her to the bedroom doorway to show her the doll.

There was no doll.

The hair on the back of my neck stood at attention. Less than five minutes earlier, a rather large Raggedy Ann doll had been there, and no one could have moved it, as they would have had to walk past me to get to the bedroom. The more I thought about what had happened, the more freaky the whole scenario seemed. The doll had been looking right at me, with those big, black, empty Raggedy Ann button eyes, and smiling in the way for which that type of doll is famous. I have no explanation for this occurrence. If I were to have hallucinated a stuffed animal, what on earth would have made me see that doll? Why not a bear, a cat, or any number of animals? Raggedy Ann dolls have a distinctive look, and are not easily mistaken for another doll. I have never been able to look at Raggedy Ann (or Andy) in quite the same way since then. These dolls now creep me out, and probably always will!

DP
By email

Now you see it...

In 1989 and 1990, I was living in Richmond, Indiana, while attending Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana, studying architecture. Three times a week, I would commute back and forth using US 35. About halfway between the two cities is the small town of Economy. Just east of there, on the south side of the road, were the remains of an old farm. The barn was still there but the house had been torn down. However, because five or six trees were still standing on the lot, I could tell where the house had been.

Because of my interest in buildings, I was curious about the house that had been there. In the fall of 1990, I moved back to my hometown in northern Indiana. The next spring, I was taking a trip to Columbus, Ohio, and decided to go that route even though it was longer, because I needed to pick up a transcript from Ball State on the way. As it worked out, I was travelling through Economy about 8:30 that night. I stopped in town to put the top up on my Jeep and continued on. As I passed the farm, I was excited to see that someone had built a house on the lot where the old house had been. The windows were lit up, although the curtains were drawn so I couldn't see inside.

It was very simple – a basic rectangular shape, front door in the middle, two windows on either side, five windows along the second floor, very close to what I would have assumed to be there originally. No outside lights on. As I was running late, I continued on and didn't think much more about it. On Sunday afternoon, I was returning home the same way and, approaching the farm, I was glad that it was daytime so that I would be able to see more of the house.

However, as I got closer, I realised that there was no house on the lot; just the barn and the trees. I'm very sure I wasn't dreaming or imagining the house as I had just stopped to put my top up (not an automatic one, I had to get out and physically put it up) and was wide-awake.

Herb Bailey
By email

Rare LSD Overdose

Possible rare LSD overdose in Cotton death
Thadeus Greenson/The Times-Standard
Article Launched: 08/24/2007 09:21:58 AM PDT

Martin Cotton II had a potentially lethal dose of LSD in his system when he died in custody on Aug. 9, according to a toxicology report released Thursday.

Toxicology tests done by Central Valley Toxicology in Fresno show Cotton had 10.6 nanograms of LSD per milliliter of blood in his system, 10 times what is considered potentially toxic and twice what is considered potentially fatal, according to Humboldt County Coroner Frank Jager.

The official cause of death will be determined by Ken Falconer, the doctor who performed Cotton's autopsy, and it will probably be released next week, Jager said.

"Since I've been coroner here, I've never seen someone overdose on LSD, so this is pretty unusual, if that's what it is," Jager said. "It's just not very common. I don't know how he got that much in his system."

Craig Hill, senior program manager for Mental Health Branch Dual Recovery Programs, said LSD is rare in Humboldt County, and overdoses are exceptionally rare anywhere.

"There's been possibly eight cases of overdose ever, and all of those are controversial at best," Hill said, but added that he'd never heard of a dose as high as the one reportedly in Cotton's system. "Just about everything we know about LSD goes out the window because of how much he had on board."

Cotton died in custody just hours after being involved in several altercations in front of the Eureka Rescue Mission, including one with Eureka police officers. From many accounts, Cotton was agitated and combative from the moment he arrived at the mission.

The Eureka Police Department was criticized by some in the ensuing weeks for not taking Cotton directly to the hospital after the altercation. Some have also alleged that officers on the scene used excessive force.

In a statement released Thursday, Eureka Police Chief Garr Nielsen said while Cotton's death was tragic, the toxicology report reaffirms his view that his officers acted appropriately given the situation.

"In this particular case, Mr. Cotton was so highly impaired and his actions so violent that it was impossible for law enforcement to subdue him peacefully," Nielsen said in the statement.

Thadeus Greenson can be reached at 441-0509 or tgreenson@times-standard.com.

Legend has it that one of Robin Hood's many exploits involved evading capture by the Sheriff of Nottingham by escaping through an underground tunnel which led from Saint Mary's church in Nottingham to a prison which stood on the site of the city's Galleries of Justice. Now archæologists have found evidence that there may be something to the tale. A survey of the Galleries of Justice and cave system that lies underneath the city discovered a previously unknown tunnel when archæologists accidentally broke through a rotten wooden floor. The tunnel led all the way to Saint Mary's church as suggested in the Robin Hood legend. Archæologist Gavin Kingsley said: "It goes some way to substantiating the theory that Robin Hood was trapped within the sanctuary of Saint Mary's church and escaped into the prison that existed at that time". Funding is being sought to continue excavating the cave system. *BBC News, 16 Aug 2002.*

NEXT

Feeling Red

Most redheads experience pain differently than the rest of us. Their hair color is caused by a mutation in the skin's melanocortin-1 receptor gene, which may "inadvertently activate" similar receptors in the brain that process anxiety and pain, says Anthony G. Doufas of the Outcomes Research Consortium of clinical anesthesiologists.

Anecdotal evidence long held that redheads were harder to anesthetize. The consortium tested this theory and found that redheads required 19 percent more gas for general anesthesia. They're also more sensitive to thermal pain and more resistant to local anesthesia. No wonder the *Journal of the American Dental Association* reports redheads are "more than twice as likely" to avoid the dentist's chair. *—Eve Conant*

PHOTO: REBECCA HALE, NGM STAFF

In 1951, the FBI Thought the Soviets Might Be Hiding an Atomic Bomb Somewhere in New York City

By Anna Merlan Tue., Jul. 22 2014 at 8:30 AM
Categories: Conspiracy Theories, FBI, History, In Soviet Russia...

In the incredibly overheated, paranoid environment of the Cold War, anything seemed possible. Senator Joe McCarthy saw Communists hiding in every broom closet, Julius and Ehtel Rosenberg were executed as spies -- although the evidence we have today suggests that Ethel, at least, wasn't guilty of anything of the sort -- and the Federal Bureau of Investigation launched COINTELPRO, a series of covert actions spying on and disrupting various political organizations, including civil rights leaders and Vietnam war protesters. In 1951, according to a recently declassified FBI file, the agency also became convinced that an atomic bomb built by the Soviet Union could be hiding somewhere in New York City, waiting to be detonated. After receiving a rather flimsy tip from an unnamed informant in Brazil, the FBI spent several years quietly looking for the bomb.

The declassified FBI file comes to us from Government Attic, an anonymously-run website that publishes documents obtained through Freedom of Information Act requests. It's a treasure trove for government materials, some dull, some hilarious, and some just plain weird. This file is a little of the last two; it's titled "Atomic Bomb in Unknown Consulate, New York City," and shows that the FBI was actively looking for a bomb here in 1951 and 52. A redacted version of the document was declassified and released to the public in 2010. It hasn't been written about before now.

In the summer of 1950, an FBI informant whose name we still don't know arrived in Brazil. While he was there, the informant received the following tip, which he relayed to the agency. As the file puts it: "[T]he Soviets have placed an atom bomb in a consulate, the identity of which he did not learn, in New York City to be detonated at such time as the Soviets consider expedient."

The bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by the United States are the only time a nuclear attack has actually been carried out. But the U.S. government was understandably preoccupied that such a thing could happen here. And so the tip from the Brazil-based informant set off a mad hunt through the city.

The file reveals that the FBI had informants, possibly moles, feeding them information about every agency and company in New York City with ties to the Soviet Union. That includes the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, which sat in a stately home on Park Avenue until 1965, as well as the Hungarian Consulate, the Polish Consulate, and the Czechoslovakian United Nations Delegation, all clustered along East 67th Street. They also had informants at the Amtorg Trading Corporation, a company set up in the '20s to bolster trade between the USSR and the U.S., which may have actually been stealing trade secrets from American companies. Tass, a Soviet news agency with an office at Rockefeller Plaza had also been infiltrated by informants, as had the Soviet Mission's diplomatic retreat on Long Island, a country estate called Killenworth.

The FBI began asking their informants at each of these places whether they'd seen anything that looked like atomic-bomb-making materials. None of them had seen anything of the sort, except for the person at the Hungarian Consulate, who wasn't entirely sure. In November 1951, the agency also began asking customs agents to look out for odd packages with diplomatic seals on them, specifically ones "which appear to be suspiciously heavy in proportion to their dimensions." They also asked the Atomic Energy Commission to let them know what a disassembled atomic bomb might look like, should they have come across one.

No one ever came across any suspiciously heavy packages or bomb parts. The FBI did learn that the Polish Consulate had recently ordered some armor-plated cabinets; the special agent reporting on them said he would track them if they ever arrived in the U.S.

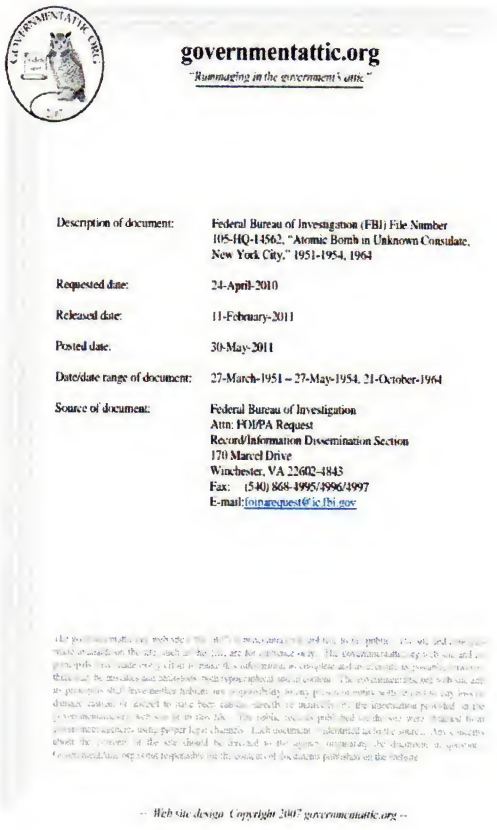
From the start, though, it seems the FBI wasn't sure whether the tip from the Brazilian informant was real or just a Communist plot designed to provoke a panic. In September 1951, the Special Agent in Charge (SAC) of the New York bureau wrote to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover that there were two possibilities at work:

> (1) The information may be true, in which case we have a major security menace on our hands; or (2) the information may be false. In the latter case the possibility exists of it having been disseminated from a Communist source for the purpose of producing panic. It is even possible, if the information is false, that it was disseminated in the hope of finding out what we would do in such a situation; that is, what means we would take to find out if it is true, what informants we may have in various Consulates, etc.

In the end, seeing as no bombs were discovered, no action was taken. The investigation briefly flared anew in 1954, when yet another confidential informant in Mexico reported that "representatives of the Communist Party of Mexico" had told local Communist leaders that the Polish Legation in Mexico was planning to smuggle "small bombs, even atomic bombs"

into the United States "to cause sabotage." Soviet submarines were supposedly going to covertly drop the bombs off in a bay off the west coast of Mexico. They'd be carried over land and then taken across the border.

That never happened either. The whole matter was quietly shelved by the mid-50s. No one was ever bombed, except the people we'd bombed already.



governmentattic.org

"Rummaging in the government's attic"

Description of document:	Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) File Number 105-HQ-14562, "Atomic Bomb in Unknown Consulate, New York City," 1951-1954, 1964
Requested date:	24-April-2010
Released date:	11-February-2011
Posted date:	30-May-2011
Date/date range of document:	27-March-1951 – 27-May-1954, 21-October-1964
Source of document:	Federal Bureau of Investigation Attn: FOI/PA Request Record/Information Dissemination Section 170 Marcel Drive Winchester, VA 22602-4843 Fax: (540) 868-4995/4996/4997 E-mail:foiparequest@ic.fbi.gov

-- Web site design Copyright 2007 governmentattic.org --

Masked 'superhero' fights for good in Des Moines

Joe Lawler, The Des Moines Register 9:19 p.m. EDT July 18, 2014
DES MOINES, Iowa -- Metropolis has Superman, Gotham City has Batman and New York has Spider-Man. Now Des Moines has the Red Shadow.

Over the past month, the red-masked, real-life superhero has been operating in the city. His focus is less on fighting crime than on making the city a better place by feeding the homeless and doing other good deeds.

"I just saw all the apathy and indifference," the Red Shadow said of why he put on a mask. "One day I went out and saw a very frail homeless man walking around, asking for help. People acted like he wasn't there, which bothered me. I'd always wanted to see a real-life superhero around Iowa, and I realized if no one else was going to do it, (it) was time to set an example."

Donning a costume, helping the downtrodden and fighting crime like superheroes in the pages of a comic book is an international trend. The Real-Life Superhero movement picked up popularity with release of the 2010 movie "Kick-Ass," but it predates the film. The Red Shadow hopes to start a local version of a group called the Xtreme Justice League, launched in 2006 in San Diego.

He's holding a recruitment drive Saturday at Capes Kafe, a Des Moines comic book shop.

Larry Crane is the Red Shadow.(Photo: The Des Moines Register)

The Red Shadow doesn't have a dramatic origin story. He doesn't have superhuman strength, and he wasn't bitten by a radioactive shadow.

He's 18-year-old Larry Crane, who wears a red mask, black motocross gear and a cape while doing his work.

Crane agreed to reveal his identity and meet for an interview on the porch of his Des Moines home. Like Superman, Crane dons a pair of glasses while in his civilian identity.

Crane said he mostly gets weird looks from people driving by, along with occasional honks and waves. But when he first visits an area he hopes to help, it isn't in costume.

Before starting a local Xtreme Justice League, Crane reached out to the group's founder — a man calling himself Mr. Xtreme, who started safety patrols, homeless outreach and public safety services in San Diego. The group has more than 25 members, with names like Blue Buzzard, Crimson Crow and Shadowstar.

'There's so much apathy in the world that I feel someone should stand up and be a symbol of hope.'

Larry Crane, aka the Red Shadow

Mr. Xtreme responded to questions from *The Register* about Crane's efforts through an email listed on the Xtreme Justice League Facebook page.

"I'm really impressed with Red Shadow's initiative, leadership and dedication," Mr. Xtreme said. "His desire to improve and make his community safer is admirable. He has my full support."

The Red Shadow hasn't had any encounters with police. Police Sgt. Jason Halifax said he hasn't heard of the Red Shadow (and hasn't heard of any costumed crimefighters in his 17-year career), but what Crane does isn't breaking any laws.

Still, Halifax wouldn't suggest someone take on a role as a superhero.

"In general, anyone is afforded the right to self-protection against physical harm or death, that kind of thing. I guess you have that option," Halifax said. "Obviously you're taking some self-risk if you do something like that. You need to be really clear with yourself what may or may not happen if you take these roles on. You also open yourself up to litigation if you use force, as well as injury. You have to be smart in what you do. There are a lot of landmines to be wary of, if that's your thing."

Crane carries a stun gun and pepper spray, but stressed they're only for self-defense. He's called police to report gunshots and fights, but has not made any physical interventions himself.

"Picking fights with criminals, that's vigilantism," Crane said. "A lot of real-life superheroes are vigilantes, which makes us look bad. I want to stress that I'm here to help, not pick fights. We do what we can within the limits of the law."

Crane is training to get in shape, but said taking on hardened criminals on his own would be "the equivalent of suicide." With the formation of Des Moines' Extreme Justice League, Crane said he isn't looking for a posse to back him in battles.

The plan is to conduct safety patrols around the city, similar to a neighborhood watch group. The costumes serve as a visible deterrent to crime, and XJL members would call police to report any suspicious activity. Members won't be permitted to carry firearms.

Crane doesn't expect potential superheroes to show up with costumes and fully formed personas. The costumes and identities are secondary to what Crane really wants.

"There's so much apathy in the world that I feel someone should stand up and be a symbol of hope," Crane said. "I feel the attention these costumes draw can be used as a positive. The more people that join up will find it to be a fulfilling thing in its own way. Even if we can't save the world, we could save someone's day or their life. That's pretty satisfying.

"I don't think of myself as a hero or a superhero, I just use that because there's no better term for it," Crane said. "I don't see myself higher than everybody or like a god-like being. I'm just a dork in a costume trying to do the right thing."

Notes on a Strange World

Return of Spring-Heeled Jack

Massimo Polidoro

Can you imagine a mysterious masked creature that looks like a black shadow, with a monkey-like face, flaming red eyes, and sharp metal claws, attacking people at night, jumping four stories high and disappearing into thin air? Bunk, you say? Well, that's not what the people in East Delhi, India, thought last year. In May, just such a creature was repeatedly spotted, instilling terror and claiming two lives. The craze got to a point where vigilante groups armed with sticks patrolled the streets at night on the lookout for the creature and police announced a 50,000 rupee ($1,067) reward for information leading to its capture.[1]

Hey, Hey, We're The Monkees

Reports of the "Monkey Man," as the press promptly baptized it, first reached the local police office on May 13, 2001. According to one report[2] the masked man had appeared in the village of Ghaziabad around 8:30 p.m. and had remained there till 4:00 a.m., terrorizing the residents. Vineet Sharma, grandson of the first victim, said that that night, when he and his brother were sleeping with their grandmother, a masked man had entered the veranda and attacked the old lady and pushed her. She suffered bruises in the abdomen and arms. Then the assailant went into the neighbor's house and injured a child, finally disappearing in the dark lane before villagers could be aroused.

After that first blitz, dozens of individuals in a number of areas in East Delhi claimed to have been hurt in subsequent attacks and pictures of scratched victims started to appear in daily newspapers.

Descriptions of the Monkey Man soon appeared to be contradictory: some described the entity as a masked man, others as a monkey, and a few others as a cat with glowing eyes. Some said it wore a skin-tight costume, while others stated it was a bandaged figure with a helmet. At least one witness claimed that it looked "like a remote-controlled robot like object, which jumped high in the air in a jiffy and vanished within seconds."[3]

What's certain, however, is the fact that two people (some sources say three) died because of this creature-or at least, because of the panic created. Early May 15, at 2:30 a.m., a pregnant woman in East Delhi fell down some stairs after being awakened by the shouts of neighbors saying that the Monkey Man had arrived. She died in a hospital, as did another unfortunate soul, who died in similar circumstances.

What is happening here? Is there really some freak monster out in the woods of New Delhi? Or is this some kind of evil superhero, waiting for the local Spider-man to capture him and return him to justice?

During the past century there have been tales of strange creatures or men with properties similar to this Monkey Man, such as the glowing eyes and the ability to suddenly disappear in front of witnesses. In the 1960s, in America, there was a spate of such sightings: the creature was dubbed Mothman or Owlman in different areas.[4] The past few years have seen a number of sightings of a creature dubbed El Chupacabra.

However, to find another episode that has had a similar impact on the public we need to go back at least 150 years, when Victorian London fell for some time in the clutches of terror of what was then known as "Spring-Heeled Jack."

The Spring-Heeled Jack as depicted by one of Victorian London's so called 'penny dreadful' newspapers.

Jumping Jack Flash

According to legend, the first reports of a strange leaping figure sighted in London date back to 1837; some descriptions tell of a strange monster, half-man half-bat, complete with wings and horns. Others refer to a powerfully built man in a shiny suit with a helmet and cloak, spitting fire.

Whatever its features, it seems that it was a series of sudden and unexpected aggressions that led an anonymous citizen to write a letter giving details of an attack by a mysterious "Spring-Heeled Jack," to Sir John Cowan, the Lord Mayor. Cowan drew public attention to the

letter and his acceptance of the rumors led to a flood of letters from individuals reporting their own previous encounters with the terrible Jack.

Young Jane Aslop, for one, told the press that one evening she answered a violent knocking at her front door. There was a man in the shadows by the front gate who identified himself as a police officer, and asked her to bring a light . . . he claimed to have captured the infamous Spring-Heeled Jack! Excited, Jane fetched a candle and hurried it out to the gate but nobody could be seen.

Suddenly, two arms grabbed her neck and began to rip up her dress and body. It was only thanks to the arrival of Jane's sisters, alarmed by the struggle, that she was able to break free wearing only a few scars on her neck and arms. Into the distance, Jack leapt away.

Two months later, another girl, Lucy Scales, was returning home with her sister. As they entered a dark, empty alley, a tall, cloaked figure leaped from the shadows, belched blue flames into Lucy's face, blinding her, and then disappeared again.

In the ensuing years sightings of Spring-Heeled Jack multiplied and through the 1850s and 1860s he was spotted all over England. Sometimes he enjoyed slapping sentries with his icy hands and jumping atop their guard boxes, while other times he was reported as leaping into some apartment from an open window, trashing the furniture around and then leaving by jumping out of the window again.

The few times when he was cornered he was able to escape thanks to one of his fabulous leaps. He soon became a sort of folklore figure, the subject of so called "penny dreadfuls," melodramas and at least one later film, The Curse of the Wraydons (1946). Even mothers teaching their children to behave cried the name of that fearful bogeyman: "Be good or Spring-Heeled Jack will get you!"[5]

Just an Illusion

The careful reader will certainly have noticed by now the many similarities between the case of Spring-Heeled Jack and its modern equivalent, Monkey Man. In both cases a mysterious character, half-man and half-something else, on whom descriptions rarely agree, attacks defenseless people unprovoked and then disappears in an impossible way. No traces of his passage can ever be found but there are many who claim to have seen it, or at least to have felt its presence. It is in fact only on the basis of a feeling that the attacker was pursuing them that two people jumped off a roof.

Investigation by the police, finally, brings forth similar results in both cases: some scratches and bruises on the victims of the elusive creatures turn out to be caused by animal bites or accidents, while most of the wounds could have been self-inflicted by impressionable people. Statements from the victims change overnight and are vague and often contradictory. Like in the old days, when sensationalistic newspapers' accounts fueled sightings of Jack, the same thing happened again recently. The final report from the Indian police said: "It was due to unsubstantiated media reports that people were encouraged to come out with bizarre accounts of the creature though no one had actually seen it."[6]

Furthermore, in both cases a host of imitators jumped on the bandwagon: pranksters, persons of malicious intent (like in Japan, which is currently experiencing a series of "Pandaman" murders with the perpetrator wearing a Panda mask),[7] and possibly some who simply saw an opportunity to get some attention.

The conclusion of Indian police is similar to one reached by those who have carefully studied the case of Spring-Heeled Jack: "The mysterious 'Monkey Man' that instilled terror and claimed three lives in the Indian capital was simply the product of the city's collective imagination."[8]

In other words, this was another sensational example of what sociologists call collective delusions. "Collective delusions," say sociologists Robert E. Bartholomew and Erich Goode, "are typified as the spontaneous, rapid spread of false or exaggerated beliefs within a population at large, temporarily affecting a particular region, culture, or country. . . . Many factors contribute to the formation and spread of collective delusions and hysterical illness: the mass media; rumors; extraordinary anxiety or excitement; cultural beliefs and stereotypes; the social and political context; and reinforcing actions by authorities such as politicians, or institutions of social control such as the police or military."[9]

Usually, it all starts when, in an uncomfortable environment-dark and foggy alleys in Victorian London yesterday, degraded neighborhoods with unrepaired street lights and scarce drinkable water in New Delhi today-something unusual happens. In London, it is quite possible that some street assaults actually took place, since there have always been similar assaults anywhere in the world, but it was only following an anonymous letter that the culprit was identified as the improbable Spring-Heeled Jack. In New Delhi, likewise, it may be that some aggressive, roaming monkey got too close to some people sleeping and scared some child. This spark is usually enough to start the mania: from that moment on, anything that seems a little bit out of the ordinary immediately becomes a Monkey Man, a leaping Jack or anything else: a black cat walks on the roof? It's Monkey Man! Two drunks get into a fight? It's Monkey Man attacking an innocent victim!

In Victorian London the imaginary exploits of Spring-Heeled Jack were soon forgotten and replaced in popular culture by the real and horrible ones of another Jack, the Ripper. In New Delhi, on the contrary, the wave of panic resulted in street lights being turned on, plentiful buckets of water being distributed, and better police-guarded streets. As Douglas Chapman remarked in his commentary on the episode for Strangemag.com, "This may be the first time in history that fortean phenomena-genuine, error, or hoax-has resulted in improved social services."[10] Can you imagine?

Notes

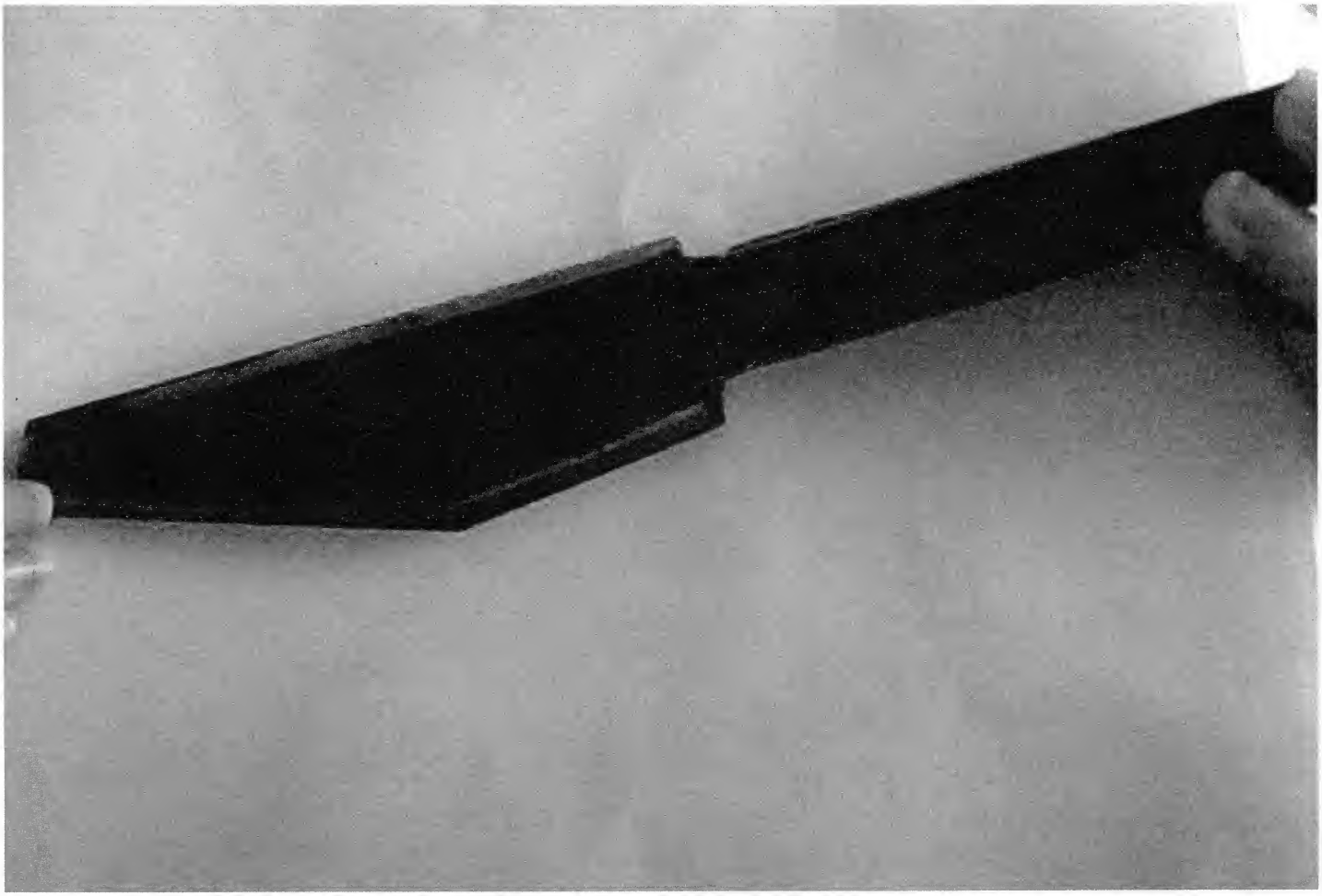
1. "India's 'monkey man' branded imaginary," ccn.com, June 22, 2001. See also: Hindustan Times, 16 May 2001; Mainichi Shimbun, 2 May 2001; Daily Pioneer, 16 and 20 May 2001; Times of India, 17 May 2001, 19 May 2001.
2. "Monkey man goes amok," Hindustan times.com, May 12, 2001 (www.hindustantimes.com/nonfram/130501/det1ST03.asp).
3. Ibid.

4. Nickell, Joe. 2002. 'Mothman' Solved! Skeptical Inquirer March/April 26(2): 20.
5. Begg, Paul, "Spring-Heeled Jack: The Terror of London," in Brookesmith, Peter (ed.), Open Files, London, Orbis Publishing Ltd, 1984.
6. cnn.com, op. cit.
7. Chapman, Douglas, "Chaos in Delhi: Monkey Man Madness," Strangemag.com.
8. cnn.com op. cit.
9. Bartholomew, Robert E., and Erich Goode. 2000. "Mass Delusions and Hysterias." Skeptical Inquirer, May/June 24(3): 20-28.
10. Chapman, Douglas, op. cit.

About the Author

Massimo Polidoro is an investigator of the paranormal, author, lecturer, and co-founder and head of CICAP, the Italian skeptics group.

Is this Jack the Ripper's knife?



Chilling ... author believes this blade was used by Jack the Ripper to kill five women

By MATT QUINTON

Published: 02 Nov 2011

http://www.thesun.co.uk/sol/homepage/news/3910616/Is-this-Jack-the-Rippers-knife.html

AN author has uncovered a six-inch blade - which he believes was the one used by Victorian serial killer Jack the Ripper.

Tony Williams found the knife amongst the possessions of his distant relative Sir John Williams, a chief suspect in the murders.

The brutal attacks saw five prostitutes butchered in London's East End between August and November 1888.

Sir John was working as a surgeon to Queen Victoria at the time, but left London soon after the slayings.

Chillingly, he was known to his family as 'Uncle Jack'.

Tony, Sir John's great-great-great-great nephew, has now written a book to explain his theory.

Tony, 49, said: "It is widely known that the person who carried out the killings would have had

significant medical knowledge.

"Sir John Williams was an accomplished surgeon."

Suspect ... Sir John Williams, left, and distant relative Tony Williams with knife

Tony believes the blade he discovered also fits the description of the one used in the attacks.

He said: "A pathologist at the time said the ripper had used the same six-inch knife in all the murders.

"He said it would have been at least six inches long, very sharp, pointed at the top and about an inch in width - a surgeon's knife.

"I am convinced that this is the knife used by Sir John Williams to murder those women."

Sir John moved to Aberystwyth after the murders, and later founded the National Library for Wales.

It was here that Tony discovered the knife after stumbling across an archive of Sir John's belongings.

Tony added: "When I began to look into this I found a terrible truth - that I was related to this serial killer.

"The knife, his possessions and all the evidence points to it.

"A lot of members of our family don't really speak about it - I think they are a bit upset.

"But in my mind the case has been solved - it was Sir John Williams."

River In China Mysteriously Turns Bloody Red Overnight

Jul 25, 2014, 1:09 PM ET

By YAZHOU SUN via Good Morning America

A waterway in eastern China has mysteriously turned a blood red color.

Residents in Zhejiang province said the river looked normal at 5 a.m. Beijing time on Thursday morning. Within an hour, the entire river turned crimson. Residents also said a strange smell wafted through the air.

"The really weird thing is that we have been able to catch fish because the water is normally so clear," one local villager commented on China's microblogging site Weibo.

Inspectors from the Wenzhou Environmental Protection Bureau said they have not found the cause of the incident, although water samples seem to indicate the suspicious color was a result of illegal dumping in the river.

"We suspect that somebody dumped artificial coloring in the water because he thought the typhoon yesterday would cause heavy rain, and nobody would notice [the color]," Jianfeng Xiao, Chief of the bureau told China News.

"It turned out there wasn't heavy rainfall yesterday, so the evidence is left behind," Xiao said.

Xiao said there is a paper manufacturer, a food coloring company and clothing-maker a long the river. The bureau is still investigating the incident.

MAGGIE SMITH, NG STAFF. SOURCE: FIRST COLONY FOUNDATION

Roanoke was geographically located in the crux of sociopolitical friction between the Secotan—who held sway over Roanoke—and the Chowanoke, who controlled the nearby waterways.

Tensions were especially high between the colonists and the Secotan tribe.

"There is no doubt that there was a lot of hostility," Klingelhofer said. "Not all the tribes were hostile, but some of them were hostile. They felt imposed upon. There was fighting between [the groups]"—both among the tribes, and between some of the native peoples and the English settlers.

It didn't help that the English attempted to explore the area multiple times. The group that arrived prior

to the lost colonists were driven back to England, which meant when the ill-fated third group of colonists showed up, some sour feelings remained.

"It would not surprise me that the Secotan would want to be done and get rid of the English," Swindell said.

Whether groups of Secotan banded together to rid themselves of what they saw as interlopers is anyone's guess, he said.

The area does seem to hold clues to contact between local tribes and European colonists in the 16th and 17th centuries.

The next step in solving this age-old American mystery? "We have to go in and dig some holes, I guess," Swindell said.

Have We Found the Lost Colony of Roanoke Island?

Remote-sensing techniques have unearthed clues to the fate of settlers who mysteriously disappeared.

Tanya Basu National Geographic Published December 6, 2013

http://news.nationalgeographic.com/news/2013/12/131208-roanoke-lost-colony-discovery-history-raleigh/

Roanoke Colony was found abandoned without a trace of the colonists—but some researchers might have uncovered some clues.

Illustration by North Wind Picture Archives/Alamy

It's a mystery that has intrigued Americans for centuries: What happened to the lost colonists of North Carolina's Roanoke Island? (See "America's Lost Colony.")

The settlers, who arrived in 1587, disappeared in 1590, leaving behind only two clues: the words "Croatoan" carved into a fort's gatepost and "Cro" etched into a tree.

Theories about the disappearance have ranged from an annihilating disease to a violent rampage by

local Native American tribes. Previous digs have turned up some information and artifacts from the original colonists but very little about what happened to them.

Until now.

Thanks to technological advances and a cover-up on a map, researchers are getting closer to finding out what happened to the lost colony of Roanoke Island.

What Do We Know?

The lost colonists were the third group of English arrivals on North Carolina's Roanoke Island, settling near the modern-day town of Manteo.

The first group to arrive, in 1584, came to explore and map the land for future groups. A second group, which arrived in 1585, was charged with a military and scientific mission. But this second group's trip was far from peaceful.

"That's where tensions begin [with the local Native American tribes]," said Clay Swindell of the Museum of the Albemarle in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, a member of the archaeology team investigating the colony. He says that this second group was driven out in 1586 by local tribes angry that the colonists were taking up good land and resources.

The third group arrived in 1587. Entire families came with children—17 women and 11 children accompanied a party of 90 men. That meant the group wanted to settle in the New World and was not a military excursion, which would have included only male explorers.

A Map With Secrets

A clue uncovered in a long-forgotten, centuries-old map of the area called "La Virginea Pars"—drawn by the colony's governor John White—kicked off a reexamination of the fate of the lost colonists. An artist and employee of explorer Sir Walter Raleigh, White was later appointed governor of the new lands; he was also the grandfather of Virginia Dare, the first English child born in the New World.

Two patches on the map made Brent Lane of the First Colony Foundation (the group behind the latest archaeological trip and a National Geographic grantee) in Durham, North Carolina, wonder if they might hide something beneath.

Scientists at the British Museum looked into the patches and discovered a tiny red-and-blue symbol. Could it have indicated a fort or a secret emergency location?

"Our best idea is that parts of Raleigh's exploration in North America were a state secret, and the map 'cover-up' was an effort to keep information from the public and from foreign agents," said Eric Klingelhofer of Mercer University in Macon, Georgia, a historian and the principal investigator on the project.

Disappearing Act

Most researchers think the colonists likely encountered disease—caused by New World microbes their bodies had never encountered before—or violence.

The research team thinks that when the crisis—whatever that may have been—hit, the colonists split up into smaller groups and dispersed.

"It's a good strategy," he said, explaining that the previous group from 1585 had been ordered to do so if disaster struck. "We don't definitely know that they do, but it's obvious that that's the only way they could have survived. No single Indian tribe or village could have supported them. They would be even larger than some villages—I mean, they were over a hundred people."

The prevailing theory has been that the colonists abandoned Roanoke and traveled 50 miles south to Hatteras Island, which was then known as Croatoan Island. But, Klingelhofer said, what if they went in another direction?

What if some of the colonists traveled west via Albemarle Sound to the mouth of the Chowan River, to a protected inlet occupied by a sympathetic tribe? (See "What 'Sleepy Hollow' Didn't Tell Us About Roanoke's Lost Colony.")

Furthermore, archaeologists have identified the nearby site of a small Native American town named Mettaquem, which may have adopted some of the colonists. Klingelhofer said that while researchers don't know much about the Native American town and its inhabitants, its existence has been verified.

"It's a very strategic place, right at the end of Albemarle Sound," he said. "You can go north up the Chowan River to Virginia or west to the Blue Ridge Mountains. They were big trading partners" with other Native American tribes.

After the map's secret was revealed, Klingelhofer, along with the First Colony Foundation, which studies the first attempts at colonization in the New World, proposed a return trip to the area, with a twist. This time, shovels would have 21st-century helpers—magnetometers and ground-penetrating radar (GPR).

Using Modern Technology

Malcolm LeCompte, a research associate at Elizabeth City State University in North Carolina, was responsible for the addition of GPR in the archaeological search for what happened to the lost colonists of Roanoke.

The process began earlier this year with a satellite survey of the site.

"What we do is we get the oldest maps we can find—so we can get a historic sense of what was there and what's there now—and orient them," LeCompte said. The point is to compare "what may have been there in the past to what is there now."

Researchers look for similarities between the old maps and the current geography of the area. Once they identify where the spots on the map correspond with today's landscape, a painstaking process of laying out a grid and systematically searching it with their GPR ensues.

The technology emits radio waves into the ground and measures the echo as the signal bounces off of various things buried underground. Essentially, it measures the depth that signals travel before hitting something that causes a measurable bounce back. In other words, signals potentially indicate a hidden object underground.

Metal objects—like the iron cannons that have been found at the site—act like "giant antennas." Graves and coffins are also detectable, because they contain voids with different densities and poorer conductive properties than the surrounding soil.

LeCompte and his colleagues found a previously undetected pattern that may indicate the presence of one or more structures, possibly made of wood, under about three feet (a meter) of soil.

"I don't know if it's one or a group [of structures]," he said, adding that they "could be joined or they could be close together." Perhaps the wood of the structures collapsed over time, leaving impressions in the surrounding soil, LeCompte speculated.

The Museum of the Albemarle's Swindell suggested the use of a proton magnetometer to enable the researchers to double-check their GPR findings. Much more sensitive than a metal detector, the device can spot objects buried about 13 feet (four meters) underground.

The device measures distortions of the Earth's magnetic field due to the presence of various objects buried underground.

"We're looking for anything that affects the local magnetic field," Swindell stressed. "That could be things like burn pits."

Swindell, for his part, thinks there may also be remains of a palisades that would have been used by farmers to keep wild animals away from crops.

The presence of the buried structure and the fence strongly indicate that there was some sort of colonial presence in the area. What complicates the story further is the presence of later colonial sites in the area through the 1700s.

Unfortunately, neither piece of technology has shed light on the role of Native American populations in the area. That's a puzzle that remains to be solved.

It's Complicated

In the days of the Roanoke Colony, relations with the local Native Americans were mixed.

Roxy's 'Poe' captures minds, hearts of students

Play being staged for 2 shows only on Halloween

By MARIA RICE McCLURE
The Leaf-Chronicle

"Teens love the writings of Edgar Allan Poe but complain they have trouble visualizing Poe's stories in action," Laurie Stansbury, an English teacher at Northwest High School, wrote in an e-mail to The Leaf-Chronicle.

Stansbury's sophomore English students, who are studying Poe, had the opportunity to see Poe's words come to life on the Roxy Regional Theatre's stage in "Poe Unearthed." Once back at the school — much to Stansbury's surprise — her students en-

IF YOU GO

- **WHEN:** 2 and 8 p.m. Saturday.
- **WHERE:** Roxy Regional Theatre, 100 Franklin St.
- **COST:** $10-$15.
- **CALL:** 645-7699.
- **ON THE NET:** www.roxyregionaltheatre.org.

THE CAST

Jay Doolittle
Brendan Cataldo
Phil Perry
Jonathan Hopkins
Ted Jones on harp

"'Poe Unearthed' is 99.9 percent pure Poe," said John McDonald, artistic di-

what they'd just seen.

"This is a teacher's dream," she said.

The show that the students raved about is being staged for the public for two shows only, 2 and 8 p.m. on Halloween, of course. "Poe Unearthed" includes "The Raven," "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Cask of Amontillado" and "The Masque of the Red Death."

Jonathan Hopkins shows his displeasure to Phil Perry in "Poe Unearthed: Tales of Edgar Allan Poe."

remainder is a translation from an Italian phrase, to make it easier to understand."

McDonald and Tom Thayer, managing director of the Roxy, frequently send out e-mails to teachers asking what the Roxy could do to help further the education of their students, McDonald said.

"Many have asked for us to stage the works of Edgar Allan Poe," McDonald said.

Photos by Greg Williamson/The Leaf-Chronicle

Ted Jones plays the harp while others watch in the Roxy Regional Theatre's production of "Poe Unearthed: Tales of Edgar Allan Poe." The play is being staged for the public for two shows only, 2 and 8 p.m. on Halloween.

This past summer McDonald and a crew of volunteer interns — Webb Booth, Elizabeth Coleman, Andrew Hulse, Michelle Lebkeucher, Angela Scott, Spencer Williams and Amy Wyer — workshopped the play, and later Thad Wallus "added his expertise to this," McDonald said. "The idea was to tie 'The Raven' into three of Poe's short stories."

The end result, "was really awesome," said Northwest student De-Sean Saine. "It's not every day that someone puts a famous author's words into a play just for high school students."

"It made the words seem more in-depth," Chris Mattingly added.

Students chime in

Here's more of what Laurie Stansbury's fifth period English class said about "Poe Unearthed":

- "The beginning scene set the mood for the entire play," said Sandra Meredith.
- "It was really cool. They didn't have to do this, but it made (studying Poe) better," said Diana Roberts-Santiago.
- "I liked the harp player (Ted Jones), he was a beast," said Chris Mattingly.
- "I really liked how the guy captured the attitude of the character in 'The Cask of Amontillado,'" Tucker Heaton said.
- "I liked the way they kept 'The Raven' going throughout the play," Sabastian Shaw said. "By doing this it kept everything moving and connected the words of the play."
- Cedric Dagwell said the movements of actors in "The Masque of the Red Death" made the scenes more dramatic. "It was really cool."
- "I liked how every story was tied together," said Candice Evans. "I was telling all my friends about it. It was educational and still fun to watch."
- "I loved the way they performed with emotion and heart, which made it realistic," Netarra Marr said. "I want to go see more."

All agree that the most riveting scene in "The Tell-Tale Heart" is when the murderer (Jay Doolittle) goes berserk and confesses his sin.

"They are so excited that they are going to stage their own 'Masque' to see how they do," Stansbury said.

McDonald is pleased that his adaptation of Poe's writing has inspired these students, and he hopes to inspire some adults this very Halloween.

"If this event stimulates further reading and studying of literature, then that makes them better students, which makes them better citizens and makes this a better place to be."

Maria Rice McClure is the features and custom content editor at The Leaf-Chronicle. She can be reached at 245-0203 or at mariamcclure@theleafchronicle.com.

Skeletons in the Royal closet

The death of the Queen Mother attracted a huge amount of media coverage, but only **GARRICK ALDER** was prepared to delve into some of the odder corners of a long, strange life.

DEAN CONGER/CORBIS

CHILDHOOD HAUNTS: Glamis Castle was full of phantoms and ghastly ancestral tales, while the nine-year-old Elizabeth (seen below with brother David the future MI6 agent) was told by a palmist that she would "live to be a Queen and the mother of a queen". Princess Diana (opposite) was a sworn foe.

WITH THE DEATH, AGED 101, OF QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN Mother the fortean world has lost (believe it or not) one of its more notable (not to say noble) characters. Growing up in a stately pile like Glamis Castle, haunted by no less than nine ghosts, the Queen Mother came from a lineage that, in time-honoured fashion, had a skeleton in the closet – almost literally.

On 21 October 1821, Charlotte, the wife of Thomas Lord Glamis, gave birth to a child that was recorded as "born and died" on the same day. But local tradition has it otherwise. The child survived, but was so deformed that he could never inherit the title and estates. However, he had been baptised as a Christian and so was not surreptitiously disposed of but instead confined to a secret room, 10 ft by 15 ft (3m by 4.5m), in the immensely thick castle walls. He was unseen by anyone other than a trusty keeper who fed him through an iron grille. The unfortunate 'Monster', "his chest an enormous barrel, hairy as a doormat… his head [joining] straight into his shoulders and his arms and legs […] toy-like," became a source of family dread, defying expectations and surviving, we are told, into old age, unloved and feared. [1]

In the 1870s, a workman at Glamis came upon "a door opening [into] a long passage," and was "alarmed" by what he found there. He told the Clerk of Works, who immediately cancelled the repairs and informed the 13th Earl (the Queen Mother's grandfather) and the family lawyer. The hapless workman was interrogated about what he had seen, paid off and, with his family, "induced to emigrate". [2]

The Countess of Strathmore, mother of the late QM, once attempted to get the Glamis factor, Andrew Ralston, to tell her the truth behind the family secret. After gravely shaking his head, he told her that "it is fortunate you do not know it and will never know it, for if you did you would never be happy." [3]

Amid this eldritch atmosphere, it is perhaps not surprising that the young Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, as she then was, became, in the best Highland manner, the subject of prophecy. In 1910, the nine-year-old Lady Elizabeth was presented to a palmist at a Glamis garden party: "The woman with the witch hair and onyx eyes took the tiny hand. She looked piercingly into the eager little face. The Gypsy woman spoke with a sudden intense fierceness [and a] touch of awe: 'You will live to be a Queen – and the mother of a queen.'" The young Elizabeth informed her governess of the prediction. "That you can't be," said the formidable Mademoiselle Lang, "unless they change the laws of England for you." Elizabeth was undisturbed by this, chanting "Who wants to be a Queen anyway?" [4] Nevertheless, 10 years later, the 19-year-old Elizabeth received the very same prophecy at Ascot from a clairvoyant known as Gypsy Lee. [5]

AP PHOTO

As we know, the Abdication of King Edward VIII in 1936 propelled his reluctant younger brother, Albert, Duke of York, onto the English throne. His wife, the former Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, became Queen Consort. And their eldest child, Elizabeth ('Lilibet') became the Queen-in-Waiting. The unlikely prophecies were fulfilled.

From here on, the paranormal played little part in the Queen Mother's life, with one notable excep-

tion following the death of her husband, George VI. Newly installed in her post-reign home at Clarence House, she sent for the noted medium Lilian Bailey, who conducted a séance to establish contact with the dead King. It was apparently a success, and the Queen Mother, in a gesture of gratitude, "unpinned her brooch and fastened it onto Miss Bailey's lapel." What King George's spirit had to say remains unknown, but in a life of otherwise orthodox Christianity it must have been a pressing problem that drove the Queen Mother to such unorthodox methods. [6]

Perhaps it was her lifelong feud with the Duchess of Windsor, the former Mrs Simpson, for whom Edward VIII had abdicated, thus forcing the shy, stammering 'Bertie' to take the throne and become George VI. The stresses of such a high-profile life and the responsibility of acting as figurehead and father of the nation during the dark days of World War II had increased the King's addiction to cigarettes. His heavy smoking eventually led to his death from lung cancer. The Queen Mother never missed an opportunity to refer to the Duchess of Windsor as "the woman who killed my husband."

This feud with the Duchess touches on the second, non-paranormal but still fortean, aspect of the Queen Mother's life – a role in the parapolitical life of Britain almost second to none. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor claimed they were the victims of persecution emanating from Buckingham Palace and driven by the implacable hatred of the Queen Mother – a claim that leads us into surprising territory.

HULTON-DEUTSCH COLLECTION/CORBIS

During the early evening of 16 October 1946, the country home of the Earl and Countess of Dudley was burgled. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were houseguests at the time, and the intruders made off with the contents of the Duchess's jewel case, including several priceless uncut emeralds left to the Duke by his grandmother, Queen Alexandra, on condition that they should be worn by his future wife, who would become the Queen of England. What Queen Alexandra had not, of course, foreseen, was her grandson's choice of bride, and after Edward's abdication, "the British Royal Family had made no secret that since Edward's wife was not the King's consort, Queen Alexandra's emeralds ought to be returned [...] to take their place among the Crown Jewels."

The Duke and Duchess were not slow in pointing out the odd circumstances of the theft: nothing else had been taken; none of the Dudley's many guard dogs had so much as barked during the burglary; and the Scotland Yard detective watching the house had seen and heard nothing. The Windsors were sure that the jewels had "been stolen by the British Secret Service, acting on the orders of the King and Queen, in order that the Royal Family might regain possession of the disputed emeralds." While no proof of intelligence involvement has ever emerged, one may feel that an ex-King's suspicions of just how far a Royal order for direct action might go are not simply wild fantasies. [7] After all, the Duke was well aware that the Queen Mother's brother, the Hon David Bowes-Lyon, was an MI6 agent who in 1943 had been sent to Washington "to take over the psychological warfare and propaganda of British Security co-ordination." [8] Here we see a surprising precursor to the speculation about Royalty-intelligence connections that sprang up in the wake of the 1997 death of Princess Diana – another woman to whom the Queen Mother was implacably opposed, calling her a 'schizophrenic' and a 'traitor'.

The Queen Mother was clearly not a lady you'd want as an enemy. Adolf Hitler christened her "the most dangerous woman in Europe" – and he should have known. Before and during World War II, Sir Walter Monckton was a close friend of both the Queen Mother and the Duke of Windsor, as well as being head of Churchill's private intelligence taskforce. In early 2000, several boxes of Monckton's papers were released and it was discovered that several items from just prior to

She described Diana as a "schizophrenic" and a "traitor"

WWII were missing, including correspondence between the Queen Mother (then Queen) and the pro-appeasement Foreign Secretary Lord Halifax.

Speculation among historians was that the missing items had been suppressed because of strongly-worded disapproval of the Duchess of Windsor. But, according to 'a senior government figure', they concerned the Queen Mother's desire for the preservation of the monarchy in the event of a Nazi occupation. How these papers were 'weeded' for such incriminating evidence of Royal quislingism remains a mystery – but the obvious conclusion is that it was carried out by MI5 or MI6 at the behest of the Palace. [9] Peter Wright's *Spycatcher* refers to a mysterious assignment undertaken by Anthony Blunt on behalf of the Palace, possibly to recover minutes of the still-shadowy meeting between Edward VIII and Hitler on 22 October 1937. [10] Certainly, these minutes were noticeably absent from German documents captured and indexed by the Allies at the end of the war.

But will we ever know what all these missing papers contained? At the time of the White Paper on open government in 1992, Elizabeth II indicated that Whitehall papers concerning Royal matters could be dealt with on the same basis as any other records, but by and large this has not come about. No one expects the papers concerning the 1936 abdication crisis to be released until January 2037, and files currently held by the Public Record Office concerning a rumoured illegitimate child of George V who murdered a prostitute in 1922 will be kept shut "for aeons". [11] And private papers, too, have a tendency to go missing: the 'magic' of Royalty seems to cause frequent gaps in the historical record. For instance, the fact that in 1998 Princess Margaret persuaded the Queen Mother to burn several refuse sacks full of decades' worth of correspondence – to the understandable horror of historians - suggests that some Royal insights are not for public consumption. [12] Whether the Queen Mother's death will change this remains to be seen.

1. James Wentworth Day, The Queen Mother's Family Story (Robert Hale, 1967), p133.
2. Ibid, p136.
3. Ibid, p136.
4. Ibid, p137
5. Margaret Saville, HM Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother (Pitkins, 1953), p26
6. Lady Olga Maitland, writing in the *Sunday Express*, 2 Oct 1983.
7. Michael Thornton, *Royal Feud: The Queen Mother and the Duchess of Windsor* (BCA, 1986).
8. H Montgomery Hyde, *The Quiet Canadian* (Hamish Hamilton, 1962), pp234-236.
9. 'Can she look the East End in the face now?', *The Independent*, 9 Mar 2000.
10. Peter Wright, *Spycatcher*, (Heinneman, 1987)
11. Andrew Roberts, 'Sitting on secrets for a daft amount of time', *Sunday Times*, 31 Jan 1999.
12. 'Queen Mother's letters burned', *Sunday Times*, 21 June 1998.

GARRICK ALDER is a longtime fortean who has contributed a number of pieces to *FT* over the years.

Chupacabra on rampage in Russia

http://rt.com/news/sheep-killing-vampire-chupacabra-773/

Published: 01 October, 2011, 06:17
Edited: 01 October, 2011, 19:26

A string of livestock mass-killings by an unidentified creature has struck fear into Russian farmers. A number of towns from Chelyabinsk in central Russian to the Moscow region have suffered, with the death toll from the latest attack reaching 30.

Farmer Vasily Velikodnev found the butchered sheep in their fold on a September morning in Kolomna region, some 100 km south of Moscow.

He was immediately struck by the manner of the killings – ripping the sheep's back tendons to cut their arteries and suck out their blood – a trademark of the legendary Chupacabra, a blood-sucking carnivore rumored to inhabit Central and North America.

Only three of the savaged sheep had succumbed to their wounds. Most of the rest Velikodnev had to relieve of their suffering with his own hands after calling the authorities.

The latter provided him with a list of the usual suspects: from stray dogs, lynxes (who do not inhabit the area) and foxes to migrant workers from Central Asia. Speaking with RT, the head of local administration, Svetlana Telnova, dismissed some of the wilder speculation, saying stray dogs were the most likely culprits.

"Our veterinary doctors have dismissed the talk of drained blood. All the sheep had a working heart muscle, so there is no Chupacabra," she added.

However, Velikodnev believes that the vets have not delivered the final word on the savagings, and shepherd Aleksandr ruled out the theory of the stray dogs.

"My main question is, how did they get in? Look at the fence, a dog is simply incapable of overcoming such height!" he told RT.

And dogs or lynxes would have eaten at least one of the sheep, while the attacker in question merely bit each of them in the same spot. As for the migrant workers – no signs of an unauthorized entry were found at the farm.

"Despite the rain that fell the night before, we didn't notice any unusual footprints at all," Velikodnev told RT.

A significant quantity of blood – 30 creatures were virtually drained! – vanishing without a trace, led locals to the conclusion that the unknown attacker had consumed it on the spot, which would have taken a healthy chunk of time. The sheep were kept in a spacious fold, so catching each would have taken at least two to three minutes, according to Velikodnev, which means the intruder was present for more than an hour.

"We suffered a similar attack back in May, which left eight sheep and Styopka the goat dead, but then the animals had toothmarks on them, so we figured the dogs were to blame that time," Velikodnev recalled.

Just days after the incident in Kolomna region a similar case was reported in a small town near Chelyabinsk, where an unknown attacker broke into a rabbit cage and tore its inhabitants apart.

Rabbits have been dying in their dozens following two similar attacks in other small towns in the Chelyabinsk region.

The first reports of the Chupacabra vampire being spotted in Russia appeared as early as April 2006.

Goat-killing vampire

The term Chupacabra – deriving from the Spanish words chupar (to suck) and cabra (goat) – first appeared in 1995 after an attack on sheep in Puerto Rico which left eight dead animals with identical small wounds in the chest area and completely drained of blood. Other reports of similar incidents in various parts of Central America came to light followed by more in other regions of the world.

Descriptions of the mysterious Chupacabra's physical appearance vary. According to some, it is a reptile-like creature with a pronounced spinal ridge. Others say it looks like a hairless dog bred with a kangaroo, with the latter's ability to jump up to six meters. Some sightings mention an unusual red glow in the creature's eyes.

Unlike conventional predators, the Chupacabras are believed to drain the prey's blood and/or internal organs and never touch the flesh.

There have been several reports of the creature being found dead. However, all the carcasses examined by scientists were found to be coyotes infected with a parasite that left them with little fur and thickened skin.

One of the greatest Brazilian footballers of the early 21st century, Ronaldinho, was nicknamed Chupacabra for his unusual appearance in the early days of his career.

bludstone (bludstone) wrote in wtf_inc,
@ 2008-05-19 14:47:00

Flying Penis Disrupts Press Conference

Life imitates 2nd life.

Link to video

http://www.sharenator.com/Flying_penis/

Probably a tactic used by russian intelligence to make gary kasparov look ridiculous.

~~edit: can someone find out what the press conference was actually about~~

edit2: The press conference was an alternative parliament opposing the mainstream Russian government.

http://timesofindia.indiatimes.com/World/Kasparov_launches_Russian_opposition_assembly/articleshow/3049762.cms

(Reply to this)(Thread)

Russia's witches and wizards face ad ban to protect cancer victims

Witches, wizards and faith healers are to be banned from advertising in Russia over concerns that they are giving false hope to cancer sufferers.

By Andrew Osborn in Moscow
Published: 4:21PM BST 22 Sep 2010

Russian MPs have backed a bill that bans anyone who calls themselves a witch or a wizard from advertising their services in the media in an effort to combat a controversial national obsession with the occult.

English witches claim they are discriminated against by the church. Photo: MENS

According to the Orthodox Church, Russia (http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/europe/russia) has 800,000 practitioners of the occult, many of whom advertise in newspaper small advertisements offering cures for alcoholism and spells to lift curses and return errant husbands for a fee. One report claims almost one in five Russians have consulted occult 'healers' but MPs have warned they are risking their health and possibly their lives by trusting in such quackery. They say it is time the country grew up.

Related Articles

Romanian witch tax plan (/news/worldnews/europe/romania/7991507/Romania-attempts-to-tax-witches-and-fortune-tellers.html)

Witch to stand as independent candidate at general election (/news/newstopics/howaboutthat/6981349/Witch-to-stand-as-independent-candidate-at-general-election.html)

Satanic activity in the Forest sounds familiar (/comment/columnists/rowanpelling/6706902/Satanic-activity-in-the-Forest-of-Dean-sounds-strangely-familiar.html)

Anna Chapman: 'hot' Russian spy 'approached to star in porn film' (/news/worldnews/europe/russia/7900003/Anna-Chapman-hot-Russian-spy-approached-to-star-in-porn-film.html)

Three quarters of children are not active enough: Government survey (/health/healthnews/5213531/Three-quarters-of-children-are-not-active-enough-Government-survey.html)

Ryder Cup 2010: Colin Montgomerie feels duty-bound to act as faith healer (/sport/golf/rydercup/7901587/Ryder-Cup-2010-Colin-Montgomerie-feels-duty-bound-to-act-as-faith-healer.html)

In a tragic incident this summer, a four-year-old boy in Russia's Far East suffocated to death during an exorcism

ritual carried out by a local healer who was convinced the boy was possessed by a demon.

"Citizens, if they have the money, are even sometimes promised elevation to a new level of evolution," MP Tatyana Yakovleva told the daily Rossiiskaya Gazeta newspaper. "Only last year in Moscow 300,000 people turned to the services of wizards and healers according to the Interior Ministry." Cancer specialists complain that many of the patients they see have already spent their life savings and wasted precious time on trying to cure the disease with a witch or a wizard. When the money runs out, they say the mystic informs the unfortunate patient that it is "God's will" and tells them there is nothing more that he or she can do.

The bill, which needs to pass two more votes before it can become law, would also oblige anyone claiming to be able to solve people's health problems to prove their claim and get a licence to operate from the health ministry. MPs say such licences would only be conferred upon genuine practitioners of alternative medicine and that nobody would be licencing witches or wizards.

© Copyright of Telegraph Media Group Limited 2010

Salton Sea latest lega

By Denise Goolsby
The Desert Sun

Rocks are dumped out of Southern Pacific Railroad cars in an effort to dan
PHOTO COURTESY OF SALTON SEA HISTORY MUSEUM

It's been nearly 110 years since the flood waters of the Colorado River created the Salton Sea, but it's not the first time the river has spawned a landlocked lake in the Colorado Desert.

The story of the Salton Sea begins with the formation of a great shallow depression, or basin, which modern explorers have called the Salton Sink.

Several million years ago, a long arm of the Pacific Ocean extended from the Gulf of California through the present-day Imperial and Coachella valleys, then northwesterly through the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.

Mountain ranges rose on either side of this great inland sea, and the whole area came up out of the water. Oyster beds in the San Felipe Mountains, on the west side of Imperial Valley, are located many hundred feet above present sea level.

Slowly the land in the central portion settled and the area south of the San Gorgonio Pass sloped gradually down to the Gulf.

"If it had not been affected by external forces, it would probably have kept its original contours, but it just so happened that on its eastern side there emptied one of the mightiest rivers of the North American continent — the Colorado," historian Pat Laflin wrote in "The Salton Sea: California's Overlooked Treasure," in a 1995 issue of The Periscope, a publication of the Coachella Valley Historical Society in Indio.

The river deposited vast quantities of silt into the Gulf, creating a delta, from Yuma to the rampart of the Cocopah Mountains, that separated the region from the Pacific Ocean — turning that area into a great salt water lake covering almost 2,100 square miles.

"The river then chose for itself a route on the southeastern slide of the delta plain, discharging its waters into the Gulf of California," Laflin wrote. "Under the blazing sun, water in the upper Gulf evaporated, leaving a basin incrusted with salt in its deeper parts. The depression was about one hundred miles in length by thirty-five in width. It had a maximum depth of 1,000 feet."

It's unknown how long the ancient sea-bottom remained dry, but many thousands of years ago, the Colorado River proceeded to refill the dry basin.

"Probably for centuries, the Colorado made the Salton Sink a great freshwater lake, depositing in the process 150 million tons of silt every year," Laflin wrote.

Then the river changed course, cutting a channel to the Gulf through the eastern part of the delta plain. The lake in the Salton Sink dried up again, leaving a 200-mile ellipse of freshwater shells to mark its former level.

"No one know for sure, but in all probability the Colorado alternately flowed into the Salton Sink every four or five hundred years," Laflin wrote.

According to information found on the Salton Sea Authority website — SSA is a Joint Powers Authority whose goal in the revitalization of the Salton Sea — evidence of an ancient shoreline suggests that Lake Cahuilla occupied the basin until about 300 years ago.

From 1824 to 1904, Colorado River flows flooded the Salton Basin no fewer than eight times.

For example, an 1840 flood created a salt lake three-quarters of a mile long and a half-mile wide and, in June 1891, another outpouring of Colorado River water created a lake 30 miles long, 10 miles wide.

It is uncertain as to how many times water has filled the basin over the centuries but human intervention is responsible for inundating the basin only once.

In 1901, the California Development Company, seeking to realize the Imperial Valley's potential for unlimited agricultural productivity, dug irrigation

cy of overflow

n the Colorado River to stop the water from flowing into the Salton Sink.

canals from the Colorado River. Heavy silt loads, however, inhibited the flow and new residents of the valley became worried. This prompted the engineers to create a cut in the western bank of the Colorado to allow more water to reach the valley. Unfortunately, heavy flood waters broke through the engineered canal in 1905, and nearly the entire volume of the Colorado River poured into the sink, unimpeded, for over 18 months.

The raging river flooded thousand of acres of farmland and destroyed large portions of Calexico and Mexicali. Rail lines, salt works, fields and homes were submerged. Approximately 11,000 acres of Torres Martinez Desert Cahuilla Indians tribal land was flooded.

The Southern Pacific Railroad was forced to move its lines several times as the sea rapidly grew in size.

At times, the water flowed at more than 100,000 cubic feet per second. Four separate projects were started to try and stop the hemorrhaging river all ending in failure.

In December of 1907, according to "Salton Sea Atlas" copyrighted by the University of Redlands, President Theodore Roosevelt asked Southern Pacific Railroad President Edward H. Harriman to do whatever it took to close the break.

Rail traffic in Southern California was all but suspended for two months as Southern Pacific routed sent 700 rail cars of gravel to be dumped into the breach of the Salton Basin. The last trainloads of rock were dumped, cars and all, in a last-ditch effort to quell the flow of the river.

On Feb. 10, 1907, 2 million cubic feet of rock and $3 million later, Southern Pacific closed the breach and the river once again headed toward the Gulf of California.

Practically overnight, Southern California had an enormous inland sea.

At 380 square miles, it became the largest body of water in the state. However, this new sea did not quickly recede like it had in the past. Agricultural drainage from the new farms in the Imperial Valley to the south kept water flowing into the newly christened Salton Sea.

Samebito

A black monster with green glowing eyes and a spike beard from Japanese mythology. On the Long Bridge the monster encountered the hero Totaro, but instead of attacking him, the monster entreated him to give it food and shelter. It turned out that the sea-king had expelled it from the ocean.

Totaro took the monster with him and gave it a lake near his own palace where he fed it. Some time later, Totaro fell in love with the beautiful Tamana and intended to marry her. Tamana's father however, had set the bride price at 10,000 precious stones. Unable to come up with such an immense fortune, Totaro went home and lay ill until he was dying. When Samebito learned of what happened to its benefactor, it shed tears of sadness until the monster discovered that its tears had turned into pearls, rubies and emeralds. With these precious stones Totaro was able to pay the bride price and marry the lovely Tamana.

Related information

None

Article copyright © MCMXCIX Encyclopedia Mythica http://www.pantheon.org/

ON SALE NOW Your favorite pieces of the year, plus new works by TMN writers »

The Morning News
Black and White and Read All Over

STORIES

Santa's Not-So-Little Helper

You know Santa: cheeks like a rose, nose like a cherry. Now meet the Krampus, a boozy goat-horned menace that whips children around Europe. **Clay Risen** meets a group of Krampuses and learns why they're great at a party.

SANTA CLAUS MAY BE A WONDERFUL SYMBOL OF THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT, BUT time and consumer society have warped him to the point where he makes little sense. The idea behind Santa, originally, was to carrot-and-stick little boys and girls into good behavior—he's got a list, he's checking it twice, and if you fall under the 'naughty' category it's switches and coals for you. But what child in America is at all afraid of receiving a lump of coal under the tree? What child even knows what a 'switch' is? Thanks to a range of factors—Dr. Spock and Mattel are high on the list—Santa's beneficence is a *fait accompli*.

Alpine Europe, on the other hand, doesn't have this problem. This is because years ago St. Nick's job was split—while the jolly old elf delivered the goods, an evil, goat-horned spirit called the *Krampus* brought switches and bad dreams to the boys and girls of Austria, southern Germany, Switzerland, and far northern Italy.

A Krampus

And while many regional European traditions are giving way to international consumer culture (the fat, red-bedecked Santa is in fact quickly replacing the rail-thin St. Nick throughout the continent), the Krampus is alive and well. He even has his own day—December 5. His success is certainly thanks in part to the lack of a parallel in American society. But he has stuck around mostly because Krampus Fest, like most holidays in alpine Europe, is a beloved excuse for small towns to get together and drink their brains out.

According to Mannfred Kapper of the Austrian Cultural Forum, the Krampus was initially a side note to the St. Nicholas story, a goat-faced *eminence noir* who accompanied St. Nick on his December gift-giving tours. 'Nicholas and Krampus would come to the houses together,' Kapper said. 'Nicholas gave the children presents and Krampus beat them.' But in the last 200 years, Krampus has slowly developed an identity of his own. 'Today Krampus is more popular in the countryside, but if you come to the city it is more St. Nicholas,' he said.

A while back I spent a year in Jennersdorf, Austria, teaching English at the local high school. Jennersdorf is a stone's throw from nothing, a southeastern village of 3,000 people a few miles from the Hungarian border. There I experienced a host of unimaginable traditions—I watched a man be wedded to a tree, for instance—but nothing quite compared to the weekend of drunken merriness and satanic symbology that is the *Krampustage*.

Originally, Krampus had just the one day. A few men in each town dress up in furs, heavy boots, and a ghoulish mask topped with horns—with a switch in hand. Then they go to all the houses with small children, and when the parents open the door they run in and act menacing—growling and cracking their switches. The children scream. After everyone's had a good fright, the parents invite the men to sit down and have a few shots of kirsch or schnapps, which they always accept. Not surprisingly, by the end of the night the Krampuses' growls are a little slurred, their switch-cracking is a little too close to the children, and parents have to make sure their kids don't look out the window, lest they catch a glimpse of the Krampus puking in a gutter.

But Krampus Day soon morphed into Krampus Weekend; it's likely that villagers got jealous of the lucky few who got to run around town in costumes, act like idiots, and get plastered. Thus was born the *Krampusfest*—or, as it is known in southeast Austria, the *Kränchen*. Typically held on the Saturday after Krampus Day, the *Kränchen* is a village-wide party held at a local school, community center, or other facility: anywhere large enough and sturdy enough to hold 300 or so drunken villagers. (Sometimes a town will hold its *Kränchen* a week before or after Krampus Day—that way other villages can participate, turning what was originally one night of child-spooking into a three-weekend-long sousing.)

The Kränchen I attended was sponsored by my school's junior class to make money for the senior ball. (The drinking age in Austria is 16.) Jennersdorf didn't have a facility large enough to hold the party, so the kids rented a hall a few towns over. There were two rooms—in one, the main hall, a band played on a stage at one end, fronted by a dance floor; to the side ran a long bar, staffed by students backed by multiple cases of beer. Most of the hall, though, was taken up by long tables—it bothered me more than a little that they were of the same style found in most American school cafeterias: the kind that fold up in the middle and come with injection-molded plastic seats attached. The band played Top-40 hits, which in Europe is a mix of angsty, American punk-lite and goofy dance tunes. The other, much smaller room was the '*Hard Core Saale,*' featuring low lighting, mixed drinks, and rap.

Most of the night I drifted between the two rooms, though toward midnight I settled at a long table with a bunch of my sophomore students. When I asked what their parents thought of all this, Eva, 16, told me her father was sitting three tables over. So everything was OK. Then a boy named Thorsten, 15, turned around in his seat and vomited.

Fortunately, the *Kränchen*'s organizers were prepared—within five minutes the school's star volleyball player—and, now, custodian—was over with a mop and bucket. For a little while I wondered if I should do something adult-like, say, find the principal and get Thorsten a ride home. But then Peter, the basketball coach, walked over, clapped Thorsten on the back and said, 'Jüngen! ('Boy!') I hear our friend had a little accident!' Everyone laughed; even Thorsten smiled meekly. 'You OK?' Peter asked. Thorsten nodded and said 'Ja,' and that seemed to be that.

Around 12:30 the Krampuses arrived. Five of six guys, dressed in full goat-god regalia—switches in hand—ran into the hall and began whipping people. A few party-goers fought back, but most everyone—Krampus and non-Krampus alike—were too gone to care. After 10 minutes of this, the Krampuses took off their masks, everyone laughed, one of the bartenders brought over a round for them and the drinking recommenced in earnest.

The author, drunk with Krampus

At 2:00 am, when I left, the hall was still packed, reeking softly of overworked heating, spilt beer, and vomit. A few younger students left with me, two of them on either side of one of their semi-conscious comrades. Clearly a good time was had by all, myself included. And yet I wondered, as we drove back through the darkness, how the the Krampus had devolved—from a spirit meant to shock children into good behavior—into an excuse for wild inebriation, and in much the same way that Santa Claus had been co-opted by crass commercialism. Not to mention the way that Christmas itself, meant to celebrate the birth of a savior, had become an excuse for mass consumption—material, alcoholic, or otherwise. And suddenly, despite all the über-weirdness I had seen that weekend, I felt very close to home.

gators are sup-
l start only in
nd the knowl-
uts.
y was caught,
e possession of
cle evidence of

rny-hided "var-
ds hole on the
men promptly
emities, bring-
-way into his

egroes the big
It is thought
n a cave in the

on of the sau-
vicinity is that
l at Glendale
rained several
ge 12)

alls Beans, Burned

ary 25, 1936
m.—(Special)—
he fell into a
nday, Bracey
e-half-year-old
ence Howard
ed about noon

ved the pot of
e and placed it

nd fell in it.
conducted this
es her mother
sters.
and Archives)

In an ideal marriage in which a husband and wife truly love each other, are congenial and find their happiness in each other's society, they break even. But, leaving out the discussion of this purely sentimental aspect of the matter and coming down to brass tacks and tangible assets, it is indisputable that women hold the winning hand in marriage.

The average man, for instance, gains no social prestige by marrying. No one

(Continued on page 12)

1958 *Original caption from the Feb. 4, 1958,* Nashville Banner*: "Downtown Nashville appeared to melt into a solid gray haze as the mercury dipped to an icy 15 degrees this morning and a sulky mass of smog hugged the city like a winter's overcoat." This photo was shot on Church Street at NES looking toward the city's skyline. At that time, the L&C Tower would have been the tallest building. (Image: Nashville Public Library, Nashville Room, photo by Don Foster)*

Satan's Burial In Auditorium Draws Throng

By Francis Meeker
Nashville Banner, February 5, 1979

1979 They preached the devil's funeral in South Nashville Saturday night.

There were flowers, eulogies, a casket and a hearse. Satan was laid to rest with spirituals sung to the music of tambourines, a piano and an electric guitar.

The demise of the devil was arranged by the Rev. Marion B. Southall, minister of the Truth of Life Foundation To Share the Light, who started his congregation in 1976 in an abandoned church at 1212 First Ave. S.

Saturday night he called his congregation, his relatives and at least a half dozen other churches to help him with his task of getting rid of the devil.

The funeral services were held in the auditorium of Cameron Junior High School, next door to Southall's church, because the minister wanted to be sure

(Continued on page 9)

Original caption: "Viewing the devil's "remains" at a special service Saturday night are the Rev. Marion B. Southall (left), Mrs. Nannie Haley and funeral director Larry Dawson." (Image: Nashville Public Library, Nashville Room, photo by Bob Ray)

be to *The Nashville Retrospect!* For only $30 a year ($48 for two years) you can have *The Nashville Retrospect* conveniently delivered to you in the mail every month. See Page 2 for instructions.

assign the true place where the power is that produces the phenomena–the persons who give the statements, agree the time and the effect is nearly the same as felt here, and we see no difference more than the same man might be supposed liable to make if placed in different situations; and the people in each part of the union, seem to be equally alarmed.

(Source: Tennessee State Library and Archives)

moments of amusement in the wake of the horrific quakes. He became so used to aftershocks "as rather to enjoy the fears manifested by others."

While staying in a large log house belonging to a physician as the guests celebrated a wedding, Audubon witnessed something shocking to propriety. A rumbling started before dawn and the house began to creak.

The sleeping guests rushed outside

learned the trick of suspending a hanging key over the mantelpiece. Its swinging could tell them the degree of danger and whether evacuation was necessary. With an estimated 150,000 acres of timber destroyed in the quakes, it seems a blessing that the area was sparsely populated at the time. Today the story would be different.

Millions of people now live in and around the cities of St. Louis and Memphis in the central Mississippi

in a mass preparedness drill.

George Zepp is author of the book Hidden History of Nashville *and wrote the "Learn Nashville" column for* The Tennessean *from 2002 to 2010.*

(Sources: Beginnings of West Tennessee, *Samuel Cole Williams, 1930;* I Was There! In the New Madrid Earthquakes of 1811-1812, *David R. Logsdon, 1990;* ; Our First Century, *R.M. Devens, 1876; Center for Earthquake Research and Information, www.ceri.memphis.edu; newmadrid2011.org.)*

Satan

(Continued from page 1)

1979 to have room for everybody who wanted to attend the funeral for the devil.

A black hearse from Dawson's Mortuary in Franklin waited at the front door.

The mourners–or celebrators–were ushered into the auditorium and took their seats in front of the gray casket which was flanked by a dozen colorful funeral wreaths against a backdrop of flaming candles in two seven-branch candelabra. The flowers were on loan from Ed's Flower and Plaque Shop on Lewis Street.

"We are here to bury the devil," Southall, a slightly balding black man, announced to the audience. On the stage with him were a dozen speakers–black and white, men and women, young and elderly.

The minister led the audience in singing *Victory, Victory Shall Be Mine,* with the audience clapping in time to the minister's tambourine.

The Rev. M.F. Abbott, a tall, slender woman dressed in a pink formal, sang a spiritual, accompanying herself on the electric guitar. She is the minister of the Greater St. Luke Spiritual Church here.

Mrs. Nannie Haley, a member of Meharry Boulevard Church of God, beating her tambourine, gave a rousing rendition of *Satan, I Put You Out of My Life.*

After prayer by Elder Frank Moore of Peoples No. 2 Spiritual Temple, Southall gave the obituary of the devil, telling of the havoc he has wreaked in lives from the time he met Eve in the Garden down through the ages to today.

The minister's mother, known in her son's congregation as Mother Susie Pilcher, spoke on the need for a positive spirit in life rather than a negative one.

Elder James Cole of First Street Missionary Baptist Church told the audience, "We must outdo the devil and the only way is to be born again."

The Rev. Gene Connor, minister of First Church Unity, said, "There is not a human alive who does not have unclean spirits and evil thought in them but everybody has the authority to rid themselves of these negative and bad thoughts."

Collection cups were passed among the audience to receive contributions for the renovation of Southall's church.

Then as flames burned low and a couple of candles winked out, the morticians opened the casket for the audience to file by to view the remains.

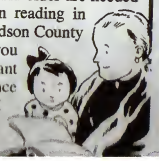
What was in the casket?

There on a white satin pillow was a white plaque engraved with the words: "I was the world of your negative thoughts."

(Source: Tennessee State Library and Archives)

Share Your Love for Reading

Friends Learning in Pairs (FLIP) is an intergenerational volunteer program of RSVP. Seniors 55 and older are needed to tutor children in reading in grades K-4 in Davidson County public schools. If you love to read and want to make a difference in a child's life, call 743-3422. Training classes begin late



Don't Wait Until It's Too Late.

Whether it's a "check engine" light or a funny noise, putting off having your car checked could leave you stranded.

At Link Automotive, we specialize in all types of vehicle repairs, including engines, transmissions, electrical systems, suspension and brakes. We also offer a full line of over

LINK AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE/PARTS SINCE 1983

STONES SMR RIVER MANOR

Stones River Manor, sponsored by area churches of Christ, is Rutherford County's only faith-based, not-for-profit senior living community. We are a full-service senior living community offering independent living apartments, stepped-care assisted living, memory care, adult day care, respite care, physician and clinic services, and complete nursing and therapy services.

STONES RIVER MANOR
205 Haynes Drive, Murfreesboro, TN
(615) 893-5617

Could Satanists get a monument at Oklahoma State Capitol? (+video)

Oklahoma approved the erection of a Ten Commandments monument on the State Capitol grounds in 2009. Satanists now say they have an equal right to put up one of their own.

By Mark Sappenfield, Staff writer / December 8, 2013

ACLU challenges 10 Commandments use in Oklahoma
A group of Satan worshippers says the Oklahoma Legislature's decision in 2009 to allow a privately funded monument to the Ten Commandments on the state capitol grounds means they should have equal access to build a monument of their own.

The Satanic Temple of New York has alerted the Oklahoma Capitol Preservation Commission that it wants to build a $20,000 monument on the statehouse grounds. The temple plans to submit plans this month for a monument that would be in "good taste" – which an official describes as a marker with a pentagram or an interactive display for children, according to the Associated Press.

State Rep. Bobby Cleveland (R) told the AP that the idea was preposterous. "These Satanists are a different group," he said. "You put them under the nut category."

Legal precedent suggests that federal courts might not take the same view – about Oklahoma's Ten Commandments monument or Satanists' claim of equal rights.

In a 2005 case, the US Supreme Court unanimously ruled in favor of Satanists and followers of white-supremacist religions, saying that a federal law designed to protect prisoners' religious liberties protected theirs, too.

Ohio officials had argued that protecting Satanists' religious rights would undermine prison security by drawing more prisoners to that faith. In rejecting the state's argument, Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg noted that government often makes concessions to accommodate the free exercise of religion, such as allowing Jewish military personnel to wear yarmulkes.

Justice Ginsberg made clear that her ruling dealt specifically with the federal law in question.

In two other cases decided the same year, the Supreme Court issued a split ruling on the specific question of religious monuments on public property.

On one hand, the court decided 5-to-4 that a monument to the Ten Commandments on the grounds of the Texas Capitol could remain. But Justice Stephen Breyer, writing for the majority, noted that the monument had existed for 40 years before eliciting any legal complaint. Moreover, the grounds of the Texas Capitol include a variety of monuments. This, in Justice Breyer's view, made the monument more historical than religious.

"This [Texas] display has stood apparently uncontested for nearly two generations. That experience helps us understand that as a practical matter of *degree* this display is unlikely to prove divisive," Breyer wrote.

On the other hand, the court decided 5-to-4 that copies of the Ten Commandments on the walls of two Kentucky courthouses ran afoul of the constitutional separation of church and state. In a concurring opinion, Breyer noted that the Kentucky monuments sparked legal action almost immediately.

Similarly, in 2010, the court let stand a lower court ruling that ordered the removal of a Ten Commandments monument from the grounds of a county courthouse in Oklahoma.

The Oklahoma State Capitol's Ten Commandments monument is being challenged in court by the Oklahoma chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Brady Henderson, legal director for ACLU Oklahoma, told the AP: "If the Ten Commandments, with its overtly Christian message, is allowed to stay at the Capitol, the Satanic Temple's proposed monument cannot be rejected because of its different religious viewpoint."

SATANISTS FALL OUT: The American Free Church of Satan has proposed a theme park, provisionally called Perdition, with features based on the devil, black masses and heavy metal music. The group sees it as an antidote to the Christian theme park currently pulling in vast crowds in Florida. However, the Church of Satan, which claims to have founded the modern version of the religion in the 1960s, has blasted the plan as "ludicrous". *The Universe, 3 Nov 2002.*

Poor ol' Peter Cottontail: A rush to save a species

Rick Hampson
@rickhampson
USA TODAY

KELLY BOLAND, NEW ENGLAND COTTON TAIL.ORG

New England cottontail, candidate for endangered species.

HAMPDEN, MASS. In *The Adventures of Peter Cottontail*, the children's classic published 100 years ago, the title character offers this advice: "When you need a safe retreat/a briar patch cannot be beat."

Yet the Laughing Brook Nature Sanctuary here, once home to Peter's creator, Thornton Burgess, today has no briar patches and — not coincidentally — no apparent members of Peter's once-abundant species.

The New England cottontail, the only native rabbit east of the Hudson River and once a dietary staple of Pilgrims and bobcats, has become a candidate for the federal list of endangered species.

Despite rabbits' famed fecundity — and the abundance in the region of an almost identical species, the *eastern* cottontail — government agencies and conservation groups have embarked on a two-decade, $55 million effort to restore the New England cottontail's dwindling habitat and increase its shrinking numbers.

Peter's problem, surprisingly, is not just Old Man Coyote, Reddy Fox and Farmer Brown. It's not just commercial development.

It's the seemingly eco-happy spread of New England's forest canopy.

To avoid predators, cottontails need protective ground cover — bushes, thickets, briar patches — that appear in the "new growth" period after farm fields are abandoned or forests burn or blow down.

Such undergrowth disappears

▶ STORY CONTINUES ON 2B

Do the bunny hunt: In New England, far fewer sightings

▶ CONTINUED FROM 1B

in the shadows of big trees.

The spread of such "old growth" forest has helped reduce New England cottontail habitat by about 85% over the past half-century, leaving just five isolated colonies, including ones in southern Maine and eastern New York state.

In response, conservation agencies formed the New England Cottontail Initiative to breed the rabbits in captivity and create more of the "new growth" forest that is their favored milieu.

Tom McAvoy, a banker who lives on a 20-acre former dairy farm in Scotland, Conn., has received government money and assistance to help turn his place into a bunny haven.

When he was first told of the importance of cutting or burning trees and replacing them with bush, he was skeptical: "I asked myself, 'Why are we spending federal money on this?' It went against the grain."

Conservation agencies explain that the effort is necessary to avoid an even more costly and elaborate preservation effort if the species were actually listed as endangered and placed under strict federal protection rules.

McAvoy saw the light.

He even gave his spread a new name: Cottontail Farm.

Source ESRI

USA TODAY

THE OLD BRIAR PATCH

When the Pilgrims arrived four centuries ago, New England's scrubby coast teemed with cottontails. And the population exploded and expanded centuries later after many New England farmers finally concluded they could make a better living working in a factory or plowing in the Midwest.

Their fields, abandoned in the years between the Civil War and World War II, grew into a bushy habitat perfect for the cottontail.

This brownish rabbit, with its large hind feet, long ears and short, white, fluffy tail, fired the imagination of young Burgess, who was born in the Cape Cod town of Sandwich in 1874. He also got the idea for characters such as Reddy, Jimmy Skunk and Danny Meadow Mouse and places such as the Smiling Pool and the Old Briar Patch.

After moving to western Massachusetts, Burgess published *Peter Cottontail.* Peter's real surname (which Burgess borrowed from the English writer Beatrix Potter) is "Rabbit," but in the book he briefly switches to the more important-sounding "Cottontail."

For much of the century, as any gardener could attest, New England cottontails were plentiful. But those congenial new forests became old forests, and fire suppression and flood-control programs reduced two natural ways to reverse the process.

In Vermont, where in 1940 New England cottontails were reported in every county, the last one was spotted in 1971. By 2006, the creature's regional habitat had shrunk to around 4,700 square miles, down from 35,000 in 1960. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service named it a candidate for the endangered list.

The proposed solutions are counterintuitive: a captive breeding program for an animal that never seemed to need much help in that department, and clear-cut logging and controlled burning of some forests.

And it's not like there's a rabbit shortage. The New England cottontail's demise has coincided with the rise of a slightly larger but virtually indistinguishable interloper, the eastern cottontail, which was brought to the region from the Midwest in the 1930s for hunting. It has bigger eyes than its New England cousin, which allows it to venture farther and longer from the briar patch without getting eaten.

"(Burgess) would have lamented the decline of this species, or any species."

Christie Palmer Lowrance, author

But with a federal endangerment determination looming in 2015, the goal is a stable New England cottontail population of around 28,000, which might be five times the current total.

COUNTING RABBITS

How's it going after three years and $24 million? Tony Tur, a Fish and Wildlife Service endangered-wildlife biologist, puts it this way: "A lot has been done, but it's a little unclear what the rabbits have done as a result."

That, he says, is partly because "rabbits are very, very difficult to count," and their numbers fluctuate seasonally.

But, he says, the New England cottontail is an "umbrella species:" Protect it, and you do the same for dozens of other living things with the same shrinking habitat.

The rabbit's plight is particularly poignant in this western Massachusetts town, where Burgess was living when he died in 1965 and where he wrote many of his 170 books and a nationally-distributed daily newspaper column. In an admiring profile in 1944, *Life* magazine called him "the bedtime-story man."

Laughing Brook Nature Sanctuary has forests, fields, a pond and brooks, but not enough shrub to sustain the New England cottontails that once roamed here. (The plentiful thickets of Burgess's native Cape Cod, in contrast, still shelter a healthy colony.)

As a naturalist, Burgess was an agonized witness to the extinction of the heath hen, a bird that disappeared before environmentalists' eyes in the 1920s and that helped dramatize the problem of disappearing species. His biographer says Burgess photographed and personally helped band the last hen, which died on Martha's Vineyard in 1932.

"He would have lamented the decline of this species, or any species," says Christie Palmer Lowrance, author of *Nature's Ambassador: The Legacy of Thornton W. Burgess.* "And the cottontail, of all animals!"

Teen starts campaign to preserve hillside cross in Santa Rosa

By Rob Roth KTVU.com SANTA ROSA, Calif. — Posted: 10:09 p.m. Friday, July 18, 2014

A North Bay teenager is launching a campaign to pick up where a World War II veteran, now in his mid-nineties, left off.

Santa Rosa sophomore to-be Cameron Whiteside is mounting the campaign to preserve what he calls a city icon,

The icon, a hillside cross, was built long before the 15-year-old was born but the teen says he feels a connection to it.

"There's a lot of mountains in Sonoma County, but this one adds character because there is something on it," Cameron told KTVU.

Cameron's mother, Paula Whiteside, says her son's first visit to the cross didn't go so well.

"He walked up there when he was 5-years-old and he got a good case of poison oak out of it. But he enjoyed knowing he could be there," Whiteside said.

The cross was built by 96-year-old retired SFPD Lieutenant Arvo Kannisto more than 30 years ago.

The cross is made up of thousands of stones, all hand-placed by Kannisto, it was built to honor his fellow World War II comrades who never made it home.

"It's in their memory. But not only their memory but the memory of all the other wars," Kannisto told KTVU.

Two years ago Kannisto spoke to KTVU after he'd been told by the property owner that he could no longer go up on the hill to maintain the cross. He said there were liability issues.

This week Cameron said he was researching the cross online when he stumbled across the 2-year-old story of Konnisto's plight.

The teen grabbed a couple of friends, Josh and Vincent Mead and the three began canvassing nearby neighborhoods. The teens are hoping to drum up enough support to allow Cameron or an interested group access to the cross so that they could regularity maintain the memorial.

"See if I'm able to take care of it. I feel it is my duty after I've enjoyed it for so many years," the teen said. "It makes me feel important that I started something."

Konnisto got emotional when he learned of the teen's campaign to save the cross.

"It stands for love, and I hope it stays there forever," he said.

When Kannisto built the cross all those years ago he hoped it would send a message to future generations, and it appears it has.

weirdwiki:

Saved from the Titanic is a 1912 silent motion picture short starring Dorothy Gibson, an American film actress who survived the sinking of the RMS Titanic on April 15, 1912. She had been one of around 28 people aboard the first lifeboat to be launched from Titanic and was rescued about five and a half hours after leaving the ship. On returning to New York, she co-wrote the script and played a fictionalized version of herself.

The plot involves her recounting the story of the disaster to her fictional parents and fiancé, with the footage interspersed by stock footage of icebergs, Titanic's sister ship Olympic and the ship's captain Edward Smith. To add to the film's authenticity Gibson wore the same clothes as on the night of the disaster and her rescue. The filming took place in a New Jersey studio and aboard a derelict ship in New York Harbor. It was the first film to be made about the disaster and premiered in the United States just 29 days after the ship sank.

The film was released internationally and attracted large audiences and positive reviews, though some criticized it for commercializing the tragedy so soon after the event. It is now regarded as a lost film, as the last known prints were destroyed in a studio fire in March 1914. A few printed stills are now all that is known to survive of it. It is also the last film that Dorothy Gibson ever made, as she suffered a mental breakdown after completing it, apparently due to the mental strain that it caused her.

The North Shore Beach & Yacht Club is pictured in this historic aerial photo. PHOTO COURTESY OF SALTON SEA HISTORY MUSEUM

SAVING THE SEA'S STORY

Director struggles to reopen Salton Sea History Museum

By Denise Goolsby | The Desert Sun

The history of the Salton Sea is packed away in boxes stacked floor to ceiling in the corner of an enclosed patio at Steve and Jennie Kelly's North Shore home.

Their garage and living room are crammed with more boxes — filled with newspapers and photos from the sea's heyday in the 1960s and 1970s and archives chronicling the life of the sea, created by a Colorado River flood in 1905.

Miles away, many other sea articles and artifacts are stowed away in a storage space at an office building in Oasis.

These historic materials were at one time on public display at the thriving Salton Sea History Museum, established at the North Shore Beach & Yacht Club in May 2010.

The museum moved into the yacht club following a $3.5 million renovation of the Albert Frey-designed building — a 6,500-square-foot, two-story facility built by the renowned architect in 1959.

When the museum lost its place at the yacht club in June 2011, due to a dispute about the organization's nonprofit status, it reopened in February 2012 at a bungalow at the Torres Martinez Desert Cahuilla Indians Wetlands property near the sea.

Please see MUSEUM, A6

Jennie Kelly and husband Steve Kelly sit in their living room full of Salton Sea History Museum archives. DENISE GOOLSBY/THE DESERT SUN

For more information about the homeless Salton Sea History Museum, visit their website at saltonseamuseum.org or call (760) 574-5471.

ABOUT THIS SERIES

Saturday: The Salton Sea History Museum and its countless archival photos of boat races, birds and visitors remains without a home.
Sunday: The once-bustling Salton Sea that drew stars and tourists is still a spot of beauty that has drawn residents to its shores.

MEET THE PEOPLE

Visit DesertSun.com/SaltonSea to watch a compelling video about the people in the story who live along the shores of the state's largest lake. You can also view engaging photo galleries of the beauty that is the Salton Sea.

Museum

Continued from A1

The Kellys and other volunteers spent months renovating the old bungalow — donating hours of their own labor — and supplementing some of the cost with their own money — only to be asked to leave a year later. Jennie Kelly said it was because they were told they used too much electricity.

The tribe could not be reached for comment.

Now the fate of the museum, much like that of the sea itself, is up in the air.

"It's sometimes very depressing that we have all of this here, and it's a shame because it should be shared with the public — they should be able to see it," Steve Kelly said. Behind him, a large Salton Sea History Museum sign and other museum memorabilia filled the space in front of the fireplace.

"We'd like to have a permanent place in the yacht club where everybody could enjoy and learn all about the sea."

Jennie Kelly has lived in North Shore, just blocks from the Salton Sea, for 30 years. The museum's director, she's spent years carefully collecting material and creating an extensive archive relating to the history of the Salton Sea.

Former Riverside County 4th District Supervisor Roy Wilson, who died on Aug. 26, 2009, encouraged her to establish a museum.

"Roy gave us the space in the yacht club for the purpose of serving the public and the people of Riverside County," she said. "Of course, we had no idea that we were going to be serving people from around the world, too, who all wanted to know about the Salton Sea."

She said 17,000 people visited the museum during its first year in operation.

"Now, of course, they want to know about the future of the Salton Sea and what it's going to mean to the county and to the residents and for peoples' health," she said.

The Salton Sea was created in its current form starting in 1905 when an irrigation channel off the Colorado River was breached and water flooded into the basin. The water kept flowing until 1907, when engineers were finally able to stop it.

Since then, the lake has been sustained largely by plentiful runoff from Imperial Valley farms. But that runoff has been decreasing and is set to decline dramatically after 2017, when more water will be transferred to San Diego and cities in the Coachella Valley under the nation's largest agriculture-to-urban water transfer.

The receding water levels will leave more of the lake bed exposed to winds that can kick up dust, which could increase air pollution and affect the health of people living in the surrounding areas. A drying sea can also negatively affect the health of migratory birds who stop to rest at this vital habitat situated along the Pacific Flyway.

"The interest is growing by leaps and bounds and the history is absolutely intriguing, people have no idea. Everybody knows about the heyday, but there's so much more to it than that, and sharing the past, present and the future — whatever it might hold — is something the public needs to have daily access to and Roy foresaw that and gave us a home there."

A short run

Despite its success, 13 months after opening, the museum and its volunteer staff had to leave on June 3, 2011.

"On June 3, the museum staff was told they were being locked out of the building, and in fact all of the locks on the building were changed so we could not access the museum property," Jennie Kelly wrote The Desert Sun. "To avoid having access withheld to our property by the county, all artwork, exhibits, sales items and other property was moved out of the building for safekeeping."

County officials said at the time the museum needed federal nonprofit status to stay open.

In a letter dated July 24, 2011, the museum was granted the designation by the Internal Revenue Service. The "effective date," according to IRS documents, was April 16, 2010.

Tom Freeman, spokesman for the Riverside County Economic Development Agency, which manages the yacht club, said the museum never presented documentation of the nonprofit status by the deadline requested.

He said he museum voluntarily vacated the building on June 3, 2011.

"The county was professional and offered reasonable assistance to help the museum stay open in the building, so long as the museum provided documentation showing that it was an official nonprofit organization," Freeman said in an email to The Desert Sun. "Without this documentation, the county could not finalize a lease with them that would have been substantially subsidized with public funds. To do so would have constituted a gift of public funds ... a violation of the law."

The county bought the yacht club property from Desert Alliance for Community Empowerment, known as DACE, with the goal of restoring the rundown building.

In the 1960s, it was a social center for those enjoying fishing and boating at the sea and where prominent entertainment figures, including the Beach Boys, Jerry Lewis and the Marx Brothers, docked their boats.

The county signed an agreement with

"Even though we've been closed now for a year, I get calls every day from people driving around trying to find the museum, and say, 'Isn't there some place I can see some exhibits. ...' "

JENNIE KELLY,
Salton Sea History Museum director

DACE to operate the center, which, according to Freeman, cost the organization $4,000 per month to operate, maintain and clean.

The museum was asked to pay rent, about $1,300 per month, which was an excessive amount for a fledgling organization, Kelly said.

In a written statement regarding the history of the county's relationship with the museum, Supervisor John Benoit said that in the early 2000s, Wilson was resolved to purchase the property and "restore it to its original glory."

"There was a great need for senior and community services and an interest in a local museum," Benoit said in the statement. "The board of supervisors approved a $3.5 million historic rehabilitation of the Yacht Club structure as a project that will provide a community center to serve seniors and low-income individuals and a venue for public meetings."

Freeman said the North Shore Beach & Yacht Club has become a thriving community center.

"Since our partnership with the Desert Recreation District, the community center has continued to get more use by more people than ever," Freeman said.

In the past week, more than 50 children and teens have been participating in morning and afternoon sessions of the North Shore Summer Arts Program in the multipurpose room, Freeman said. Fifteen more children are enrolled in Desert Recreation District's summer camp, Summer by the Shore, in the computer room. An average of 20-25 adults visit the cooling center in the lobby. Throughout July, the center has been serving breakfast and lunch, free of charge, to about 50 children, ages 18 and younger.

"During the school year, there are after-school programs, fitness and exercise programs and English as a Second Language classes. Throughout the year, the community center holds Zumba classes on weeknights and food distribution to needy families on Friday mornings," he said.

The building also is rented out for private events, including weddings and bridal showers, and is often used for community events and meetings of the Salton Sea Authority, North Shore Community Council and other organizations that meet monthly with residents.

community center in North Shore since she moved to the area and worked at the yacht club during the construction phase to make sure it met the needs of the museum and the community.

There's plenty of room for the museum to return to its home, she said.

She's right.

Upstairs is a large space known as the Compass Room, which is completely empty. Freeman said the museum moved its archives into the space, without permission, and was asked to vacate the room because another public program was planned for it.

However, the room can't be used for public programs.

It's not compliant with the Americans with Disabilities act because it's a registered Historic Site.

Alterations, such as adding an elevator, would "negatively impact the historic, character-defining features of the Yacht Club," the Palm Springs Modern Committee wrote in a memo, dated May 6, 2011, to the Economic Development Agency.

On a visit to the yacht club in July, a couple dozen teens participating in a summer program took up a small fraction of the sprawling, lightly furnished building.

Linda Beal, a local historian and museum volunteer, hopes the situation will soon change.

It's a special place, and the yacht club was the perfect location for the museum, she said.

People from all over the world stopped by to talk about and learn about the sea. Some shared stories and even donated memorabilia.

"We were gathering, daily, all kinds of artifacts and information on the sea and the yacht club," she said. "Everyone was so excited. Right before they closed us down, we had 150 people that weekend."

Beal said people requested tours of the area, asked questions about local agriculture and real estate.

"I had people come in filming from France and Germany and Japan," she said.

Others were interested in finding a particular location for photo shoots.

"So I'd get out the map and say this is right where you need to go," she said. "Everybody is missing out now. That place is so special, it's accessible. Why should something like that be taken away from the public?"

Jennie Kelly hopes the county and the museum can work together to bring the resource back to the sea.

"Even though we've been closed now for a year, I get calls every day from people driving around trying to find the museum, and say, 'Isn't there some place I can see some exhibits. Isn't there some place where I can find out about what's happening with the sea and what's going to happen down the road?' "

"And I say, 'I'm sorry, there just isn't right now.' "

desertsun.com

The Desert Sun TRAVEL

GEO QUIZ

What is the official language of Lichtenstein?

ANSWER ON E6

EDITORS **KATE FRANCO** (760) 778-4688 **MICHAEL FELCI** (760) 778-4775 OR FEATURES@DESERTSUN.COM

'A work of art dies not'

The grave of Emelyn Story in the Non-Catholic

Amid Italy's art gems, tombs inspire, too

By Christopher Sullivan
The Associated Press

For the painters, musicians, sculptors and writers who have inspired art-loving Italy for centuries, their works are the truest memorials, whether concertos of Antonio Vivaldi still regularly performed in the Venice church where he served as violin master or Michelangelo's masterpieces that pack crowds daily into the Vatican's Sistine Chapel.

As Leonardo da Vinci once said, "A work of art dies not."

Still, artists do die — and what may surprise a visitor to Italy is how accessible, and how moving and beautiful, are the tombs and other formal memorials to artists that Italians dutifully and sometimes touchingly maintain.

Some of these we sought out during a recent visit, but others my wife Lucy and I

The tomb of Galileo in Santa Croce church in Florence, Italy, which enshrines the remains of many artists and thinkers. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

such as the spot in a chapel of Venice's Basilica of Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari where the composer Claudio Monteverdi rests under a marble marker on which some music lover had laid a long-stemmed white rose. In the Pantheon in Rome, similarly, an admirer had left a fresh laurel wreath at the gleaming tomb of Raphael, Michelangelo's rival.

A comprehensive list of such memorials would require an encyclopedia. Instead, here's a glance at sites in Florence, Venice and Rome.

Perhaps the most awe-inspiring expression of Italians' reverence for their departed artists is Florence's cavernous Basilica of Santa Croce. As in

Please see TOMBS, E6

IF YOU GO

BASILICA OF SANTA CROCE: Florence, http://www.visitflorence.com/florence-churches/santa-croce.html . Tombs of Michelangelo, Galileo, Machiavelli, Rossini.

NON-CATHOLIC CEMETERY: Rome, http://www.cemeteryrome.it/about/about.html . Tombs of Keats and Shelley.

BASILICA OF SANTA MARIA GLORIOSA DEI FRARI: Venice, http://www.sacred-destinations.com/italy/venice-santa-maria-gloriosa-dei-frari . Tombs of Monteverdi and Titian.

The grand tomb of Michelangelo in Santa Croce church in Florence, Italy, which enshrines the remains of many artists. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Along another wall, Niccolo Machiavelli, the political theorist and writer, is buried. At composer Gioachino Rossini's handsome sarcophagus, his overture to "William Tell" (or the "Lone Ranger" theme) inevitably plays in a visitor's head.

Those conjurings change to mental images of hell and purgatory nearby, where the epic poet Dante Alighieri peers sternly at passing visitors. This, however, is a memorial, not his tomb, which is in the city of Ravenna.

Facing it stands the ultimate artist's resting place.

It's a near-riot of marble panels, vivid paintings and sculptures with downcast expressions, all of it rising to a pinnacle far up the stone wall. Completing the tribute are a bust and a tablet identifying the deceased: Michelangelo Buonarroti.

"Did he create that himself?" asks someone crowding in for a look.

chelangelo's elaborate Santa Croce tomb.)

At the Frari church in Venice, besides Monteverdi's slab, you'll find the pyramid-shaped mausoleum of the sculptor Antonio Canova, containing, it's said, only his heart. Here, too, the tomb of the Renaissance master Titian stands near his enormous, glowing painting of the Assumption, which the writer Oscar Wilde deemed "certainly the best picture in Italy."

In Rome, near the Pyramide subway stop in the Non-Catholic Cemetery, many artists are buried, and many of them were English. Indeed, passing through the gate you step from noisy Roman streets into what could be a tranquil corner of Britain, with pruned hedges, stately shade trees and bright lawns strewn with violets.

Here, understatement marks the headstones of painters and poets, including two immortals of literature.

paused silently by his gravestone, the cemetery's most visited.

Many next climbed a small rise to the grave of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, who drowned in Italy.

Nearby, a shaft of sunlight fell on a particularly affecting sight: the American sculptor William Wetmore Story's marker for his wife, Emelyn. He completed the human-sized angel not long before his own death and burial here.

"I am making a monument to place in the Protestant Cemetery," Story wrote to a relative in 1894, "and I am always asking myself if she knows it and if she can see it. It represents the angel of Grief, in utter abandonment, throwing herself with drooping wings and hidden face over a funeral altar. It represents what I feel."

Last year, roughly 30,000 people made their way here. In the visitor comment book, one called it "the most beautiful place in Rome."

Style

the day outside, and the compartments make it easy to find everything

large enough for a laptop, and it has a removable bag to keep the wet

» **Redbubble**: Buy one of these custom art tanks and the likelihood

Tombs

Continued from E5

London's Westminster Abbey, legends of the art world share space here with statesmen and other notables.

So, for instance, Santa Croce honors Galileo, sculpted grasping his telescope. His remains were grandly re-entombed here after being kept elsewhere for nearly a century following his death, because his astronomy was deemed unbiblical.

Along another wall, Niccolo Machiavelli, the political theorist and writer, is buried. At composer Gioachino Rossini's handsome sarcophagus, his overture to "William Tell" (or the "Lone Ranger" theme) inevitably plays in a visitor's head.

Those conjurings change to mental images of hell and purgatory nearby, where the epic poet Dante Alighieri peers sternly at passing visitors. This, however, is a memorial, not his tomb, which is in the city of Ravenna.

Facing it stands the ultimate artist's resting place.

It's a near-riot of marble panels, vivid paintings and sculptures with downcast expressions, all of it rising to a pinnacle far up the stone wall. Completing the tribute are a bust and a tablet identifying the deceased: Michelangelo Buonarroti.

"Did he create that him-

The answer takes you to a museum attached to Florence's great Duomo cathedral: It houses the sculpture that Michelangelo actually planned for his tomb, a somber depiction of Christ being lowered from the cross.

The story is that the sculptor, then in his 80s, became displeased with it and, in frustration, smashed part of it with his hammer before abandoning the work. The fragments were gathered and later reattached, and today you can clearly see the cracks. (Several artists collaborated on Michelangelo's elaborate Santa Croce tomb.)

At the Frari church in Venice, besides Monteverdi's slab, you'll find the pyramid-shaped mausoleum of the sculptor Antonio Canova, containing, it's said, only his heart. Here, too, the tomb of the Renaissance master Titian stands near his enormous, glowing painting of the Assumption, which the writer Oscar Wilde deemed "certainly the best picture in Italy."

In Rome, near the Pyramide subway stop in the Non-Catholic Cemetery, many artists are buried, and many of them were English. Indeed, passing through the gate you step from noisy Roman streets into what could be a tranquil corner of Britain, with pruned hedges, stately shade trees and bright lawns strewn with violets.

Here, understatement marks the headstones of paint-

Follow the gravel path to the simple corner grave of John Keats, whose odes and sonnets are among the finest in English. Suffering from tuberculosis, he traveled to Rome at the recommendation of doctors who hoped in vain that the climate would improve his health; he was just 25 when he died here in 1821.

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water," reads the epitaph he wrote, sensing that he'd be forgotten. Hardly. On a recent sunny day, a steady stream of literary pilgrims paused silently by his gravestone, the cemetery's most visited.

Many next climbed a small rise to the grave of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, who drowned in Italy.

Nearby, a shaft of sunlight fell on a particularly affecting sight: the American sculptor William Wetmore Story's marker for his wife, Emelyn. He completed the human-sized angel not long before his own death and burial here.

"I am making a monument to place in the Protestant Cemetery," Story wrote to a relative in 1894, "and I am always asking myself if she knows it and if she can see it. It represents the angel of Grief, in utter abandonment, throwing herself with drooping wings and hidden face over a funeral altar. It represents what I feel."

Last year, roughly 30,000 people made their way here. In the visitor comment book, one

Second corpse in 3 years found in Chicago home

The Associated Press

Click to know what happens next with this story

POSTED: 08/06/2014 01:08:14 PM CDT | UPDATED: A DAY AGO

CHICAGO (AP) — Authorities have discovered the decomposed body of a man in a Chicago home where his mother's body was found in similar condition three years earlier.

The Chicago Sun-Times reports (http://bit.ly/V1YLBL) that police found the body of 47-year-old Ronald Opilka on Tuesday. Neighbors had called their alderman to complain about an odor coming from the home.

In 2011, the decomposed body of Cecylia Opilka — the man's 80-year-old mother — was found buried under piles of debris by workers who also were responding to complaints of a bad smell. She had died of natural causes. Police at the time described Cecylia Opilka and her son as hoarders.

Neighbor Kathy Cooke says she hadn't seen Ronald Opilka for weeks and that he hadn't been able to accept his mother's death in 2011.

———

Information from: Chicago Sun-Times, http://www.suntimes.com/index

Enter email to know what happens next with this story name@example.com

This article is the:

NaN most-clicked of the hour (/popular#popularhour)
NaN most-clicked of the day (/popular)
⇧ Return to top

TOP STORIES

TwinCities.com

St. Paul schools workers' comp claims jump (http://www.twincitie

In Oak Park Heights bicycle death, patrol pleads for info (http://www.twincitie

Driver who hit Lowertown bar had cocaine in system, new charges say

Lake Monster Brewing latest taproom headed to Green Line

Video that may interest you

MOST POPULAR (/POPULAR)

DAY (/POPULAR) HOUR (/POPULAR) NEWS (/POPULAR)
SPORTS (/POPULAR) BIZ (/POPULAR) A&E (/POPULAR)
EMAIL (/POPULAR) LIFE (/POPULAR)

1. See new Tongue in Cheek at its best during creative happy hour (http://www.twincities.com/restaurants/ci_26287708/see-new-tongue-cheek-at-its-best-during?source=most_viewed)
2. Twin Cities beer lovers have 4 more places to drink (http://www.twincities.com/restaurants/ci_26243534/new-craft-beer-taprooms-open-twin-cities?source=most_viewed)
3. Town's 5-year-old mayor loses re-election to Mendota Heights teen (http://www.twincities.com/localnews/ci_26275732/tov 5-year-old-mayor-loses-re-election?source=most_viewed)

» More most-popular style stories (/popular#pop-styl

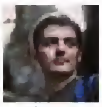
TOP VIDEOS

- Netflix passes HBO in subscriber revenue &
- Jerry Kill on autonomy vote: "You're either going to get in the game or... &
- Thousands Flee As Islamic State Advances in Kurdistan &
- Video: Kurt Suzuki, back in Oakland, on flirting w/ being traded for a third... &
- Facebook Employee #30 on How He Lost $170 Million &
- Bike boulevard construction at Griggs and Laurel is dusty, violent work. &
- Royal Report: Has Prince Harry Found a Rebound Romance? &
- #Gophers QBs coach Jim Zebrowski on Mitch Leidner and Chris Streveler... &

» More top videos

See the claw marks left by a girl entombed alive in South Carolina

roadtrippers.com



Greg Newkirk

There are few stories more horrifying than the ones where the seemingly deceased suddenly spring to life in the funeral home basement, or heaven forbid, inside a coffin. It's an age-old fear that's prompted some of the more paranoid to invent contraptions to allow to escape their graves, should they awaken underground. Some final resting places even have windows.

In this day and age, it might seem irrational to worry so much about being mistaken for a stiff, but medical science wasn't always so advanced, and there were numerous cases where unfortunate souls flew under the radar, only to wake up entombed. One such case in the sad tale of Julia Legare and the haunted mausoleum where her claw marks can still be found on the walls.

Edisto Island via "South By Sea"

Tucked away on Edisto Island, a beautiful plot of land on the southern coast of South Carolina, lived the Legare family, a long line of wealthy plantation owners. The family had two children, an older son and a younger daughter, and together they lived happily on their land (at least much happier than their slaves) until their daughter, Julia, began to fall ill.

In this time, just a few years before the Civil War, Diptheria was still not widely understood. Unbeknownst to the Legares, Edisto Island, with its vast quantities of stagnant water, turned out to be the perfect breeding ground for Diptheria, and Julia was stricken with the illness. Slowly, Julia began to suffocate, and her family could only watch in horror as her throat began to close shut. Eventually, she closed her eyes, seemingly for good, and the Legares mourned the loss of their daughter.

Flickr

In those days, the morgues that we're familiar with today didn't exist, and the persistent high temperatures and swampy atmosphere meant that decompisition set in quickly and ferociously, leaving the dearly departed no choice but to deal with their deceased as soon as possible. As the story goes, the Legares took their daughter's body to the family crypt, remarking at how peaceful she looked, almost as if she was sleeping. Julia's father laid her on the stone slab inside, and when they had said their goodbyes, the family closed the heavy doors, sealing the crypt's keyhole with wax.

Years later, Julia's older brother was killed during the Civil War, and for the first time since Julia passed, the Legare family

gathered again at the family crypt. As they turned the key and pulled open the heavy door, the entire family was horrified as Julia's bones came tumbling out of the opening, her leathery skin still hanging from her gaping jaw. Claw marks covered both the door and the floor of the mausoleum and the bones of Julia's fingertips were shattered, signs that pointed a frantic attempt to open the sealed door. Julia had not been dead, but merely in a coma.

scratchtexture-20

Distraught by what they had just discovered, the Legares quickly laid their son to rest and slammed the door shut. Determined not to make the same mistake twice, the Legares again visited the crypt shortly after burying their son, only to be met by another surprise. The mausoleum door, made of solid rock, had cracked down the middle. They replaced it, only to return and again find the door broken, lying at the foot of the mausoleum. The replacements kept coming, but no matter what they attempted, the crypt's doors refused to be closed, leading the Legares to believe that Julia's spirit was attempting to keep others from suffering her fate. The family relented, and the tomb has remained unsealed ever since.

Today, you can make your way to the historical Edisto Island Presbyterian Church and pay visit Julia's doorless crypt, where the deep claw marks are still visible on the floor, a morbid reminder of a horrible mistake. They've also got some sweet camping down by the beach.

Greg Newkirk

Head writer at Roadtrippers, professional monster chaser with Planet Weird, curator of the fantastic & the bizarre. Let's be friends!

Roadtrippers Inc., Copyright 2014, All rights reserved.

Massachusetts Shakespearean theater needs $2.3M to survive

LENOX, Mass. — A nonprofit consultants' report states a Shakespearean theater in Massachusetts needs to raise $2.3 million to continue operations until next year.

In the report released Tuesday, the Nonprofit Finance Fund said Shakespeare & Company in Lenox also needs to raise $8.15 million to restructure long-term debt.

Shakespeare & Company says it is creating a new business model and negotiating to restructure its debt.

Last March, the theater company laid off seven employees and shifted others to part-time roles to cut costs.

Year-round employees also took 10 percent pay cuts, and its founders gave up their salaries for two months.

The 32-year-old company says it's also working to "produce more plays with less money" at its three theaters.

— *Associated Press*

Shango (also known as Chango, Sango, or Xango)

King of the orisha pantheon, rules over thunder, fire, drumming, dancing and male virility. Shango is actually a deified king who was once the Fourth Alafin of the city-state of Oyó. He is one of the most worshipped orishas in the pantheon and his legends are numerous and speak to the human experience. He has four separate wives: Obba - his first wife who was faithful but unattractive so Shango withdrew his affections from her, Oshun his favourite lover, Oya his equal in strength and power, and Yewa the virgin daughter of Obatala whose purity was stolen by Shango. He is the the owner of the sacred drums, a powerful sorcerer who wields fire and lightning, and loves to seduce women, drink and dance. Shango has a special relationship with Babalu Aye as he was the only orisha to offer him assistance when he was sick and homeless. Shango is often considered the son of Yemaya and his fatherhood is either credited to Ogun or Aggayu. Shango was a very impulsive youth and was quick to anger, and legend has it that Obatala taught Shango the art of diplomacy and gifted him with the white bead that is now a part of his necklace. In nature, Shango is said to live at the top of the royal palm tree and his offerings are commonly placed at the foot of palm trees. Shango is petitioned for help with protection, enemies, sexual, business success, and good fortune.

HIGHLIGHT: TEXAS

3 centuries later, ship finishes voyage

The Associated Press

BRYAN The recovered remains of a ship belonging to the famed French explorer René-Robert Cavelier Sieur de la Salle, which sank off the Texas coast more than three centuries ago, were launched on their final journey Thursday.

The keel and other large structural pieces of La Belle, which have been preserved in a gigantic freeze-dryer at Texas A&M University since 2012, were gingerly loaded onto a flatbed truck for the 85-mile trip to the Bullock Texas State History Museum in Austin, the last stop in a voyage that began in 1685 with la Salle's ill-fated expedition to find the mouth of the Mississippi River.

"It's part of Texas and Texas history," said Peter Fix, assistant director of the university's Center for Maritime Archaeology and Conservation.

The 54-½-foot-long supply ship was built in 1684 and sank two years later during a storm in the Gulf of Mexico's Matagorda Bay, the first in a series of events that dashed France's hopes of colonizing a piece of the New World now known as Texas.

Texas Historical Commission archaeologists found the shipwreck in 1995 in 12 feet of murky water, built a dam around the site and pumped it dry. Researchers dug through up to 6 feet of mud to retrieve the nearly intact hull and some 700,000 items, including three cases of rifles.

PAT SULLIVAN, AP

Texas A&M researchers look after a piece of La Belle, belonging to explorer René-Robert Cavelier Sieur de la Salle.

Archaeologists also found a skeleton, believed to be the remains of a crewmember or settler among the 40 or so people aboard.

The mud that covered the hull prevented its destruction by salt water and wood-eating mollusks, worms or bacteria, said Donny Hamilton, director of the Conservation Research Laboratory.

In the summer of 2012, the ship pieces were taken to the Texas A&M lab where the water-logged European oak wood was stored at 60 degrees below zero to safely remove more than 300 years of moisture and keep the wood solid.

There were nearly 400 pieces of wood marked at the wreck site. Breakage during recovery pushed that total to more than 600.

"We have to piece them back together," Fix said. "It's a three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle of what was 23,000 pounds of waterlogged wood in the remaining shape of a ship."

NORTH DAKOTA Stanley: Human remains found by a 10-year-old girl in Mountrail County have been returned to the earth after the state medical examiner determined the bones were likely from the 1500s or 1600s.

SHIVER ME TIMBERS!

Old sea dog ROY BAINTON dons his Sou'wester, and steers us on a voyage across haunted oceans and spook-infested seas, in the first installment of a two-part feature.

Illustrations by ALEC SEVERIN.

Between 1959 and1966, I managed to cross most of the Seven Seas and I learned to respect the ocean. Seven tenths of the Earth's surface is covered by water, and it's a sobering fact that we know far less about the briny than we do about our Solar System.

It's a sobering thought that we know far less about the briny than we do about our Solar System

The ocean is certainly full of mysteries, and it's perhaps surprising to discover that when we look at the incidence of actual maritime 'ghosts', they don't clutter the seaways to anywhere near the extent that land-bound spirits haunt our habitations and roads.

Nevertheless, there is no shortage of timber-shivering sea stories to choose from; this is very much a personal selection of sea-faring yarns, not all of 'ghosts', but all decidedly phenomenal. So we'll forego detailed discussion of some of Davy Jones' over-roasted old chestnuts – but let's get a couple of them out of the way at the outset.

First to slip anchor has to be the *Flying Dutchman.* It's the classic yarn: skipper has trouble on board, indulges in blasphemy, there's a big storm, everybody dies, and the Master is doomed to a spectral existence for eternity. The favourite spot to see the Dutchman is around the Cape of Good Hope in stormy weather, or the notorious Goodwin Sands, or... well, just about anywhere. The sightings usually involve a full-rigged ship of, possibly, 17th century vintage in full sail, complete with lit-up cabins and the noise of a full-tilt party in progress – singing, women laughing... (Ah, the sailor's life: never mind the compass, crack open another bottle).

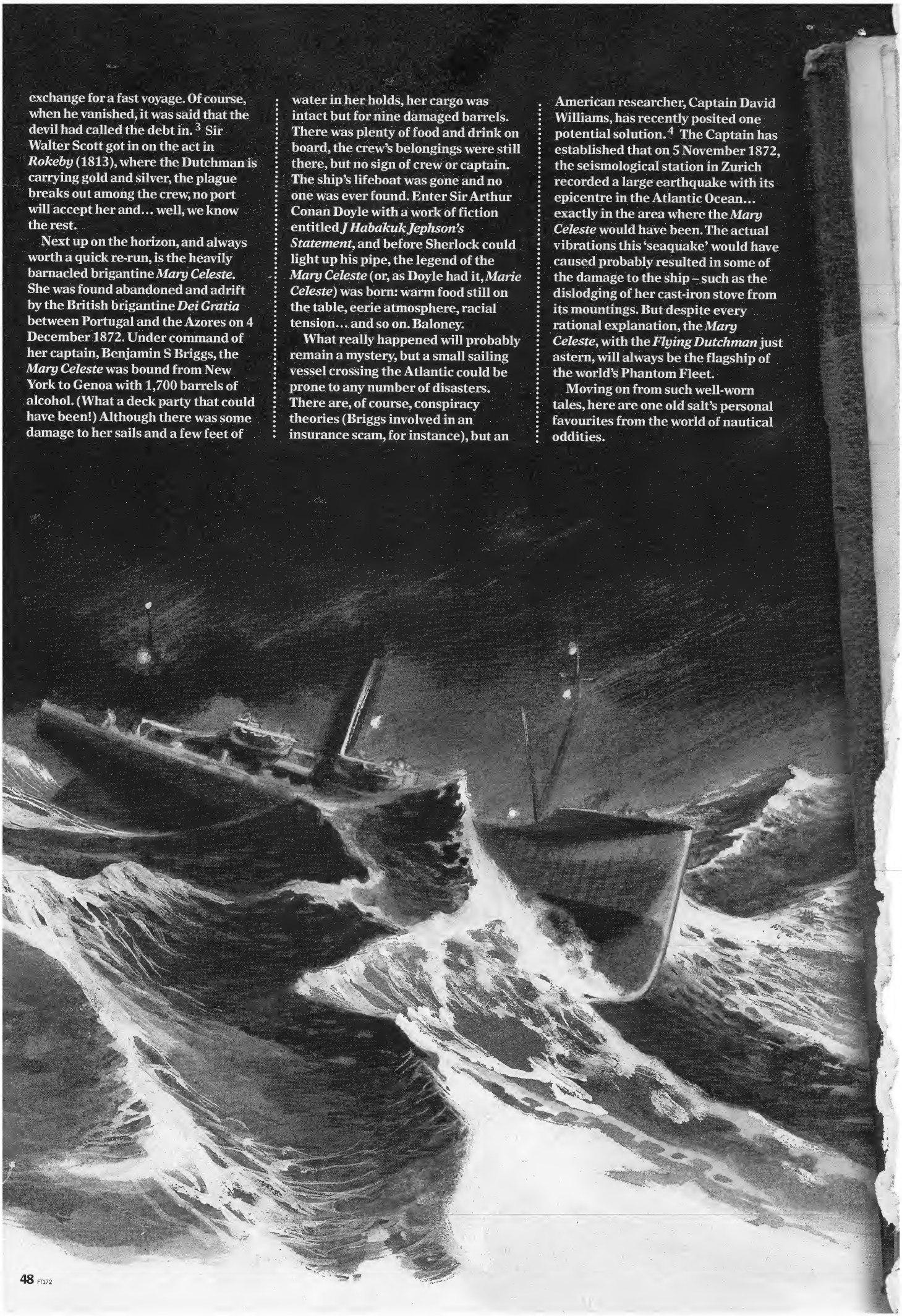
So, who was this libidinous, hapless skipper? The legend was certainly well known to Richard Wagner in 1843 when he wrote his opera *Der Fliegende Holländer.*[1] Phantom ship stories had always been a fine way to pass time in the fo'c'sle, even when I was at sea. But if you invent a ghost, you can rest assured that before long people will start seeing it. Thus we get Captain Philip Marryat's highly entertaining book *The Phantom Ship* (1839), wherein we get the Dutchman's name as Philip Vanderdecken.[2] Fiction over the years slowly slips into cod 'fact', as other writers throw their seaboots into the ring; the traditional Dutch legend names the Dutchman as Falkenburg, while Washington Irving's version has him as one Ramhout Van Dam (1855), and there is also confusion with the legend of another, and definitely real, 17th century captain, Bernard Fokke, who was noted for the speed of his ship and thus suspected of doing a deal with the devil in

exchange for a fast voyage. Of course, when he vanished, it was said that the devil had called the debt in.[3] Sir Walter Scott got in on the act in *Rokeby* (1813), where the Dutchman is carrying gold and silver, the plague breaks out among the crew, no port will accept her and… well, we know the rest.

Next up on the horizon, and always worth a quick re-run, is the heavily barnacled brigantine *Mary Celeste*. She was found abandoned and adrift by the British brigantine *Dei Gratia* between Portugal and the Azores on 4 December 1872. Under command of her captain, Benjamin S Briggs, the *Mary Celeste* was bound from New York to Genoa with 1,700 barrels of alcohol. (What a deck party that could have been!) Although there was some damage to her sails and a few feet of water in her holds, her cargo was intact but for nine damaged barrels. There was plenty of food and drink on board, the crew's belongings were still there, but no sign of crew or captain. The ship's lifeboat was gone and no one was ever found. Enter Sir Arthur Conan Doyle with a work of fiction entitled *J Habakuk Jephson's Statement*, and before Sherlock could light up his pipe, the legend of the *Mary Celeste* (or, as Doyle had it, *Marie Celeste*) was born: warm food still on the table, eerie atmosphere, racial tension… and so on. Baloney.

What really happened will probably remain a mystery, but a small sailing vessel crossing the Atlantic could be prone to any number of disasters. There are, of course, conspiracy theories (Briggs involved in an insurance scam, for instance), but an American researcher, Captain David Williams, has recently posited one potential solution.[4] The Captain has established that on 5 November 1872, the seismological station in Zurich recorded a large earthquake with its epicentre in the Atlantic Ocean… exactly in the area where the *Mary Celeste* would have been. The actual vibrations this 'seaquake' would have caused probably resulted in some of the damage to the ship – such as the dislodging of her cast-iron stove from its mountings. But despite every rational explanation, the *Mary Celeste*, with the *Flying Dutchman* just astern, will always be the flagship of the world's Phantom Fleet.

Moving on from such well-worn tales, here are one old salt's personal favourites from the world of nautical oddities.



The SS Borodino

Built by the Ailsa Shipbuilding Company of Troon in 1950, this 3,206-ton passenger cargo vessel was, for 17 years, up until her scrapping in Ghent, the pride of Hull's Ellerman's Wilson Line. I joined her as a deck boy in June 1959. She carried 12 passengers on a regular 10-day run between Denmark and Hull.

She was a smart, luxurious ship, but with one weird legend on board – the story of Percy MacDonald. According to the engine room crew and the sailors in our mess, on one of her early voyages an engineer, the said Percy had suffered a terrible accident in the engine room that had cost him his legs.

Often, on the night before sailing from Hull, I would sleep on board in order to avoid having to catch an early bus to the docks. Apart from a night watchman on the gangway, out of a 30-plus crew, there would probably be only two or three of us on board. It was a November night; I'd settled down in my bunk with a mug of cocoa and the latest Hank Jansen, when I heard a scream along the alleyway. I knew there was a junior steward on board, so I dashed to his cabin, where I found him naked and trembling in the open doorway. *"He came – it was Percy... there was a knock on the door and... he was just floating there... no legs... horrible...then he just vanished!"*

> There was a knock on the door and he was just floating there... no legs... it was horrible...

The shattered youth packed his kit bag and left the ship. When we sailed the next day, the crew simply accepted the story – they seemed used to it all. Two more trips were enough for me. Although I never saw Percy myself, a ship's engine room never seemed quite the same after that.

The Pamir

Hamburg's Blohm & Voss shipyards turned out two beautiful barques in 1905; the *Passat* and the *Pamir*. At 275ft (83m) in length, with enough sail to cover 45,000sq ft (4,180 square metres), these 4-masted monsters were a wondrous sight.

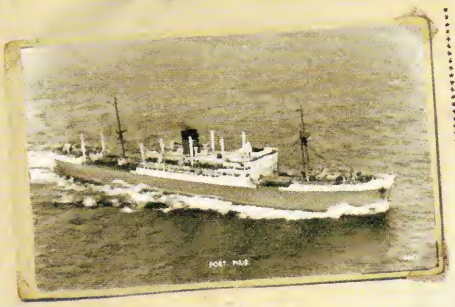
By 1957 the *Pamir* had become a sail-training vessel for the German Merchant Service. In command was Captain Diebitsch with a 35-strong crew, augmented by 51 sea cadets aged between 16 and 18. She left Buenos Aires in August 1957 carrying 3,790 tons of barley. Five hundred miles (800km) from the Azores, on 20 September, she met up with Hurricane Carrie. Her final message was heard on the airwaves at 8pm on 21 September: '*Heavy hurricane – all sails lost – 45 degree list – danger of sinking – need help...*' When the US freighter *Saxon* arrived at the *Pamir's* last position, all they found was a lifeboat with five survivors. The next day, one more survivor was discovered, but 80 souls had gone to the bottom. The *Pamir*'s story should have ended with this tragedy... but did it?

Four years later, another sail-trainer, the *Esmereld*, from Chile, was battling a gale in the English Channel when she sighted another sailing vessel; it was identified as the *Pamir*. The *Esmereld's* report was taken with a large pinch of salt until some months later, when the yachtsman Reed Byers reported seeing the *Pamir* off the Virgin Islands. Other sail training vessels – the German *Gorch Foch* and the Norwegian *Christian Radich* – also reported sighting the phantom ship, and the US Coastguard vessel, *Eagle*, crossed her path too.

As if this wasn't dramatic enough, some embroiderers report that each time she is sighted, the *Pamir's* crew are seen lined up on deck... and with each sighting their number decreases. On her last materialisation only 20 were visible.

The Halifax

An old rattler, the *Halifax* was a happy, ancient diesel-powered tramp. She'd seen Atlantic convoys, failed submarine attacks, the lot. She wasn't haunted, but sometimes an odd presence invades a vessel. I joined her in Rotterdam in June 1960. In need of a deck hand in Melbourne, we picked up a short, squat Egyptian whose name we couldn't pronounce, so naturally he became 'Pharaoh'. He brought on board with him such a tangible atmosphere of aggression that no-one could share a cabin with him. Eventually, the bosun opened up the sick bay and he enjoyed the luxury of a single berth. At nights he would sit cross-legged on his bunk, chanting in Arabic. He had just one set of clothes, which he washed on his watch off, sitting around naked beneath the Pacific sun. His one closely-guarded possession was a polished black sea chest. He refused to eat with us, and after one blistering row with the Lamp-trimmer (yes, we still had such a rank on board in those days), he walked into the mess-room and told us he had placed a curse on the ship. Two hours later, we sailed into a hurricane. The ensuing storm lasted for 24 terrifying hours, during which he would poke his head into the mess room, gesture at the sky and say "See? *I curse* you all!" A week later, in Panama, he vanished. Only his sea chest remained. Once into the Gulf of Mexico we opened it up; it was empty, apart from a dog-eared 1915 newspaper proclaiming the sinking of the *Lusitania*. No doubt he was a *bona fide* seaman with a discharge book, but we were glad to see 'The Pharaoh' go.



The Port Pirie

This story was common currency in the old Port Line.[5] Apparently, in 1948, on her Australian run, the *Pirie's* boiler had run dry and exploded, killing a donkeyman. A year later, she was tied up in Sydney with engineer Peter Jones carrying out maintenance work alone in the engine room. The boiler's feed pump began to make a violent knocking noise. Jones looked at the gauge but it read 'full'. To stop the noise, he turned the pump off, but minutes later the knocking began again. Jones was puzzled: it shouldn't make a noise when turned off. He inspected the gauge again: it still read 'full', but the pump continued knocking. Eventually, he made a careful examination of the gauge – and discovered it was faulty. In fact, the boiler was almost empty and could have exploded. Mentioning this to the old greasers in the mess room, he discovered that the deceased donkeyman had sworn in his death throes that no-one would die on the ship as he had. A mechanical fluke or a benevolent spirit – take your pick.

The Marlborough

This yarn is often called into question, as some writers[6] have referred to her as a steamer, others a sailing ship. In 1913 the British steamer *Johnson* was off the coast of Chile when her crew spotted the *Marlborough*. Her sails were hanging limp and rotten, her paint peeling. A boarding party discovered the skeletons of 19 men and one woman. She had left Littleton, in New Zealand, in January 1890 and vanished – yet there she was, dead and drifting, 23 years later.[7]

The President

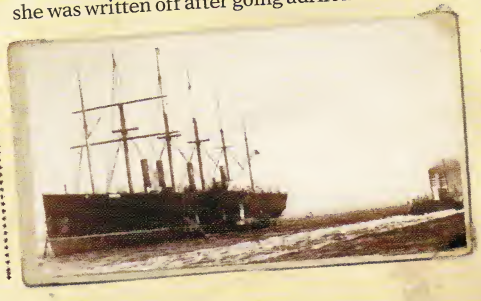
The *President* was a fine combination of sail and paddle wheels and was expected to make the crossing from New York to Liverpool in 16 days. In 1841, this was an impressive feat of speed. Among her 121 passengers was the grandfather of one of the 20th century's greatest film stars – Tyrone Power. This 19th century ancestor, also a famous thespian, bore the same name. In England he was to meet up with his friend, Benjamin Webster, owner of the Haymarket Theatre in London. The *President* sailed out of New York on 11 March. During the early hours of 13 March, in Blackheath, London, Ben Webster's confused and somewhat disturbed butler awoke his master during a violent storm with the news that Mr Tyrone Power was knocking at the front door. Webster dashed downstairs, looked out into the darkness and saw nothing. The butler claimed that 'Power' had been shouting that he was *'drowned in the rain'*. Presumably, several thousand miles away, Tyrone Power *was* drowned – because along with the *President*, he vanished without a trace, never arriving in Liverpool.

The Great Eastern and the Hinemoa

Isambard Kingdom Brunel's 1859 triumph was, at 19,000 tons, the largest ship in the world, but the *Great Eastern* was as cursed as a vessel could be. At her launch, she got stuck on the runway for three months. During her building, a riveter and his apprentice simply vanished. And when she finally took to the water, Brunel had a stroke, fell to the deck and died. Five firemen died when a funnel exploded, another crewman was crushed in the paddle wheel. Her skipper perished in a small boat with a child passenger. Another sailor died in the paddle, yet another fell overboard and drowned. A two-day excursion off the US coast turned into a near-disaster when the ship drifted 100 miles (160km) into the Atlantic. Her fortunes seemed to have turned when she was hired to lay the trans-Atlantic cable – but the cable was lost and she returned in shame. By 1874 she was laid up to rot in Milford Haven. Fifteen years later, when she was broken up for scrap, they found the skeletons of the riveter and his apprentice in her double hull.[8]

> On her first five voyages she had five different skippers; one committed suicide, another drank himself stupid...

The *Hinemoa* was launched three years after Brunel's monster, and was also cursed. On her first five voyages, she had five different skippers. One committed suicide, another drank himself stupid, one died in his cabin, another went to prison and the fifth went mad. She overturned on her sixth voyage, and two sailors died on her seventh. In 1908 she was written off after going adrift in a storm.



HULTON DEUTSCH COLLECTION/CORBIS

The Octavius

Not a ghost story, but a chiller nonetheless.[9] The crew of the whaler *Herald* were shivering their way along the Greenland coast in 1774 when they came across a drifting ice-encrusted hulk bearing the name *Octavius*. They hailed her, but could see by her ragged sails she was devoid of life. Nevertheless, the Master of the *Herald*, Captain Warren, did his duty and organised a boarding party. It was not a pleasant mission.

After clearing snowdrifts on the *Octavius's* deck, they wrenched open the fo'c'sle door and discovered inside 28 fully-clothed sailors, all frozen to death. In the captain's cabin the skipper still sat, frozen solid, his hands on the desk. In the adjoining cabin lay a woman, frozen in a calm posture.

Her head rested on her elbow, eyes wide open, staring across the room at another icy corpse, a young man, sitting cross-legged, at his feet a pile of wood chippings. Under a nearby reefer jacket they found the brittle body of a small boy.

In their blind panic to get back to the *Herald*, the crew lost the centre section of the *Octavius's* log book in the sea. The remaining pages showed she had left England in 1761 on a voyage to China but had become trapped in the ice *of North Alaska* – and yet here she was, 13 years later, adrift off Greenland on the *opposite* side of the continent. Had 13 years of drifting pushed her through a then-unknown North West passage?[10]

As with the wrecks on the Goodwin sands, the tide of time rolls over these stories and denies us any ultimate clarity. There are a hundred more of these salty tales and like the UFO enigma, it's not the 99 per cent that we can smugly debunk which fire our imaginations, it's that one per cent gap where the phantoms still sail and the hurricanes howl. As the bosun used to say: button up your oilskins – it's a stormy night up top.

***ROY BAINTON** is the author of **Honoured by Strangers**, a biography of WW1 submariner, diplomat and spy Capt Francis Cromie, and is a regular FT contributor.*

***ALEC SEVERIN** is a Belgian illustrator and cartoonist whose work can be seen in a travelling exhibition in Boulogne sur Mer at the end of June. His grandfather, Mark Severin, was responsible for many of the Imperial Airways and British Railways posters from the Golden Age of travel.*

Further reading/research

There are three good books with the *same title (!)*

John Harris, *Lost At Sea – True Stories of Disaster* (Guild, London 1990)

AA Hoehling, *Lost At Sea* (Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, Tennessee 1999)

George Behe & Micahel Goss, *Lost At Sea – Ghost Ships and Other Mysteries* (Prometheus Books, New York, 1994). This is as fine a piece of maritime research as any sceptic could wish for – a truly thorough examination of everything from the *Mary Celeste* to the *Lusitania;* highly recommended.

NOTES

1 Wagner's reference for the Dutchman was *Scenes de la Vie Maritime* by Auguste Jal.

2 Captain Frederick Marryat (1792–1848) had a distinguished career in the British Navy and although neglected today, (despite such successes as *Children of The New Forest* and *Midshipman Easy)*, his *Phantom Ship* continues to influence the Flying Dutchman legend. Actually, if you translate Marryat's Dutch skipper's name, 'Vanderdecken', it looks pretty silly: it means 'On The Deck'...

3 Clever Fokke's rapid transit can be put down to the innovative use of steel-encased masts and his unrivalled skill in the deployment of every available inch of sail.

4 Captain Williams' thorough overview of the *Mary Celeste* mystery, *A Classic Seaquake Encounter,* can be found at www.seaquake.com

5 The Port Line was a subsidiary of Cunard and specialised in what was known as the MANZ run – 'Montreal–Australia–New Zealand'.

6 The balance is that the *Marlborough* was a sailing ship, but Neil Wilson, in *Great Sea Disasters* (Paragon Books, Bristol, 1998), has her down as a steamship. Maybe she was both.

7 The great maritime author Basil Lubbock also mentions finding one of her lifeboats on the Chilean coast in his epic *The Last of The Windjammers.*

8 See James Duggan, *The Great Iron Ship* (1953) and Colin Wilson, *Mysteries* (Hodder, London, 1978).

9 *See* Vincent Gaddis, *Invisible Horizons* (Chilton Books, Philadelphia 1965). The late Gaddis was an avid collector of strange fortean yarns but often fails to give sources, although many of the stories in this out-of-print tome certainly warrant a researcher's further attention.

10 Another vessel, the *Jeanette,* was discovered in similar circumstances off Greenland – she had disappeared three years earlier off Siberia.

THE MONSTERS & DR. LUCIFUR

SHOCK THEATER

Thrilled Young And Old

Science-Fiction Craze Fueled By Atomic Age

By Tom Henderson III

Monogram Pictures released one of the great horror films of all time in 1948 entitled *The Bowery Boys Meet Frankenstein*. In the mid-1950s my father took a bunch of us neighborhood kids to see it at the now-gone Belmont Theater on 21st Avenue in Hillsboro Village. The goofball Bowery Boy, Sach (Huntz Hall), had his mind, such as it was, transplanted with the monster's brain. On another occasion we saw an equally comedic fright film at a matinee showing in the same venue: *Bud Abbott and Lou Costello Meet Frankenstein*. Shrieks and laughter abounded in that historic cinema as hundreds of youngsters spilled popcorn and candy throughout the aisles.

The original classic horror movie *Frankenstein*, staring Boris Karloff, was released by Universal Studios in 1931. It was not until the mid-1950s re-release that I saw it for the first time at the Princess Theater (later Crescent) downtown on Church Street by the L&C Tower. I was a mere child around the age of 10 when I went with a friend. It scared me to death. I remember getting up from my seat and retreating back up the aisle to the lobby just so I could see some people in the daylight and escape Karloff's clutches. Nightmares followed, which prompted my parents to explain that everyone I saw in the movie was acting. That was my first real foray into the world of horror.

Growing up in the Atomic Age had its drawbacks. The first atom bomb test in 1945 started it all, and the war-ending attack on Japan displayed the devastating catastrophe it could cause. Our grade-school classrooms became practice zones in case one was dropped on

Dr. Lucifur (Ken Bramming) as he appeared in the intro to his TV program "Shock Theater." Notice the "Mystic Circle" effect. (Image: Jeff Thompson)

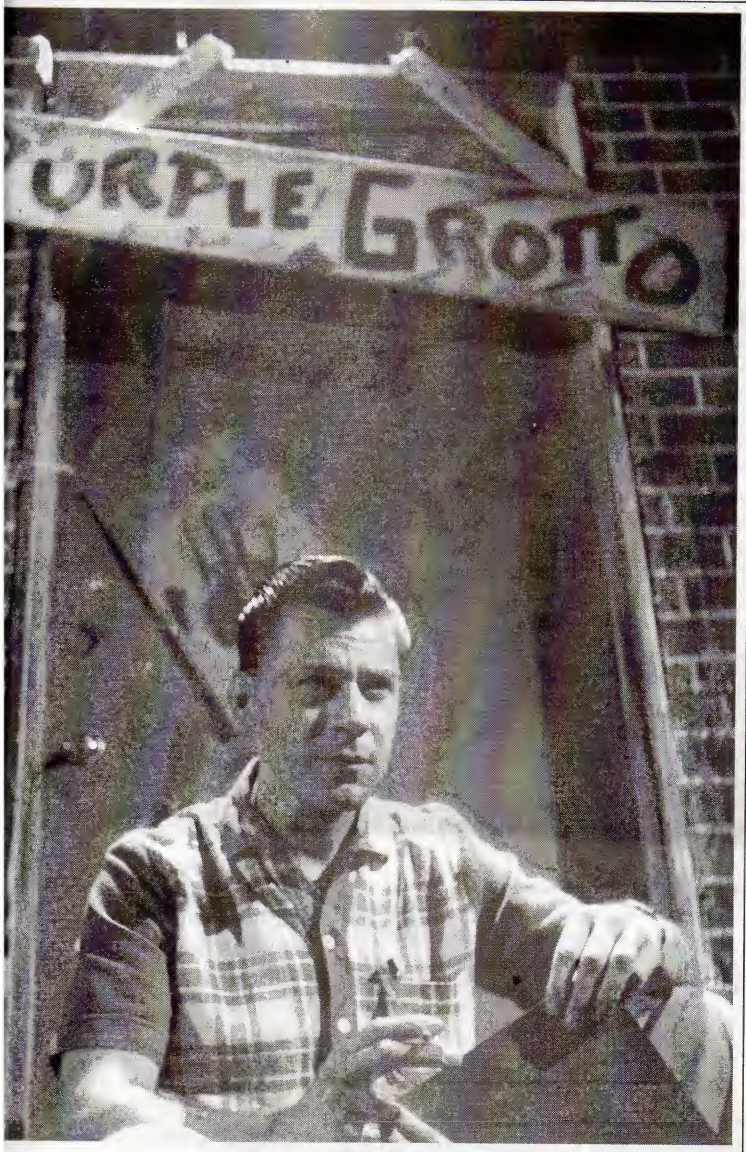
atomic holocaust and outer space invasions. *The Blob*, *Battle in Outer Space*, and *The Amazing Colossal Man* come to mind.

In the fall of 1958, WSIX-TV Channel 8 decided to liven up Friday nights by launching a program called "Shock Theater," which initially featured mostly horror classics from Universal Studios. (I remember anticipating the opening of those movies with the airplane circling a globe.) The TV program originally aired at 10:15 p.m. Friday right after "NewsScope" with Hudley Crockett. Ken Bramming, already recognized for his broadcast voice and personality, was chosen to introduce the movies. Classics such as *Frankenstein*, *Dracula* with Bela Lugosi, the Lon Chaney *Wolfman* series, and my favorite, *Son of Frankenstein* starring Basil Rathbone, made up the feature list. The Sherlock Holmes and Mr. Moto myster-

nights between 1958-1962. According to Bramming, "Shock Theater" even beat out the "Tonight Show" with Jack Parr during that period. Much of that jump came from Bramming's idea to introduce a macabre Master of Ceremonies, live skits during breaks in the evening's feature, and some Dave Brubek jazz tunes to placate the adults.

"Shock" became almost a ritual as several neighborhood kids would gravitate to my home and enter into our large, isolated playroom from our backyard. It was separated from the rest of our house by a long hallway. We would set up in front of our portable TV set, the kind with the built-in rabbit-ear antennas.

Usually me, Dave, Sam and others would wait anxiously for the introduction from Dr. Lucifur. On the small, black-and-white screen, an ominous-looking figure would materialize



mming on the "Shock Theater" set called the Purple Grotto, which featured a ined with bloody handprints. (Image: Jeff Thompson)

used a high-schooler at the time named Corky Savely who regularly appeared as Granny Gruesome, Frantic Freddy the Hipster and Cyril Songbird. Other characters were played by Herschel Martin, Richard Dixon and Norm Fraser (Baron von Sloucho). One character was even named Poor Slob.

Of these characters, Thompson quotes Bramming as saying: "Corky would dress up like a mummy whenever we showed a mummy movie. We did crazy things and the show had no time limit. Sometimes our breaks in the movie lasted ten minutes!" Back then all the skits were live, and viewers could often hear a stagehand's muffled laughter in the background. Bramming later said: "The movies weren't really scary, and there was never any blood and gore in the movies or in our segments...we were there to have fun."

He wasn't kidding about the movies. *Donovan's Brain* with Nancy Davis (later Reagan) was about a brain kept alive in a tank. Not bad actually. It aired on Oct. 27, 1961. However other movies were just plain awful, so much so that they were laughable. One in particular, *Missile to the Moon*, used the same soundtrack for the screams that was in another classic, *Attack of the 50 Foot Woman*. The scenery did not match in the background and the huge, fake spider had clearly visible wires controlling it. The monsters, huge walking rocks, moved slowly, and the acting itself was pitiful. It was so bad it was good. We had a blast watching that one.

The type of movies shown and guest characters varied. On Oct. 16, 1959, *Monster from Mars* was shown, and the *Banner*'s "Watching Machine" column by Red O'Donnell stated that "Host (Shocko) Ken Bramming introduces 3 live weirdies: Frantic Freddy, Wolf Boy and Vampira." On Oct. 23 "Shock Theater" ran the classic *Monster Maker,* and on Oct. 30, 1959, one day before Halloween, the *Nashville Banner* reported that "Ken Bramming hosts a Spook Party at 10:15." The featured presentation that night was *Panther's Claw*. On Oct. 7, 1960, the TV listing was called "The Mystic Circle" with emcee Dr. Lucifur. The Lon Chaney epic *Calling Dr. Death* was the attraction.

On a cool October night in 1961, my friend Sam and I watched *The Ape* with Boris Karloff. It was not really that scary but believable enough to make us boys wonder if the ape could be lurking about in trees or in the bushes within the neighborhood. Unfortunately for Sam, as soon as Dr. Lucifur ended the show at midnight in his Transylvanian accent, saying, "Good night and pleas-

our city. The familiar position of heads down on your desk is still a vivid memory. However there were some pluses, particularly if you enjoyed scary-monster and sci-fi picture shows.

Throughout the 1950s and into the 1960s science-fiction, monster and space movies abounded, albeit most were of the grade "C" variety. On Oct. 23, 1959, the *Nashville Banner* headline read "Rocket Research Speed-Up Planned." Theaters and the relatively-new medium of television capitalized on the fears and began showing films exaggerating the after effects of an ies were also part of the fare.

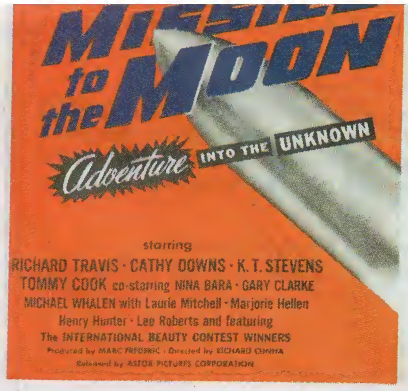
Enventually the show moved to 10:30 p.m. on Saturday nights. In his article "Dr. Lucifur: Nashville TV's Tasteful Transylvanian," historian Jeff Thompson details the show's history. He quotes Bramming as saying, "We knew we would get a young audience on those nights. We were aiming for the 10- to 14-year-olds, but their parents ended up watching the show with them and liking it as much as the kids!"

I was in the crosshairs of that demographic and contributed to the show's No. 1 rating for that time slot on those

of the darkness to cheesy, fun lesque organ music. The figure w man sporting an eye patch, a cigar holder, a thin, dark mustache slicked-back hair. Wearing a tu with a white tie, black tails and a black cape of some kind, his entra was enhanced by a spinning c superimposed on the television scr It was called the Mystic Circle. A l of fog produced by a dry-ice mac swirled around as the Doctor stoo the light of a lamppost. This impo figure urged all of us to come with on "these journeys into the world mystery, the supernatural, fantasy, the world beyond."

Often in the background one c see the Purple Grotto, one of the m famous sets, which featured a door ered in bloody handprints.

Dr. Lucifur spoke in a dialect re niscent of Bela Lugosi in the o nal *Dracula* movie and somew resembled famed horror actor Vin Price. Dr. Lucifur's chilling postsc to each presentation was, "Good ni



Bud Abbott & Lou Costello Meet Frankenstein ***(1948) and*** **Missile to the Moon** ***(1958) were films enjoyed by the author as a kid in Nashville theaters. Such fare also aired on the local TV program "Shock Theater."***

and pleasant dreams!" followed by a ghoulish laugh. Dr. Lucifur gained such popularity that he appeared at several downtown department stores during those years. According to Thompson, Bramming later said: "And the kids climbed all over me."

As I got a little older I had been conditioned, through my experience with *Frankenstein*, to take these films and actors for what they were—actors. Dr. Lucifur, I knew, was only Ken Bramming in make-up, but he was still a specter and not easily forgotten. Us kids eventually became highly entertained by the whole proceedings, especially when the skits took place. According to Thompson, Bramming go home. Sam lived across my backyard, through some hedges and at the other end of Herbert's Field, which at that hour of night in the autumn was quite dark. I remember telling him to watch out for the ape. As he stepped out through the back door and into the darkness, I let out a scream. I could hear him spouting obscenities as he scampered at full speed through the hedge row and out of sight. I later on received an extra helping of vulgarities from Sam, who was none too pleased with my send off.

During the early-1960s, "Shock Theater" was so popular the show was re-aired again on Sunday afternoons around the lunch hour. It was called "Shock Jr.," and I often ate on a TV tray and took in a horror classic, usually right after getting home from church, much to the chagrin of my mother.

Times began to change, and by 1967 "Shock Theater" left WSIX. It returned briefly between October 1968 and November 1969, with Dr. Lucifur once

(Continued on page 12)

BRAVO, NASHVILLE!

PORTAVIA™
ITALIAN KITCHEN
21 White Bridge Road, Nashville
615-356-0001

Toys • Lionel Trains • Wooden Trains • Wooden Kitchen Sets • Children's Books

A TOY STORE FOR KIDS OF ALL AGES WITH OVER 20,000 Items!

Play Tents • Musical Toys • Plastic Models

Our Award-Winning Toy Store Features
Individual and Personal Service For Traditional and Unique
TOYS, GAMES, DOLLS & MUCH MORE

-on Toys • Hand Puppets • Dolls & Doll Houses • Games • Dress Up • Tea Sets

DR. LUCIFUR

(Continued from page 4)

again at the helm of a weekend horror movie on the independent station WMCV-TV 17. Channel 17 even threw a Halloween party for kids in October 1968 in which Bramming appeared as Dr. Lucifur, and his sidekick Corky Savely showed up as the mummy.

By 1970, Dr. Lucifur and "Shock Theater" were no longer found on the airwaves. However a new Saturday-night horror telecast on WSM-TV Channel 4 came on the scene in the early-'70s. It was called "Creature Feature," and the host was a new TV horror character, Sir Cecil Creape (Russ McCown). As if a resurrected Dr. Lucifer was in the studio, Ken Bramming provided the introduction in his inimitable voice. Sir Creape often mentioned his friend Dr. Lucifur and even invited him for a late-night appearance on one show.

For my friends and me, "Shock Theater" and Dr. Lucifur faded away as we moved further into our high-school years. College days came along and that entire period became a childhood memory. Aging has a way of resurrecting youth and seeing an old horror classic from decades ago conjures up the image of a sinister-looking Transylvanian with an eye patch, cape and cigarette holder once again asking us to go with him "into the supernatural, fantasy, and the world beyond." I wish I could. "Good night and pleasant dreams!"

Tom Henderson is a native Nashvillian who grew up in Woodmont Hills and now preserves personal memories from the 1940s through the 1970s. He recalls those days as some of "the best of times." He can be reached at tp3@comcast.net.

Editor's Note: *Our thanks to Jeff Thompson for the use of his article and photographs. For fans of TV horror shows, look for his book,* The Television Horrors of Dan Curtis: Dark Shadows, The Night Stalker and Other Productions, 1966-2006.

FIRE-WORKS.

True Whig, October 4, 1849

1849 A beautiful display of Fire-works will be exhibited by those accomplished Pyrotechnists, Messrs. Muller and Catoir, on Friday, (to-morrow) evening, on lower Market street. The exhibition will be highly interesting alike to the scientific and curious. ...

(Source: Tennessee State Library and Archives)

Original caption: "Youthful spooks practice witchy ways for a safe Halloween." (Image: Nashville Public Library, The Nashville Room, photo by Owen Cartwright)

200 Civilians, Police To Haunt Devilish Spoilers Of Halloween

Nashville Banner, October 31, 1978

1978 More than 200 civilian volunteers will be working tonight with Metro police to ensure that the only Halloween ghosts and goblins here are children in disguise, or just imagined.

Youth Guidance Major George Currey said this will mark the third year of "Operation Safe Treat," a program designed to make trick-or-treating safe for the kids.

"We will have radio-equipped civilian volunteers in areas where we have had borhood." He added that children should not eat candy until it is taken home and inspected by their parents.

(Source: Tennessee State Library and Archives)

90-Foot Fall

(Continued from page 1)

1966 with a dry sweatshirt.

"I sure hate for this thing to get publicized," Case told a photographer for THE NASHVILLE BANNER. "They'll never let me live this down at the

SHOCK TO THE

Why was a pensioner continually plagued by weird electrical phenomena? BILL LOVE decided to investigate... and things got even stranger.

MAIN IMAGE: DON FARRALL/GETTY IMAGES

On 12 March 1987 my eye was caught by a story in the *Daily Mail*: "Experts are in the dark – Pensioner Frank finds home a big switch-off", read the headline. On reading the report, about strange electrical disturbances taking place in the Somerset home of an elderly Burma veteran, I was puzzled. How could 2000 volt surges find their way into a domestic electrical installation, where they plagued the occupants of the cottage with bizarre phenomena, and why should engineers be baffled by what appeared to be an obvious intrusion of such excess power? The report mentioned that more than 20 bulbs were replaced every week, TV sets, kettles and the cooker had been wrecked, ceiling roses and switches destroyed, an uncountable number of fuses had blown and lampshades had burst into flames. This did seem to suggest that very high voltages were invading the Frank Pattemore's home at Iverson Cottage - but where did they come from and why were they so elusive that engineers were unable to trace their origin? From a purely scientific point of view, the case seemed to be worthy of investigation.

I decided to write to the Area

SYSTEM

Manager of SWEB (South Western Electricity Board), the electricity supply authority. In a letter dated 19 March, 1987 I said that the phenomena at Iverson Cottage interested me and suggested that the problem appeared to be an intermittent induced emf. (electromotive force). I enquired whether there were any inducing fields in the area of sufficient magnitude to cause such a large emf and asked whether the surges were confined to the consumer's side of the meter.

The reply from GAR Dickinson, the Area Engineering Manager, said that SWEB saw the problem as a difficult intermittent earthing fault that had been given "a magnified treatment by the media". He didn't mention that the phenomena had been extant for some five

VERY HIGH VOLTAGES WERE INVADING FRANK PATTEMORE'S HOME AT IVERSON COTTAGE

years. Why should such an earthing fault, even a difficult one, take five years to rectify I wondered. If SWEB engineers, after carrying out three rewires, were genuinely unable to solve this problem, was Iverson Cottage experiencing effects which did not obey the known laws of electromagnetism or was something more sinister at work?

After communicating with Frank Pattemore for six months I had learned of a police involvement, an investigation by the Cook Report Team and the existence of a mysterious 'Capenhurst Report', which had been produced by ECRC (The Electricity Council Research Centre) after they had been commissioned by SWEB. There definitely seemed to be something untoward about this case. ➞

On the 21 September, 1987 I again wrote to SWEB's Mr Dickinson asking three questions:-

Why was it necessary to call in ECRC, and was it true that their equipment had been damaged?

Why did three rewires fail to rectify the fault and did this mean that the fault was outside SWEB's control?

Why should the phenomena have appeared first in the cooker and then have spread *gradually* to the whole installation?

I also told him of my intention to visit Iverson Cottage and asked him for his comments on this proposal; did he for example, consider the matter to be too sensitive? In his reply dated 29 September, he completely ignored my questions and stated that the Board's investigation had been completed. He went on to say:"With regard to your intention to visit Mr Pattemore, I would advise against it at this stage as he is obviously upset at the implication of the police involvement. I believe the phenomena are now much reduced in intensity and you may find that after a while there is little for you to investigate".

This was not what Frank Pattemore had been telling me in correspondence and not what the local Press had been reporting. I was puzzled. All the appliances damaged or completely burnt out were protected, on a ring main or a lighting circuit, by a fuse of an appropriate value, so why didn't the fuse give protection? Even more to the point, why weren't SWEB interested enough to at least investigate reports of voltages exceeding 2kV?

I contacted others who had been involved, in various ways, with the Pattemores; one of these was Roy Jones, a local businessman and former chairman of Somerton Parish Council who had tried to solve the mystery himself. Although he had the assistance of the media, all Roy's efforts proved to be in vain and, in some desperation, he wrote to Robert Boscawan, the MP for Somerton. In a letter, dated 17 January 1990, Roy pointed out that, despite the ongoing phenomena, "nobody wished to become involved or to express an opinion except in dark and mysterious sentences," and that "Mr Pattemore is convinced, rightly or wrongly, that some military or supernatural phenomena are responsible. Who can blame him for harbouring such opinions?"

Who indeed? By this time, Frank had been visited by uncountable numbers of well-wishers and experts; spiritualists, dowsers, exorcists, ghost hunters, psychic researchers and men in dark suits who arrived unannounced, delved into brief-cases to produce maps and other documents but could not be traced on the contact telephone numbers which they left.

Roy shared his correspondence with the authorities with me, and it was his letter of 3 May 1990, addressed to Mr. Nicol, Chairman of SWEB, that finally decided me to visit Somerton for myself. I had pondered long over the following sentence in this letter: "We are now using the Social Services Department in an attempt to have Mr Pattemore re-housed and his house permanently sealed up as advised by your Area Manager in the only phone conversation I have been able to have with the reluctant Mr. Merrick". What possible reason could there be for an electricity authority to want a private house permanently sealed up?

A statement, signed by Frank Pattemore, was appended to this letter and the contents only added to the mystery surrounding this whole saga: "When I asked Mr. Lees of SWEB, Bristol, in 1987 to support me on his findings of very high voltage to my cottage he said 'I have been taken off the case and forbidden to talk to anyone. I'm over a barrel. This is the first time in 30 years that my findings have been rejected. I'm held to ransom. I wish I could help you' "

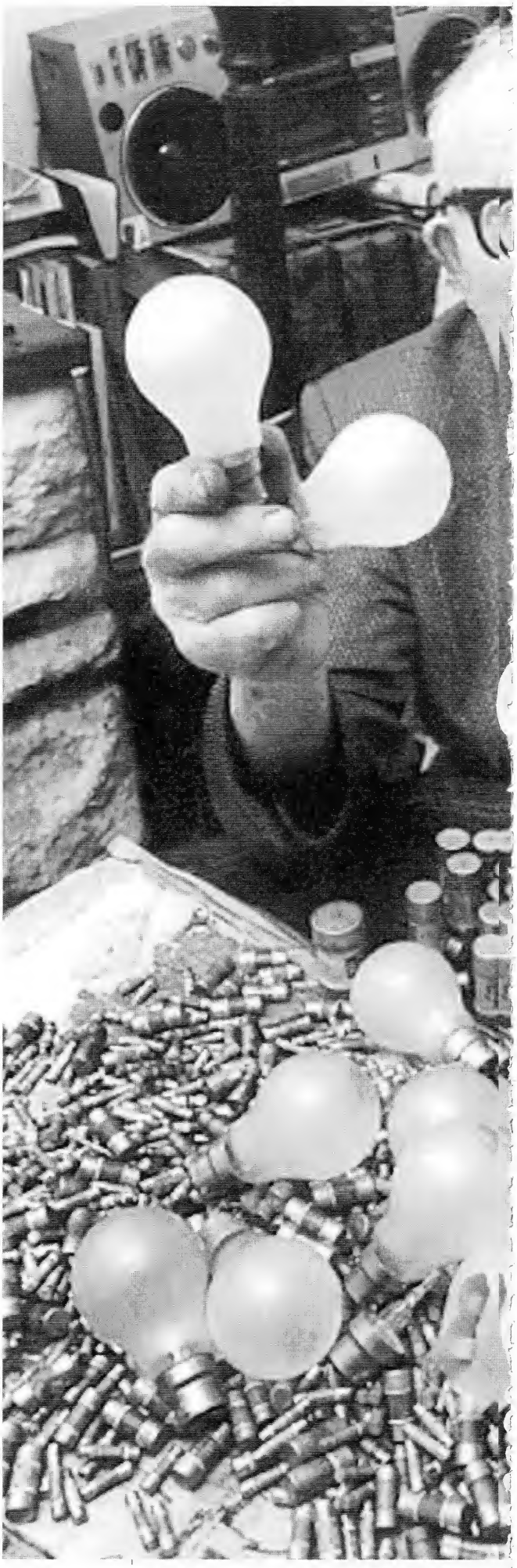
This statement was corroborated during a telephone conversation I had with Jim Lees, a senior engineer based at SWEB Head Office in Bristol. The mystery deepened further when he said that SWEB employees had been told not to park cars or vans immediately outside Iverson Cottage because there had been problems with ignition systems and vehicles had to be pushed along the road before they could be started.

TEA, BISCUITS AND BLACK STREAMS

During my first visit to Somerton I was accompanied by a physicist, an electrical engineer, a radio engineer and some rudimentary apparatus - a 1kV multimeter, an ionising radiation detector, a surge clock, an oscilloscope and a search coil. By 2pm. we were introducing ourselves to Frank Pattemore and his son Nigel, and were welcomed into the living room to meet Mike, an investigative journalist, and his photographer Brenda. Over tea and biscuits we began to listen to a general outline of the case.

Frank told us that about 11 months earlier, someone from SWEB had located a force of some kind running diagonally from the kitchen door to the front door. The unidentified official was using an instrument that lit up as it was moved along this diagonal.

Hamish Miller, the well-known dowser and author of a recently published book *The Sun and the Serpent*, was going to arrive at about 3.30pm. so we decided to break off the conversation to see what we could find with our search coil. We were not disappointed; there was still a definite field extending diagonally across the living room and the effect was confined to a narrow beam, which peaked at floor level about 1.5 m from the front door. We were anxious to discover whether



WESTERN GAZETTE

LEFT: Frank Pattemore surrounded by blown fuses and damaged bulbs.

FRANK WAS VISITED BY GHOST HUNTERS, EXORCISTS, DOWSERS AND MEN IN DARK SUITS

Hamish and his co-author, photographer, writer and earth mysteries expert, Paul Broadhurst would be able to locate this same force field with a pair of dowsing rods.

At 3.30 on the dot they arrived. We watched in awe as Hamish, brandishing his dowsing rods, walked across the living room. The movement of the rods was meaningless to us but there was no doubt that they *were* moving, apparently of their own accord. Hamish said "There is a very strong force evident along this diagonal". He had found, with a pair of dowsing rods made in his forge for a couple of pounds, exactly what we had discovered with our search coil and a SWEB engineer had found with some kind of field detector. We were impressed. Hamish then asked whether he could dowse Frank and Nigel, who cheerfully agreed. As Nigel was approached, the rods moved perceptibly denoting, we were told, a considerable concentration of bio-energy; but as the rods moved closer to Frank, they swung violently. Hamish remarked that he had never witnessed a bio-energy field of this magnitude surrounding anyone and suggested that Frank might be inadvertently affecting the supply voltage to the cottage.

What were we to make of this? We had embarked on a scientific investigation and were now confronted with Hamish's dowsing rods and a lengthy recitation on dangerous Earth energies. Hamish informed us that there were such things as 'negative leys', known as 'black streams', which could appear following major road works or quarrying and that these negative streams could cause havoc.

All this was far removed from the scientific explanation we were seeking for the weird events at Iverson Cottage, but we were willing to consider anything. After all, SWEB and ECRC had taken five years just to reach the conclusion that the cause of the problem lay within Iverson Cottage! The events which we had been witnessing fell into the realm of the paranormal and, although it was difficult to comprehend how any paranormal force could conjure 2000 volts onto the mains, we had at least to consider this possibility.

Following the departure of Hamish and Paul, we sat down with the Pattemores as they continued their ➡

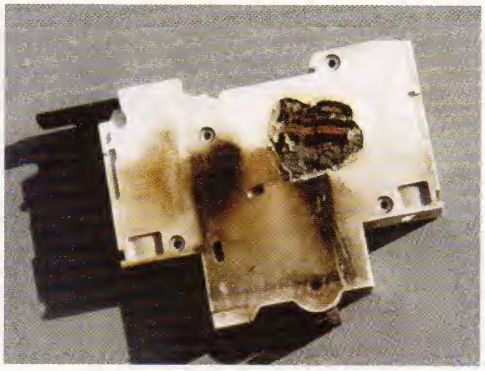
story. Frank had bought the cottage in 1976, following separation from his wife, and had enjoyed a good electrical supply until 1982 when problems began to emerge. Since then, nearly a decade had passed and, during this time, the Pattemores had endured at best a totally unreliable and dangerous installation and very often no electricity at all.

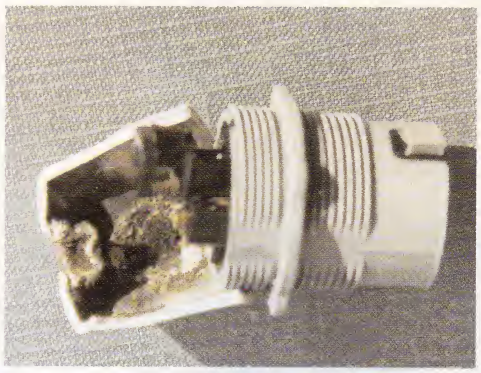
Frank emphasised that "so much has occurred in my modest terraced cottage that it would be impractical to chronicle more than a few examples". Wiring was constantly blown apart, consumer units have melted, molten metal has dropped from ceiling roses, switches have been welded and appliances, including seven TV sets, have been damaged beyond repair. Surprisingly, the phenomena were not limited to the mains; battery- powered clocks switched themselves on and off as though they had minds of their own and the telephone persistently rang of its own accord. This was a particularly strange quirk because the ringing tone sequence is generated at the exchange.

The journalist, Mike, had been using a small battery- powered tape recorder to record the Pattemores' story. It was resting on a table where it was working perfectly until Mike moved it about 25cm towards the table's edge to better record Frank's pleasant but quiet Somerset voice. It immediately switched itself off. Mike, believing the end of the tape had been reached, was about to insert a new one when it was observed that about half of the tape was still unused. It occurred to me that the recorder had been moved into the line of the strange field we had detected earlier. Moving the recorder to its original position solved the problem; we repeated this six times, using three different tapes, with the same result. The mystery deepened when the electronic flash on Brenda's camera would not function anywhere in the front room but operated perfectly outside.

On delving through a large box of burnt out cables, blown fuses, welded switches, and charred circuit breakers an interesting fact emerged: the high-voltage surges were getting into Iverson Cottage via the neutral conductor - but why weren't other properties affected in the same way? This was a perplexing and persistent problem which scuppered every hypothesis put forward; it was highlighted by the Cook Report, in which radar was considered a likely candidate for the problem but had to be ruled out because other properties, in the line of sight, should also have been affected but weren't.

Frank showed us a meticulously kept log of the number of units of energy consumed; very 24 hours; the intermittent and random recording of up to 44 units in a single period was reflected in the enormous quarterly bills which he received. This vast consumption of energy is equivalent to a three-bar electric fire burning continuously for 15 hours. It was therefore surprising that SWEB had not been concerned about this when they knew that Frank was unable to use a small 25W bulb at the same time as boiling water in an electric kettle.





All photos Bill Lowe

ABOVE: A small selection of damaged components from Iverson Cottage (clockwise from top left): A miniature circuit breaker with metal components melted and plastic burnt; two shots of a lamp holder – all its brass components have been melted and its springs and contacts have fallen out; ring main cable showing severe damage to outer sheath, neutral conductor insulation completely burnt off and phase conductor insulation beginning to break down

TWO MEN IN A DARK COLOURED CAR FOLLOWED NIGEL TO WORK

Towards the end of our three-day visit to Somerton we observed this massive and mysterious energy use for ourselves: with all circuits isolated and the main double-pole switch off, the meter was turning and recording a consumption of energy which was observed by six independent witnesses. This was uncanny; meters cannot record when no energy is being consumed - so *where* was this energy being used? Certainly nowhere in Iverson Cottage - but Frank was footing the bill. I discussed this with colleagues and with the meter manufacturers. All agreed that it was impossible, and yet we had witnessed it! I was determined, on leaving Somerton, to continue my research.

THE ELUSIVE MR DICKINSON

I began by writing another letter to SWEB's Mr Dickinson, asking for his comments on points that had emerged during my visit to Somerton. The reply was amazing: an unsigned, handwritten note on a plain piece of paper stating that Mr. Dickinson had retired 18 months ago.

My further correspondence with SWEB was equally bizarre: the so-called 'Capenhurst Report' was invoked time and again in an attempt to impede my investigation. The report was guarded with extreme tenacity by SWEB, who had commissioned it, to the extent that Frank's MP, Mark Robinson, was denied even a peep at its contents. There were alleged to be many reasons for its confidentiality "not least of which was the safety of Mr Pattemore himself".

The Report, dated June 1987, originating from an investigation by ECRC (Electrical Council Research Centre, which later became ERDC or Electricity Research and Development Centre) concluded that "The only consistent pattern for the reproduction of the major recent damage and failures we have found is by means that would have required very many deliberate and destructive acts within the premises"

In the Summary of Findings the report states that damage still occurred when power to Iverson Cottage was supplied by a diesel generator. ERDC say that evidence from SWEB engineers substantiates this but when, in 1991, I met Alan Bennett, the engineer responsible for the daily change from mains to generator, he told me that Frank's electrical supply was trouble free when the generator was used and later confirmed this in a signed statement.

Following deregulation, Frank had decided to have his home rewired again, but this time by SEC (Southern

BILL LOVE

ABOVE: Nigel Pattemore in the back garden of Iverson Cottage.

Electric Contracting). Within days of completion in November 1993, all the phenomena had reappeared and, once again, they were typical of those caused by high voltage surges. I asked both SWEB and SEC to monitor the voltage in Iverson Cottage. They both refused and vehemently disputed the existence of high voltage surges, although these had been abundantly clear from the beginning.

Roy Seagram, a Cambridge consultant called in by the Cook Report, stated in his report that "virtually all the incidents were compatible with high voltage pulses on the mains supply and such pulses have been observed". We had also recorded many surges in excess of 2kV.

In a letter to SWEB dated 7 April 1994 (ref. MS/JK/850377/E/94), J Krsmanovic, the District Contracts Manager at SEC, stated "It would appear from the reports attached that the probable cause of failures were excessive voltages". Martyn Stevens, the Home Improvements Manager at SEC, also confirmed, during a telephone conversation, the existence of the surges on the neutral conductor and the fact that SEC's sales rep had seen the meter recording before the tails were connected. When I asked him to confirm this in writing he declined, but following my letter telling him that our conversation had been recorded, I received a letter from Vincent O'Sullivan, Contracting Services Manager at SEC, stating that Martyn Stevens had repeated hearsay rather than making a statement of fact. The tape recording seems to tell a different story.

MEN IN BLACK FROM THE DTI

Things then took a turn for the very strange. Nigel Pattemore had reported incessant VHF interference on his radio and shortly after this he was visited by two men from the Department of Trade and Industry who listened to tape recordings of the interference. They remarked that it was encrypted computer data being transmitted at speed and asked whether they could borrow the tapes, promising to return them after they had been analysed. The tapes were never returned but, three days later, two men in a dark coloured car followed Nigel to work. This happened again on the following day, and on the third day two men, perhaps the occupants of the dark car, called at Nigel's workplace, where they searched his haversack, lunch box and sandwiches and stripped the roof lining and carpeting from his car.

Nigel was driven to Yeovil police station, under the pretext of attending a meeting concerning the electrical supply at Iverson Cottage, where he was closely questioned concerning the recording of interference with radio reception. Nigel was eventually bailed for causing criminal damage to SWEB property at his home.

During the time that Nigel was in custody, a posse of police and SWEB officials was searching Iverson Cottage, under warrant. The search was very thorough but, in the end, only a screwdriver and a soldering iron were taken away. Three days later, the charge against Nigel was dropped. No apology was offered and, within a short time, the police were denying that Nigel had ever been in custody (I am in possession of the bail sheet). SWEB said that the police initiated the search of Iverson Cottage; the police claimed that SWEB initiated it.

Two of the more sinister visitors in dark suits were Michael Chown and Robin Judd, Michael Chown spread large maps over the floor and spoke of "waves over Somerton". He left a contact telephone number that proved to be that of a garage on the A487. Robin Judd arrived unannounced and appeared to be completely familiar with all the problems at Iverson Cottage. Before he departed, he asked the way to Taunton where he said that he had a meeting with SWEB. He took an envelope, bearing the name and address of Lady Zinia Judd, from his pocket and wrote a contact telephone number on the back of it. When Frank dialled this number, he was at first told that Robin Judd was not known .He eventually spoke to someone purporting to be Robin Judd who said that he was a farmer who had only been to Somerset once to sell some sheep in a market. SWEB denied all knowledge of any meeting with Robin Judd.

Ian Sawyer, Nigel's probation officer, wrote to him to say that Robin Judd was Lady Zinia's brother-in-law and was some kind of electrical engineer. He confirmed this to me and claimed that the information came from a Special Branch friend who had also told him that Stewkley Grange, Lady Zinia's home, was used by the security services. Jamie Judd, Lady Zinia's ex-husband, has categorically stated, in two letters to me, that there is no Robin Judd in the family and that Stewkley Grange has never had any connection with special branch or the security services! So who was the elusive Robin Judd and how did he obtain a letter addressed to Lady Zinia Judd?

Further events totally unconnected with the power supply added to the mystery of Iverson Cottage. The most bizarre involved one of the many letters I wrote to Frank Pattemore. The letter was sent by first class mail in a hand-addressed envelope but, when it arrived at Iverson Cottage, my letter was missing and in its place there was a letter from David Tomlinson in Kent to Lt Col Brounlie in Dorset. The contents of the letter concerned a Festoon butterfly. Neither David Tomlinson nor Lt Col Brounlie could give an explanation. The Royal Mail, though, did have an answer – this can't happen!

And so my investigation ended; if anything, there were now more unanswered questions than when I'd first become interested in the case. Remnants of the phenomena exist to this day, but there is still no explanation for the strange events at Iverson Cottage, events inconsistent with the known laws of electromagnetism. FT

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

BILL LOVE read physics and maths at St Andrews University before flying with the RAF as a fighter pilot towards the end of WW2. An experience during his RAF service fostered a keen interest in the paranormal. On leaving the RAF, he completed teacher training at St Mary's College, Strawberry Hill and spent 23 years teaching in schools and colleges. Since leaving teaching, he has promoted the holistic way of life by writing and lecturing.

Click here to print

Mail Online

Get Shorty! The tiny pony who keeps sparking 999 calls ... because people think she's stuck in the mud

By Daily Mail Reporter
Last updated at 2:21 PM on 11th March 2009

For a tiny pony, Shorty is certainly causing a lot of bother. Her legs are so short that when she's standing on a marshy riverbank passers-by keep thinking she's sinking in mud and then call 999.

This has meant that fire crews have been called out four times now to 'rescue' her and led to Mayflower getting the Shorty moniker from locals.

On the last occasion, animal rescue expert Anton Phillips was dispatched to a salt marsh beside the River Test in Southampton, Hants, with 12 other firefighters, in two fire engines together with a specialist lifting vehicle.

Low-rise: Mayflower the Shetland pony has been nicknamed Shorty by locals after four callouts from people thinking she's sinking

Not sinking, just stumpy: The pony's short legs create the illusion that she's sunk up to the knees

Mr Phillips, of Hampshire Fire and Rescue Service, said: 'Every time we get there we can see very quickly what we were dealing with - a pony with short legs that looks like a dwarf.

'The pony is oddly shaped but it is fit and healthy and there is no reason to worry about it.

'From 200 yards away it does look like the pony is trapped in the mud, especially when it is stood next to New Forest ponies which are about twice as tall.'

He added: 'Obviously it's not the pony's fault for being so short but it probably needs fencing in to stop us getting called out.

'There is a cost implication to consider and callouts like this are a big expense.'

Hampshire Fire and Rescue Service estimates that each time a fire engine goes out it costs at least £251.

Mr Phillips, 50, said the pony must have inherited its unusual proportions from two different breeds.

'It looks like it has a Shetland's little legs and a New Forest pony's long body', he said.

However, owner Sandra Whitcher today insisted Mayflower is a pure-bred 12-year-old Shetland.

She said: 'People are always phoning up and saying Mayflower has got stuck in mud when she's perfectly OK - she's just got short legs.

'We have had animal rescuers, the police and the fire brigade up here. When they get here Mayflower sees them and just runs off so they realise she's not stuck at all.

'We might have to put up a sign so passing motorists know the horse is not stuck.'

But she added: 'The only problem is that one day she might actually get stuck and then the fire brigade won't turn up.'

Shetland ponies, known for their short legs, typically grow to between 2ft 4in and 3ft 6in tall.

New Forest ponies are larger, tending to be between 4ft and 4ft 10in, and more normally proportioned.

Comments (0)

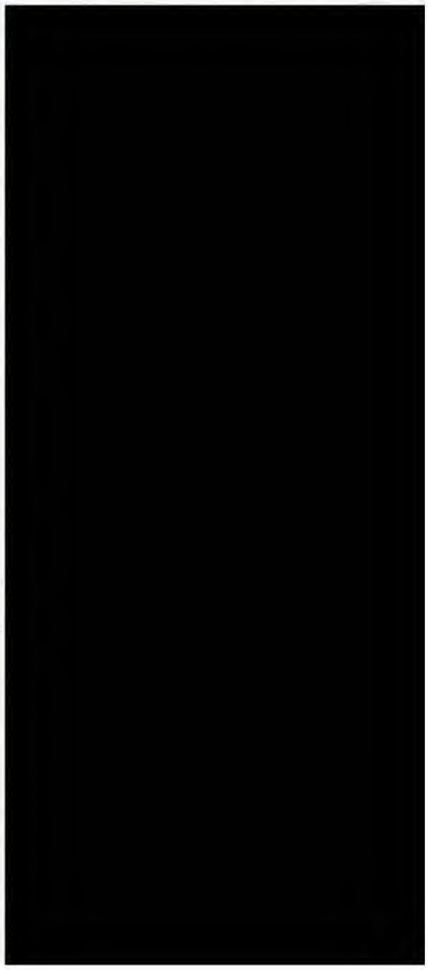
Find this story at www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-1161207/Get-Shorty-Pony-stumpy-legs-keeps-sparking-mud-rescue-calls-firefighters.html

Associated Northcliffe Digital

Part of the Daily Mail, The Mail on Sunday, Evening Standard & Metro Media Group
© 2009 Associated Newspapers Ltd

JUST A SHOT IN THE DARK AFTER ALL?

During the search earlier this year in the Pearl River Wildlife Management Area's swamplands, southern Louisiana, for evidence that the supposedly extinct ivory-billed woodpecker still survives, a series of distinctive double-raps was not only heard by the searchers but also taped. As such sounds were characteristic of this dramatic species, ornithological hopes of its continuing existence duly received a considerable boost. Sadly, however, it would seem to have been a false hope after all. Analysis of these tantalising sounds has revealed that they were merely distant gun shots, whose reverberations sounded to human ears like drumming. Nevertheless, Cornell University ornithologist Dr John Fitzpatrick, a leader of the search, still believes that ivory-bills may linger undiscovered in parts of the Pearl River forest beyond the area previously searched.



Instructions for use of the

SICK CALL SET

On a small table, which is situated so as to be seen by the patient, and covered with fresh linen, place the Sick Call Set and have crucifix inserted in a slot at top of base. Place a Sacramental candle in each candle stick holder. Also, have on the table a glass of water, a spoon, the communion cloth, and the bottle which is supplied, filled with Holy water.

If the Sacrament of Extreme Unction is to be administered, a member of the family should meet the Priest at the door with a lighted candle, and conduct him to the sick room. In addition to the above have a small plate containing crumbs of bread, and make up five small balls with the absorbent cotton furnished in the set.

HIGHLIGHT: ACROSS THE USA

Be sure this birthday cake's candles are out

Hoai-Tran Bui
USA TODAY

He's an American icon on par with Mickey Mouse and Batman. He has been in comic books and on milk cartons and TV ads. But he has only uttered five words in his life: "Only you can prevent wildfires."

Well, maybe six words. Smokey Bear, who's turning a whopping 70 years old Saturday, began his career in 1944 with the slogan, "Only you can prevent forest fires." But other than that, little has changed for this symbol of fire safety.

"Smokey's message of personal empowerment of people in that they can play a role in saving forest is very consistent," said Peggy Conlon, president and CEO of the Ad Council.

Smokey Bear is the face of the longest-running public service campaign in the U.S. Smokey was created in 1944 by the U.S. Forest Service, the National Association of State Foresters and the Ad Council in response to public fears that enemy shelling during World War II would cause forest fires in the West while all the firefighters were overseas.

"Forest fires are nothing new in this country," said Thomas Tidwell, chief of the U.S. Forest Service in the Department of Agriculture. "Even back in the 1930s and 1940s, we actually had more (forest fires) in the landscape than we did today."

U.S. FOREST SERVICE VIA AD COUNCIL

Smokey Bear has starred in numerous public service ads over the past 70 years.

With the current drought in California and the increase in lightning-induced wildfires, it's easy to forget that the majority of wildfires are started by humans, Tidwell said.

Nine out of 10 forest fires are started by people — either by leaving a campfire lit, throwing away matches or even using machinery in arid areas.

Even with drier conditions this year, the extent of wildfires has greatly decreased since Smokey was first created. The loss of forest to wildfires has been reduced from 22 million acres in 1944 to about 6.7 million acres annually today, Conlon said.

"That's a huge reduction," Conlon said. "We want to keep educating new generations."

Smokey's voice has changed over the years, recorded mostly by various radio hosts. Most recently, he was voiced by actor Sam Elliott, who has made a living playing gruff cowboys with his characteristic deep Western drawl in such movies as *Tombstone*.

Smokey is "definitely an outdoorsman, like all those Western characters I've played all those years," Elliott said.

Elliott also shares the same birthday as Smokey. And Elliott knows personally the cost of fires. His home in Malibu, Calif., fell victim to a wildfire in 1978.

"It was a pretty horrific thing," Elliott said. "When that fire came in on us, all we could do was get out ... it looked like (someone) dropped a bomb on us. Just scorched earth."

The Tennessee State Fair has too good of a tradition to let it die," Briley declared as flames leaped several hundred feet skyward, showering sparks throughout the fairground area, igniting concession stands.

"I will try and take the bad with the good," he remarked, "and this is as bad as I can think of." ...

Briley's statement came following a

ers reported.

"There just isn't enough left of anything to look for the trouble," one official reported.

Large Ball of Flame

Young Fields, one of the injured, said he was standing near the Woman's Building when he heard a loud noise.

"The first thing I saw was a large ball

9 o clock and most of the people head for the midway," Andrews explained.

But apparently there still were some exhibitors inside the huge wooden Woman's Building.

"I saw a woman run from the building with her clothes on fire," said Traffic Officer Sherman Nickens.

As the flames spread, firemen and

(Continued on page 7)

Livestock Exhibit OK; Smoky The Bear Lost

Poultry, Fish Fall Prey To Fire

By Jesse Safely
Nashville Banner, Sept. 21, 1965

1965 The largest poultry exhibit in the State Fair since it was resumed after World War II fell prey Monday night to the devastating fire that claimed most exhibits other than livestock.

And ironically, Smoky the Bear, an animated fire prevention exhibit by the Davidson County Soil Conservation District, was also lost.

Throughout the day "Smoky" had been lecturing to a full house about the importance of handling fire with care. This particular educational exhibit was on loan from the Soil Conservation Service in Washington.

Aaron Lawter, assistant Davidson County agent who was in charge of this division of the fair, said none of the poultry nor the more than 100 fine rabbits of many breeds were saved.

However, fair officials in general were elated over the fact the $1 million livestock exhibit, much of which was quartered within 300 feet of the burned buildings, was neither lost nor injured. This included 1,486 animals.

Exhibitors took precautionary measures by moving their animals from under the barn to the outer edges of the Fairgrounds. Customarily, beef exhibitors tie their animals out anyway. These were already a safe distance from the barn. Dairymen followed suit with the only light available being from the fire.

Glen G. Summer, for nearly 40 years superintendent of the livestock division, said this morning that as far as he can find out not an animal was injured.

However, Bill Adsmond and other fair officials said "at one time you could have fried an egg on the roof of the livestock barn."

The excessive heat caused some fear because animals tied in the building were cut loose and allowed to go free. This coupled with the fact that cooperative fellow exhibitors helped lead animals from the building, kept exhibitors up most of the night.

In the Agriculture Hall, which was completely destroyed, Felix Knight, manager of that division, said financial losses would run high especially in the Future Farmer of America division. Valuable exhibits and much expensive farm shop equipment were burned.

Davidson County Home Demonstration Club women, who had more than a score of educational booths of one type or another, lost all their wares which included thousands of items they had made throughout the year for sale at the fair.

The tent which housed the wildlife exhibit escaped the blaze, except for one corner nearest the fire. This tent was within a few yards of the Woman's Building which was completely destroyed. Even the shavings under a portion of the tent were blackened by the excessive heat, yet today the tent still stands.

Robert Hawkins, in charge of the Game and Fish Commission display, had this comment:

"As soon as I saw the fire over there

(Continued on page 7)

Livestock

(Continued from page 1)

1965 we immediately began to move all the animals out. We loaded the deer into a station wagon and then secured the poisonous snakes. Policemen guarded the snake cages with shotguns. We moved our bears in their cages down by the stock yards until the stockmen threatened to have them shot because they were making the cattle nervous. Some of the aquariums broke and some of the fish cooked while others swam around in boiling water as if nothing had happened.

"One of our squirrels was captured by a policeman and a 12-year-old boy caught one of our escaped pheasants and brought it back."

Hawkins said a number of Vanderbilt students were of invaluable assistance in removing the animals.

Game and Fish Commissioner guard Norman Bates, 23, of Franklin, said he carried a wild boar from the scene in the trunk of his car.

"I'll bet I was the only one there with a boar in my trunk," Bates remarked.

(Source: Nashville Public Library, Nashville Room)

BBC NEWS

Snake has unique 'virgin birth'

By Matt Walker
Editor, Earth News

A female boa constrictor snake has given birth to two litters of extraordinary offspring.

Evidence suggests the mother snake has had multiple virgin births, producing 22 baby snakes that have no father.

More than that, the genetic make-up of the baby snakes is unlike any previously recorded among vertebrates, the group which includes almost all animals with a backbone.

Details are published in the Royal Society journal Biology Letters.

> **Our finding up-ends decades of scientific theory on reptile reproduction**
> Biologist Dr Warren Booth

Virgin births do occur among animals.

Many invertebrates, such as insects, can produce offspring asexually, without ever having mated. They usually do this by cloning themselves, producing genetically identical offspring.

But among vertebrate animals, it remains a novelty, having been documented among less than 0.1% of vertebrate species.

In 2006, scientists discovered that two komodo dragons (*Varanus komodoensis*), the world's largest lizard species, had produced eggs that developed without being fertilised by sperm - a process called parthenogenesis.

Then in 2007, other scientists found that captive female hammerhead sharks (*Sphyrna tiburo*) could also reproduce without having sex.

But vertebrates generally reproduce sexually.

Not including genetic material from the father - essentially having just a single biological parent - reduces genetic diversity and makes it more difficult for organisms to adapt to, for example, changed environmental conditions or the emergence of a new disease.

Novel beginnings

Now, a team of scientists and snake experts based in the US has identified the first case of a boa snake having a virgin birth.

"Although parthenogenesis has been documented in a few snake species, our findings are truly novel for a number of reasons," says Dr Warren Booth of North Carolina State University in Raleigh, US.

He led the team that made the latest discovery, and also worked with the researchers who documented a virgin birth in a hammerhead shark.

"The female [boa] has had not one virgin birth, but actually two, in spite of being housed with and observed to be courted by multiple males.

"All offspring are female. The offspring share only half the mother's genetic make-up," he told the

BBC.

What is more, the female snake in question has produced offspring the like of which have never been seen before.

Special babies

In the two years following 2007, the captive-born female *Boa constrictor* produced two litters of live offspring, at the same time as being housed with four male snakes.

First impressions suggested there was something special about these babies: all were female and all had a particular, rare caramel colouration.

This colour is a rare recessive genetic trait, which is carried by the mother but not by any of the potential fathers.

So Dr Booth and colleagues conducted a series of genetic tests on the snakes to solve the enigma.

What they found was astonishing.

DNA fingerprinting revealed that the offspring had a number of genetic differences from any of their potential fathers, which ruled out all the males as sires of the litter.

That confirmed the first instance of a known virgin birth among boa snakes.

Half clones

All the offspring also had very unusual sex chromosomes.

Sex chromosomes are packages of DNA that drive the development of sexual characteristics; they essentially make animals genetically male or genetically female.

Humans for example have X or Y sex chromosomes; females have two X chromosomes and males have a combination of an X and a Y chromosome.

In place of X and Y, snakes and many other reptiles have Z and W chromosomes.

In all snakes, ZZ produces males and ZW produces females.

Bizarrely, all the snakes in these litters were WW.

This was further proof that the snakes inherited all their genetic material from their mother, as only females carry the W chromosome.

"Essentially they are half clones of their mother," says Dr Booth.

That is because the baby snakes have inherited two copies of one half of their mother's chromosomes, including one W chromosome.

More astonishing though, is that no vertebrate animal in which the females carry the odd sex chromosome (in this case the W chromosome) has ever been recorded naturally producing viable WW offspring via a virgin birth.

"For decades WW has been considered non-viable" says Dr Booth.

In such species, all known examples of babies that are the product of parthenogenesis are male, carrying a ZZ chromosomal arrangement.

The only previously known animals to carry this WW chromosome pairing were created by scientists in the laboratory, using intricate genetic techniques to artificially alter the way animal eggs develop.

"Essentially our finding up-ends decades of scientific theory on reptile reproduction," says Dr Booth.

One other mystery is what prompted the female snake to give birth this way.

"This female has given birth to sexually produced babies in the past, and only in years that she was

housed with males has she produced offspring," Dr Booth explains.

"It appears that some interaction with a male is required.

"However, why she does not utilise his sperm is at present unknown."

Boas snakes are kept and bred all over the world as pets.

But, Dr Booth adds, "this study tells us we have much more to learn when it comes to reproduction in these primitive reptiles".

Story from BBC NEWS:
http://news.bbc.co.uk/go/pr/fr/-/earth/hi/earth_news/newsid_9139000/9139971.stm

Published: 2010/11/03 11:57:58 GMT

© BBC MMX

CONTACT IN THE DESERT 2014

A crowd gathered at the amphitheater at Joshua Tree Retreat Center to hear "Chariots of the Gods" author Erich Von Däniken speak during the Contact in the Desert 2014 UFO convention on Friday. DENISE GOOLSBY/THE DESERT SUN

UFO conference asks: 'Is anybody out there?'

By Denise Goolsby

The Desert Sun

Contrary to popular stereotypes, there were no people wearing tin foil hats, talking to themselves or trying to summon beings from outer space at the Contact in the Desert UFO conference Friday.

Although the four-day event, held on the grounds of the sprawling, 400-acre, Frank Lloyd Wright-designed Joshua Tree Retreat Center in Joshua Tree, features many out-of-this-world topics, including extraterrestrials, ancient aliens, contact experiences and UFO sightings, the crowd in attendance seemed extremely grounded.

Laura Howlett, 39, and Sarah Quinn, 31, of Berkeley — Howlett is a paramedic with the San Francisco Fire Department, Quinn works in IT for a solar company in Oakland — are attending the event not only because of their interests in the phenomena of UFOs and extraterrestrials, but to explore, with similarly open-minded people, the possibility of something much bigger "out there."

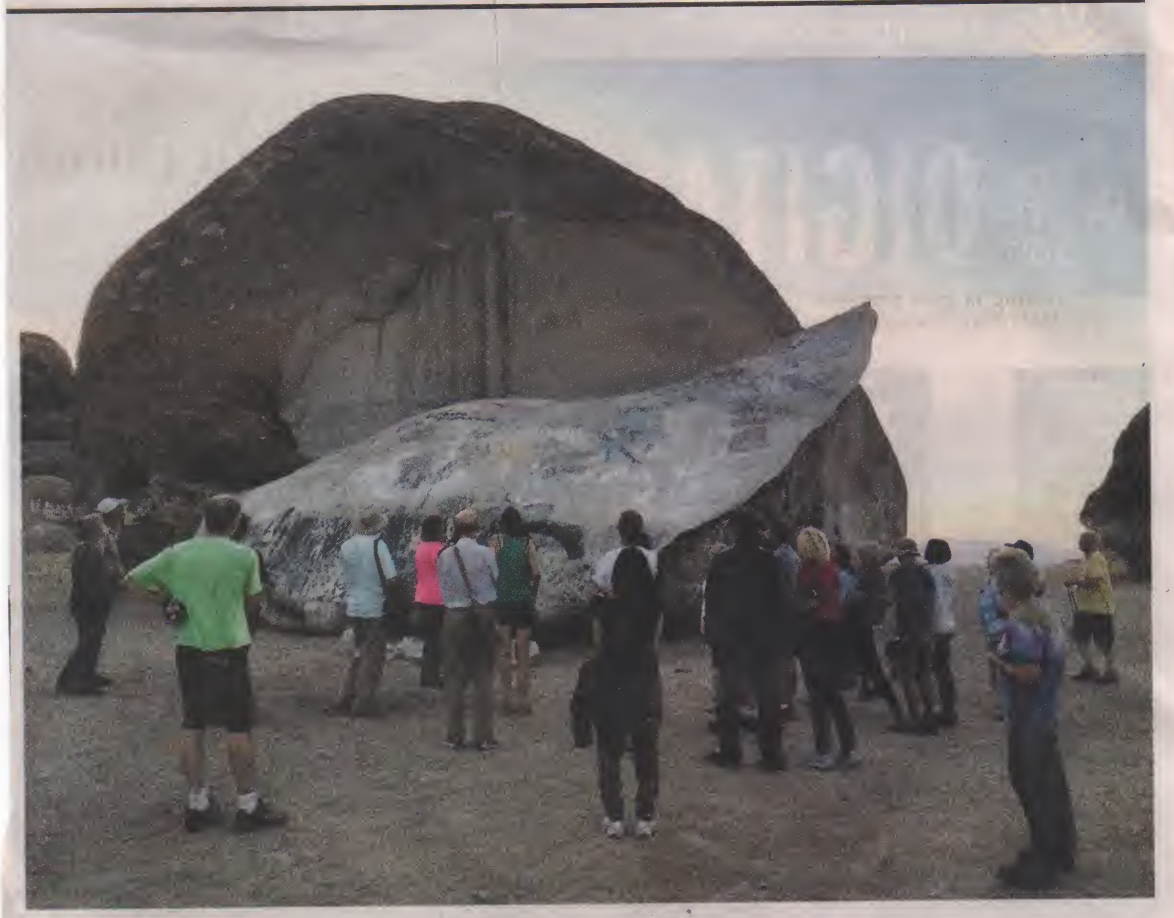
"It shifts the perspective that we're just a part of it. We're not it," Quinn said. "We're part of the

Please see UFOS, A8

Historian Barbara Harris explains to a group about the Integratron in Landers. Contact in the Desert conference attendees dropped by the Integratron on the way to Giant Rock. DENISE GOOLSBY/DESERT SUN

"Chariots of the Gods" author Erich Von Däniken speaks to a crowd during the Contact in the Desert 2014 UFO convention on Friday. DENISE GOOLSBY/THE DESERT SUN

Sept. 25 and through Nov. 1. PHOTOS



A crowd gathers at Giant Rock in Landers on Thursday. DENISE GOOLSBY/THE DESERT SUN

UFOs

Continued from A1

fabric of something much more significant."

Event volunteer Bruce "Zen" Benefiel, an author and speaker, matter-of-factly shared details of his otherworldly encounters.

"I've been a contactee since I was a kid," he said.

Orphaned as a child, Benefiel, 57, was adopted when he was 5, and at the time, he started questioning where he came from — wondering about his biological father and mother.

"Shortly after my sixth birthday, I was having one of those questions one evening and I heard a picked it up and read the title: "Aliens Among Us."

"The first paragraph I read, paraphrased, said the most common contact experience in the late '50s and early '60s was the orange, cigar-shaped cloud," Benefiel added.

Every so often, he said, he sees visions of "three tall Zetas" — humanoid aliens first reported in 1947, according to the UFO-Alien database.

"I still have contacts today," Benefiel said. "I used to think people who saw that stuff was nuts."

'Extraterrestrial genes'

The conference — which coincides with the Perseid meteor shower two-by-two to escape the wrath of God and 40 days and 40 nights of rain.

He said they're watching us now, observing us from afar, and will one day return.

Von Däniken, who is considered the Godfather of the disclosure movement – a movement to persuade the government to release files relating to UFO and extraterrestrial activity — said he was criticized for his views when his book came out.

But it's a different time now, and he encouraged the crowd to speak up and talk about their experiences.

"Yes, we've seen UFOs. Some of you have been abducted. Some of you have had close encounters of

of vehicles way out into the desert — then down four miles of bumpy dirt roads — to the seven-story tall, massive boulder where UFO conventions were held during the 1950s and 1960s.

Harris said the history of the area's connection to UFOs dates back to at least 1947 when George Van Tassel — an aircraft mechanic and flight inspector who worked for Douglas Aircraft, Hughes Aircraft and Lockheed — left Southern California's aerospace industry and moved his family to Landers, where they lived out at the Giant Rock.

As the story goes, Van Tassel began having visions or connections with space beings from Venus

ing where he came from — wondering about his biological father and mother.

"Shortly after my sixth birthday, I was having one of those questions one evening and I heard a voice call out, 'Hey you!' I heard it, but my mother, who was 15 feet away from me, didn't. That kind of began the whole thing."

Benefiel said when he was 8 he had his first out-of-body experience. He remembers waking up in the corner of his room and watching his body get out of bed, climb out the window and walk across a large pasture. He said he then felt himself rise in the air.

"The first time, I saw this huge, orange, cigar-shaped cloud," he said. "It was at least a half-a-mile long, and I observed myself, with the participants — I guess that's what you call them — as I went into the cloud and I'd wake up the next morning."

He said it happened at least once a month for a period of years. Although he never knew what happened in the cloud, he always woke up happy.

"I couldn't wait to go back," he said. "I never thought of it being UFOs, extraterrestrials."

In 1981, while walking through a metaphysical book store in Muncie, Ind., a book fell off the shelf and landed at his feet. He saw that stuff was nuts.

'Extraterrestrial genes'

The conference — which coincides with the Perseid meteor shower, one of the brightest meteor showers of the year — features scientists, researchers, archeologists, best-selling authors and experts featured on History Channel shows such as "Ancient Aliens" and "Hangar 1."

George Noory, host of the nationally syndicated radio talk show, "Coast to Coast AM"; Giorgio A. Tsoukalos, host of "Ancient Aliens"; and Erich von Däniken, author of "Chariots of the Gods," are among the headliners of this year's event, which features a lineup of nearly 40 speakers.

Among them is local historian Barbara Harris, who has studied the Morongo Basin communities, specifically Morongo Valley, Landers and Joshua Tree for the past 30 years.

"We are all children of the universe," Von Däniken told a group of more than 200 gathered at the outdoor amphitheater Friday. "We all have some extraterrestrial genes in us."

In his book, published in 1968, Von Däniken examines ancient ruins, lost cities, space-ports and scientific data that point to extraterrestrial intervention in human history.

He explained that UFOs visited Earth before the great flood, before Noah boarded the animals

now, and he encouraged the crowd to speak up and talk about their experiences.

"Yes, we've seen UFOs. Some of you have been abducted. Some of you have had close encounters of the third kind," he said. "Say it with truth and sincerity and they will believe it."

Diana Perla Chapa, 65, of Monterrey, Mexico — who wore a Spanish-translation UFO shirt with a logo of a flying saucer hovering above the mountains of her hometown — is a member of a UFO club that meets weekly. Its members search for signs of intergalactic life.

"I think it's fantastic we're gathered here," she said. "The thing that brought me out here is they want to make contact."

She's hoping the large crowd might entice an alien flyby.

"The energy that we will create – it's going to be fantastic. We all want to see it."

An historic site

Some of the estimated 2,000 attendees — including volunteers and staff — arrived on Thursday, before the official start of the conference.

On Thursday night, Barbara Harris, a local historian, took a group of 40 people on a tour out to Giant Rock in Landers — thought to be the largest free-standing boulder in the world.

Harris hopped into in her yellow, Toyota FJ Cruiser and led a caravan

aerospace industry and moved his family to Landers, where they lived out at the Giant Rock.

As the story goes, Van Tassel began having visions or connections with space beings from Venus.

Van Tassel put on open-air conferences called the Interplanetary Spacecraft conventions, which began April 4, 1953.

"In the '50s and '60s, as many as 10,000 people found themselves driving to the middle of nowhere in the middle of the desert to listen to George Van Tassel speak, to listen to contactees," Harris said.

The group gathered close as Harris expounded on the history and mystery of the rock. There used to be an airstrip nearby, where people with planes — including Howard Hughes — flew in to visit and to dine at a restaurant that used to sit just yards from the rock. The concrete foundation of the restaurant still remains.

In 2000, the rock cracked, and a huge piece broke off. The dismembered chunk rests on its back next to its 25,000-ton behemoth parent.

Harris encouraged people to lean up against the rock fragment — which itself is a massive boulder — and feel its warmth and energy.

As the sun set behind the mountains, those in the group gathered together. Sitting on camping-style chairs, they focused their attention on the skies.

"Let's find some UFOs!" Harris said.

The earliest depiction of Kyzikos, son of Apollo

This electrum stater from Kyzikos, Mysia, c. 460-400 BC shows the hero Kyzikos, riding his rearing horse a gallop to the right. This is the earliest depiction of the Thessalian Kyzikos, the son of Apollo and the founder the famous city of Kyzikos located at the Sea of Marmara, where the tuna fish catch was so important that th animal became the characteristic feature of this city's coinage. The reverse shows a quadripartite incuse squa A rare and very fine coin.

The entire trade in grain as well as slaves in the Black Sea Region was transacted with electrum coins from Kyzikos such as this for many decades. The site of ancient Kyzikos is located in the modern Balıkesir Provi of Turkey. It was located on the shoreward side of the present Kapıdağ Peninsula (the classical Arctonnesus) tombolo which is said to have originally been an island in the Sea of Marmara only to be connected to the mainland in historic times either by artificial means or an earthquake.

PAT COSTELLO/JUNEAUPHOTOS.COM

A PALER SHADE OF DARK

The American black bear *Ursus americanus* has several different colour morphs (non-taxonomic colour varieties), including the exotic-looking glacier bear, whose pelage can vary from cinnamon to blue-grey – usually. However, a glacier bear spotted and snapped during August 2002 near Juneau, the capital of Alaska, by photographer Pat Costello is even more exotic than usual – except for raccoon-like markings around its eyes, this particular specimen is as white as a polar bear! Although its existence had been known for a few years to Alaskan biologists, this coat-coloured contradiction, nicknamed the spirit bear by Costello, had previously succeeded in avoiding public notice. Happily, however, now that it has been exposed and has become a local celebrity, the Alaska Board of Game has swiftly banned the hunting of all 'white phase' black bears around Juneau – even though this is the only one known anywhere in southeast Alaska! Still, better safe than sorry. *[AP] 25 Aug 2002.*

SPIRIT

The Authentic Story of the Bell Witch

Written by David Alford

October 20–22 & 27–29

Outside at the Bell School Pavilion in
Adams, Tennessee
Show time is 7:00 pm.

Tickets

$15.00 Adults, $8.00 Students

Ticket Information

615/696-1300 or www.bellwitchplay.com

You may purchase tickets online at www.bellwitchplay.com with pay pal
or in person at the Robertson County Chamber of Commerce,
the Bell School Antique Mall in Adams or by phone.

the arts changing lives!
TENNESSEE ARTS COMMISSION

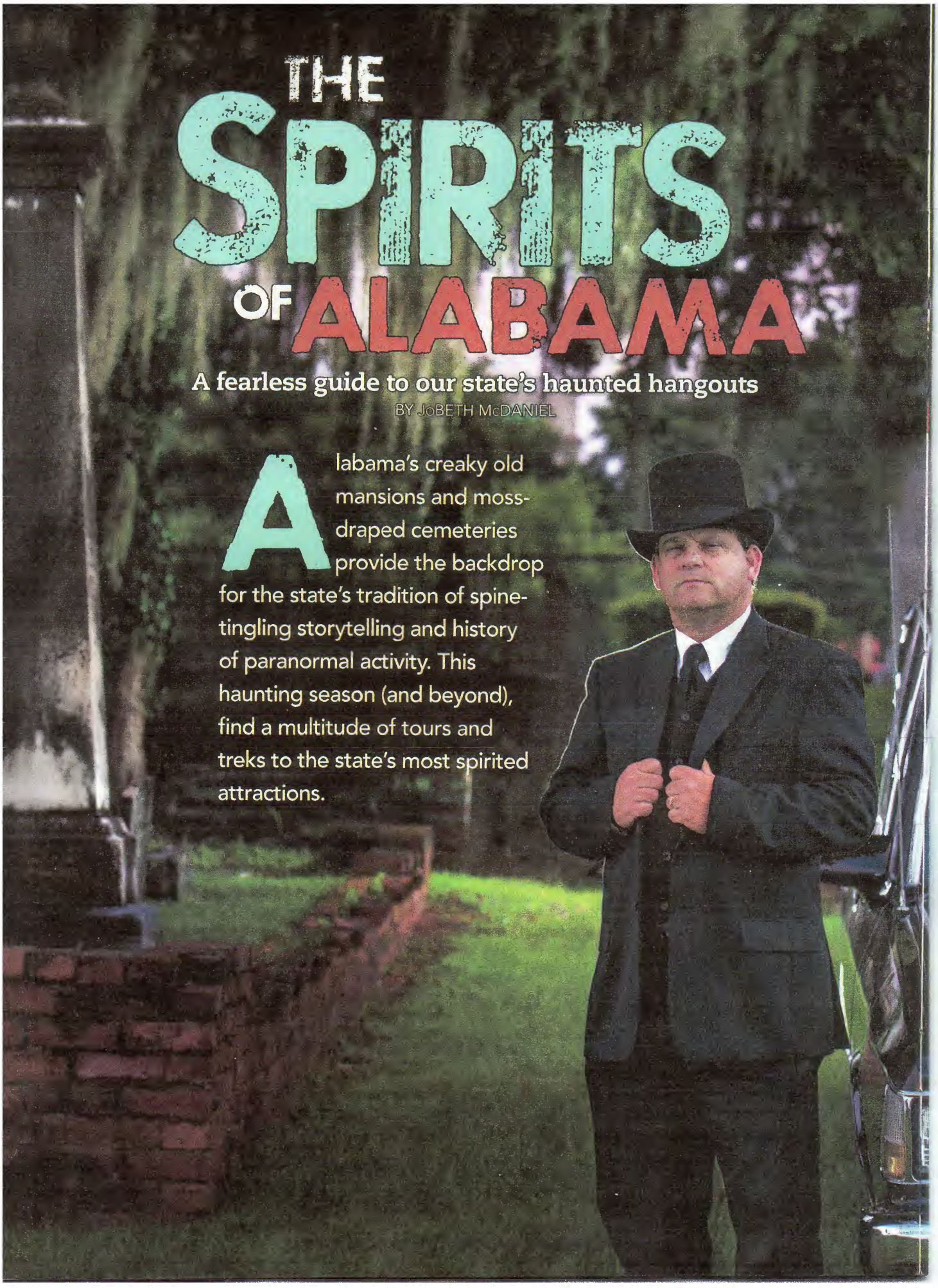
The Schoolhouse Cafeteria in the Adams Antique Mall will be open for dinner before each performance.

THE SPIRITS OF ALABAMA

A fearless guide to our state's haunted hangouts

BY JoBETH McDANIEL

Alabama's creaky old mansions and moss-draped cemeteries provide the backdrop for the state's tradition of spine-tingling storytelling and history of paranormal activity. This haunting season (and beyond), find a multitude of tours and treks to the state's most spirited attractions.



MOBILE AREA: Little goblins flock to the **Bellingrath Gardens and Home's Balloon Glow in the Garden,** when the Great Lawn is illuminated by hot air balloons and inflatable monsters. Festivities include food, live music, and trick-or-treating. Event is October 26; admission is $6 for adults, $3 for children. *(800) 247-8420; bellingrath.org.* Over at **Fort Conde,** Mobile's reconstructed 18th-century fort, **Mobile's Own Ghost Stories** offers a motorized tour of the city's haunted historic spots. Available year-round. $20 per person, reservations required. *(800) 338-5597; baycityconventions.com.*

HUNTSVILLE: Five Alabama governors are buried at **Maple Hill Cemetery,** and you can meet them (well, actors playing several of them) plus other colorful personalities who once roamed Huntsville, at the free family-friendly cemetery stroll on October 13. *(800) 772-2348; huntsvillepilgrimage.org.* From June through October, catch guided family-friendly ghost walks and trolley tours through old downtown with **Huntsville Ghost Walk.** Tickets range from $5 to $12. *(256) 509-3940; huntsvilleghostwalk.com.*

MONTGOMERY: Living souls cruise with the **Haunted Hearse Tours of Montgomery**, which glide past the city's creepiest sites, including Hank Williams' grave at the Oakwood Cemetery Annex. Owner and tour guide Shannon Fontaine (pictured) blends comedy and tragedy with his tales, such as his retellings of the Capitol building murder, Huntingdon's Red Lady, and the otherworldly little boy who scares downtown workers—and, sometimes, the folks riding in Fontaine's hearse. The tour is too spooky for children, but grown-ups are promised "the most fun you will ever have in a hearse." Available year-round; after dark till midnight. $15 cash per person, reservations required. *(334) 514-4457; hauntedhearsemgm.com.*

OLD CAHAWBA ARCHAEOLOGICAL PARK: Alabama's first state capital faded to a ghost town in the years after the Civil War. Explore the ruins, which are now part of a state park and protected by the Alabama Historical Commission, when they open after dark on October 18 each year. A **moonlight wagon ride** rolls by the park's notoriously haunted areas, including the woods outside the town cemetery where playful ghostly children are frequently heard—but never seen. The tour ends with a demonstration by paranormal experts, who replay eerie recorded voices thought to be those of the dead. Then stick around for the bonfire, where storytellers spin hair-raising local tales. Recommended for adults and children over age 12. Cost is $15 per person, reservations required. On October 19, Old Cahawba's **Hear the Dead Speak** daylight walking tour brings to life the histories of former residents. Cost is $6 per person. Park is open daily from noon till 5 p.m. (334) 872-8058; cahawba.com. Old Cahawba is a stop on **Alabama's Ghost Trail,** a self-guided tour of cemeteries, restaurants, and other reportedly haunted locations in the Black Belt region, including Selma's St. James Hotel, said to be haunted by the ghost of former resident and notorious outlaw Jesse James. *(800) 457-3562; alabamasfrontporches.org.*

BIRMINGHAM: Sloss Furnaces is considered one of the most haunted places in the U.S.—dozens of workers died here making steel during its early 1900s heyday. In the fall, the National Historic Landmark is transformed into **Sloss Fright Furnace,** with both a tour of the complex's interior and an outdoor woodsy trail crowded with ghouls. The event runs September 27 through October 31. Tickets start at $16. *(205) 324-1911; frightfurnace.com.*

For information on other spooky Halloween happenings around the state, visit alabamahauntedhouses.com.

JoBeth McDaniel is a freelance writer who once bobbed for apples during Andalusia's East Three Notch school Halloween carnival.

LEFT TO RIGHT: ART MERIPOL, COURTESY BELLINGRATH GARDENS AND HOME, KEYHOLE PHOTO

A fine and private place

For most males getting a girlfriend is a healthy pursuit, but not for Karl von Cosel. **JAMES E CONLAN** tells the scarcely-credible story of a man who loved too well and none too wisely.

KARL VON COSEL CUT A CONTINENTAL figure when he arrived in Key West, Florida in 1930. In his mid-50s, he spoke with a German accent, sported a cane, monocle, and wore tennis shoes with no socks. He alleged that he was born a Count in the family castle in Dresden. Obviously well-educated, he referred to himself as a 'doctor' having a medical degree. He was working as an X-ray technician when he met 23-year-old Elena Hoyos Mesa, a beautiful Cuban woman dying of tuberculosis. Her husband had abandoned her, fearing he might contract the disease. Karl was instantly attracted to her and began courting her. His attraction, however, soon turned into obsession.

Although she was extremely ill, Elena's parents took her to a local Hallowe'en parade, believing that she needed some fresh air. She had to be rushed home, coughing acutely, and died several hours later. The 'count' was at her bedside when she expired.

After her funeral, Karl visited Elena's grave daily, and sometimes nightly. He received permission from her parents to build an ornate mausoleum to hold her mortal remains. Two years later, he removed her coffin, taking it, first, to his home – a shack that was once a slaughter-house – then into the cabin of a grounded airship that he owned. His grand plan was to reconstruct the airship, resurrect Elena, and fly to a South Pacific island. Using plaster, wax, silk, and wire, her body was crudely recreated, and cosmetics made her face more 'life-like'.

DAVE NEEDHAM

They lived together, undisturbed, for seven years… until Elena's sister began to suspect she was not in the mausoleum. To placate her, the 'doctor' invited the sister and her husband to his home. He intended to show them that Elena was much better off with him than moldering away in her coffin.

The shack had only two rooms. Over the door of one was the sign: 'LABORATORY'. It contained an operating table, a large X-ray machine, and a 'million volt transformer'. It was well equipped with scales, microscopes, and shelves, full of various chemicals and glassware. This is where he would re-animate his love. It resembled every mad scientist's laboratory.

The second room had a very large bed… with Elena sitting up on it, wearing a satin gown, wedding band, and tiara. Nearby was the pipe organ that Karl used to serenade his sweetheart. Her hair, adorned with a myrtle wreath, was all that was left of the original body; its brown glass eyes stared off into space. Above the bed hung Elena's death mask.

Horrified, her sister notified the sheriff and Karl was promptly locked up. Elena's replica was transferred to the local funeral home where she was on view for three days; almost 7,000 people paid their 'respects' (the population of Key West was just over 10,000 at that time).

Local opinion was divided about the 'Count'. Men tended to believe that he was a combination of failed Dr Frankenstein and Phantom of the Opera and his 'treatment' of Elena sounded more like quackery. In his memoirs, Karl describes placing an "electrode on her chest, gradually increasing the high frequency current until the milliamperes showed 400. I let it stay there and told her to cry out when it began to burn ..."

However, a surprising number of women thought von Cosel was a complete romantic, totally obsessed with his eternal love. They had no idea of Karl's true state of mind; for example, when he describes the night that he went to retrieve Elena: "All of the cemetery was alive with souls which came out of the graves from all sides, moving and thronging all around us. It was indeed like a festival among the departed, as they moved up on all sides."

The statute of limitations meant Karl could not be charged with illegally exhuming a corpse; he was, however, accused of grave robbing. After the hearing, he was evaluated as insane. The court decided not to prosecute. Exactly six months from the day of his release from jail, he left town. Five hours later, Elena's mausoleum was destroyed by a mysterious blast. Karl was never charged for this unique crime of passion.

Settling elsewhere in Florida, he survived by writing for pulp magazines and selling postcards of his beloved. When he died in 1952, his body was found lying next to Elena's coffin. In the corner, a 'life-size' facsimile of her was also found.

The really ghoulish details of Karl's obsession were only revealed 20 years after his death by the hearing's medical examiner during a magazine interview. He stated that the replica's breasts felt real and, between her legs, was a padded tube in which traces of sperm were found. There was little doubt that Karl was a necrophiliac. This information was never disclosed as there was no trial and therefore no testimony given. This medical examiner was not part of the team that gave the psychological examination.

Perhaps of greater fortean curiosity is a mysterious spill of mercury from a pump which contained 50lbs (23kg) of the stuff that happened while Karl was a college student. He blames a 'poltergeist' but, whatever the cause, it would be, today, considered a major toxic waste spill. Traces of mercury would have remained in his work-shop for years; could this exposure have caused Karl to lose his sanity?

NOTES

Karl von Cosel's memoirs are recorded in Ben Harrison's *Undying Love* (St. Martins Paperbacks, 1997). See also Christopher Cox: *A Key West Companion* (St. Martins Press, 1983).

JAMES E CONLAN lives in Connecticut, USA and is a longtime *FT* correspondent. This is his first piece for the magazine.

State To Check Length of Bed Sheets

Nashville Banner, Sept. 6, 1940

1940 Attention hotel and tourist camp operators: What is the length of the sheets on your beds? If you don't know, you had better find out immediately.

If the patrons of your establishments complain that their toes stick out from under the sheets, you had better be careful.

That is the warning sounded today by Sam I. Bolton, director of the Division of Hotel and Restaurant Inspection of the Department of Conservation.

Bolton said his department was going to prosecute all hotels, tourist courts and other places taking guests for the night that do not have sheets at least 99 inches in length.

He cited the following law:

"Tennessee law requires that all bed sheets in public places must be 8 feet and 4 inches long, so the lower sheet will tuck under at the foot and fold back at least 12 inches over the other covers at the head of the bed.

"Sheets must be at least 99 inches for double and three-fourths size beds and at least 60 inches wide for single beds after they are hemmed and shrunk. And that's not all—sheets must be clean."

The penalty, Bolton said, is a fine of from $10 to $25 for every undersize sheet.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: President Obama said he supports statehood for the nation's capital.

Caution.

The Clarion, October 19, 1810

1810 On the 10th inst. in the morning, Martin Patterson, John Patterson and John Buchanon, brothers and brother-in-law to my wife, came to my house, in a friendly manner, and represented that they wanted to procure of me a land warrant, to save some land as they had left their homes; I to oblige them agreed to come on to Nashville and let them have one; but had not proceeded far before Robert Patterson jun. as it is supposed armed with a fire lock, came to my house, and Robert Patterson then as it is supposed, concealed himself in corner of the fence, and then induced, or it may be assisted, my wife Jemina, contrary to her duty to break open my trunk & take therefrom several articles of value together with bed cloathing, & many other things, and then break open my stable and take a black mare, five feet high, 6 years old last spring, branded with an L, a star in her face and in very good order, and then to cause her to abandon my house. I therefore caution all persons from trading with or harboring her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting. I also forbid any person purchasing said mare or receiving any articles taken from me.

Elisha Gower.

(Source: Tennessee State Library and Archives)

Fugitive Slave Disguises Herself As White Man

by Paul Chrastina

After their wedding in 1846, William Craft and his wife, Ellen, often discussed ways that they might escape from slavery in Macon, Georgia. William Craft was a dark-skinned man who worked as an assistant to his owner, a white cabinetmaker. Ellen Craft was a light-skinned woman who worked as a housemaid for her owner, a white physician.

Because they belonged to different masters, the newlyweds were able to visit one another for only a few hours after each day's work was done. They talked of fleeing to the free northern states, where they could begin a new life and raise a family. "We thought of plan after plan," William later wrote in his autobiography, "but they all seemed crowded with insurmountable difficulties."

Ellen Craft in her disguise.

In early December of 1848, William had a new idea. He wrote, "It occurred to me that, as my wife was nearly white, I might get her to disguise herself as an invalid gentleman, and assume to be my master . . . and that in this manner we might effect our escape."

According to William, his wife at first rejected the idea. "She thought it was almost impossible for her to assume that disguise, and travel a distance of 1,000 miles across the slave States. However … she also thought of her condition. She saw that the laws under which we lived did not recognize her to be a woman, but a mere chattel, to be bought and sold, or otherwise dealt with as her owner might see fit. Therefore the more she contemplated her helpless condition, the more anxious she was to escape from it."

At length, Ellen agreed to carry out the plan. Using the savings from a small allowance paid to him by his master and wages from his part-time job as a waiter in a Macon restaurant, William secretly began purchasing the clothing needed for Ellen's disguise. He delivered them to her, and she kept them in a locked chest of drawers in her room.

As Christmas approached, William and Ellen made the final preparations for their escape. "Some of the best slaveholders will sometimes give their favorite slaves a few days' holiday at Christmas time," William wrote, "so, after no little amount of perseverance on my wife's part, she obtained a pass from her mistress, allowing her to be away for a few days. The cabinetmaker with whom I worked gave me a similar paper.... We were highly delighted at the idea of having gained permission to be absent for a few days."

The couple decided that Ellen would pose as a wealthy young slaveholder named William Johnson, and that they would use public transportation to travel from Macon to Philadelphia. The only problem with this plan was that at the time neither William nor Ellen could read or write. They knew that Ellen would be required to sign boarding passes and tickets for both of them in order to board the trains and steamships that would take them to freedom. On the verge of despair, they were pondering this difficulty when Ellen had an idea. William wrote:

> My wife raised her head, and with a smile upon her face, which was a moment before bathed in tears, said, 'I think I have it!' I asked what it was. She said, 'I think I can make a poultice and bind up my right hand in a sling, and with propriety ask the officers to register my name for me.' I thought that would do. It then occurred to her that the smoothness of her face might betray her; so she decided to make another poultice, and put it in a white handkerchief to be worn under the chin, up the cheeks, and to tie over the head. This nearly hid the expression of the countenance, as well as the beardless chin.

To complete the disguise, William bought a pair of dark-green sunglasses for Ellen to wear, and cut her hair. "I found that she made a most respectable looking gentleman," he wrote.

At dawn on December 21, 1848, William and Ellen made their way to the Macon train station. Purchasing tickets to Savannah under the alias "William Johnson," Ellen boarded a passenger coach, while William took his place aboard a baggage car. As the train was about to leave the station, William looked out the window of the baggage car and was shocked to see his master at the ticket counter—he had apparently become suspicious that William might be trying to escape.

William's master spoke briefly to the ticket clerk and then began looking into the windows of the train carriages. "Fully believing that we were caught," William wrote, "I shrank into a corner, turned my face from the door, and expected in a moment to be dragged out." The cabinetmaker looked into Ellen's carriage, but did not recognize her. Fortunately, the train began to leave the station before the cabinetmaker reached William's car.

Ellen, meanwhile, found herself in an equally alarming situation. Sitting on the seat next to her, she realized, was a Mr. Cray, a Macon resident who knew her master and had dined at his home the night before.

Ellen later told William that she believed Cray would recognize her despite her disguise, and so she "resolved to feign deafness as the only means of self-defense." As the train got underway, Cray turned to Ellen and said, "It is a very fine morning, sir."

Ellen stared out the window and made no response.

Cray repeated his comment in a louder voice, but Ellen continued to ignore him.

William Craft.

Annoyed, Cray turned towards some of the other passengers, who had taken notice of his attempt to start a conversation. "I will make him hear," Cray said, and then forcefully repeated, "It is a very fine morning, sir."

Ellen turned to Cray with a polite bow and said, "Yes," then resumed looking out the window.

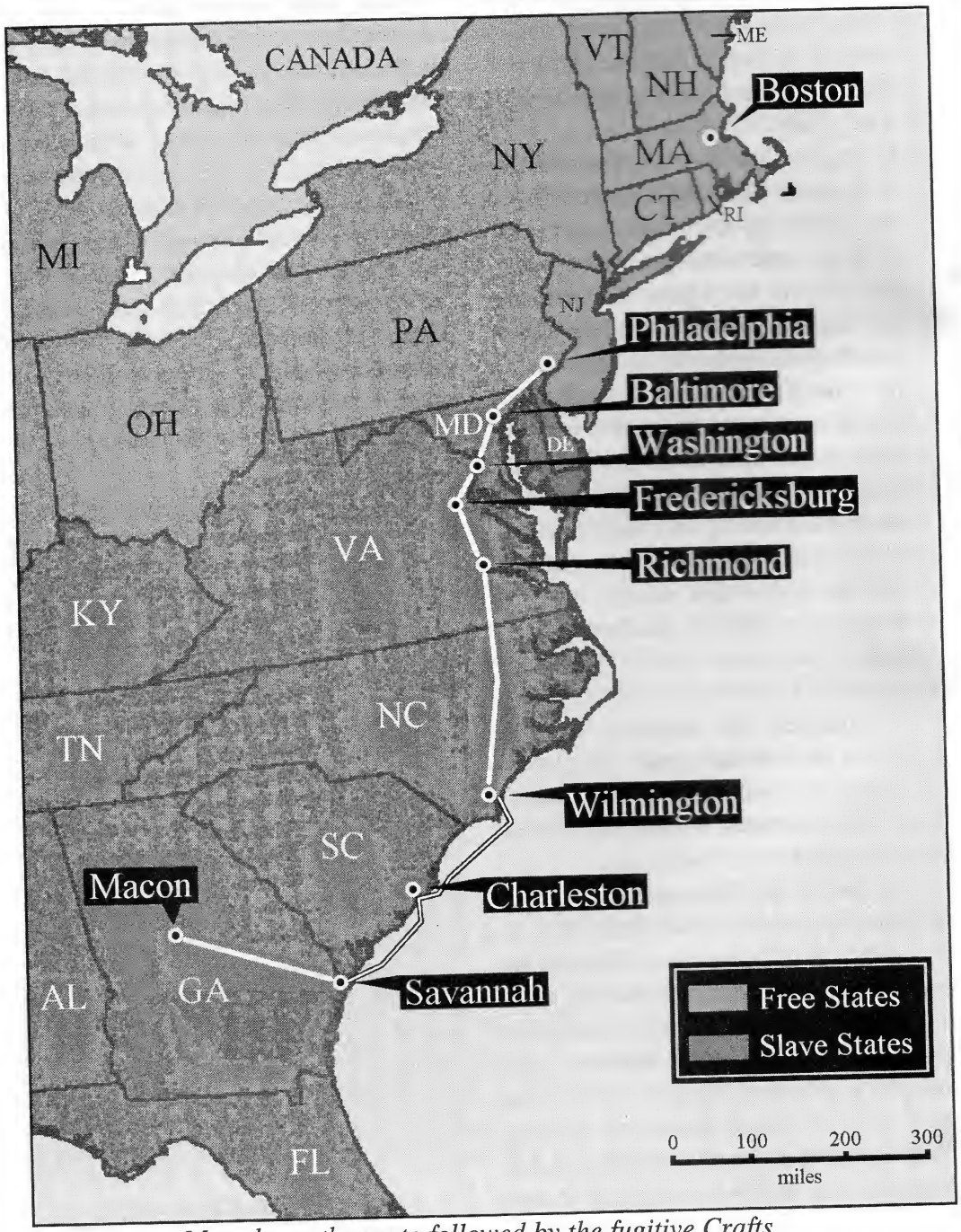
One of the passengers sitting nearby commented, "It must be a great deprivation to be deaf."

With this, Cray dropped his attempts to communicate with Ellen, saying, "I shall not trouble that fellow anymore."

The remainder of the two-hundred-mile trip to Savannah passed without incident. That evening William and Ellen boarded a steamer bound for Charleston, South Carolina. Ellen quickly retired to her cabin, leaving William to sleep on the deck of the ship.

The next morning William found Ellen having breakfast in the ship's galley. Disguised as "Mr. Johnson," she was seated at the right hand of the captain.

He solicitously asked about her health.



Map shows the route followed by the fugitive Crafts.

Ellen briefly replied that she was feeling well, considering her overall condition, and then she turned her attention to her food.

Because Ellen still had one hand in a sling, it was William's duty to carve her food. After William finished preparing Ellen's plate, she thanked him and he left the table. The captain said to her, "You have a very attentive boy, sir; but you had better watch him like a hawk when you get on to the North. He seems all very well here, but he may act quite differently there."

Before Ellen could answer, a slave trader seated at the table interjected, "Sound doctrine, captain, very sound." He then added that he would never take a slave to the North, for fear of his escaping to freedom. The slave trader then offered to buy William.

"I don't wish to sell, sir," Ellen replied. "I cannot get on well without him."

"You will have to get on without him if you take him to the North," the slave trader said. "You had better sell, and let me take him down to [New] Orleans. He will do you no good if you take him across Mason's and Dixon's line.... I can see from the cut of his eye that he is certain to run away."

Ellen said, "I think not, sir; I have great confidence in his fidelity."

The slave trader brought his fist down on the table, spilling a cup of coffee. "It always makes me mad to hear a man talking about [a slave's] fidelity," he said emphatically.

Ellen excused herself from the table, thanking the captain for his advice. The slave trader followed her onto the deck of the ship, which was approaching Charleston harbor. A small crowd gathered as he followed Ellen, repeating his offer to buy William. The other passengers joined in, advising Ellen to sell, or at least to treat William with harshness to discourage him from any thoughts of escape.

"I think you are very likely to spoil your boy by saying 'thank you' to him," a young military officer commented. "I assure you, sir, nothing spoils a slave so soon as saying, 'thank you' and 'if you please' to him." The young officer also urged Ellen not to proceed to Philadelphia for medical treatment at all, but to visit a health spa in Arkansas instead. Ellen politely declined the advice as the ship pulled into Charleston harbor.

As the rest of the passengers disembarked, William and Ellen went to Ellen's cabin, hoping to avoid the slave trader.

"There were a large number of persons on the quay waiting the arrival of the steamer," William wrote, "but we were afraid to venture out for fear that someone might recognize me; or that [Georgia officials] had heard that we were gone, and had telegraphed to have us stopped. However, after remaining in the cabin until all the other passengers were gone, we had our luggage placed on a [carriage], and I took my 'master' by the arm, and with a little difficulty he hobbled on shore, got in, and we drove off."

The couple proceeded to a hotel, where they remained for a few hours before going back to the wharf, intending to board a steamship bound for Wilmington, North Carolina. "At the ticket office, William wrote, "I helped my 'master' into the office, which was crowded with passengers. He asked for a ticket for himself and one for his slave to Philadelphia. This caused the principal officer—a very mean-looking, cheese-colored fellow, who was sitting there—to look up at us very suspiciously, and in a fierce tone of voice he said to me, 'Boy, do you belong to that gentleman?'

William responded "Yes, sir."

The man then asked Ellen to sign the ship's register for the tickets. Pointing to her bandaged right arm, Ellen asked the man to sign for her. He refused.

"This attracted the attention of all the passengers," William wrote. "Just then the young military officer with whom my master traveled and conversed on the steamer from Savannah stepped in, somewhat the worse for brandy." The young officer awkwardly shook Ellen's bandaged right hand and loudly announced that he knew "Mr. Johnson" very well.

William wrote:

> The captain of the steamer, seeing that the gentleman appeared to know my master, and perhaps not wishing to lose us as passengers, said in an offhand sailor-like manner, "I will register the gentleman's name, and take the responsibility upon myself." He asked my master's name. [The officer] said, "William Johnson." The captain said, "It's all right now, Mr. Johnson." He thanked him kindly, and the young officer begged my master to go with him, and have something to drink and a cigar; but as he had not acquired these accomplishments, he excused himself, and we went on board and came off to Wilmington, North Carolina.
>
> After arriving in Wilmington on the morning of December 23, the Crafts boarded a train for Richmond, Virginia. As before, Ellen rode in a passenger car while William rode with the baggage. Before the train got started, the conductor questioned William about his master and their destination. "He wished to know what was the matter with him, where he was from, and where he was going," William wrote. "I told him where he came from, and said that he was suffering from a complication of complaints, and was going to Philadelphia, where he thought he could get more suitable advice than in Georgia."
>
> The explanation seemed to satisfy the conductor, who arranged for Ellen to move to a sleeping compartment. Arriving in Richmond a few hours later, the Crafts changed trains to Fredericksburg, traveled by steamboat up the Potomac River to Washington, D.C., and took another train to Baltimore, Maryland, successfully repeating their well-rehearsed deception at each new ticket counter.
>
> Arriving in Baltimore on Christmas Eve, "we felt more anxious than ever," William wrote, "because we knew not what that last dark night would bring forth.... [Train conductors] are particularly watchful at Baltimore to prevent slaves from escaping into Pennsylvania, which is a free state." After Ellen boarded one of the carriages, William was about to step into a baggage car when a train conductor stopped him.
>
> "Where are you going, boy?" the conductor asked.
>
> "To Philadelphia, sir," William replied.
>
> "Well, what are you going there for?"
>
> "I am traveling with my master, who is in the next carriage, sir."
>
> "Well, I calculate you had better get him out; and be mighty quick about it, because the train will soon be starting. It is against my rules to let any man take a slave past here, unless he can satisfy them in the office that he has a right to take him along."

William did not know what to do. He wrote:

> I stepped into "my master's" carriage, to inform him of the difficulty. I found him sitting at the farther end, quite alone. As soon as he looked up and saw me, he smiled.

I also tried to wear a cheerful countenance, in order to break the shock of the sad news. I knew what made him smile. He was aware that if we were fortunate we should reach our destination at five o'clock the next morning, and this made it the more painful to communicate what the officer had said; but, as there was no time to lose, I went up to him and asked him how he felt.

He said, "Much better," and that he thanked God we were getting on so nicely. I then said we were not getting on quite so well as we had anticipated.

He anxiously and quickly asked what was the matter. I told him.

He started as if struck by lightning, and exclaimed, "Good Heavens! William, is it possible that we are, after all, doomed to hopeless bondage?"

William did his best to encourage Ellen. After a few minutes they left the train and went into the station. They went to the ticket counter and found the head clerk, who told them that it was against the train company's rules "to allow any person to take a slave out of Baltimore into Philadelphia, unless he can satisfy us that he has a right to take him along."

"Why is that?" Ellen asked in a serious tone of voice.

"Because, sir, if we should suffer any gentleman to take a slave past here into Philadelphia, and should the gentleman with whom the slave might be traveling turn out not to be his rightful owner, and should the proper master come and prove that his slave escaped on our road, we shall have him to pay for; and, therefore, we cannot let any slave pass here without receiving security to show, and to satisfy us, that it is all right."

The conversation drew the attention of other passengers waiting to board the train, several of whom expressed their disapproval, "not because they thought we were slaves endeavoring to escape," William wrote, "but merely because they thought my master was a slaveholder and invalid gentleman, and therefore it was wrong to detain him. The officer, observing that the passengers sympathized with my master, asked him if he was not acquainted with some gentleman in Baltimore that he could get to endorse for him, to show that I was his property, and that he had a right to take me off."

Ellen said, "No," but added, "I bought tickets in Charleston to pass us through to Philadelphia, and therefore you have no right to detain us here."

"Well, sir," said the ticket counter supervisor, "right or no right, we shan't let you go."

William wrote: "My master looked at me, and I at him, but neither of us dared to speak a word, for fear of making some blunder that would tend to our detection. We knew that the officers had power to throw us into prison, and if they had done so we must have been detected and driven back, like the vilest felons, to a life of slavery, which we dreaded far more than sudden death."

Attracted by the exchange, the conductor of the train that William and Ellen had just left walked up to the ticket counter and helpfully confirmed that "Mr. Johnson" and his slave had come together on his train from Washington. A few seconds later, a bell rang, announcing the departure of the train to Philadelphia. "The sound of the bell," William wrote, "caused every eye to flash with apparent interest, and to be more steadily fixed upon us than before."

Exasperated, "the officer all at once thrust his fingers through his hair, and in a state of great agitation said, 'I really don't know what to do; I calculate it is all right.' He then told the clerk to run and tell the conductor to 'let this gentleman and slave pass;' adding, 'As he is not well, it is a pity to stop him here. We will let him go.'"

Ellen thanked the man, and "hobbled across the platform as quickly as possible," William wrote. "I tumbled him unceremoniously into one of the best carriages, and leaped into mine just as the train was gliding off towards our happy destination."

On the final leg of their journey William met a free black man who was also traveling from Baltimore to Philadelphia. The man gave him the address of a boardinghouse that was owned by abolitionists, and he said that William could find refuge there if he wanted to run away from his master.

On Christmas morning, four days after leaving Macon, the Crafts arrived in Philadelphia. "As soon as the train had reached the platform," William wrote, "before it had fairly stopped, I hurried out of my carriage to my master, whom I got at once into a cab.... [I] jumped in myself, and we drove off to the boardinghouse which was so kindly recommended to me."

Ellen removed her disguise, and the couple asked to see the landlord. "The man came in," William wrote, "but he seemed thunderstruck on finding a fugitive slave and his wife, instead of a 'young cotton planter and his nigger.' As his eyes traveled round the room, he said to me, 'Where is your master?' I pointed him out. The man gravely replied, 'I am not joking, I really wish to see your master.' I pointed him out again, but at first he could not believe his eyes; he said 'he knew that was not the gentleman that came with me.'"

William and Ellen told the man the story of their escape. "We asked him if he thought it would be safe for us to stop in Philadelphia. He said he thought not, but he would call in some persons who knew more about the laws than himself. He then went out, and kindly brought in several of the leading abolitionists of the city, who gave us a most hearty and friendly welcome amongst them."

With the help of the Philadelphia abolitionists, William and Ellen moved further north to Boston, where they became well known for their successful and daring escape from bondage. William found work as a cabinetmaker, while Ellen worked as a seamstress.

In September of 1850, less than two years after the Crafts' arrival in Boston, Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Act, under which slave hunters could legally capture and return escaped slaves to their former owners. "Our old masters sent agents to Boston after us," William wrote. "They took out warrants, and placed them in the hands of the United States Marshal to execute."

Boston abolitionists, along with members of the city's politically active free black community, helped the Crafts to elude the slave hunters and moved them to England, where they were assisted by members of the English antislavery movement. They raised five children and attended school, learning to read and write. In 1860 William wrote an account of their escape titled *Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom.*

Ten years later—five years after the end of the U.S. Civil War—the Crafts returned to Georgia, settling near Savannah and starting an agricultural school for former slaves. Faced with increasing financial problems, segregation, and the rise of the Ku Klux Klan during the late 1870s, they were forced to close the school and move in with a daughter who lived in Charleston, South Carolina. Ellen Craft died in 1891; William died in 1900.

SOURCES:

Blackett, R.J.M. *Beating Against the Barriers: Biographical Essays in Nineteenth-Century Afro-American History.* Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1986.

Craft, William. *Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom.* London: W. Tweedie, 1860.

THE LEAF-CHRONICLE

Cumberland Lore

www.theleafchronicle.com Wednesday, October 14, 2009

Stovepipe cannons fool colonel

President Lincoln cashiers Mason for cowardice

Surrender

Continued from 1

Johnson paired up and pulled the same scheme on Mason in Clarksville as Johnson had done in Indiana. With the make-believe cannons mounted in a nearby cornfield, the Confederates sent a white flag of truce into the camp demanding their surrender and graciously allowed in-

Moore, he objected to signing it unless Andrews was also going to sign it. To which Andrews said, "Oh, yes, certainly I will sign it. I intend to sign it." Moore said he was surprised to see the article in the Cincinnati Gazette, with additions, but not signed by Andrews.

Moore continued,

"That Card (article) dismissed the signers from the service in disgrace; the au-

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 115. WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJT. GEN.'S OFFICE, *Washington, August* 22, 1862.

Col. Rodney Mason, Seventy-first Regiment Ohio Volunteers, is, by order of the President of the United States, cashiered for repeated acts of cowardice in the face of the enemy.

By order of Secretary of War:

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

—

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 130. WAR DEPT., ADJT. GENERAL'S OFFICE, *Washington, March* 22, 1866.

Ohio are mortified to death over the rumored cowardice of Col. Rodney Mason, of the 71st Regiment O. V. I., and, in their behalf, I demand that he have a fair but speedy trial and, should he be convicted of cowardice, that the extreme penalty of the law be inflicted upon him; for in that event we cannot endure even his foul carcass upon our soil."

and graciously allowed inspection of their forces. Mason and his officers took the bait! They believed they were grossly outnumbered by Confederate soldiers, and a host of locally armed citizens and they voted to surrender.

Generals Grant and Halleck did not take the surrender news well. Only recently at Shiloh Colonel Mason was called a coward and now he definitely played the part in surrendering to a bunch of guerrillas. Grant ordered Mason and his men to Benton Barracks, put Forts Donelson and Henry under the command of Colonel William Lowe and ordered six companies of additional infantry to reinforce him. Lowe's men fought their way back through "Riggins Hill" and retook Clarksville with ease. Colonel Mason said he had asked for reinforcements, but his superiors evidently did not see the need at that time and only after the horse was out of the barn, so to speak, did they shut the door.

Stories of Woodward and the picture-taking episode and of Woodward and Mason toasting each

thor and cause of our signing it (Andrews) retained his commission. The vote to surrender Clarksville was unanimous in fact, though Lieutenant Colonel Andrews' name might not be on the roll which was in his possession he was understood to vote that way by all the officers."

He said regarding Col. Mason that at all times he was solicitous for the comfort of and attentive to the wants of his men, and not a coward. He emphasized his words were unsolicited about an honorable and gentlemanly brother officer, who has been successfully pursued by his enemies.

Records show that approximately one year later, Lt. Col. Andrews was given an honorable discharge from service at Fort Donelson on June 17, 1863. He was not cashiered and because he resigned from service for personal and family reasons, he did not receive travel funds home.

From Paducah, on August 20, 1862, Colonel Mason sent his report to Grant at Corinth.

"I report my detachment, being the garrison at Clarksville as paroled pris-

III. By direction of the President, General Orders, No. 115, August 22, 1862, from this office, relating to Col. Rodney Mason, Seventy-first Ohio Volunteers, is hereby revoked, and he is mustered out of the service of the United States to date August 22, 1862.

* * * * * * *

By order of the Secretary of War:

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Contributed photo

General Orders No. 115 cashiering Col. Rodney Mason after surrendering Union-held Clarksville to a guerrilla attack without firing a single shot.

know where 38 were.

In addition to this, although Lt. Colonel Andrews had been reminded several times that Colonel Mason's order were that the cisterns be kept full of water at all times, they had less than a day's supply, which had to be brought in from the river.

Mason was informed a little before 9:00 a.m. that the enemy was in force near town. He rushed from his headquarters to the barracks (now APSU) where he found Lieutenant Colonel Andrews had already formed the men in line for defense. The enemy halted and placed a considerable portion of their forces, held the remainder in mass out of range and under cover of

ly 5 or 6 Union families in the whole town of Clarksville, which proved Clarksville truly was a secessionist town.

On the way to Camp Chase prison, the 12 cashiered-officers of the 71st Ohio detailed the Clarksville events and reiterated why they advised Colonel Mason to surrender. The Troy Times immediately published this report, as well as the order from Assistant Adjutant General E. D. Townsend in which President Lincoln cashiered Colonel Mason and his officers immediately. This bit of gossip quickly spread over all the newspapers nationally as well as locally. The news media again clamored for Mason's resignation, with

rymen had drawn up in line in front of them. There were also about 400 cavalrymen 400 yards distant. One company was armed with new 16 shooter rifles, one company with carbines and sabers, and the balance with double-barreled shotguns. At the left and rear, about 100 infantry were drawn up and at the street crossings there were probably 200 men. In addition to these about 150 cavalry had dashed through the city to the landing. This was Colonel Andrews' report but the report he wrote for the officers said several others had reconnoitered and discovered two batteries of artillery planted within 500 yards of us. The people, 6,000 or 7,000 in number

Major William H. Sidell, Fifteenth U. S. Infantry and acting Assistant Adjutant-General from Nashville on August 20, 1862 reported to Maj. Gen. Buell that Mason's men were captured at noon after the enemy entered the camp at 10 o'clock. He said the steamboat Fisher just coming up with corn and oats and other stores and grain were thrown in river. Mason and his men were sent to Camp Chase with Confederate guard as far as they deemed safe. He said the enemy was only 300 strong, all cavalry, under Johnson, Woodward, and Garth; they had nothing but shotguns, and their vicinity was known to Mason at the time. He said the postmaster, collector and railroad engineer in town were kept prisoners on demand of citizens who wanted to hang them, but Johnson opposed. He said that half of the Confederates left yesterday, supposedly for Fort Donelson and the remainder probably went last night. He reported the enemy had no artillery or wagons or respectable arms and that they came from Hopkinsville and the state Line. He also said the

other at dinner that night filled the newspapers. Things never proven and denied by both Mason and Second Lieutenant Thomas T. Moore, but nevertheless things that might have played a part in President Lincoln's decision to cashier the whole bunch.

Second Lieutenant Moore's deposition of what happened at the Union quarters contained the following: finally all voted to surrender. At sun down our men were drawn up in a line and the garrison flag taken down by Colonel Mason and myself. We folded the flag and Colonel Mason said, "Colonel Woodward, in accordance with a stipulation in our surrender, I deliver you our garrison flag." Colonel Woodward, not taking it responded, "Colonel Mason, I suppose you love and regard your flag as I do my own. You will oblige me by keeping it." Colonel Mason said. "I thank you." Lieutenant Moore swore, "These were the complimentary speeches spoken of in the newspapers." We left Clarksville and were ordered to St. Louis. On our way, we found the newspapers filled with mis-

oners. I applied to Buell for re-enforcements in vain. With the support of artillery, we were attacked on Monday by a force of cavalry and infantry, 800 strong, with a battery of 6 and 12 pounders, under command of Colonels (A. R.) Johnson and Woodward, who were immediately joined by large numbers of armed citizens. My little force was reduced by details on telegraph and river to 150 effective men in camp. It was thought best to surrender. I refused to give my parole, but otherwise would do it. I then gave it for thirty days, when I am to surrender myself at Hopkinsville, Ky. Where shall I take my men? Other forces are organizing to attack Donelson and Henry. Donelson is very weak, and will, I think, be overwhelmed unless immediate relief is given. The enemy will be able to overrun this country again. They can any day bring over 2,000 men to Donelson."

Seven days later Colonel Mason made his second report from the Camp Chase prison in Columbus, Ohio. They were sent to prison in their home state, where

houses. They placed a battery in position in a cornfield, near where they were encamped at the college. Lieutenant Colonel Andrews , who had previously been colonel of his own regiment, went to examine the enemy forces.

This was the same Andrews whose idea it was to write a letter for publication in the newspaper for the officers, which was supposed to clear them but actually caused them to be cashiered. This was the letter, which Andrews told them he was signing too, but never did, and by not signing the letter, he retained his commission and was not cashiered. Only the officers who signed the letter were cashiered.

The report Andrews wrote for the officers, admitted they advised Colonel Mason to surrender and defended their decision against fighting for the same reasons Colonel Mason did. They had rumors of designed attacks for 7 days and that Mason had not been able to obtain reinforcements. Ten days before, out of 510 men at the Battle of Shiloh, they had lost 137 and sent their

each new story outdoing the last.

Andrews reported he estimated the enemy at 800 strong, one company armed with volcanic rifles (16 shooters) — one with Sharpe carbines. He said the remainder of the cavalry had double-barreled shotguns, and part of the infantry had muskets. They had a battery of three guns, with caissons in the cornfield, but he did not go to them. He said they were later found to be 6 and 12 pounder field pieces. Andrews, and not Mason, was the person inspecting the enemy and their forces in order to make the decision whether to surrender or fight. Andrews wrote they only had the little gun they found at the rolling mills, which he repaired, and no artillery. He said all the men of the city were already in enemy hands.

In his statement from Camp Chase, Lieutenant Colonel George W. Andrews crawfished with the defense. He said he composed letters for the officers because they asked him to. He said that he had the men drawn into a line

and containing at least 1,000 fighting men, were rising and turning out armed. He said they had not the sign of artillery but a little bell muzzled piece Colonel Andrews had patched up at Donelson and brought along; a grapeshot could not be put in its chamber; we had no ammunition for that. Under these circumstances, we thought it madness to hold out, and we unanimously advised Colonel Mason to surrender.

Signing this order were 1st Lt. N. J. Harter, 2nd Lt. Isaac Mann, 1st Lt. Ira L. Morris, Capts. Smith H. Clark, J. R. Woodward, T. W. Bown(sic), Sol. J. Houck, C. H. Kramer, Adjt. Thomas T. Moore, Capt. William H. Callender, Lt. H. M. Drury and Lt. S. W. Beaman. All the signers were cashiered for cowardice. Sol. J. Houck later swore he did not understand what he signed and wished to be removed from the list. Lt. Thomas T. Moore said Colonel Andrews swore he was signing the statement but did not. Instead, he placed the notice in the Cincinnati Gazette that dis-

public goods, but no private goods, were sold at auction. He reported the telegraph wires were cut both ways, prior to the attack.

Colonel Rodney Mason constantly petitioned the president for a court martial to investigate the charges against him. Later, Lincoln's excuse was that they could not spare the men to serve as the court martial jury. Mason never received his court martial, but from Springfield, Ohio on April 14, 1863, he submitted testimony of the officers to the President of the United States, which he believed would clear them, but it didn't.

After the war

On May 3, 1866, the War Department, Adjutant General's Office in Washington by order of the Secretary of War issued Order No. 206, which revoked General Order No. 120 and those cashiered officers of the Seventy-first Ohio Volunteers were mustered out of the service of the United States, effective Aug. 29, 1862.

Colonel Rodney Mason moved from Ohio first to

newspapers filled with his statements and attacks on our regiment and determined not to let it pass without notice." While a good story, he said, talk of photographs and toasting at dinner never happened.

Lieutenant Moore said it was on the steamboat that Lieutenant Colonel Andrews first called them together and read them an article he had written for publication to refute the charges of cowardice. At first they refused to sign it because they thought parts of it was objectionable. Andrews produced it again while they were "in the cars," an expression used at that time to mean while they were on the train, and said he had changed it as they wished and wanted them to sign it. When the article was presented to

in their home state, where it must have been very embarrassing for them, their families and friends, especially for Colonel Mason's father, the congressman. Colonel Mason said that he had by order of Major-General Halleck, arrived there with his men. His defense narrated how he had repeatedly asked for re-enforcements from General Buell, even making a trip to Nashville for that purpose. On the day of the attack, he had 18 commissioned officers, 225 enlisted men, 36 were out sick, 7 had been arrested, which totaled 320. The extra duty men were at the stables and post commissary, and quartermaster's offices. Twenty-two men guarded the river, 7 were on telegraph duty, and 6 were repairing the telegraph wires. He did not

had lost 157 and sent their sick back to Ohio. To garrison Fort Donelson and Clarksville, their regiment was divided and their number for garrisoning Clarksville was never more than 200. Detachments had been sent to guard steamers with government stores. They basically reiterated what Colonel Mason had said and stated there were on-

and was ready to fight and that he thought Colonel Mason, as well as the officers, had made a grave error in surrendering. He only wrote their report because they asked him to. But, they said that was not true, it was his idea to write the letter.

The report Andrews wrote for the officers said that it was certain a force of from 800 to 1,000 caval-

missed the signers in disgrace but Andrews' name was omitted and he retained his commission. Moore was permitted to rejoin as a private.

Ohio Governor David Todd's hastily written comments to Secretary of War Hon. E. M. Stanton in Washington, D. C. on Aug. 25, 1862 did not help the situation. He wrote:

"The gallant people of

moved from Ohio first to Washington, D. C. and then to Detroit, where he practiced primarily in patent cases in various federal circuit courts. He went to Jackson, Michigan on Jan. 22, 1893 on business where he died unexpectedly in his sleep. His obituary said he was possessed with a character combining strength and force with a gentle and genial spirit.

THE LEAF-CHRONICLE

Cumberland Lore is published by The Leaf-Chronicle in cooperation with the Montgomery County Archives. It was launched as a project of the Tennessee Community Heritage Project and Austin Peay State University as a publication to consolidate history and lore appropriate to Clarksville, Fort Campbell and Montgomery County.

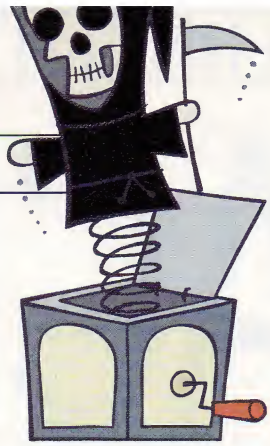
Asking for your help and consideration we are: Ann Alley, Irene Griffey, Jill Hastings-Johnson, Dorothy Hodges, Evelyn Hunter, Charlotte Marshall, Rubye Patch, Phil Petrie, Louise Podell, Ardell Shippy and Charles Waters, 1921-2006, editor emeritus.

Cumberland Lore

Manuscripts and photographs are welcome. Please send them to Jill Hastings-Johnson, Montgomery County Archives, P.O. Box 323, Clarksville, TN 37041-0323. The material on these pages may be used for personal benefit only; it is not to be published or used commercially. Sources are not usually cited in individual articles but are available on request.

STRANGE DEATHS

A COMPENDIUM OF MACABRE DEPARTURES FROM THIS EARTH



HAILSTONES THE SIZE AND SHAPE of eggs – or "as big as *mantou* [wheat flour buns]" – killed 22 (or 25) people and injured 200 when a ferocious storm pummelled the northern parts of Henan province in central China on 19 July. The 25-minute storm caused widespread damage to houses, vehicles, trees and power supplies, particularly in the capital, Zhengzhou, and in Luoyang. Most of the fatalities were caused by buildings collapsing under the weight of the hail, but at least seven resulted from direct hits. Many people were treated for head wounds at local hospitals.

Freak hailstorms have previously hit towns in Nigeria, Australia and Russia, with some reports claiming hailstones the size of footballs. Juan Carlos Oseguera, 19, died when he was hit by "baseball-size" hail in Fort Worth, Texas, sometime around March 2000. Perhaps the largest hailstone on record was one with a circumference of 17in (43cm) that fell on Potter, Nebraska, during a hailstorm on 6 July 1928 (see *The Elements Rage* by Frank Lane, 1966). *Arizona Republic, Mar 2000; [R] 20 July; Mail on Sunday, 21 July; [AFP] New Scientist, Guardian, 22 July 2002.*

A THAI WOMAN JUMPED TO HER DEATH into a pool at the Samut Prakan Crocodile Farm near Bangkok on 11 August as tourists prepared to feed the crocodiles with buckets of chicken. Somjai Serabul (or Setabul, Setabal, Setboon or Sethboonwas), 32 (or 40), put down her handbag and a bottle of water before jumping off a bridge into the water. She appeared to hug the first crocodile that clamped its jaws around her while a 100 others rushed through the water to try and grab her. "She just jumped in without a word, without a cry," said a keeper. It took 20 minutes to retrieve her body. It appeared she had died from a broken neck in the first attack. Two suicide notes in her handbag complained about her unfaithful husband and apologised to her family. *D.Telegraph, Times, Independent, D.Mirror, etc., 12 Aug 2002.*

WILLIAM POTOGI, 33, WAS GIVEN A ritual bath by a witch doctor in Paramaribo, Surinam, to make him bullet-proof. He asked the witch doctor's assistant to test whether it had worked and was shot dead with his own sawn-off shotgun at point-blank range. According to Ronal Gayadhar, a policeman: "Both men deny murder and claim Potogi died because he lacked faith in the spell". *[AFP] 5 Sept; Sun, 10 Sept 2002.*

AN IRANIAN BEHEADED HIS SEVEN-YEAR-OLD daughter after suspecting her uncle had raped her. However, a post mortem examination showed she was a virgin. "The motive behind the killing was to defend my honour, fame, and dignity," the father told the *Jomhuri-ye-Eslami* newspaper. *[R] 9 Sept 2002.*

POLICE ARRESTED AN EGYPTIAN FARMER who buried his unmarried sister alive in an "honour killing" after she became pregnant. Moustafa Mohammed, 35, who had reported Yosra, 19, missing, confessed to police that he had killed her. *[AP] 26 June 2002.*

EDWARD McBRIDE, 37, WEIGHED DOWN with more than 50lb (23kg) of stolen cameras and CDs, among other items, drowned when he refused to let go of his loot while swimming across the Arkansas River on 16 August. Police from Tulsa, Oklahoma, were chasing him when he jumped into the muddy water with a duffel bag containing the goods. "He got about 40 yards out and yelled for help," said police spokesman Lucky Lamons. "The officers took off their shirts, shoes and belts and jumped into the river. By the time they reached him, he had gone under." His body was retrieved about an hour later. *[R] 18 Aug 2002.*

RORY GRAHAM, 22, DIED AFTER FALLING into the sea from a cliff on Ibiza on 19 May – a week after his parents in Bridge of Allen, Stirlingshire, received a hoax call claiming he had been killed. He was pulled unconscious from the water by the crew of a local fishing boat and died later in hospital. *Edinburgh Eve. News, 20 May 2002.*

SHIRLEY STOCKSDALE, 75, GOT HER arm caught in a sofa bed in Cape Coral, Florida, in August 2001. Though she was just inches from a telephone and a whistle, she was stuck for at least two days and died, probably from dehydration and stress. She might have been trying to lift the bed out of the sofa, perhaps to pick up something that had fallen under it. *Dallas (TX) Morning News, 6 Sept 2001.*

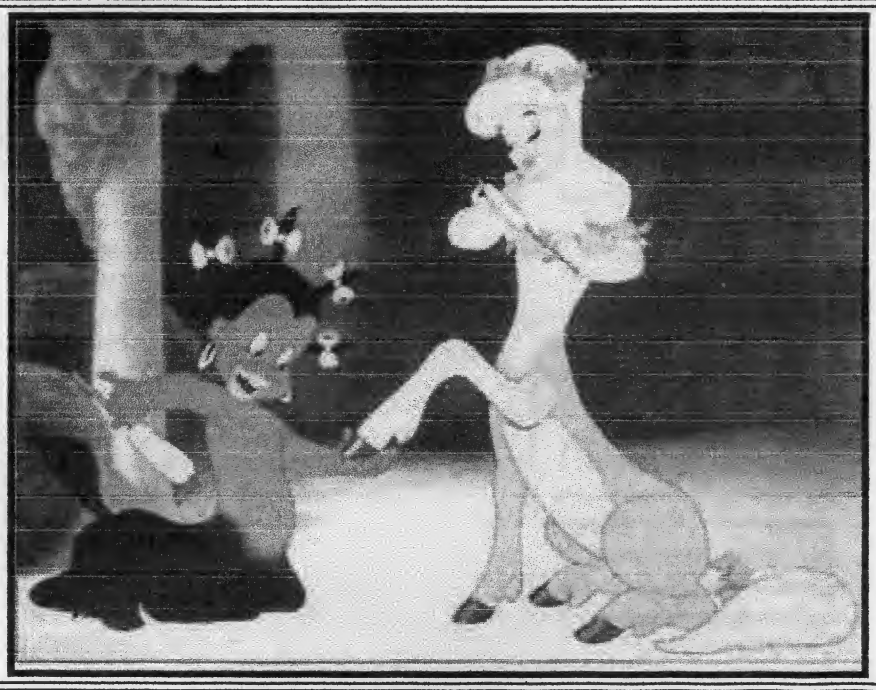
STRANGE FRUIT

When Camilla Bowitz, 28, bought a house in the St John's area of Worcester two years ago, Ivan Willis, her neighbour, drew attention to a strange tree in her garden, which seemed to bear apples and plums at the same time. One half had white blossom, the other red. "The apples are small and a bit sharp," said Mr Willis, "but the plums are red and luscious like Victorias. You could have apple crumble one day and plum pie the next." The tree forks about a yard from the ground, but there is no sign of a graft.

It then transpired that the tree wasn't a plum-apple or plapple, but a crapple - a crab apple grafted onto an apple rootstock. It had been planted in 1961 or 1962, and while it was still young a child hung onto a branch and broke it off. After that, it produced two kinds of blossom and two kinds of fruit - apples and crab apples. Breaking the branch had caused a reversion to the apple rootstock. Neither Ms Bowitz nor Mr Willis had actually cut open a supposed 'plum' to see if it had a stone. *D.Telegraph, D.Mail, 24 May 2001.*

© anomalies-unlimited.com

Sunflower and WASP friend



The 1940 film Fantasia was astounding for it's time and still amazing today. Classical compositions performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, are the soundtrack for dazzling Disney animation. It's been re-released a few times and was required viewing for every pothead I knew in high school.

The little secret of Fantasia is in the segment set to Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony". Originally, there was a little female centaur named Sunflower who was pretty much a handmaiden/personal assistant for the tall, beautiful white, blonde, dare I say 'Aryan' centaurs. Sunflower is drawn along racist lines to be a "pickininny Negro" - big lips, nappy hair and all.

Well, we can't have that. She was removed from the 1960 release of Fantasia, and edited out of the 1990 50th Anniversary edition, and laser disks. The 50th anniversary DVD is so badly edited that after removal of the third appearance of dear Sunflower, the sound track isn't matching up with the film any more. In fact it's *really* out of sync.

What's fun though is that Disney says they never had such a character! We're all delusional! Fortunately, people who are more evil than Disney can find a copy of it. Was it was "acceptable" back then to portray characters that had such blatant racist features? I vaguely recall a few Bugs Bunny cartoons being withheld from release on some recent Big Deal Anniversary because it was decided they were racist or unacceptable, going by today's standards. Still, it's strange to deny it existed when..well, there it is. If you pay close attention to Disney's animation now, they're *still* full of racism and sexism. I guess the acceptable, trendy kind.

SUPERMOON ON THE RISE

A "supermoon" rises between palm trees Sunday in Rancho Mirage. The full moon coincided with the closest approach in the moon's elliptical orbit around the Earth, making it appear 14 percent bigger and 30 percent brighter than at its farthest, said Ben Burress, an astronomer with the Chabot Space and Science Center in Oakland. MICHAEL SNYDER/THE DESERT SUN

AN UNEXPECTED TAIL?

I am greatly indebted to correspondent Larry Tribula for sharing the following intriguing discovery with me. While recently dining at a rustic restaurant called 'Antlers' in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, which was filled with taxiderm exhibits, Larry noticed one very unusual specimen

He describes it as being a bear on all fours, displayed near to some black bears. However, this particular individual, roughly the size of a juvenile black bear, was golden brown in colour and, departing significantly from the typical ursine form, sported a long bushy tail, resembling that of anteaters but not quite as large.

Larry felt that this odd creature looked like a giant wolverine, noting that a true wolverine was mounted close to it but was much smaller, only a third or quarter the size of this strange 'tailed bear'. Larry did not consider it to be a hoax, and hopes to take a picture of it, should he ever return there. We discovered this picture of the restaurant interior on the web – is this the display containing the mystery creature?
Larry Tribula, pers. comm., 21 June 2002.

You Report

Teachers from 1896 required to be top-notch

Applicants had one shot at passing rigid test

BY JERRY KIRKLAND
Contributing writer

Before being issued a credential, prospective teachers today must devote years to completing a host of classes and then apply what they have learned during two quarters of student teaching. At some point, they must also prove their proficiency in reading, writing, and math by passing the California Basic Education Skills Test, CBEST for short.

Kirkland

In 1896, a test called simply "the Teachers Examination" was given in May just before the opening of school. It was designed to measure the breadth of one's general knowledge.

It's possible that some of those who took that test in 1896 had completed all or part of a two-year program at one of California's two teacher training colleges, called "normal" schools in those days.

Your performance on the Teacher Examination was the sole determination of whether or not you were granted a certificate. And it was, as you will see, a very difficult test.

All sections had to be passed at a proficiency level of 60 percent or greater.

Today, students may retake any failed section of the CBEST as many times as is required for passage. But in 1896, failing one section meant that you had failed the test and you were not allowed to continue.

No retakes. Adios!

The 1896 exam covered spelling, arithmetic, physical geography, physiology, music, civil government, geometry, literature and drawing.

Some sample questions

For spelling, 50 words were dictated. Among them were: asceticism, cynosure, oleaginous, paraphernalia, and denouement. Only 17 of the 25 testing passed this section in 1896.

Geometry was next, and takers had to "describe how a line is generated. Do the same for a surface and a solid." Then, "Prove that an inscribed angle is measured by one-half the arc intercepted between its sides."

Literature: "Who is the Poet Laureate of England and whom did he succeed?"

Also, "Give the nationality of Burns, Byron, Emerson, Thoreau, Hugo, Scott, Irving, Dumas, and Swift."

Physiology: "Define the office of the lymphatics." Too hard? Try this one: "Describe the entire process by which food is changed into blood."

Geography: Here is one of the easier ones — "Name the leading countries in the production of the following: gold, wool, wine, tea, quicksilver, jute, opium, India rubber, lead, and spices."

Civil government: "Define the following: indictment, impeachment, tax, municipal, corporation, constitution, belligerents, reprisal, and embargo."

Equally impossible questions were asked in the sections on music, arithmetic, and drawing, but I think the point is made.

If you were seeking a teaching certificate in Kern County in 1896, you had to know a lot of stuff about a lot of stuff that you would never use in the classroom.

It's easy enough to see why they made the test so difficult.

Only the most astute could handle teaching 10, or 20, or 40 kids from all grade levels in one large room that was difficult to heat in January and impossible to cool in May or June.

But passing the test meant a generous salary of $75 a month, perhaps as much as $85 if you would agree to haul in water and firewood and sweep the floor once a week.

Jerry Kirkland is a retired elementary school principal who has been researching the history of Kern school districts for 12 years.

SHARE YOUR STORY

Submit stories or photos at **Bakersfield.com/youreport**. Questions? Contact Contributions Editor Jennifer Baldwin at **395-7398** or **jbaldwin@bakersfield.com**.

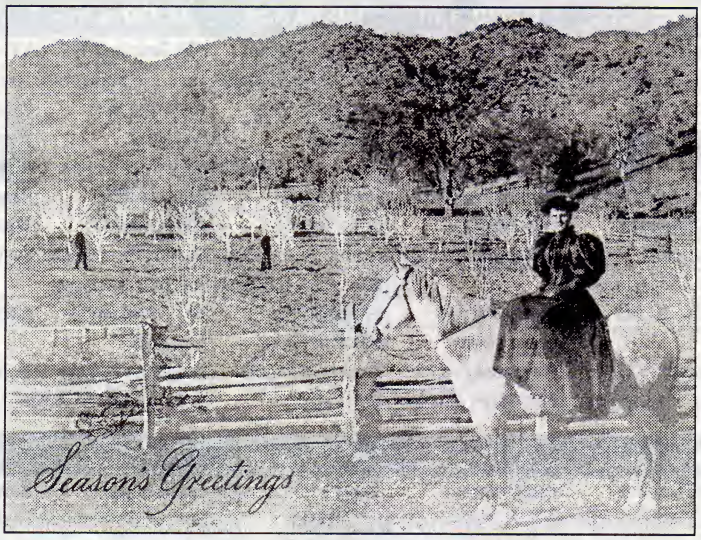


PHOTO COURTESY OF JACK HOOK

This postcard shows teacher Millie Gardett Munsey on her horse Grasshopper in 1896. Munsey's parents can be seen in the background. Munsey Elementary School in Bakersfield is named after her.

TEACHING IN 1896

Kern County had 63 school districts and 86 teachers.

Most of the schoolhouses were one-room affairs with all grades being taught by a single teacher.

Harrell

Without buses, schools had to be built near clusters of people.

That left many in extremely remote areas.

All teachers were not female and unmarried. Most were, but eight of the 86 teachers were men and 15 of the women were married.

Familiar names in the county's classrooms included **R.L. Stockton,** who would later serve as county superintendent of schools; **Alfred Harrell,** who would become publisher of *The Bakersfield Californian*; and Millie Gardett, who would become the **Millie Gardett Munsey** who has a school named in her honor.

TEHACHAPI, Calif. -- It was just before 5 a.m. when a loud noise woke residents up on July 21, 1952.

Following the roar, the shaking of the 7.5 magnitude quake kicked in.

Tehachapi resident Dick Johnson said, "Things started shaking. I thought it was an atomic bomb at first. That was the first thing that struck my mind."

Pat Gracey, who was 23-years-old at the time, said it felt like her house was dancing.

"I thought someone was picking it up and dropping it. It was an old house, it was built in the 1880s, anyways it was doing a dance, and I started screaming," Gracey said.

Another resident, Betty Freeman said she had to convince her husband that they weren't being bombed.

She said, "My husband thought he was back in World War II being bombed. That was his biggest thing, he said, 'oh, they're bombing us again, their bombing us."

While most residents were terrified by the vigorous shaking, some, like Bob Burgeis, were not.

He said, "It was bad, it will scare you, but I went through the Navy and we went through some hells and storms that were a lot rougher than that."

The main shock lasted just under a minute, claimed 13 lives, and devastated the town.

Joann Johnson, who owned the local newspaper with her husband, explained what it was like to see Downtown Tehachapi after the earthquake.

"For those of us that were in business, it was quite an experience to walk down and see your whole, everything, in a heap, there was nothing left," said Johnson.

Betty Freeman agreed, calling it a mess.

"It was a mess, and trying to clean up, one just didn't know where to start," said Freeman.

The California Institute of Technology in Pasadena recorded 194 aftershocks of magnitude 4.0 and higher through September of 1952.

Fear of another big earthquake and even the aftershocks that followed, many people slept outside for weeks and even months.

Joann Johnson said, "We slept outside on our families front yard, for about a week. Then we went to our own houses and slept outside for six weeks because we were too terrified to go in because there were so many aftershocks."

Gracey said she remembers everyone sleeping outside.

"Everyone slept outside because they didn't want to sleep under a roof. That was normal," she said.

And while the 1952 earthquake caused massive damage to the town, everyone we spoke to agreed that it made Tehachapi stronger.

"There was something very special about that time, even though it was a horrible occurrence, people rallied around with and to each other," Johnson said.

While the people ABC23 spoke to said they would never forget that day, they also hope they never have to experience an earthquake like that again.

Report a typo or inaccuracy

Copyright 2009 by TurnTo23.com. All rights reserved. This material may not be published, broadcast, rewritten or redistributed.

106-Year-Old Ex-Slave Who Served Under Seven Different Masters Dies

Nashville Banner, Sept. 19, 1950

1950 Funeral services for Mrs. Lucy White, 106-year-old ex-slave who served under seven different masters in Middle Tennessee, will be held at Mt. Carmel Baptist Church tomorrow at 2 p.m.

Co-officiating will be the Rev. C W. Wilkes, pastor of Mt. Carmel, and the Rev. G. B. Lloyd of Chicago, Mrs. White's great-grandson who will deliver the main sermon. ... She will be buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

Mrs. White died last Saturday at her home, 712 Howerton Street, following a brief illness.

Born in 1844 in Wilson County near Lebanon, Mrs. White often told her grandchildren of Civil War events and her last days as a slave.

She was the oldest member of an Old Age Club at Bethlehem Center and a member of Mt. Carmel Baptist Church and the Union of the First Street Baptist Church.

Survivors include one son, James White of Nashville; 15 grandchildren; 62 great-grandchildren; and 37 great-great-grandchildren.

(Source: Nashville Public Library, Nashville Room)

)lish Priest Receives Angry Text Messages From The Devil

ıe Huffington Post UK | By Paul Vale

- Posted: 29/07/2014 16:10 BST Updated: 29/07/2014 19:08 BST

priest in Poland has been receiving angry text messages from the Devil. Father Marian Rajchel from Jaroslav aims to have received several digital missives from The Prince of Darkness after performing a failed exorcisn a teenage girl.

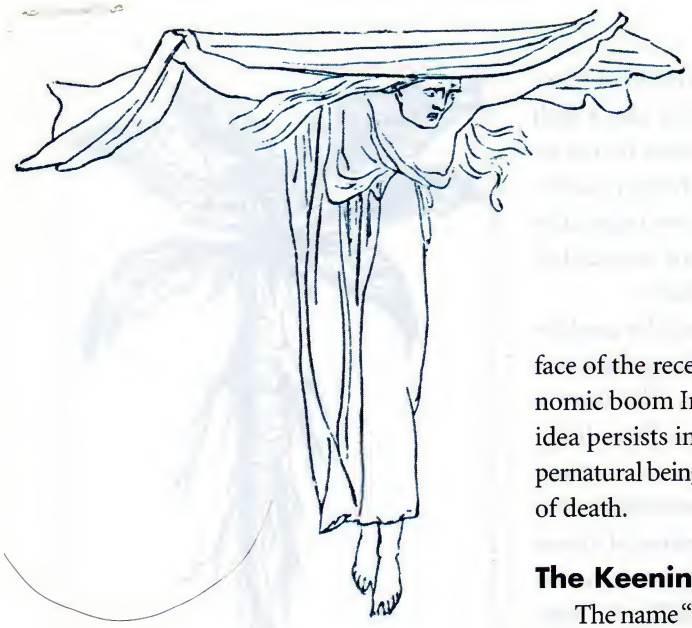
ıe Austrian Times reported that the girl's soul remains possessed by a demon, which in now firing off indigna xts to the elderly priest.

:cording to the Mail, Rajchel said, "The author of these texts is an evil spirit who has possessed her soul," ding: "Often the owners of mobile phones are not even aware that they are been used like this, however in th se it is clear."

ıjchel referred local news reporters to one of Satan's texts that read: "She will not come out of this hell. She's ıne. Anyone who prays for her will die." After replying, Beelzebub responded by saying, "Shut up, preacher. ɔu cannot save yourself. Idiot. You pathetic old preacher."

:learly this young girl has been possessed, and needs further help" said the priest. It is not known whether Th :ast also uses WhatsApp, Facebook Messenger or Twitter.

UNDER THEIR NOSES: After a frantic hunt, a missing girl in New Zealand was found safe in a van that was part of the search party. Yona Hou, seven, had fallen asleep in the back of her family's van after leaving a chip shop. After reporting her missing, Yona's mother drove the van around Waiuku, south of Auckland, looking for her. A police helicopter and an army of volunteers joined the hunt. Six hours later, a policeman spotted the girl in the van. ***Irish Independent, 13 April 2002.***



The Banshee

Harbinger of Death

by Andrew M. Scott

The Irish have always had a way with death. Few other nations can measure up to the Irish in the number and variety of folklore, traditions, and stories about death and dying. Of course, even the most cursory glance at Irish history will explain a great deal of this—832 years of foreign occupation takes its toll. Another explanation exists, though, one less concrete, yet equally dramatic and historical.

Many of the Irish customs of death and dying are ancient holdouts, remnants of the pre-Christian Celtic society that at one time inhabited not only the Western Islands, but a great deal of Europe. They have been altered in constant retelling over many centuries, but they retain that element of Celtic pagan belief once so common.

A body of Irish folklorists and scholars will explain—not without opposition of course—that the tiny and mischievous leprechaun is actually Lugh of the Long Arm, the ancient Celtic god of light and the arts, and the mysterious Irish fairy known as the *pucha* is a distortion of Epona, a Celtic horse goddess.

As our modern technological society continues its unending march across the globe, traditional folk belief and custom is crushed beneath its merciless tread. Most of the old tales and stories are forgotten. One of the old beliefs that still lingers in the more rural areas of western Ireland is the legend of the death omen—most famously known as the banshee. Even in the face of the recent technological and economic boom Ireland is experiencing, the idea persists in some quarters that a supernatural being lingers in the very shadow of death.

The Keening Fairy

The name "banshee" is easily translated from Gaelic. *Bean* means woman and *Sí* designates the fairies; quite simply, a *Bean sí* or banshee is a fairy woman. As such she is a visitor to our world, making her abode in the *Tir na nOg*, or "Land of Eternal Youth"—a place few mortals have visited, and from which even fewer have returned. The banshee, while sharing some characteristics with spirits, is not a ghost. She never lived as a mortal human, but exists as a creature with her own purpose.

Traditionally the banshee has held a particular function—to *chaoin* (keen) over the recent or impending death in a noble Gaelic family. "Keening" is an old Irish funeral tradition in which the women in attendance offered up a wailing chant or song memorializing the deeds of the deceased and mourning his passing. In this mode, the banshee is not menacing, but rather a sympathetic otherworldly figure who feels sorrow and offers condolence.

Like many of the fairy legends, the story of the banshee suggests an older origin. The ancient Celts believed that their kings and chieftains were not the owners of the land, but rather the human manifestations of it. A seventh-century treatise on kingship (quoted in *Heritage of Ireland*, by Charles Murphy) described the role thus:

"The justness of the king is the peace of the peoples, the protection of the land... the mildness of the air, the calmness of the sea, fertility of the soil...the abundance of corn and the fruitfulness of the trees."

As the king was responsible for the health of the land, so famine, plague, drought, or crop failure were likewise blamed on the king and his rule. This power over the land's bounty rested primarily with the monarch's "wife." On his inauguration, the new leader was symbolically wed to the local goddesses of sovereignty in any number of ceremonies. His misrule would anger the goddess, causing her to punish her "husband" and the land he oversaw. At the death of the leader, the goddess might manifest herself to grieve along with his human widow.

Goddesses Afoot

This theory of the banshee's origins is further bolstered by the legend that accompanies the epic Battle of Clontarf in 1014. The night before the Irish king Brian Boru was to give battle to the Danes, he was visited by the goddess Aoibheall, a deity native to the region around County Clare. Aoibheall foretold the death of the king and announced his son Donnchad as successor. This event occurred 500 years after the introduction of Christianity to Ireland—demonstrating that pagan beliefs did not die with St. Patrick's arrival, but were adapted into folklore. This would seem a likely origin of the banshee as a female being who follows royal Irishmen.

The banshee goes by other names in other regions of Ireland. The second most common term is the quite descriptive *Bean chaointe*, "Keening woman." In the east she is sometimes called *Bodhbh chaointe* ("bo keenta"). This term may refer back to the Celtic war goddess Badb, again demonstrating the banshee's pagan origins.

No Tears for English Pigdogs?

Not every death is heralded by the fearful wailing of the banshee, thankfully enough. She seems to be rather particular about who she mourns. Folklore tells us that the banshee is attached only to very

important families, usually of Gaelic stock. In the words of the poet James Clarence Mangan: "Not for low-born English hucksters, waileth our banshee." Yet stories of the banshee come, not only from Gaelic families, but from septs with distinctly Saxon surnames. While it is not at all surprising to find a banshee legend attached to the O'Keefes, Aherns, Clancys, and Hegartys, it runs counter to expectation to find that the Potterton family, the Cartwright family, and even the English family all have a keening woman. In fact, the most oft-told tales of the banshee come from Anglo-Irish family traditions.

One of the more famous examples is also an example of a variation on the traditional banshee legend. The viscounts of Gormanston, who came to Ireland from Lancashire in the 1300s, occupied an estate in County Meath. It has been said that on the death of the viscount, gangs of foxes assembled near the castle to wail and bark. After three days the wild animals returned to their forest stronghold. This unusual event has been reported as recently as the deaths of Edward, 13th viscount, in 1876; Jenico, 14th viscount, in 1907; and Jenico Edward, 15th viscount, in 1925.

Piercing Screams

The keening of the banshee is what made the spirit such a feared being. Unlike the keening of mortals, which, while highly emotional, was an intelligible dirge, the cry of the banshee was most often described as a piercing scream or shriek. The banshee's wail was such that deep terror was evoked in the listener, not so much by the death it forewarned as by its very sound. Far less often does the banshee appear to be merely sobbing or crying, she being a particularly demonstrative creature.

Though the spirit is heard more often than seen, it was accepted that the banshee always took the form of a female—sometimes a young woman combing her long tresses with a blue comb, other times an old hag tearing her hair from its roots.

There exists a legend regarding the banshee's comb: A particularly bold young man saw the banshee one night, sitting by the roadside combing her hair. Rake that he was, he stole up behind her and snatched the comb out of her hands. After a terrible chase, the man barricaded himself in his cottage. The banshee remained outside his door, wailing and shouting for the return of her property. The terrified man at last passed the comb out the window using the tongs from the fireplace. When he retrieved the tongs they were bent and twisted—a fate that would have befallen his hand had he not been so cautious!

Scotland's version of the banshee, the *Bean nighe*, appeared as a woman washing bloodstained shrouds in a stream, a theme not unheard of in Ireland. Another variation has her appearing as the bloodied corpse of a girl killed centuries before by the family's rogue ancestor; this would make her more of a ghost seeking to torment the living for revenge.

Not Extinct

While the traditional folk beliefs of the Irish people have mostly passed into distant memory, in an unguarded moment one might still find some willing to retell a chance meeting with the old girl. I have heard these stories from Dubliners and Mayo farmers. One story, while typical, is particularly creepy in its retelling.

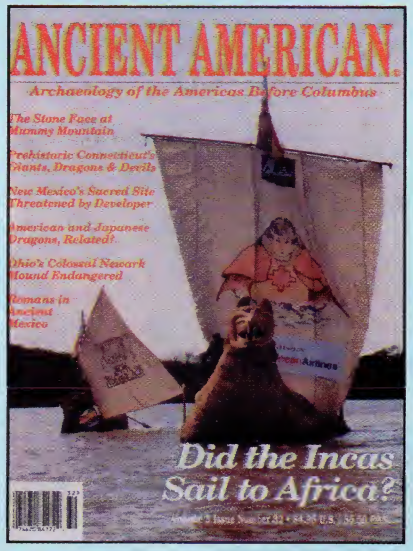
An acquaintance of mine from the rural coast of Donegal disclosed her own brush with the sorrowful specter. As a teenager she had gone to visit her grandmother in the Gweedore region of Donegal. Soon after nightfall, an ungodly moan was heard from across the fields.

The terrifying cry drew closer and closer to the little cottage and soon seemed to be moving in a circle around the building itself. Despite her own fears, and her grandmother's entreaties, my friend rushed outside. As she stood in the darkened yard of the whitewashed cottage the wailing sound rounded the corner of the house and moved towards her. She could see nothing.

On the following morning, news came that an elderly neighbor had died. ♆/≈

Andrew M. Scott *holds a master's degree in history from C. W. Post/Long Island University. His articles have appeared in* Military History *and* Latin Mass.

Before Columbus!



Was America's oldest city built by immigrants from Atlantis? Did the Vikings leave a carved boulder in Minnesota? Has the lost Pacific Ocean kingdom of Lemuria been found? Did King Arthur visit Kentucky? These are some of the intriguing questions investigated in the pages of *Ancient American*, a unique, bi-monthly magazine describing overseas' voyages to our continent hundreds and even thousands of years before Columbus.

A popular archaeology publication, each issue features fascinating articles written by the world's leading researchers in clear, non-technical language, and illustrated by a wealth of original color photography presented nowhere else. New discoveries and the latest theories about prehistoric contacts with the Americas appear in each issue.

To subscribe, send $29.95 (check, money-order or credit card—*Visa, MC* or *Discover*) for annual subscription (6 issues) to:

Ancient American
Dept. A, PO Box 370
Colfax, WI 54730

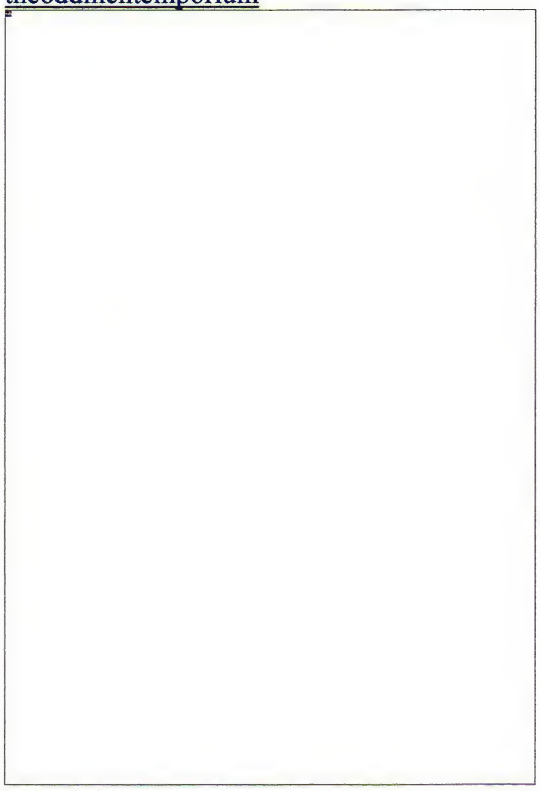
(name) _____

(address) _____

(city) _____

(state, zip) _____

theoddmentemporium



The Bisley Boy

It is a tradition amongst villages in England to celebrate the advent of the month of May with a festival involving processions, music, dancing, and, the piece de resistance, a May Queen - usually a young girl from the village adorned with a crown of flowers. The village of Bisley, however, does things differently. They choose a boy instead and have him dressed in the clothes of a Tudor era female. The question as to why is one which plagued Bram Stoker, author of *Dracula*, who, when he heard of the strange custom, sought to get to the bottom of it in his lesser known work *Famous Impostors*.

Stoker uncovered a local legend that told how, around 1543, Queen Elizabeth I, then a princess, was sent to Bisley to take in the country air, when suddenly she fell ill and died. Learning that Elizabeth's father, Henry VIII, was on his way to visit his daughter, her governess began to fear for her own life: Henry had recently had his wife, Catherine Howard, beheaded and, famously ill-tempered and unpredictable, no one wanted to upset him further. As such, the governess hurried to find a replacement but no girl of similar appearance to Elizabeth could be found. There was however, a red-headed boy who would do just the trick. The governess had him put on the princesses' dress and presented to the King. Henry saw his daughter infrequently and never discovered the impostor. In fact, the trick worked so well the King was never informed and the boy grew up to become Queen Elizabeth I. In 1870 the vicar of Bisley claimed he had uncovered the coffin of a girl dressed in Tudor clothes but had reinterred the remains in an unmarked grave so it did not become a shrine.

To add credence to the theory, Stoker cites a series of 16th century letters which detail 'secrets of great moment' between the Queen and her closest companions; her refusal to marry and apparent inability to bear children; her baldness; a change in the style of her writing from before and after the apparent swap; her refusal to see any but one doctor; and her instruction that there be no post mortem on her body when she died. Of course, all these things can be explained away much more simply, but, whatever the truth, everyone loves a conspiracy.

[Sources: Telegraph | Elizabeth Files | *Famous Impostors* (Full Text)]

The Cat Who Killed Them All

The Stephens Island Wren has a rare place in ecological history. Not only was it one of only three flightless songbirds in the world, it also holds the distinction of being the only known species on Earth to be entirely wiped out by a single being.

Stephens Island

Stephens Island, or *Takapourewa* to the Maori, covers an area of 2.6km^2 (1mi^2) and is the most distant island off the northern tip of New Zealand's South Island. Named in honour of Admiralty Secretary Philip Stephens by Captain James Cook, the island was located on a shipping route and hence deemed an appropriate place to build a lighthouse. So, in 1894, Stephens Light became the residence of one Mr David Lyall.

Tibbles the Cat

A companion to Lyall, the lighthouse keeper, Tibbles the cat soon made Stephens Island her home and hunting ground during 1894. It was not long before she was presenting her master with gifts of local wildlife — in particular, a small bird which was unlike any that Lyall had ever seen. After Tibbles brought him a handful of the birds, Lyall shared his find with a Mr Henry Travers of Wellington.

Eleven of the birds were brought to Lyall by Tibbles in almost pristine condition, as she seemd to enjoy the act of the chase and the kill rather than eating the birds. The discovery quickly found its way to Sir Walter Buller, New Zealand's ornithological expert at the time. A duly excited Buller reported the find to the British Ornithologists' Club in London after classifying the bird as a member of the wren family.

Due to Tibbles' expert mousing skills (or indeed, 'birding' skills), the wren colony on Stephens Island, perhaps a total of ten mating pairs, was extinct within the year of discovery. In fact, so successful was Tibbles in her apparent genocide that the *Christchurch Press* reported in 1895 that:

> *...there is very good reason to believe that the bird is no longer to be found on this island, as it*

> *is not known to exist anywhere else, it has apparently become quite extinct. This is probably a record performance in the way of extermination.*

The lighthouse cat had possibly single-handedly (or paw-edly, if you prefer) disposed of the bird, a feat exasperating in its seemingly senseless execution. Buller himself stated in 1905 that:

> *...it would be as well if the Marine Department, in sending lighthouse keepers to isolated islands where interesting specimens of native birds are known or believed to exist, were to see that they are not allowed to take any cats with them, even if mouse-traps have to be furnished at the cost of the state.*

The 'Lyall' Wren

The wrens that made up Tibbles' nighttime entertainment were, before becoming extinct like the Dodo of Mauritius, thought to have originated from a time when Australia and Antarctica made up the ancient landmass known as Gondwanaland.

The Stephens Island Wrens (Latin name: *Xenicus (Traversia) lyalli*, sometimes referred to as the 'Lyall' wren) were typical of most New Zealand wrens. With a mottled dark-olive appearance and yellow-green tinge to the throat and breast, they were very small and also flightless, like their cousins the kiwi and kakapo. Nocturnal birds, the wrens made their nests in holes or under rocks, much like the puffin, and fed upon small insects. Seen to scamper about at night, much like a mouse, this is perhaps why Tibbles was so keen on hunting them down[1].

It is also interesting to note there is a British tradition of 'hunting the wren' performed, coincidentally, on St Stephen's Day. Legend has it that when St Stephen was hiding from his enemies in a bush, he was betrayed by the chattering of a wren and thus captured and stoned to death. For this reason, on St Stephen's Day groups o young men would go out and hunt wrens and then parade their kills around their village hoping that good luck would befall them, or at least a palm crossed with silver or gold for their 'bravery'. Perhaps Tibbles was thinking her actions would bring good luck to the island, or maybe the small birds were unwittingly named

after European wrens in honour of this custom.

In Memoriam

From fossilised remains found all over New Zealand, proof was obtained of the species once inhabiting the entire country. It was most likely killed off on the mainland by rats introduced by the Maori and other ground-based predators. Some of the wrens caught by Tibbles and later preserved can be seen at the British Museum. Although pretty to look at, it is more saddening that their song will never be heard.

---

[1] Evidence suggests that other cats introduced to the island may have assisted in Tibbles' work right up until 1899.

The Crying Boy

From around 1985 onwards, a series of mysterious house fires were brought to the attention of the general public, following the discovery that in each case, the buildings and all their contents were completely destroyed apart from a painting - the "Crying Boy", which remained unscathed. In the years that followed, some 40-50 cases were recorded in which a house fire had destroyed everything except for the picture. It became known as the "Curse of the Crying Boy", and even made headline news at one point. Whether real or not a Yorkshire fireman was so upset that he talked with the "Sun" newspaper in England. They ran his story about how everything in the home was consumed by fire except for a painting of a crying boy. There were at that time more than one of these paintings around and each seemed to have the same effect. The home and all contents would be totally destroyed but the painting of the little crying boy would not show any sign at all of going through a fire. The newspaper began receiving telephone calls from people all over the area that had similar stories to tell about the crying boy painting. One person that called the "Sun" was Dora Mann of Mitcham and she has been quoted as saying "Only six months after I had bought the picture, my house was completely gutted by fire. All my paintings were destroyed, except the one of the crying boy." After one month of hearing all the tales, the "Sun" gave their readers the chance to bring their crying boy paintings and agreed to have a very large bon fire to rid everyone of this cursed or jinxed painting. All paintings that were brought to the newspaper were in fact burned and everyone rejoiced. The picture itself was a portrait painted by a Spanish artist of an orphan. It is said that his studio burnt to the ground, and the boy was later killed in a car crash. The picture is one of the first to be mass produced in the UK, there are several thousand of them in circulation, but the curse still appears to apply to all the copies. It is said that the curse will only effect someone if the owner of the painting becomes aware of it. Some psychics have claimed that the painting is Haunted by the spirit of the boy it depicts. There have been reports of the crying boy painting being found in charred homes untouched since 1985 and as recent as 1988.

The Devil walks out

Italian researchers may have identified the earliest known footprints of our early human Homo ancestors, fossilised in ash deposited by an eruption which radiometric techniques have dated to between 385,000 and 325,000 years old. Three tracks of footprints were examined by a team led by Paolo Mietto, of Padua University, on the Roccamonfina volcano south of Cassino in southern Italy. The footprints are known locally as 'devils' trails', and are considered to be of supernatural origin in local folklore.

One track comprises 27 footprints; another, 19; and a third, 10. They are about 8in (20cm) long and 4in (10cm) wide, suggesting that the people who made the footprints were only about 4ft 5in (1.36m) tall, perhaps indicating that they were made by juveniles. Researchers are working on the assumption that the footprints are those of *Homo heidelbergensis*, the probable precursor to Neanderthals and *Homo sapiens* who is thought to have evolved more than 600,000 years ago. *www.newscientist.com, 12 Mar; D.Telegraph, 13 Mar 2003.*

The ghosts of Spook Bridge
May 28, 7:40 PM · Add a Comment

In many of the winding backroads of rural Pennsylvania there are bridges notorious for their vivid and terrifying hauntings.

Author Patty A. Wilson in her new book "Totally Bizarre Pennsylvania" recounts one of the first of these haunted bridges in this the story of Spook Bridge...

"In the late 1700s near old Gosstown, there was a bridge with the half ominous name of “Spook Bridge.” The bridge was made up of only a couple flat bench logs stretched across the Shamokin Creek temporarily so that people could walk along the footpath.

In the rough and rural area of Gosstown, there were few social events for people to attend. However, on occasion a party would be planned and the entire area would turn out to drink hard cider, applejack and socialize.

Late one summer, Mr. Dunkelberger announced that he was holding a gathering. He invited everyone in the area and Martin Goss and his wife looked forward to the event. Martin Goss was an older gentleman in the area who had a farm. His wife was substantially younger than he was and she was most excited about the party.

On the night of the event, Martin accompanied his wife to the Dunkelberger house. The applejack was plentiful and Martin enjoyed his share. There was music and dancing that seemed to threaten never to end. At last Martin grew tired. He was seventy-five years old and the night was late. He told his wife that he was going home and excused himself from the party.

Mrs. Goss stayed behind to dance and enjoy herself. She knew that Martin was capable of going home by himself. She would make her way home in the company of some neighbors.

Sometime later in the night a group of revelers made their way to the bridge. To their horror, they found Martin Goss face down in the water. He had apparently slipped on the slippery bridge and fallen to his death. He was possibly too inebriated to extricate himself or else he could have struck his head.

The revelers ran back to the Dunkelberger house where they broke the news to Mrs. Goss and the assembled company. The entire group made their way back to the little footbridge.

A group of men conferred and it was decided that the acting coroner should be sent for. The coroner’s home was several miles away and someone was dispatched to fetch him back to the scene. Meanwhile, the men built several bond fires so that the area would be well lit for the coroner.

When the coroner arrived, he called out that someone should remove the body from the water.

No one made a move to do so and in disgust the coroner made his way out onto the footbridge and reached down to pull the body up on the wooden structure by his shirt collar. Suddenly, the assembled men plunged into the water and helped remove the body.

The coroner turned to the men and demanded to know why they had refused to touch the body until he had. One of the men explained that they didn’t want to touch a body because the first one to touch the body might have been haunted by him forever after.

After that night the bridge became known as “Spook Bridge,” and for many years people claimed that Martin Goss haunted the bridge where he had died. But time does march on and the town named for Goss forgot about him and changed its name. Today Gosstown is known as Uniontown and the story of the first known ghost in Uniontown

is all but forgotten."

The invisible island where New York buries its poor and unidentified

Nearly one million people are buried in mass graves off of the Bronx. But the city prefers you know nothing about it.

By Christopher Maag, *Narratively* | November 24, 2013

385

(AP Photo/ Claire Yaffa)

narratively

Hart Island does not appear on the MTA's subway map or the Department of Transportation's bicycling maps. The AAA map in my car shows the blue dotted line of a public ferry from City Island to Hart Island, but the ferry closed to the public in 1976. Panorama, the room-sized Robert Moses-commissioned sculpture at the Queens Museum of Art — which displays every street and nearly every building in New York City — excludes the island entirely.

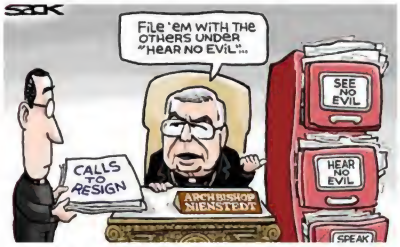
From an airplane at night, Hart Island is invisible from the west. It can be seen only on clear nights, only from the east and by inference, when lights from the city bounce off the water of the Sound and leave the island backlit. It appears as negative space, the darkest ink spot on a page of black.

Hart Island can be found on Google Maps, which labels the northern half of the island "Potter's Field," a term commonly used to refer to a place where unknown or unclaimed bodies are buried. The location is no longer accurate, and the name never was. When the city bought Hart Island for $75,000 in 1868, the new potter's field was set on 45 acres at the island's northern tip. Administration was handed over to what was then called the Department of Charities and Correction, which operated a prison and a technical school for delinquent boys on the island. Inmates were given the job of burying the dead, a practice that continues to this day. The Department of Correction estimates that more than 850,000 people are now buried on Hart Island, noting that the actual number may be somewhere between 750,000 and a million, a standard deviation that is jarring when you think about it.

MOST POPULAR ON THE WEEK

1. North Korea's military is falling apart — is Kim Jong Un's regime next?
2. How the Tea Party became as corrupt as the Beltway it loathes
3. Why you should stop believing in evolution
4. What would a U.S.-Russia war look like?
5. How California could power itself using nothing but renewables
6. When your special needs child becomes a special needs teen
7. Hamas' BFFs are two American allies
8. Is monogamy on the way out?
9. The 3 big lies supporting Israel's war in Gaza
10. Israel has the right to defend itself. What about the Palestinians?

CARTOONS



(**More from *Narratively***: Reinventing the 'oldest profession')

In the last few years the old cemetery filled up, so the burials moved to Hart Island's south side. In 2010, there were 695 adults and 504 babies buried there. Four days a week, prisoners from Riker's Island lay plain pine boxes into two mass graves. In the adult grave, coffins are stacked three high. It will be filled with between 150 and 165 bodies (depending on the number of extra-wide coffins), plus separate coffins for body parts, and covered with 36 inches of dirt. The other grave, for fetuses and stillborn babies, will be loaded with 1,000 miniature coffins buried five deep. Both trenches are already open, dug by a yellow Caterpillar backhoe.

And then there is the name. In Matthew 27:3-10, Judas cast the 30 silver pieces he received for betraying Jesus onto the temple floor, and then hung himself in shame. The priests, concerned that adding blood money to the temple's treasury would violate church law, "bought with them the potter's field to bury strangers. Therefore that field has been called the 'Field of Blood' to this very day." We are lucky the name "potter's field" stuck, since printing the alternative on maps would be rather purple.

Lots of unidentified people are buried on Hart Island, and lots of poor people, too. But not everyone interred there is unknown and destitute. The first person buried in the potter's field died in Charity Hospital on Roosevelt Island — then called Blackwell's Island — with no relatives or friends to claim her body, but we do know her name: Louisa Van Slyke, and she was 24. It's reasonable to assume that Slyke was laid in the ground by inmates because the wife of Fred Bartels, the island's first warden, recorded the burial on April 20, 1869. Since then, Hart Island's dead have included victims of yellow and typhoid fever; veterans who died in Veterans Administration hospitals (whose names were known, and who should have been buried in individual graves in a national cemetery); and the first child to die of AIDS in New York, who received the field's only private grave and the only personal gravestone, reading "SC B1 1985" [Special Child, Baby 1, and the year of death]; well-known writers and actors including Bobby Driscoll, who played Peter Pan in the 1953 Disney movie; and Lewis Haggins, who founded an advocacy group called Picture the Homeless. Haggins was buried as an unidentified body in 2004 even though he had received food stamps, spent time in prison, and lived in city shelters, which meant at least three government agencies held his fingerprints on file. His friends later had him disinterred and buried elsewhere.

(Narratively/Luke Rafferty)

"Sometimes people wind up in city cemetery when they shouldn't be there at all," says Amy

Koplow, executive director of the Hebrew Free Burial Association, which works to arrange burials for indigent Jews and keep them out of the potter's field. "They're not indigent. They're not unknown. Sometimes they just slip through the system."

One person who is buried on Hart Island who should not be is Laurie Grant's daughter. Grant was an obstetrician and gynecologist with a successful private practice in Westchester County. Her pregnancy in 1993 was hard. She felt nauseous for months, became dehydrated and malnourished, and required a feeding tube. At 33 weeks she was admitted to Lenox Hill Hospital. Tests on July 12, 1993 found the fetus had no heartbeat.

(**More from *Narratively***: How a woman from Queens became a man)

Grant's stillborn baby was delivered by Caesarian section. Grant nearly died. The epidural numbed only one side of her body, leaving the other half in stabbing pain. A few days later, a nurse asked what she wanted to do with the body.

"The city can arrange it," Grant remembers the nurse saying.

"How?" Grant asked.

The city could take care of the burial, the nurse said. Grant would be able to visit the grave, which would be marked with a number instead of a name. Grant was grieving, malnourished and delirious with pain. She was on so much medication she was barely conscious.

"I don't remember signing any papers. I was really out of it," says Grant, who is now 59.

As a doctor, Grant easily could have afforded private burial in the cemetery plot her family already owned in the Valhalla area of Westchester County, a few minutes' drive from her current home. Grant was too sick to think if it, however, and hospital staff did not ask her relatives about other burial options. So the baby's body was placed in a pine coffin and buried in a mass grave on Hart Island.

(AP Photo/Claire Yaffa)

Grant's experience was typical, says Melinda Hunt, an artist who has been fascinated with Hart Island since the early 1990s, and went on to publish a book and produce a film about it. In 2011 she founded the Hart Island Project, a charity that helps families around the world search for relatives who went missing in New York, and who may be buried in the potter's field. Many

families were told by hospital nurses or social workers to "Let the city handle it," Hunt says, maybe to smooth the ordeal's jagged edges, and possibly to speed things along. Parents are commonly assured that the grave will be marked (which is sometimes true, but not always), and that parents will be allowed to visit the graves (which is almost never true)."It's not explained that this is a mass grave and you can't go visit it," Hunt says. "If families were made aware of that, I think most would opt for a private burial."

(**More from *Narratively***: Sexless in the city)

Sometimes it's adults who get buried on Hart Island by mistake. The Office of the Chief Medical Examiner and the police department's missing persons unit use personal records, prescription bottles and fingerprints to identify people who die in hospitals, nursing homes and on the street without identification. They do a good job. Of the nearly 1,200 people buried on Hart Island last year, only about fifteen were unidentified, says Dan Stevelman, deputy commissioner for operations at the medical examiner's office.

But some advocates doubt whether officials are as diligent about tracking down next of kin as they are about identifying the deceased. Hunt regularly receives emails from family members who can easily afford an individual grave in a private cemetery, but who never received word that a loved one was dead. Leonard Melfi, an influential playwright in the 1960s, was buried on Hart Island by mistake when he died in 2001. His family had the body disinterred and re-buried in a private grave. Amy Koplow remembers a man who was buried on Hart Island despite his sizable pension from his career as a backstage technician at CBS television studios. The man had the misfortune of dying on Presidents' Day weekend; that meant city employees responsible for locating his family did not get to his case until the man was already buried on Hart Island.

"His case got lost in the shuffle," Koplow says. "There's all kinds of rotten stuff that happens."

Elaine Joseph's daughter Tomika was born premature at Beth Israel Hospital during the blizzard of 1978. The baby suffered Tetralogy of Fallot, a heart deformation. Joseph was sent home to Brooklyn, and her baby was transferred to Mt. Sinai Hospital for surgery. There, the baby died. With the subways closed and all transportation to Manhattan shut down, Joseph called the hospital morgue for four days, getting no response. When someone finally answered, Joseph was told that she had signed papers allowing Tomika to be buried in the potter's field.

This was impossible, since the storm had prevented Joseph from ever getting to the hospital.

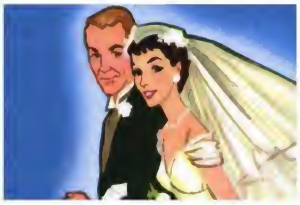
"People say, 'Who cares about the potter's field? It's just a bunch of bums,'" says Joseph, 58, who went on to serve 23 years in the Navy and retire as a lieutenant commander. "Well, I'm no bum. My daughter was not a bum."

Read the rest of this story at *Narratively*.

Narratively *is an online magazine devoted to original, in-depth and untold stories. Each week,* Narratively *explores a different theme and publishes just one story a day. It was one of* TIME*'s 50 Best Websites of 2013.*

How the Senate can beat the CIA

The joy of inscrutable movies



Is monogamy on the way out?

Israel, Gaza, and the right to self-defense

Obama's cowardice on torture

Apple, Google, and the culture war

THE WEEK'S AUDIOPHILE PODCASTS: LISTEN SMARTER

SOUNDCLOUD

242

This week I learned that a little bit of poison is good for you, and more 242

The sheer terror of being alone 1,198

4 common words that come from words for heat 1,435

Your weekly streaming recommendation: Ravenous 1,627

This week I learned the moon might be littered with dinosaur fossils, and more 2,777

Why I hate cupcakes 1,420

How I learned to love the evil-looking earwig 2,228

Latest tracks by The Week

SUBSCRIBE TO THE WEEK

PRINT + DIGITAL

Get both print + digital

PRINT

Get home delivery

DIGITAL

iPad, Android, or Kindle Fire

The Lady In Black

by John M. Worthen
POSTED: 11 May 2001

Deep within the pristine foothills of the Ouachita Mountains in Southwestern Arkansas, lies a ghost story that is rooted as deep within the culture there as the thousands of pine trees that line the landscape. The story is set in the small college town of Arkadelphia, which has a population of about 10,000, and is the epitome of small town USA. Unlike most college towns around the country, Arkadelphia plays host to not one, but two highly acclaimed schools that have been at odds with each other for many years. Henderson State University, and Ouachita Baptist University, are the two schools that call Arkadelphia home. In the early days of their existence, these two medium sized universities had very large differences when it came to religion and values. It was that difference which sparked the ghost story known as The Lady in Black.

The story begins in the 1920s when a young man named Joshua met the love of his life, Jane. Jane was a student at Ouachita, and Joshua, being from Henderson, never gave a second thought to dating her. His friends however were not as understanding, because they began to ostracize him and threatened to never speak to him again if he didn't end his relationship with Jane. According to Mary Jo Mann, a Henderson graduate and local historian, the reason Joshua was given such a hard time by his friends was probably because Jane was highly religious and wasn't the outgoing type.

"Going to Ouachita in those days meant no parties and hardly any dating," Mann said. "They really never had a chance from the start, because no one from Henderson would ever think about seeing someone from Ouachita in those days, and if they did, they could expect to feel the heat from their friends." Jane and Joshua managed to hold their love together, until the day came when Joshua finally gave in to his friends' hazing. He broke up with Jane right before the annual homecoming dance at Henderson, which made the news even more devastating for her. Jane was crushed. She went back to her dorm room at Ouachita to put on a black dress and veil, because she felt that nothing was worth living for if she couldn't have Joshua. She then began walking to one of the many cliffs that line the Ouachita River, where she plunged to her death moments later. From that time forward on homecoming night at Henderson, the girl that has become known as The Lady in Black has haunted the campus searching for the ones who made Joshua break up with her.

This ghost story is still very predominant in the Henderson community today, as Mann can attest. "It really does give me chill bumps when someone mentions her." Mann said. "There isn't a person on the Henderson campus that doesn't know something about the story." Each year Mann tells the story of The Lady in Black at the Pine Tree speech that welcomes incoming freshman to the Henderson campus. "When I first heard the story it gave me goose bumps," said Angela Welch, a junior at Henderson. "The way she -- Mann -- tells the story made me believe that the ghost is real." Welch also added that when she and a group of friends were walking back to the girls dorm around midnight on homecoming of last year, she saw a faint figure dressed in black exiting the building.

"I couldn't tell what it was at first, then someone screamed out that it was the Lady in Black," Welch said. "I just screamed and ran into my dorm room. I really believe it was her because you could see a veil of all black and there was a kind of glow around her body." Mann said that the sightings are rare because the timing of the ghost is only on one night a year: homecoming. "I have never had the chance to see her myself," Mann said. "But I feel like I will have my chance one day. With Mann's knowledge of the ghost and unique story telling ability, the story has become known not just in the community of Arkadelphia, but state wide as well. Numerous news organizations throughout the state have covered The Lady in Black, the most widely known report being in the 1980's by Chuck Dovish, from KTHV Channel 11 in Little Rock, for his weekly special Travling Arkansas. "With Mary Jo Mann's help, we were able to go out to the cliff where she supposedly jumped," Dovish said. "It was really an odd feeling to be there because the cliff was so steep and you could almost feel her presence. We did a short reenactment for the show, and had to get special permission from Ouachita to even get out there to the site."

Officials at Ouachita would not comment on the validity of The Lady in Black ghost, stating that she is merely a rumor. And the cliff where she is said to have jumped off -- which is owned by Ouachita -- has been sealed off preventing anyone from entering it without a university escort. "There are many people who say she's not real," Mann said. "But I have never seen one of those people roaming around the Henderson campus on homecoming night trying to find out if they can see her. And I can't say as I would either."

John M. Worthen is a free-lance writer based out of Henderson State University in Arkadelphia, Ark. *© Copyright 2001, John M. Worthen. Used with permission.*

The Madness of Tulip Mania,
by peashooter85
August 5th 2014, 7:12:19 pm · 44 minutes ago
http://peashooter85.tumblr.com/

In the 17th century the Dutch became among the wealthiest people in the world as Dutch merchants traded goods all over the world. A smart and enterprising Amsterdam merchant could expect profits of 400-500% if a voyage to the Far East or India succeeded. With this new influx of wealth many Dutch needed new ways to spend their new found wealth. In the mid 16th century the tulip was introduced to Europe from the Ottoman Empire. After several decades of study by botanists, it was found that tulips thrived best in the Netherlands. By the 17th century tulips began to be planted all over the country.

The tulip trade thrived to the point that be the 1630's people were even making careers out of growing, breeding, and selling tulips. The flower became a status symbol among well to do and wealthy Dutch as breeders created tougher and more beautiful species of flowers. Eventually the tulip became more than just a mere flower, but a source of wealth and prestige for the Dutch upper class.

In the 1630's the tulip became a securities instrument as investors pumped their money into tulip growing and breeding. The profits made in the tulip business attracted more and more investors who sought to get rich quite. Eventually the price of tulips began to skyrocket. The mania began on November 12th of 1636. Between Nov. 12th and February 13th, 1637, tulip prices rose 2,000%. During that time it was recorded that one tulip transaction involved 40 bulbs being sold for 100,000 guilders. By contrast a ton of butter cost 100 guilders and the average laborer earned around 150 guilders a year. Left and right people were making ridiculous tulip transactions. In one transaction 12 acres of land was traded for a single Semper Augustus bulb. A transaction of 2,500 guilders was made for a single Viceroy bulb. Some rare bulbs could cost as much a luxury houses. Some people risked all of their savings to buy just one rare bulb, which was hoped to bring fortune and wealth as the price continued to rise and rise.

By the height of tulip mania, the average tulip was selling for 5,000 guilders per bulb. By the spring of 1637, the price of tulips became so inflated that the vast majority of Dutch buyers and investors could not afford to buy a single bulb. Tulip auctions ceased to sell their bulbs as buyers could not come up with the money to cover the inflated costs. Overnight, demand for tulips crashed to zero. Between February and April of 1637, tulip prices crashed to 1/20th their price at the height of the mania. Investors lost everything as their precious bulbs became instantly worthless. Many people had their entire wealth wiped out in what would become one the first economic bubbles in history. Those who burrowed money to invest were doubly screwed, as they now owed thousands of guilders to creditors and lenders. By summer of 1637, the price of tulips dropped to the point that hundreds of bulbs could be bought for a single guilder.

The Man with no Brain...

...and a degree. Does it prove mind/brain separation or the existence of the collective consciousness, or was the case over-dramatised?

In 1980 Professor John Lorber, a neurosurgeon from the University of Sheffield, made a startling announcement. At an international conference he stood up and claimed to have found a man who had a first class maths degree and an IQ of 126, but whose skull did not contain a brain. If, said Lorber, you placed a torch against one side of his skull then the whole head would glow like a light bulb. To prove his point, Lorber produced X-rays that showed a black void where the man's brain should have been. The man, named Roger, had 95 per cent of his brain missing but was, according to Lorber, normal in all other respects.

What Lorber had discovered was an adult example of the neurological disorder known as hydranencephalus. This is normally associated with birth defects, such as spina bifida, and means that at an early stage the skull fills with fluid so that the brain never develops. Hydranencephalus is a severe condition and usually renders infants severely disabled, assuming that they can survive at all. The case of Roger, the man with no brain, seemed to fly against conventional brain science and after his announcement Lorber immediately came under suspicion from his colleagues.

"Interpreting brain scans can be very tricky," said neurosurgeon Kenneth Till at the time. "There can be a great deal more brain tissue in the cranium than is immediately present." Others accused Lorber of faulty analysis, attention-seeking, or being 'overdramatic'.

There were some supporters, notably Professor Patrick Wall of University College London, who had seen many autopsy reports of adults with missing brains. In 1970, for example, an autopsy on a New York janitor had revealed his skull to be empty – and yet the man, while not a genius, had lived to the age of 35 and was regarded as normal by his friends and family.

"The important thing about Lorber," imparts Wall, "is that he's done a long series of systematic scanning, rather than just dealing with anecdotes. He has gathered a remarkable set of data and he challenges, 'How do we explain it?'"

How indeed? Lorber himself used the example of Roger to ask a fundamental question. Do we really need a brain in order to be able to think? Lorber was guarded in his conclusion, saying only that "there must be a tremendous amount of redundancy or spare capacity in the brain, just as there is with the kidney and liver."

Others have been less reticent and see Roger as being the final proof that the mind and brain are in fact two separate entities. Jung suggested as much when he came up with the notion of a 'collective unconscious' that all human brains can tap into (a bit like a radio tuning into radio waves). More recently Dr Rupert Sheldrake, the notably freethinking British biologist, has used the idea of collective consciousness to explain a number of unusual biological and psychological phenomena, including cows that have never seen a cattle grid before instinctively knowing that they should avoid it (the fear of cattle grids having been passed on to them through the collective memory of cows elsewhere). Many Christian groups and proponents of an independent 'soul' have taken Lorber's work to be proof that human consciousness can survive death.

By 1982 Lorber had found at least two others with hydranencephalus, and at last count he believed he had traced as many as 50. He died in 1996 and it seems that the neurological community's interest in adult hydranencephalus died with him. I tried to track down some of Lorber's patients and in the process spoke to several of the world's leading researchers into child hydranencephalus. None of them had ever even heard of Lorber's research, let alone encountered an adult patient such as Roger. "In my experience hydranencephalus is always accompanied by severe mental retardation," was one neurosurgeon's comment.

After some effort, I tracked down one of Lorber's co-workers, who wishes to remain anonymous. His comments are intriguing. "[Lorber] wasn't a terribly popular man," he said, "and I felt that he had a point to prove." He confirms that Roger really did exist, but guardedly adds that "he was very good at maths but had difficulties with many other subjects."

All this suggests that the case of Roger may not be as straightforward as it first appears and maybe even places doubt on the whole idea that an adult can live without a brain. However, in 2002, Sharon Parker, a hydranencephalic woman from the north of England, was discovered to have nearly 90 per cent of her brain missing and yet was perfectly normal in all other respects. Early tests suggest that her brain keeps working by using a complex and little understood form of rerouting and job-sharing between those few parts that still remain intact.

Sharon Parker is at last tangible proof that Lorber's work was not complete fiction, as some have suggested. In fact, Lorber's claim that there were a great many people walking around with next to no brain inside their skulls could well be true. Be careful the next time you call somebody a 'pea-brain' – you might just be telling the truth.

BRAIN BOX: The head of a baby suffering from hydrocephalus.

Paul Chambers is a TV producer and freelance science writer living in Hertfordshire. He can be contacted at paulmchambers@ntlworld.com.

SOURCES

Interviews with several neurosurgeons.
Science, Vol 210, 12 Dec 1980, p1232. [Lorber's original announcement]
David Darling, *Afterlife*, Random House, 1995. [Discussion of hydranencephalus and the 'soul']
New Scientist, 1 Feb 1988, p65. [Sheldrake's article on cows and collective consciousness]
FT30:38 [Review of Lorber's TV programme]
FT78:48 [Letter on hydranencephalus]
The Woman with the Mysterious Brain; Channel 5, 10 April 2003

WEB SITES

There are no specific web sites on hydranencephalus but the following cover general unusual brain news:
www.sciencedaily.com/news/mind_brain.htm [Science Daily; Mind and Brain News]
www.science-frontiers.com/index.htm [Science Frontiers]

The Merry Cemetery in Săpânța, Romania

Many people think of cemeteries as gloomy places of mourning. It's difficult to associate a cemetery with a place of happiness and celebration when all you can think about is how much you miss the person when you visit their grave. However, a man named Stan Ioan Pătraș, from the small village of Săpânța in Romania, have found a way to turn cemeteries into joyful places meant to celebrate the lives of loved ones, rather than grieve their loss.

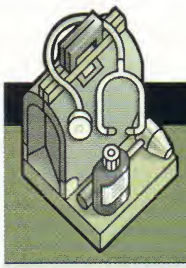
Pătraș founded the aptly-named Cimitirul Vesel, or Merry Cemetery, in the 1930s. He began creating colorful, cross-shaped tombstones and writing epitaphs for the village people who had passed away. Now, the cemetery contains over 800 similar graves. Each tombstone is painted with a base of a signature blue color, and then detailed with brightly-colored lines and patterns. The epitaphs are silly but meaningful lyrical poems that describe something significant about the person's life.

Along with the poems, paintings of scenes from the person's life are included as well, usually having to do with their occupation or some other striking characteristic, such as a teacher at a desk or an alcoholic drinking. The epitaphs and paintings are often whimsical, and sometimes even satirical. Pătraș himself passed away in 1977, and he is now buried in the Merry Cemetery with a colorful tomb and a poetic epitaph to call his own. His work is continued by Dumitru Pop Tincu, his apprentice.

The Merry Cemetery has its roots in the local Dacian culture, which views death as an adventure, a joyful passing to the next life. It's quite the contrast to our Western view that death is a tragedy that should be grieved and mourned. If it were up to you, would you want to be buried in a place like this? It's definitely not something most of us are used to, but it's pretty refreshing to see a place that's usually so weighed down with grief become so light-hearted and celebratory.

Now a popular tourist attraction, the Merry Cemetery is a beautiful way to keep the village of Săpânța alive and running, long after the members have passed. Their memories are cherished and celebrated as this cemetery provides a link between this world and the next. It feels odd to call a cemetery merry, but this one really is.

WWW.EYEPORT.CO.UK



medical bag

Stories of cursed tombs may be linked to a highly resilient fungus says PAUL CHAMBERS

The mummy's curse

On Friday the thirteenth of April 1973 a team of intrepid scientists entered Wawel Castle in Krakow, Poland. They were heading towards the chapel in order to open the tomb of King Casimir IV, sealed since the King's death in 1492. On entering it, the team found nothing unusual and, after making their various studies, sealed the grave once more.

Twelve men entered King Casimir's tomb but within a week four of them were dead. The death toll continued to mount until only two of the original team remained alive, Drs Edward Roszyckim and Boleslaw Smyk, both of whom were to suffer from ill-health for years afterwards. It very much looked as though the scientists had been the victims of a curse from beyond the grave.

The idea that a tomb could be fatally cursed has been around since at least 1869 when Louisa May Alcott (author of *Little Women*) wrote a short story entitled 'Lost in a Pyramid: the Mummy's Curse' (see ***FT161:27***). In the 1920s the Curse appeared to pass from fiction into fact after several members of Howard Carter's archæological expedition died following their discovery of King Tutankhamen's tomb – most famously, the expedition's financial backer Lord Carnarvon in April 1923, two months after entering the tomb.

Just prior to opening the tomb, Carter is alleged to have found a tablet on which was inscribed: "Death shall come on swift wings to he who disturbs the peace of the King" (although this is almost certainly fictional, possibly concocted by Carter's rival, Arthur Weigall). Since then, many people have sought to find an explanation for the alleged high mortality rate associated with opening of ancient tombs such as those of Kings Tut and Casimir.

In the early 1960s Dr Ezzeddin Taha, a biologist from the University of Cairo, noticed that many of his colleagues in the antiquities department suffered from something called 'Coptic itch' which severely affected their breathing. The symptoms were particularly severe in those people that had been involved with the excavation or study of objects from ancient Egyptian tombs. Dr Taha laid the blame on a type of fungus named *Aspergillus* which could release airborne toxins that can affect the lungs and other major organs. It was found that the *Aspergillus* fungus is well suited to the conditions found in Egyptian tombs and is very resilient, capable of surviving for thousands of years.

Dr Taha subsequently announced that he had solved the myth of the Mummy's Curse and placed the blame firmly on *Aspergillus*. "Some people," he commented, "may still believe that the curse of the pharaohs can be attributed to some supernatural powers, but that belongs to the realm of fairy tales."

MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

The fungus is suited to the conditions in Egyptian tombs

A decade later Dr Boleslaw Smyk, one of the two surviving scientists from King Casimir's tomb, was also puzzling over the fate of his colleagues. Shortly before exiting the tomb he had taken the royal insignia from the king's coffin. Dr Smyk took the insignia and subjected it to a series of tests. One of these revealed the presence of *Aspergillus*, leading him to conclude that he and his colleagues had suffered after inhaling deadly fungi toxins.

In the coming years further proof of the potential dangers of tomb fungi came from a number of other studies. One of the most famous was performed on the mummy of Rameses II which, in 1977, was found to have 89 species of fungi on it, including a deadly *Aspergillus* strain.

Other studies, mostly by German scientists, have confirmed that the environmental conditions in ancient tombs can suit some types of toxic fungi very well indeed. The combination of a warm, dark and damp space with plenty of organic remains (in the form of wood, food offerings and the bodies themselves) would ensure that the fungi were well looked after. If the food runs out then the fungi simply become dormant, remaining in stasis for thousands of years awaiting the arrival of archæologists. Gotthard Kramer, author of the most recent study on tomb fungi, explains what happens next:

"When a tomb is opened for the first time, a gust of fresh air blows inside, causing dust and mould spores to whirl up in the air. When the spores enter the body they can lead to organ failure and even death, particularly in people with weakened immune systems."

Dr Boleslaw Smyk believes that toxic fungi have more to answer for than just the death of a few Egyptologists. He has linked *Aspergillus* fungus with 'leukaemia houses' which are individual dwellings whose occupants have a vastly increased chance of dying from this disease. Smyk found many of these houses also harboured *Aspergillus* in their cellars and thought that prolonged exposure could lead to leukæmia. A recent study of so-called 'sick buildings' (office blocks where workers complain of similar unexplained symptoms) identified over 400 species of fungi which are capable of producing over 200 types of potentially dangerous toxins. The distribution of these toxins through air conditioning vents has been linked to the headaches and respiratory infections that are commonly reported in episodes of sick-building syndrome.

Despite all this weight of evidence, it is quite possible that scientists may have found the answer to a problem that never actually existed. In 2002 Mark Nelson traced the fate of all 25 people who had been present at the opening of King Tut's tomb and discovered that despite the 'curse' they continued to live for an average of 21 years. He concludes that the incidence of death associated with King Tut's tomb was no higher than average. Carter himself, who died of natural causes aged 65 in 1939, was robustly sceptical, saying of the curse: "All sane people should dismiss such inventions with contempt."

SELECTED SOURCES

Hans Krause (personal communication)

ABC News, 17 Dec 2000.

Comptes Rendus de Academie des Sciences, Paris, vol.285, Series D, p.515, 1977 [Rameses II study].

British Medical Journal, vol.325, pp.1482-1484. 2002 [Nelson's study].

Der Spiegel, 5 Aug 1999 [Kramer's study].

Environmental Health Perspectives, vol.107, pp.469-472, 1999 [Fungi and buildings].

Hautnah Dermatologie, no.3, p.199-202, 1999.

Polish Medical Sciences History Bulletin, vol.15, pp.453-9, 1975 [Smyk's work on fungi].

WEB SITES

www.mold-help.org/aspergillus.htm [Aspergillus information]

abcnews.go.com/sections/science/DailyNews/mummies990825.html

CITY JOURNAL

Walter Olson

The New Book Banning

Children's books burn, courtesy of the federal government.

12 February 2009

It's hard to believe, but true: under a law Congress passed last year aimed at regulating hazards in children's products, the federal government has now advised that children's books published before 1985 should not be considered safe and may in many cases be unlawful to sell or distribute. Merchants, thrift stores, and booksellers may be at risk if they sell older volumes, or even give them away, without first subjecting them to testing—at prohibitive expense. Many used-book sellers, consignment stores, Goodwill outlets, and the like have accordingly begun to refuse new donations of pre-1985 volumes, yank existing ones off their shelves, and in some cases discard them en masse.

The problem is the Consumer Product Safety Improvement Act of 2008 (CPSIA), passed by Congress last summer after the panic over lead paint on toys from China. Among its other provisions, CPSIA imposed tough new limits on lead in any products intended for use by children aged 12 or under, and made those limits retroactive: that is, goods manufactured before the law passed cannot be sold on the used market (even in garage sales or on eBay) if they don't conform. The law has hit thrift stores particularly hard, since many children's products have long included lead-containing (if harmless) components: zippers, snaps, and clasps on garments and backpacks; skateboards, bicycles, and countless other products containing metal alloy; rhinestones and beads in decorations; and so forth. Combine this measure with a new ban (also retroactive) on playthings and child-care articles that contain plastic-softening chemicals known as phthalates, and suddenly tens of millions of commonly encountered children's items have become unlawful to resell, presumably destined for landfills when their owners discard them. Penalties under the law are strict and can include $100,000 fines and prison time, regardless of whether any child is harmed.

Not until 1985 did it become unlawful to use lead pigments in the inks, dyes, and paints used in children's books. Before then—and perhaps particularly in the great age of children's-book illustration that lasted through the early twentieth century—the use of such pigments was not uncommon, and testing can still detect lead residues in books today. This doesn't mean that the books pose any hazard to children. While lead poisoning from other sources, such as paint in old houses, remains a serious public health problem in some communities, no one seems to have been able to produce a single instance in which an American child has been made ill by the lead in old book illustrations—not surprisingly, since unlike poorly maintained wall paint, book pigments do not tend to flake off in large lead-laden

chips for toddlers to put into their mouths.

At any rate, CPSIA's major provisions went into effect on February 10. The day before, the Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC) published guidelines telling thrift stores, as well as other resellers and distributors of used goods, what they could safely keep selling and what they should consider rejecting or subjecting to (expensive) lead testing. Confirming earlier reports, the document advised that only "ordinary" children's books (that is, made entirely of paper, with no toylike plastic or metal elements) printed *after* 1985 could be placed in the safe category. Older books were pointedly left off the safe list; the commission did allow an exception for vintage collectibles whose age, price, or rarity suggested that they would most likely be used by adult collectors, rather than given to children.

Since the law became effective the very next day, there was no time to waste in putting this advice into practice. A commenter at Etsy, the large handicrafts and vintage-goods site, observed how things worked at one store:

> I just came back from my local thrift store with tears in my eyes! I watched as boxes and boxes of children's books were thrown into the garbage! Today was the deadline and I just can't believe it! Every book they had on the shelves prior to 1985 was destroyed! I managed to grab a 1967 edition of "The Outsiders" from the top of the box, but so many!

People who deal in children's books for a livelihood now face unpleasant choices. Valorie Jacobsen of Clinton, Wisconsin, who owns a small used-book store and has sold over the Internet since 1995, commented at my blog, Overlawyered: "Our bookstore is the sole means of income for our family, and we currently have over 7,000 books catalogued. In our children's department, 35 percent of our picture books and 65 percent of our chapter books were printed before 1985." Jacobsen has contacted the CPSC and her congressional representatives for guidance, but to no avail. "We cannot simply discard a wealth of our culture's nineteenth and twentieth children's literature over this," she writes. She remains defiant, if wary: "I was willing to resist the censorship of *1984* and the Fire Department of *Fahrenheit 451* long before I became a bookseller, so I'd love to run a black market in quality children's books—but at the same time it's not like the CPSC has never destroyed a small, harmless company before."

Jacobsen also worries that any temporary forbearance on the part of the CPSC, which has said that it does not plan a reseller crackdown any time soon in the absence of evidence of risk, could be abrogated without notice in the future. For one thing, new commissioners appointed by the Obama administration are expected to show less sympathy in regulating business than the current commission. In addition, the 50 state attorneys general have been empowered to enforce the law on their own, and frequently take much more aggressive legal positions than those of the federal government, sometimes teaming with private lawyers who capture a share of fines imposed.

Seizing on the "collectible" loophole, commenter Carol Baicker-McGee declared: "If nothing happens to change this law soon, I promise I will spend whatever money and devote whatever space I can to buying up these older books. I'll be happy to label myself a collector (and I'm subversive enough to leave the books lying around where kids might 'accidentally' read them)." But this strategy, aside from its

overtones of furtive evasion, will provide limited legal help to sellers. Under the law, they're liable if their products will commonly be understood as intended for children's use, even if not labeled as such.

A further question is what to do about public libraries, which daily expose children under 12 to pre-1985 editions of *Anne of Green Gables*, Beatrix Potter, Baden-Powell's scouting guides, and other deadly hazards. The blogger Design Loft carefully examines some of the costs of CPSIA-proofing pre-1985 library holdings; they are, not surprisingly, utterly prohibitive. The American Library Association spent months warning about the law's implications, but its concerns fell on deaf ears in Congress (which, in this week's stimulus bill, refused to consider an amendment by Republican senator Jim DeMint to reform CPSIA). The ALA now apparently intends to take the position that the law does not apply to libraries unless it hears otherwise. One can hardly blame it for this stance, but it's far from clear that it will prevail. For one thing, the law bans the "distribution" of forbidden items, whether or not for profit. In addition, most libraries regularly raise money through book sales, and will now need to consider excluding older children's titles from those sales. One CPSC commissioner, Thomas Moore, has already called for libraries to "sequester" some undefinedly large fraction of pre-1985 books until more is known about their risks.

The threat to old books has surfaced so quickly in recent weeks that the elite press still seems unaware of it. The wider pattern of CPSIA's disruptive irrationality and threat to small businesses has been covered reasonably well by the local press around the country. Some papers have investigated particular aspects of the law—the *Los Angeles Times* has tracked its menace to the garment industry, and the *Washington Post* and *Wall Street Journal* the general plight of thrift stores—but almost no one has cared to consider the law's broad array of unintended consequences, let alone ask what went wrong in the near-unanimous rush to passage of this feel-good law.

The *New York Times*, which last year vigorously cheered the passage of CPSIA in both its news and editorial columns, occupies a class by itself in almost completely ignoring the law's wrenching effects as its effective date has arrived. The *Times* used to cover the book business, as well as apparel, retailing, and product design, to name a few of the sectors hit hard by CPSIA. Yet the paper has remained entirely silent on the law in recent weeks, aside from one brief wire-service item and a post on the paper's automotive blog, Wheels, about the law's effect on children's dirt bikes (now forced off the market). On Wednesday, the *Times* ran an editorial solemnly condemning "book banning"; on inspection, the editorial turned out to praise an ACLU lawsuit against a school district that had removed a library book from the shelves because of its allegedly over-favorable view of Castro's Cuba. In any wider and more systematic prospect of book banning, the paper has shown no interest.

Whatever the future of new media may hold, ours will be a poorer world if we begin to lose (or "sequester" from children) the millions of books published before our own era. They serve as a path into history, literature, and imagination for kids everywhere. They link the generations by enabling parents to pass on the stories and discoveries in which they delighted as children. Their illustrations open up worlds far removed from what kids are likely to see on the video or TV screen. Could we really be on the verge of losing all of this? And if this is what government protection of our kids means, shouldn't we be thinking instead about protecting our kids from the government?

The recording sponge

WILLIAM SUTTON AND JOHN SUTTON relate the strange tale of Captain Vosterloch and the long-playing sponge

WILLIAM SUTTON is a novelist and Latin teacher who appeared in Ken Campbell's fortean epic, The Warp, and plays cricket for Brazil. **JOHN SUTTON**, author of Philosophy and Memory Traces, teaches at Macquarie University, Sydney, and presents 'Ghost in the Machine' on East Side Radio.

JAN VAN DER VEKEN

Do you sing to your sponge? Beware. If a mysterious Parisian pamphlet of 1632 [*see panel*] can be credited, your warblings may be played back the next time it is squeezed. A certain Captain Vosterloch, relates the *Courrier Véritable*, discovered a sponge used by natives of the southern seas to communicate across long distances. Simply squeeze and the message spoken into it is replayed exactly. Can a sponge record sound? Bald fact or pure fiction, the source material is as obscure as the science. But if Vosterloch did not exist, it seems a tremendous lark to have invented him. For, as myth, this fantastic portrayal of sound and porosity forces us to re-examine not only the humble sponge, but also the history of sound recording, and our notion of memory itself.

The phonographic *poriferum*, regarded as myth, takes its place in a venerable tapestry of historical science fiction. Ancient China, Greece and Egypt all produced magical devices to duplicate sound or make statues speak, involving bellows, for instance, or simply a hidden person.[1] The 1589 speaking tube of Giovanni Battista Porta prefigures the 1,000 mile speaker, a sealed wooden tube invented by Chian Shun-hsin in the 17th century.[2] Most grotesque is Rabelais's idea:[3] the death throes of soldiers who died in freezing icefields are gruesomely replayed when Spring thaws the ice. Cyrano[4] convincingly describes talking books with watch-like gears instead of pages. A needle placed on the desired chapter produces a quasi-human voice – speaking the lunar language, of course. Whereupon we remember that Cyrano also claimed to have visited the Moon.

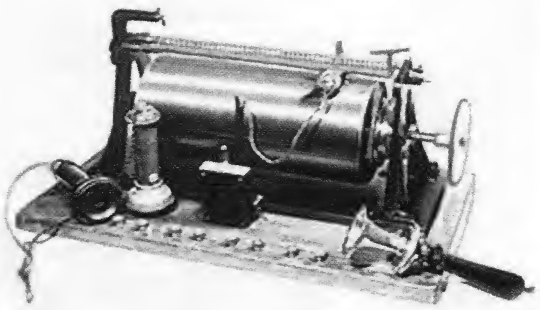
The death throes of soldiers are replayed when Spring thaws the ice

Our South Sea setting raises familiar questions about the colonial fascination with wonders.[5] Why do we project such fantasies on to the exotic other? To claim conquest of things beyond our ken, perhaps. To aggrandise our exploration, certainly. But our myth stands out from stock legendary topoi. What other exotic tale is so civilised? So pseudo-technological? So modern?

Neither terrifying like dragons nor awe-inspiring like the world's edge, the recording sponge makes its (one and only?) appearance soon after Shakespeare's Folio appears across the

channel. If printing techniques could preserve and disseminate written words and pictures too (in the form of engravings), why should speech – the most immediate form of communication – prove recalcitrant?

We know that people were already fantasising about recording sound. [6] What other technologies, besides our dicta-sponge, have been forgotten? Leonardo's helicopter is famed; but who remembers Valdemar Poulsen? At the Paris Exhibition of 1900, the Dane's answering machine was lauded for sound quality far outstripping the phonograph. [7]



ABOVE: Valdemar Poulsen's answering machine, the Telegrafoon, exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

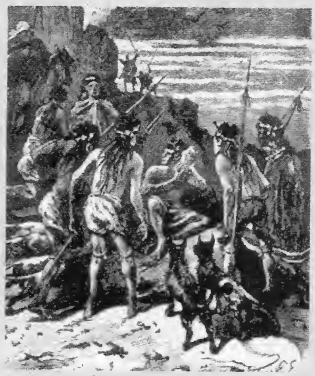
Besides its value as myth and technological barometer, our supersponge is also a historical metaphor for memory. In the struggle to account for the vagaries of remembering, such metaphors relate intriguingly to prevalent technologies. Nowadays, we draw comparisons with hard drives and their crashes, websites and their glitches. Not long ago, we talked of filing things away in the mind, like index cards in boxes and folders in cabinets. But memory has been likened to such diverse containers as the rooms of a house and the stomach of a cow. [8] If a sponge seemed a credible way to record sound, what light does that cast on 17th century neurology, psychology and journalism?

These primitive metazoa (and their synthetic counterparts) provide a familiar image for forgetting, not retaining, information. [9] Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy, in name and effect, has unnervingly reinforced this folk notion. But *porifera* – a group successful since pre-Cambrian times through reproduction both sexual and asexual, viviparous and oviparous – are prized by biologists for clues they provide about the evolution of more complex systems. [10] With their extraordinary cellular structure, they also offer fruitful comparison with current models of the brain. Just as our neural pathways form and reform in a fluid evolution, so their mobile cellular systems carry out all vital functions, without developed tissue organisation.

Perhaps we should hesitate, however, before writing off the spongiform answering machine as myth or metaphor. Consider, behind fantastical sightings of sea monsters, the core phenomena of whales and giant squid. And how fanciful dragons sound... until you visit Komodo. Can any spongologists help us uncover the grain of truth in this pearl of a story? Or is it to historians of sound we should turn? Such a porous recording device requires sound to be liquid: Vosterloch saw voices soaked up, just as Rabelais imagined them freezing. What is the nature of porosity? Solid matter with holes like Swiss cheese? Or must the stuff itself be permeable? Have we been too busy scrubbing ourselves down to remember the talking *poriferum*? Think twice next time you catch yourself singing in the bath. Perhaps one day you'll buy the *White Album* again, but on long-playing sponge. FT

Who was Captain Vosterloch?

Le Courrier Véritable, April 1632
'In this land, reports Captain Vosterloch, nature has furnished men with certain sponges which retain sound and articulated speech, just as our sponges do with liquid. So that when they want to ask something, or confer at a distance, they just speak near some of these sponges, then, on receiving them, they make the words inside come out by pressing them quite gently and by this admirable means they know everything that their friends want.' [11]



LE COURRIER NOT SO VÉRITABLE?
Our sources on this proto-dictaphone quibble over every detail. For instance, de Filippis locates Vosterloch's voyage *'dans les terres australes au large du détroit de Magellan.'* Other suggestions include the South Seas, Australia and Antarctica. What is this pamphlet, lurking in the Bibliothèque Nationale Française? One-off broadsheet or regular newspaper? Anonymous or by the famed author, Charles Sorel? Draaisma says Sorel in 1632, Marty goes for 1633, but Levin states that neither author nor publisher is marked. Calling it *'une gazette satirique'* de Filippis applauds the story as appealing but unscientific, while Levin describes 'a thin little book' telling of this 'land of people with bluish-black skin which has no art and no science nor any written exchange.' Most mysterious of all, who was Captain Vosterloch? The only scrap of information – that he was a Dutch sea-captain – comes from Wojciech Waglewski, former singer of Polish band, Voo Voo. [12]

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Le Courrier Véritable, April 1632/1633.
Daniel Marty (trans Douglas Tubbs): *The Illustrated History of Phonographs*, (Dorset Press, NY, 1981).
Kenneth Gross, *The Dream of the Moving Statue* (Cornell UP, Ithaca, 1992).
Thomas Y Levin: 'Before the Beep: A Short History of Voice Mail' in *Essays in Sound 2: technophonia* (Melbourne, 1995). Also http://autonomous.org/soundsite/csa/eis2content/
Lorraine Daston & Katharine Park: *Wonders and the Order of Nature, 1150–1750* (New York, 1998).
D Draaisma: *Metaphors of Memory, a History of Ideas about the Mind* (Cambridge, 2000).
Alain de Filippis: 'Les Aventuriers du Son' at http://granuvox.free.fr/
François Rabelais (trans JM Cohen): *The Histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel* (Harmondsworth, 1955)
Giovanni Battista Porta: *Magia Naturalis*, (1589).
Cyrano de Bergerac: *L'Histoire Comique des Etats de la Lune* (1650).

FOOTNOTES

1 See both Marty and Gross
2 Levin
3 Rabelais, Book IV, Chapter LVI
4 Cyrano de Bergerac
5 Daston & Park
6 Draaisma
7 Levin
8 Draaisma
9 See, for example, Bob Williams: 'Please don't squeeze the brain sponge' at www.couriertribune.com/nws/squeeze2.html
10 Patricia R Bergquist: 'Porifera' at www.els.net.
11 Our translation from de Filippis
12 www.voovoo.art.pl/media/max/max_99_05.html

Legend of The Shaolin Werewolf

Thursday, July 5, 2012 | By: Joe Doran （杜乔）

Some stories are remarkable, while others are so filled with hyperbole that, despite how amazing they might be, a small part of you can't help but question their factual value. Other stories, though they might be written like real history, are clearly more legend than they are truth.

This is one of those stories.

Why? Because it concerns a werewolf (狼人 lángrén) who could do kung fu.

In the interest of full disclosure, I am compelled to admit that the protagonist of this tale is never actually stated to be a werewolf. Our hero was a man, surnamed Su (苏), who—if he even truly existed—is said to have suffered from a very real, very serious genetic disease called hypertrichosis, which caused the hair on his body to grow out of control.

Su's legend begins with his birth in the mid-19th century. His was a world with neither Wikipedia nor the joys of Internet self-diagnosis, and as such, his parents misunderstood his condition, denounced him for a demon and abandoned him as a baby in a forest. And there he might well have died, had things not taken a turn so common to kung fu movies that it's practically a cliche.

He was discovered by some wandering Shaolin monks.

Being the righteous, honorable guys that Shaolin monks tend to be, the first thing they did was try to find an adoptive family for the young Su. The locals of the region, however, wouldn't take him in either, so at a loss, the monks accepted Su into their temple and set about fulfilling another kung fu movie cliche: turning him into an unstoppable martial arts machine.

Even Shaolin monks without hypertrichosis are pretty darn impressive

Most likely aware that if he left the temple, he'd probably be burned alive by an angry mob with torches and pitchforks (think Frankenstein), Su had little else to do with his time other than study the ways of Shaolin. Normally, a student chose just one art to which they dedicated themselves, but Su chose all of them, learning from each of the Shaolin masters in turn. Over the years, he learned more than 200 empty-hand fighting techniques and mastered 140 weapon types. Supposedly, he even learned the infamous Dian Xue (点穴), or "Death Touch" (for a visual example, go watch "Kill Bill").

So incredible was Su, that the other monks appointed him as Su Gong (苏公, Grandmaster Su). From there, the accounts of his skills become increasingly fantastical.

At a meeting with 12 Shaolin masters from across China, Su entered the room and was greeted with customary bows from all of the gathered. He did not bow in return. Instead, Su pulled out a knife and hurled it into the ceiling. An assassin plummeted to the ground, the knife embedded in his heart.

We can go ahead and assume that there was a dramatic pause between the knife being hurled and the infiltrator dropping down.

Su had realized the assassin was hiding in the rafters when, upon entering the room, he could hear 13 people breathing, rather than just 12. How he managed that with all that hair around his ears is beyond me, but then I'm not a quasi-legendary Shaolin Grandmaster…yet.

When Su wasn't discovering assassins with echo-location, he was fighting bears in the forest for practice. In fairness, the bears may well have taken him for a skinny second-cousin and then were completely blown away when he came at them with kung fu moves. Even a bear would have been caught off-guard by that.

And when he wasn't fighting bears, Su was leading his fellow monks in the defense of Fujian Province's coastline against Japanese pirates, which they did to great success. That the monks succeeded isn't that surprising, however. After all, even pirates will shriek like little girls and turn tail when confronted with a hair-covered Shaolin Grandmaster. And those that didn't run…well, it's unlikely Su wasn't putting that Death Touch technique into practice.

The story goes that Su's success against the pirates, and the subsequent love it earned him and his fellow monks from the common people, garnered him the attention of the Imperial government, who saw the monks as potential rebels.

So a force was dispatched to "deal" with the monks—armed with gunpowder weapons. That already made it an unfair fight, because as awesome as these quasi-mythical monks were, they probably couldn't dodge cannon fire.

And just to make sure the monks didn't try to pull any "mystical kung fu stuff", a renegade Shaolin Master was sent to strengthen the attackers.

Now I know what you're thinking: you reckon you know exactly how the battle went down. The monks dealt with the cannons and the missiles using only their skill and guile, while Su and the Shaolin Master faced-off in an epic, hand-to-hand, flying through the air, backflipping, frontflipping, sideslipping, high-kicking, one-on-one battle.

Well they didn't.

Warned of the impending attack and realizing that, in actuality, they were no match for a superior force armed with modern weaponry, the monks chose to take all the valuables out of the temple and then burn it down before the bad guys arrived.

But before you condemn the decision as cowardly—going against all the rules of kung fu courage and honor that you remember from your diligent research into Shaolin lore (read: watching kung fu flicks)—bear in mind that the monks didn't relocate to a cushy back-up temple, they went to live in the mountains. It takes a pretty tough bunch of guys to just "go live in the mountains."

Su died in 1928, at the age of 71, leaving a legacy that—as you can see—is far, far more legend than it is reliable history.

We can only hope that perhaps, out there somewhere in confusion of time, there is some tiny kernel of truth to it all. Why else would a legend about a hairy Shaolin Grandmaster exist? No one would make that up out of the blue. Compared to other Chinese myths, it's not even that inspired.

It wouldn't even make a good film. Can you imagine, a movie about a super-skilled, hyper-athletic, backflipping werewolf? That would never make it to the big screen.

Oh, wait…

Share this
Facebook Twitter LinkedIn Tumblr Reddit Email

You might also like:

How to Celebrate Laba Festival
Spring Festival Superstitions: Your Hair, or Your Uncle?
Spring Festival's Cleaning Day

MILWAUKEE MAN GETS 3½ YEARS FOR VIOLIN THEFT

A Milwaukee man whose stun gun was used in the theft of a $5 million Stradivarius violin in January has been sentenced to 3½ years in prison.

Universal K. Allah pleaded guilty in May to being party to felony robbery. Milwaukee County Judge Dennis Moroney told him Thursday it was "disconcerting" that he would engage in a crime that caused so much pain to his community.

Salah Salahadyn is also charged in this case. His plea hearing was postponed Thursday after his public defender withdrew from the case for unspecified reasons.

Prosecutors say Salahadyn used Allah's stun gun to attack a concertmaster and steal his violin after a performance. The violin was recovered in good condition.

The story that crow told me...

Three warring countries' destinies are linked by ravens. Someone will have to eat crow, says JEFFREY VALLANCE

JEFFREY VALLANCE, prolific artist and simulacrum hunter, has contributed to *FT* since 1989.

Recently I moved back to the San Fernando Valley in California, where the tranquillity is broken only by the squawking of a profusion of crows. Their crowing often wakes me up with a jerk first thing in the morning. While half-awake one early morning, I thought I heard a crow on my window ledge talking to me. She cocked her head and screeched, "Jeffrey, by virtue of your Nordic heritage, you will understand what I reveal to you. Hark, the mighty warrior Göran is on a crusade to the East to kill the last dinosaur and devour its heart. This brutal deed will begin a blood-bath the likes of which the world has ne'er seen. Caw! Caw!" I awoke from my reverie and jumped out of bed. Was I dreaming, or was I stark raving mad? It seemed quite real. Was it a hypnopompic experience on the threshold of wakefulness, or a vision? What did it mean?

If crows are caged, they will begin to "talk" or mimic words, and can acquire vocabularies larger than those of parrots. As for talking ravens, there is Edgar Allen Poe's grim and ancient raven repeatedly uttering "Nevermore." And witches and warlocks often have raven familiars. The terms 'raven' and 'crow' are almost interchangeable, but they have a few notable differences. A crow makes a nasal, high-pitched "caw," and has over 20 distinct calls, whereas a raven utters a low, hoarse "croak" and can express itself in up to 100 different vocalisations. The scientific name for the American crow is *Corvus brachyrhynchos*, and the common raven is *Corvus corax*. Ravens are one-third larger than crows. Ravens prefer forested areas where they can feed on abundant carrion, while our omnivorous crows are more at home in the urban landscape – hence the Valley.

In mythology, the crow is one of the most common trickster figures, as well as a messenger and creator deity. Because of their jet black colour, crows and ravens have been omens of death, destruction, and spirits of divination. Both birds are associated with battlefields, execution sites and cemeteries (since they feast on human remains). The croak of the raven is a portent of death, as in *Macbeth*. Our term "croak" is likewise an expression for "passing away."

The Vikings interpreted the cries and movements of birds (ornithomancy) as a method of divining the future. Even without divination, it is said that Vikings could understand certain crow distress calls, for example the alarm call for a person approaching from a specific direction. Ravens hold prophetic knowledge of war. Similar to the valkyries, the raven is called "Chooser of the Slain," deciding which warrior must fall. Thus, a hero must be trained to understand the language of birds as a key to enter the World of the Raven (the underworld), where victory or defeat is ordained. With God's help, both King Solomon and Saint Francis of Assisi understood the language of birds. Correspondingly, the knowledge of bird language can also be attained by slaying a dragon and eating its heart.

In Nordic mythology, the chief divinity Odin has two raven familiars, Huginn ("thought") and Muninn ("memory"). Each morning, Odin sends them forth to soar over the Earth. At night, they return to perch on his shoulders and tell him what they have heard and seen. Related is the "crow's nest" on ships, a perch for lookouts to gather intelligence. In Celtic mythology, the Morrigan – who often appears as a grim, hooded crow – is the goddess of battle, strife, and fertility. She appears as both a single goddess and as a trinity. The other deities forming the trio are the goddess of war, *Badb* (crow), and *Macha* (raven).

Ravens hold prophetic knowledge of war

The goddess often assumes the form of a carrion-crow and is then referred to as *Badb Catha* (battle raven). The trio took part in battles, influencing their outcome by causing great pandemonium. The battlefield itself is often called 'land of Badb'. The Morrigan has her own end-of-the-world prophecy: "I shall not see a world which will be dear to me; summer without blossoms, cows without milk, women without modesty, men without valour, conquests without a king, forests without trees, sea without produce, false judgments of old men, false precedents of lawyers, every man a betrayer, every son a blasphemer. An evil time."

Back to my dream. I have interpreted the Valley crow's prophecy: the mighty warrior Göran is none other than Saint George reincarnated as George W Bush. According to legend, St George was an English knight on crusade to the Holy Land. In the Middle East, he

TRINETTE REED/CORBIS

encountered a dragon (or pliosaur) which he slew with the Holy Lance. His legend represents the triumph of Good over Evil. Saint George is known as the Holy Wrestler (as he wrestled with the dragon, symbol of the Devil). The patron saint of England, soldiers, and Boy Scouts, he is invoked for protection against syphilis, herpes, and predatory beasts. Like the saint of old, George Bush is on a crusade to the Middle East to kill the last dinosaur – Saddam Hussein. (It is his burning obsession, like the burning bush which is ablaze and yet not consumed.)

His act of war may ignite the Apocalypse (or in Norse mythology *Ragnarok*, the "Doom of the Gods"). Saddam fancies himself the reincarnation of King Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon. The Ishtar ("is tar") Gate, the Tower of Babel (a ziggurat), and the entire ancient citadel of Babylon were constructed of bricks mortared with asphalt (or tar, a petroleum product). In other words, Babylon was built literally of oil. Like his namesake-daddy, George W wants to slay the craven dragon and plunder (ravish) his oil. He hungers to consume the dragon's oily heart to become invincible in war. Bush has a hankering to take on the biblical dragon of Revelation.

Saddam craves to regain the glory and relics of ancient Babylon. He would like to get his hands on the Ishtar Gate, built around 600 BC by King Nebuchadnezzar (currently in the Pergamon Museum in Berlin), which has an image in bas-relief of a ravenous dragon. Ishtar is the Babylonian Goddess of War whose emblem is the raven. The Ishtar dragon is also called the Sirrush or Mushhushshu. The dragon has a slender body covered with scales, a long, tapered tail, and a serpentine neck. A reptilian forked tongue protrudes from the mouth. Curious flaps of skin are attached to the back of the serpent's head, along with a lethal horn.

Some cryptozoologists claim the Ishtar dragon was the last living dinosaur. The Babylonians penetrated deep into Africa and by chance may have captured a specimen of the Mokele-Mbembe, a huge reptile from the Congo. Accordingly, King Nebuchadnezzar may have kept this living sauropod dinosaur in the Temple of Marduk, whose symbol is the dragon. Certain Christian creationists point to the biblical Behemoth as the dragon of Revelation. They believe that the dinosaurs did not die off millions of years ago (surviving on Noah's Ark) and may have become extinct only relatively recently. Saint George may have killed one of the last of these terrible lizards. There is some evidence that a few dinosaurs and marine reptiles could still be alive in remote areas, teetering on the verge of extinction (like some world tyrants).

As I write, the tree overhead is teeming with crows, raucously jabbering as if they know I am recording their tale. The Old Testament and the Koran label the raven an "unclean animal." The raven is a harbinger of war and doom. A flock of crows is called a "murder" of crows, from the folk belief that crows form tribunals to judge and punish delinquent crows. The US Air Force has christened the aircraft flying over the Iraqi no-fly zone "Ravens". During the Gulf War, Ravens launched from Dhahran Air Base, Saudi Arabia, patrolled the skies over southern Iraq. The EF-111A Raven built by Grumman Company is an aircraft with electronic jamming equipment and a processor to detect hostile radar emissions. About these aircraft, the spokesman for the Iraqi Air Defense Command announced: "The murderous ravens once again violated the sanctity of our national airspace. Our valiant air defences forced these dark ravens to leave our national airspace in shame and disappointment to the bases of evil and aggression."

America's ally in the war against Saddam is Great Britain, a country whose destiny is likewise linked with ravens. Traditionally ravens live in the Tower of London. A curious superstition dating from the time of Charles II prophesies that when ravens no longer roost in the Tower, the kingdom will fall. In recent times, their wings are clipped so that they cannot fly away. Perhaps as a key to assured victory, the monarchy still maintains ravens to know what they have seen. A fascinating development of crow symbolism is the representation of its three raptorial claws drawn within a solar disc: the peace symbol.

As the enchanted Valley crow proclaimed, the US and Britain have been itching to storm Iraq (using intelligence gathered by Ravens) to subdue the terrible tyrant of Babylon. They want to devour his lifeblood, the oil at the heart of the Earth. Alas, this may ignite the prophetic battle, bringing doom to us all. Beware! Caw! Caw! FT

China: Bans inflatable toad reports amid mockery fears

By News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring

23 July 2014 Last updated at 05:47 ET

China's censors seem to have banned internet reports about a giant inflatable toad floating in a Beijing park, amid mockery on social media comparing it to ex-president Jiang Zemin.

References to the 22m (72ft) toad unveiled in Beijing's Yuyuantan Park last month have vanished from all major news portals, and a story on the Xinhua news agency site is now unavailable, Channel News Asia cites the AFP news agency as saying. One paper - the official China Daily - dismisses the toad as a "poor attempt to replicate the success of an original work", but fails to mention the still-powerful Jiang - who was nicknamed The Toad during his 13-year rule.

There has been a nationwide fad for huge blow-up animals ever since a Dutch designer floated an enormous rubber duck in Hong Kong harbour last year. In fact, the giant duck triggered so much discussion on social media that the government banned online searches for 'big yellow duck' after Sina Weibo mini-blog users posted photo mock-ups of the iconic lone Tiananmen Square protester facing down not a column of tanks but a parade of bath toys.

As for the toad itself, a traditional Chinese symbol of good luck, it is still floating in the park lake, and a spokesman told Channel News Asia there are no plans to remove it.

The Werewolf of Kamouraska (1766-1767)

Published on February 27, 2010 by histoire_qc

On December 14, 1766 was published in the Gazette of Quebec a disturbing story:

> *One learns of Saint-Roch, near Cape Mouraska (Kamouraska) there is a werewolf who runs the coast as a beggar, who, with the talent to persuade it ignores, and by promising what he can not hold to that to get what he wants. It is said that this animal, with the help of his two hind feet, arrived at Quebec on 17 last and that he replied on 18 below, with the intention to follow its mission* till *Montreal. This beast is said to be in his case as dangerous as that which appeared last year in the Gévauclan * which is why we urge the public to be wary as a ravening wolf.*

- Gevaudan

A few months later, December 10, 1767 ...

> *Kamouraska, December 2, we learn that a* werewolf, *riding in this province for many years and has done much damage in the district of Quebec, has received considerable number of attacks in October last by various animals that had been armed and unleashed against this monster, and, in particular, on 3 November following, he received a furious blow with a little animal fat, which is believed to be completely delivered from this fatal animal, since he remained some time retired to his den, to the great satisfaction of the public.*
> *But we just learned, the more fatal misfortunes that this animal is not completely defeated, on the contrary, he began to reappear more furious than ever and makes a terrible carnage wherever it strikes.* Beware So all the tricks of this malicious beast, and beware of falling between his legs.

Reference: Bulletin of historical research. Pierre-Georges Roy, p.224, Vol. XV, July 1909, n07.

True Tales of Pamphile Lemay. Artwork by Henri

What is a werewolf?

We say that

> *popular tradition in Quebec, more than half of the story revolves around individuals turning into a werewolf after failing to confess or make their Easter for seven years. Other stories also mention people who have sold their soul*

to the devil or leading a "bad life", that is to say having a pipe outside the precepts of the Church.

Reference: Bryan Perro, fantastic creatures Quebec tome1, Robert Rose, 2007, p. 73

How to get rid of a werewolf?

To unmask the werewolves, just monitor those who, every night, eclipsed at the same time. If we can hurt the animal, man is wounded in the same place the next day. One way to issue a werewolf's curse is to reach the front, its weak point, which he received the holy water of baptism. We have to draw a cross or strike to draw blood. It is also possible to reach the werewolf using a gun stuffed blessed branch, or a string of bullets dipped in holy water.

(Ref)

L'animal se dressa, et allongea comme pour le mordre, ses mussac pointus... Firmin frappa.

True Tales of Pamphile Lemay. Artwork by Henri Julien, 1907.

An American Werewolf in Quebec literature.

It is found in many stories, including:
La Chasse-galerie Honoré Beaugrand.
Fireside - History and fantasy (1877) by Benjamin Sulte see the title The Werewolf.
True Tales (1899) Pamphile Le May.

In Europe

At the same time as the werewolf prowls the Kamouraska in France the Beast of Gevaudan which were attributed to several deaths

Conclusion

The werewolf is a key figure of legendary Quebecois as well as the devil and many others. He inspired great storytellers like Le May, Beaugrand Sulte. The legends of werewolves we show how the church was important in society. Woe to him who does not celebrate Easter! 😀

Bibliography

Monographs
ROY, Pierre-Georges, http://www.ourroots.ca/f/toc.aspx?id=3323 . Seventh Series, p.73-74, Levis, 1919
Perro, Bryan. Fantastic creatures Quebec, Robert Rose, Montreal, 2007, 160 pages.
Periodic

Bulletin of historical research . Pierre-Georges Roy, Vol. XV, July 1909, No. 7, p. 224.

Websites

GrandQuébec.com (Accessed February 27, 2010) Notice to residents of Quebec [online] URL: http://www.grandquebec.com/nouvelles-quebec/loup-garou/

Maison Saint-Gabriel. (Accessed February 27, 2010) A wildlife evil. [Online] URL: http://www.maisonsaint-gabriel.qc.ca/fr/b/page_b_5a_c11_04.html

--****--

Whaley House Mansion in San Diego, California allegedly haunted by the ghosts of numerous people and animals. The central phantom is "Yankee Jim" Robinson, who was executed in 1852 for attempting to steal the only pilot boat in the San Diego harbor.

Robinson was sentenced to be hanged on the property where the Whaley House was to be built. According to legend, the hanging scaffold was not properly constructed. Robinson dropped only 5 feet instead of 15, and thus did not die immediately of a broken neck. Instead, it took about 15 minutes for him to be strangled, an agonizing death in which he kicked and struggled while dangling from the rope. Two of his accomplices were later caught, but they received light sentences.

The Whaley House, commissioned by businessman Thomas Whaley for his bride, Anna Eloise deLaunay, was completed in 1957. The Whaleys made it a social center. Family members, however, long believed that Robinson's ghost stalked the mansion, still upset over his brutal death. The children of the Whaleys heard heavy footsteps upstairs. The last of the children, Lillian Whaley, lived in the house until her death in 1953 at age 89.

After her death, the house fell into disrepair and eventually was scheduled for demolition. A citizens' committee saved it, and the Whaley House is now an historic home furnished with period pieces and open to the public.

In the 1960s, San Diego City College students staged an original play, *Yankee Jim,* in the courtroom of the Whaley House. Ghostly footsteps were heard upstairs after the play was over.

Various psychics and mediums who have visited the house claim that it is home to a menagerie of ghosts of men, women, children and animals. Only one other seems to have an identity: Anna Eloise Whaley, seen walking about the rooms carrying a candle and checking windows and locks. Poltergeist phenomena reported include burglar alarms being set off, windows opening and closing, a rotating chandelier, a baby cradle that rocks by itself, and a windmill that runs on a mysterious icy wind.

Further reading:

Riccio, Dolores, and Joan Bingham. *Haunted Houses USA.* New York: Pocket Books, 1989.

Theatre Play Reveals Unknown Greek Vampire History

By Konstantinos Menzel on *January 17, 2014*
http://greece.greekreporter.com/2014/01/17/theatre-play-reveals-unknown-greek-vampire-history/

It may seem unbelievable, but there were vampires in Greece! The engaging theatrical performance by Konstantinos Dellas and his theater company "boulouki," narrates the story of Greek vampires, based on reports in medieval and modern Greek literature.

"The Greek Vampire," currently playing at the Municipal Theater of Piraeus, attempts to shed light on these mythical beings. While relying on the musicality of speech and the action of their bodies, the three actors provide a theatrical essence to the mainly narrative texts.

"I conceived the original idea of the play while reading an article by a Frenchman, about travelers visiting pre-revolutionary Greece and witnessing many incidents of "vampirism," and the population's reaction to these. I was impressed because until that time I wasn't aware that such extreme incidents; exhumations of the dead, burning of hearts or mass incidents of paranoia, had taken place all over Greece," said Dellas in a report in the Greek edition of euronews.

On being asked about research involved in the play, Dellas referred to several reports by travelers, urban legends from various regions of Greece, articles from local newspapers, literature, folklore and ecclesiastical texts. Together with material found on the internet, Dellas used the reports to create the play.

A person may be transformed into a vampire for many reasons, in Greek called "vrikolakas," said Dellas. "According to local beliefs and prejudice, people who were born or conceived on a sacred day, heretics or those who had been excommunicated, professional magicians, those who had harmed society, or deceased people who's funeral had been conducted wrongly, were all at risk of becoming vampires."

As for getting rid of vampires, the director makes reference to both well-known and obscure methods, the use of the cross, fire and wooden stakes, decapitation of the corpse and burning of the heart. Of course, one shouldn't forget the weapons provided by nature, sun and seawater.

Dellas also makes reference to some key stories and incidents. "While reading about a mass paranoia incident on Mykonos in 1700, along with another witness report where a dead person was considered a vampire, as he wouldn't obey the priest's order to eat the food brought to his grave, a text by Manos Hadjidakis came to mind, entitled "The Return of the Vampires," in which the famous Greek composer talks about the expansion of Neo-Nazism in Europe."

Are there truly any vampires in Greece? Dellas answers with a smile, "as long as we're touching wood to avoid tempting fate, there will also be vampires."

South Africa thieves 'steal railway'

News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring 09:02 UK time, Wednesday, 16 July 2014

Metal thieves in South Africa have stolen nearly 10km (6 miles) of working railway track, causing about $2.3m (£1.3m) of damage, it's emerged.

Chunks of track were stolen over the course of several months from a line used to take trains from Johannesburg to a depot in the town of Nigel, The Star newspaper reports. Five men have appeared in court after being "caught in the act" by the security guards who patrol the track, the paper says.

"They're experts. They're not making mistakes," says Thumbu Mahlangu, a member of the local transport committee. Rail spokesman Mike Asefovitz agrees: "These aren't the little guys. To take this kind of weight and to cut it up you need specialised machinery." The stolen rails are reportedly worth about $120,000 on the scrap metal market.

The theft has left 34 brand new train cars stuck at the maintenance plant just as they were due to be put into use, and the depot now fears for its future with about 700 jobs potentially at risk. In South Africa, metal theft is a serious problem costing the economy hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

THUNDERBIRD SIGHTING?

Two huge black birds were seen on 26 June in a mountainous area between the towns of Tunkhannock and Nicholson, in Wyoming County, northeast Pennsylvania. The primary witness saw the birds approaching from the north when he stepped out on his back porch at about 9:05pm. His first impression was that they were herons, but soon realised that they were too big – about 6ft (1.8m) from head to tail – and the colour was wrong. They landed at

the top of a very tall coniferous tree, which seemed as though it would break from their weight. The legs were not long like those of a heron or crane, and the wings appeared "batlike."

The witness yelled for others in the house to come outside to look. Another family member was able to see the birds as they passed overhead, heading for some woods. Consulting a bird book, the witness said that the closest species that he could find in shape was a black cormorant, although they were much too big. Judging from the dimensions of the branches where the birds had rested, the witness estimated that the wingspan would have been 12ft (3.6m) or more.

Report by Pennsylvania researcher Stan Gordon. See UFO Anomalies Zone website, www.westol.com/~paufo

Police officers searching a property in Guerrero, Mexico, found the endangered big cat locked in a cage.

By Mark Molloy 1:59PM BST 24 Jul 2014

Mexican authorities searching an abandoned house were left stunned when they discovered a Bengal tiger locked in a cage.

Police officers, who found the endangered animal after a tip-off from a member of the public, say it is a "complete mystery" how the tiger got there.

They were searching a property in the municipality of Chilapa de Alvarez, in the state of Guerrero, when they heard a strange noise.

The female tiger was found inside a locked room and police suspect it was illegally owned.

Police spokesman Leonidas Bueno Escamilla said the big cat was in a "good condition".

"She didn't have any food or water to hand, but we don't think she could have been there for long," he told AFP Indonesia.

"The cage was much too small for an animal of this size, it's a complete mystery what the tiger was doing there."

He added: "If a child or anyone else had wandered near the cage the tiger could easily have grabbed them and then the consequences could have been terrible."

The animal was taken to a zoo where it is being cared for while police carry out their investigation.

The owner of the property told investigators he did not know who had brought the tiger to his house.

TIGER TALES

The last recorded sighting of a tiger in South Korea took place in Gyeonggi Province's Daedok Mountains, in 1921. But this has not prevented Lim Sun-nam from devoting every spare moment of the past seven years to searching for evidence that this dramatic felid exists in his country. Having seen claw marks in a tree that he is convinced were made by a tiger, as well as 30 or so tiger-like footprints during February 1998 in snow on the remote Hanbuk Mountains, he returns here each week in a truck containing a sound machine which emits the mating call of a male tiger as a lure, and checks a camera set up with a rabbit as bait.

So far, no tiger has responded to either the aural or the living lure, but Lim Sun-nam believes there are still at least 10 tigers in his country. He also claims to have e-mails from US soldiers stationed here describing tiger noises and smells, and that there is even a video of a tiger pawing a fence along the 38th Parallel.

Meanwhile in Indonesia, Didik Raharyono, a biology graduate from Gadjah Mada University, is equally adamant that tigers still survive in Java, even though the Javan tiger was formally declared extinct during the 1980s. Yet sightings continue to this day among villagers and poachers, who have been interviewed at length by Didik. They have even given him tiger teeth, skin, and whiskers, some of which may be from tigers killed only months earlier. And he has collected fæces and found footprints in caves and other localities that tigers allegedly still frequent.

NHPA/KEVIN SCHAFER

Since beginning his search in 1997, Didik claims to have seen a tiger himself once, albeit briefly, during a 14-day survey in Meru Betiri National Park. Moreover, the Indonesian Institute of Sciences has apparently formally identified hair samples as Javan tiger in origin. Notwithstanding such evidence, finding sponsors to support these two tiger researchers' quests in their respective lands is proving to be as great a problem as finding the tigers themselves. *http://english.joins.com/Article.asp?aid=20021115001926&sid=600 15 Nov 2002, www.thejakartapost.com/detailfeatures.asp?fileid=20021030.S03&irec=2 30 Oct 2002.*

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, July 25, the 206th day of 2014. There are 159 days left in the year.

Highlights in history on this date:

1814: The Battle of Lundy's Lane, one of the bloodiest battles of the War of 1812, took place in present-day Niagara Falls, Ontario, with no clear victor.

1909: French aviator Louis Bleriot became the first person to fly an airplane across the English Channel, traveling from Calais to Dover in 37 minutes.

1934: Austrian Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss was assassinated by pro-Nazi Austrians in a failed coup attempt.

1943: Benito Mussolini was dismissed as premier of Italy by King Victor Emmanuel III, and placed under arrest. (However, Mussolini was later rescued by the Nazis, and re-asserted his authority.)

1944: Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters recorded Cole Porter's "Don't Fence Me In" in Los Angeles for Decca Records.

1952: Puerto Rico became a self-governing commonwealth of the United States.

1956: The Italian liner Andrea Doria collided with the Swedish passenger ship Stockholm off the New England coast late at night and began sinking; at least 51 people were killed.

1960: A Woolworth's store in Greensboro, North Carolina, that had been the scene of a sit-in protest against its whites-only lunch counter dropped its segregation policy.

1978: Louise Joy Brown, the first "test tube baby," was born in Oldham, England; she'd been conceived through the technique of in-vitro fertilization.

1984: Soviet cosmonaut Svetlana Savitskaya became the first woman to walk in space as she carried out more than three hours of experiments outside the orbiting space station Salyut 7.

1994: Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and Jordan's King Hussein signed a declaration at the White House ending their countries' 46-year-old formal state of war.

2000: A New York-bound Air France Concorde crashed outside Paris shortly after takeoff, killing all 109 people on board and four people on the ground; it was the first-ever crash of the supersonic jet.

2004: Israelis formed a human chain stretching 55 miles from Gaza to Jerusalem to protest Prime Minister Ariel Sharon's Gaza Strip withdrawal plan. Lance Armstrong won a record sixth Tour de France.

2009: President Barack Obama continued his full-court press to pass health care reform legislation, citing a new White House study indicating that small businesses were paying far more per employee for health insurance than big companies, a disparity the president said was "unsustainable" as well as "unacceptable." Protesters across the world called on Iran to end its clampdown on opposition activists.

Thought for today: "Life is not a matter of milestones, but of moments." — Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy (1890-1995).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Sunday, July 27, the 208th day of 2014. There are 157 days left in the year.

Highlights in history on this date:

1563: French army regains Le Havre, France, where English garrison is stricken with plague. Returning soldiers introduce the plague to England.

1655: Great Elector of Brandenburg concludes defense treaty with Dutch. This sparks first Northern War when Sweden's King Charles X invades Poland.

1784: Courier De L'Amerique becomes the first French newspaper to be published in the United States.

1789: U.S. Congress establishes the Department of Foreign Affairs, forerunner of the Department of State.

1794: Revolutionary leader Maximilien de Robespierre is arrested by his opponents in Paris and tries to commit suicide, but fails.

1795: Spain signs peace treaty with France, ceding its part of Santo Domingo.

1830: July Revolution starts in Paris in reaction to restrictive policies of Charles X, who is forced from the throne after three days of fighting.

1839: Opium War between China and Britain begins after Chinese authorities seize and burn British cargoes of opium.

1848: Russians invade Danubian principalities at request of Turkey to put down revolts there.

1866: The first successful trans-Atlantic telegraph cable between England and the United States is completed.

1909: Orville Wright tests the U.S. Army's first airplane for one hour, twelve minutes.

1953: An armistice is signed at Panmunjom, after three years of negotiations. This agreement, in practice, ends the Korean War.

1954: Britain and Egypt agree on terms to end 72 years of British control of Suez Canal.

1965: U.S. planes carry out first attacks against anti-aircraft missile sites in North Vietnam.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, July 26, the 207th day of 2014. There are 158 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1775: Benjamin Franklin became America's first Postmaster-General.

1788: New York became the 11th state to ratify the U.S. Constitution.

1882: The Richard Wagner opera "Parsifal" premiered in Bayreuth, Germany.

1908: U.S. Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte ordered creation of a force of special agents that was a forerunner of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

1912: The Edison Studios production "What Happened to Mary," one of the first, if not very first, movie serials, was released with Mary Fuller in the title role.

1947: President Harry S. Truman signed the National Security Act, which established the National Military Establishment (later renamed the Department of Defense).

1952: Argentina's first lady, Eva Peron, died in Buenos Aires at age 33. King Farouk I of Egypt abdicated in the wake of a coup led by Gamal Abdel Nasser.

1953: Fidel Castro began his revolt against Fulgencio Batista with an unsuccessful attack on an army barracks in eastern Cuba. (Castro ousted Batista in 1959.)

1956: The Italian liner Andrea Doria sank off New England, some 11 hours after colliding with the Swedish liner Stockholm; at least 51 people died. Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal.

1964: Teamsters president Jimmy Hoffa was convicted in federal court in Chicago of fraud and conspiracy in the handling of a union pension fund; six co-defendants were found guilty of conspiracy. The Organization of American States enacted sanctions against Cuba.

1971: Apollo 15 was launched from Cape Kennedy on America's fourth manned mission to the moon.

1989: Mark Wellman, a 29-year-old paraplegic, reached the summit of El Capitan in Yosemite National Park after hauling himself up the granite cliff six inches at a time over nine days.

1990: President George H.W. Bush signed the Americans with Disabilities Act.

2004: The Democratic Party's 44th national convention opened in Boston under extraordinarily tight security; a parade of speakers that included former President Bill Clinton castigated George W. Bush as a president who had mishandled the economy and bungled the war on terror. Mohammed Mamdouh Helmi Qutb, an Egyptian diplomat held hostage by militants in Iraq for three days, was released after successful negotiations.

2009: Sarah Palin stepped down as governor of Alaska to write a book and build a right-of-center coalition, but left her long-term political plans unclear. Alberto Contador won the Tour de France for the second time in three years; Lance Armstrong placed third. Rickey Henderson and Jim Rice were inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame along with the late Joe Gordon. Choreographer and dancer Merce Cunningham died in New York at age 90.

2013: Ariel Castro, the man who'd imprisoned three women in his Cleveland home, subjecting them to a decade of rapes and beatings, pleaded guilty to 937 counts in a deal to avoid the death penalty.

Thought for today: "A life spent making mistakes is not only more honorable, but more useful than a life spent doing nothing." — George Bernard Shaw (born this date in 1856, died 1950).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, August 9, the 221st day of 2013. There are 144 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1814: The Treaty of Fort Jackson, which ended the Creek War, was signed in Alabama.

1842: The United States and Canada resolved a border dispute by signing the Webster-Ashburton Treaty.

1854: Henry David Thoreau's "Walden," which described Thoreau's experiences while living near Walden Pond in Massachusetts, was first published.

1934: President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed an executive order nationalizing silver.

1936: Jesse Owens won his fourth gold medal at the Berlin Olympics as the United States took first place in the 400-meter relay.

1944: 258 African-American sailors based at Port Chicago, California, refused to load a munitions ship following a cargo vessel explosion that killed 320 men, many of them black. (Fifty of the sailors were convicted of mutiny, fined and imprisoned.)

1945: Three days after the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, Japan, the United States exploded a nuclear device over Nagasaki, killing an estimated 74,000 people.

1969, Actress Sharon Tate and four other people were found brutally slain at Tate's Los Angeles home; cult leader Charles Manson and a group of his followers were later convicted of the crime.

1974: Vice President Gerald R. Ford became the nation's 38th chief executive as President Richard Nixon's resignation took effect.

1982: A federal judge in Washington ordered John W. Hinckley Jr., who'd been acquitted of shooting President Ronald Reagan and three others by reason of insanity, committed to a mental hospital.

1988: President Ronald Reagan nominated Lauro Cavazos to be secretary of education; Cavazos became the first Hispanic to serve in the Cabinet.

1995: Jerry Garcia, lead singer of the Grateful Dead, died in Forest Knolls, California, of a heart attack at age 53.

2004: Oklahoma City bombing conspirator Terry Nichols, addressing a court for the first time, asked victims of the blast for forgiveness as a judge sentenced him to 161 consecutive life sentences. A corroded cooling pipe burst at a Japanese nuclear power plant, killing five workers. Oscar-nominated movie and TV composer David Raksin died in Van Nuys, California, at age 92.

2009: President Barack Obama flew to Guadalajara, Mexico, for a two-day speed summit with Mexican President Felipe Calderon and Canadian Prime Minister Stephen Harper. Iraqi authorities arrested British contractor Danny Fitzsimons in the shooting deaths of two co-workers in Baghdad's protected Green Zone. (Fitzsimons was convicted by an Iraqi court in 2011 and sentenced to 20 years in prison.) Jennifer Song became the second woman to win two U.S. Golf Association championships in the same year, beating Jennifer Johnson 3 and 1 in the U.S. Women's Amateur final. (The 19-year-old Song had won the U.S. Women's Amateur Public Links in June 2009.)

2013: President Barack Obama promised to work with Congress on "appropriate reforms" for the domestic surveillance programs that stirred criticism at home and abroad. President Obama signed into law a measure restoring lower interest rates for student loans. Infamous drug lord Rafael Caro Quintero walked free after 28 years in prison when a Mexican court overturned his 40-year sentence for the 1985 kidnap and killing of U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency agent Enrique Camarena.

Thought for today: "Hope is a waking dream." — Aristotle, Greek philosopher (384 B.C.-322 B.C.).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Wednesday, July 30, the 211th day of 2014. There are 154 days left in the year.

On this date in :

1419: Czech Hussites throw seven members of the Prague town council from a window and start a rebellion. King Wenceslas IV dies of a heart attack upon hearing of the incident.

1646: French troops, aided by the Swedish army, invade Bavaria to bring Thirty Years' War to a close.

1709: British forces under Duke of Marlborough and Savoy's Prince Eugene defeat French at Tournai in Belgium.

1907: Elections are held in the Philippines for the country's first assembly. The new 80-member assembly is directly elected by a restricted electorate, making it the first elective legislative body in Southeast Asia.

1916: German saboteurs blow up munitions plant on Black Tom Island, near Jersey City, N.J., before United States' entry in World War I.

1930: Host Uruguay wins first soccer World Cup, at Montevideo's Centenario Stadium, beating Argentina 4-2. Kurds stage uprising on Persian-Turkish frontier.

1945: The USS Indianapolis, which had just delivered key components of the Hiroshima atomic bomb to the Pacific island of Tinian, is torpedoed by a Japanese submarine. Only 316 out of 1,196 men on board survive in shark-infested waters.

1948: Hungarian leader Zoltan Tildy is forced to resign. Amnesty is proclaimed in Philippines for Huk rebels, but they refuse to comply.

1953: Britain signs alliance with Libya.

1967: The U.S. bomber offensive against North Vietnam is extended to the demilitarized zone separating North and South Vietnam, bringing new Communist protests and adding to the diplomatic tensions.

1971: U.S. Apollo 15 astronauts David R. Scott and James B. Irwin land on the moon.

1974: Greece, Turkey and Britain sign declaration for cease-fire agreement on Cyprus.

1977: Syrian soldiers of Arab League's peacekeeping force in Lebanon set up gun positions around two main Palestinian refugee camps to help control guerrillas.

1982: Panamanian President Aristides Royo Sanchez resigns two years before the end of his six-year term under pressure from the country's military leaders.

1988: Bomb explodes at busy shopping plaza outside Johannesburg, South Africa, injuring dozens of people.

1989: Poland's government announces controversial program to end food price controls and meat rationing.

1990: On his fourth day being held hostage, Prime Minister Arthur N.R. Robinson of Trinidad offers to resign, call elections and grant his captors amnesty.

1991: U.N. weapons experts report finding 46,000 chemical weapons in Iraq, about four times what Baghdad had declared.

1993: Guards at a Lima, Peru, museum walk out with golden relics of the Incas — most of which they later melt down.

1995: Rebel Serbs in Croatia retreat and promise not to attack government troops in an effort to prevent attacks on their stronghold.

1998: Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic says a fierce offensive that took much of Kosovo back from ethnic Albanian separatists is over.

1999: The worst blackout in Taiwanese history cuts off electricity to 7 million households — one-third of the island — causing panic and fear that it might be under attack by China. A collapsed utility tower is the culprit and it is unrelated to recent tensions with the mainland.

2000: North and South Korea announce they will reopen border liaison offices and reconnect a rail line linking the two countries.

2002: President Joseph Kabila of the Democratic Republic of the Congo and Rwandan President Paul Kagame sign a peace agreement intended to bring an end to the devastating civil war that started in 1998.

2003: Iranian Vice President Mohammad Ali Abtahi acknowledges that Zahra Kazemi, a freelance photographer who held both Canadian and Iranian citizenship, was murdered while detained by the Iranian government. Kazemi had been arrested June 23 for taking photographs of protesters in Tehran.

2006: Israeli missiles crush several buildings where Lebanese villagers are sleeping, killing at least 56 people, more than half of them children, in an attack against the militant group Hezbollah.

2007: Maharashtra state government bans domesticated elephants from India's largest city, Mumbai, saying that forcing the animals to walk the city's chaotic, crowded and polluted streets is an act of cruelty.

2008: A team of European scientists unveils a new method for extracting images hidden under old masters' paintings, re-creating a color portrait of a woman's face unseen since Vincent van Gogh painted over it in 1887.

Thought For Today: Incompetents invariably make trouble for people other than themselves — Larry McMurtry, U.S. writer (1936-).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Thursday, July 31, the 212th day of 2014. There are 153 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1498: During his third voyage to the Western Hemisphere, Christopher Columbus arrives at the island of Trinidad.

1658: Aurangzeb is proclaimed Mogul Emperor in India.

1789: Austrian and Russian troops under Francis Duke of Coburg and Count Alexander Suvorov defeat Turks at Focshani in Romania.

1812: Venezuelan Republic falls to Spanish forces, and Francisco de Miranda is arrested.

1919: Germany adopts Weimar Constitution.

1926: Afghanistan signs nonaggression pact with Soviet Union.

1944: U.S. troops break through the German lines around the Normandy beachhead, opening the way to liberating the rest of France.

1951: French Brig. Gen. Charles Marie Chanson and Gov. Thai Lap Thanh, of French-backed South Vietnam, are killed 97 kilometers (60 miles) south of Saigon by a Communist suicide bomber.

1956: Britain and West Germany sign 10-year agreement on nuclear cooperation.

1962: Britain agrees to establish a wider Malaysian federation on the Malay Peninsula.

1964: U.S. Ranger 7 spacecraft transmits to Earth first closeup pictures of the moon.

1971: Two U.S. Apollo 15 astronauts begin three days of moon exploration in an electric car.

1974: Cease-fire takes effect between Turkey and Greece in fighting on Cyprus.

1978: Gunman shoots his way into Iraqi embassy in Paris and holds hostages for several hours before surrendering to French police.

1980: Eleven people are executed in Tehran, Iran, after being convicted of participating in an attempted anti-government coup earlier in the month. Ten of them were members of the armed forces.

1986: Britain's cabinet unanimously supports Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's resistance to stiff sanctions against South Africa.

1988: Pier jammed with thousands of festival travelers collapses at ferry terminal in northwest Malaysia, killing at least 30 people and injuring about 370.

1989: Thousands of residents flee Beirut, Lebanon, as fierce shelling continues.

1990: U.S. government panel approves use of gene therapy for first time in treatment of human disease.

1991: U.S. President George Bush and Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev sign a long-range nuclear weapons reduction pact at Moscow summit.

1992: A Thai Airways jetliner crashes into a Himalayan mountain minutes after the pilot reports a technical problem, killing all 113 people on board.

1993: Truce ends weeklong Israeli offensive against guerrillas in southern Lebanon that killed 140 people and sent 500,000 fleeing north.

1994: U.N. Security Council approves possible U.S.-led invasion of Haiti.

1995: Hundreds of Israeli police and soldiers drag Jewish settlers away from an encampment on a West Bank hilltop where they protested the emerging Israel-Palestine Liberation Organization accord.

1996: African leaders agree to impose sanctions on Burundi for the July 25 military coup that ousted the country's fragile coalition government.

1997: As Israelis bury the 13 dead from the worst terrorist bombing in more than a year, Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu threatens to send troops into the autonomous Palestinian areas.

1998: South Africa ends the Truth and Reconciliation Commission's public exploration of apartheid's horrors after two years of hearings that laid bare decades of massacres, beatings and torture.

1999: Two years after devastating earthquakes, 17th-century church of St. Francis of Assisi reopens in central Italy.

2002: U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee holds hearings on U.S. plans to attack Iraq and oust Iraqi President Saddam Hussein.

2003: The Vatican issues a 12-page document strongly urging Roman Catholic lawmakers worldwide to reject legislation sanctioning same-sex civil unions and adoption rights.

2004: World Trade Organization members approve a plan to end export subsidies on farm products and cut import duties across the world, a key step toward a comprehensive global accord that has been discussed since 2001, trade officials say.

2005: Lebanese Prime Minister Fuad Saniora visits Syria in an attempt to repair relations damaged after Damascus was forced to end its 29-year military presence in Lebanon.

2006: The U.N. Security Council passes a resolution giving Iran one month to suspend uranium enrichment or face the threat of economic and diplomatic sanctions.

2007: Deployment of British troops to support Northern Ireland police, codenamed Operation Banner, officially ends after 38 years.

2008: Haitian lawmakers ratify Michele Pierre-Louis to be the country's prime minister, ending more than three months of political bickering and deadlock in Parliament.

2009: A string of bombings targets Shiite worshippers in the Baghdad area, killing at least 29 people in an apparently coordinated attack against followers of an anti-U.S. cleric who were blamed for some of Iraq's worst sectarian violence.

2010: The death toll in the massive flooding in Pakistan surges past 800 as floodwaters receded in the hard-hit northwest. The threat of disease looms as some evacuees arrive in camps with fever, diarrhea and skin problems.

2011: Syrian security forces backed by tanks and snipers launch a ferocious assault on defiant cities and towns, killing at least 70 people and possibly many more as the regime raced to crush dissent ahead of Ramadan.

2012: New Delhi's metro shut down and hundreds of coal miners were trapped underground after three Indian electric grids collapse in a cascade, cutting power to 620 million people in the world's biggest blackout.

Thought For Today: "Equal opportunity means everyone will have a fair chance at being incompetent." — Laurence J. Peter, U.S. writer (1919-1990).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, July 18, the 199th day of 2014. There are 166 days left in the year.

On this date in:

A.D. 64: the Great Fire of Rome began, consuming most of the city for about a week. (Some blamed the fire on Emperor Nero, who in turn blamed Christians.)

1536: The English Parliament passed an act declaring the authority of the pope void in England.

1792: American naval hero John Paul Jones died in Paris at age 45.

1872: Britain enacted voting by secret ballot.

1932: The United States and Canada signed a treaty to develop the St. Lawrence Seaway.

1944: Hideki Tojo was removed as Japanese premier and war minister because of setbacks suffered by his country in World War II. American forces in France captured the Normandy town of St. Lo.

1947: President Harry S. Truman signed a Presidential Succession Act which placed the speaker of the House and the Senate president pro tempore next in the line of succession after the vice president.

1964: Nearly a week of rioting erupted in New York's Harlem neighborhood following the fatal police shooting of a black teenager, James Powell, two days earlier.

1969: Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, D-Mass., left a party on Chappaquiddick Island near Martha's Vineyard with Mary Jo Kopechne, some time later, Kennedy's car went off a bridge into the water. (Kennedy was able to escape, but Kopechne drowned.)

1976: At the Montreal Olympics, Romanian gymnast Nadia Comaneci received the first-ever perfect score of 10 with her routine on uneven parallel bars. (Comaneci would go on to receive six more 10s at Montreal.)

1984: Gunman James Huberty opened fire at a McDonald's fast food restaurant in San Ysidro, California, killing 21 people before being shot dead by police. Walter F. Mondale won the Democratic presidential nomination in San Francisco.

1989: Actress Rebecca Schaeffer, 21, was shot to death at her Los Angeles home by obsessed fan Robert Bardo, who was later sentenced to life in prison.

1994: A bomb hidden in a van destroyed a Jewish cultural center in Buenos Aires, Argentina, killing 85.

2004: A spokesman said California Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger would not apologize for mocking certain lawmakers as "girlie men," despite criticisms from Democrats that the remark was sexist and homophobic. Todd Hamilton gained a playoff victory over Ernie Els to win the British Open. Former Environmental Protection Agency chief Anne Gorsuch Burford died in Aurora, Colorado, at age 62.

2009: The Taliban posted a video of an American soldier who'd gone missing June 30, 2009 from his base in eastern Afghanistan and was later confirmed to have been captured; in the recording, the soldier (later identified as Pfc. Bowe Bergdahl) said he was "scared I won't be able to go home." Authorities in Tennessee arrested Jacob Shaffer in the deaths of six people, five of whom were found slain near Fayetteville; the sixth body was discovered in Huntsville, Alabama. (The victims included Shaffer's wife, her father, her brother and teenage son. Shaffer later was sentenced to life in prison.)

2013: Once the very symbol of American industrial might, Detroit became the biggest U.S. city to file for bankruptcy, its finances ravaged and its neighborhoods hollowed out by a long, slow decline in population and auto manufacturing.

Thought for Today: "Miracles are propitious accidents, the natural causes of which are too complicated to be readily understood." — George Santayana, American philosopher (1863-1952).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Thursday, July 24, the 205th day of 2014. There are 160 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1783: Latin American revolutionary Simon Bolivar was born in Caracas, Venezuela.

1862: Martin Van Buren, the eighth president of the United States, and the first to have been born a U.S. citizen, died at age 79 in Kinderhook, New York, the town where he was born in 1782.

1866: Tennessee became the first state to be readmitted to the Union after the Civil War.

1911: Yale University history professor Hiram Bingham III found the "Lost City of the Incas," Machu Picchu, in Peru.

1923: The Treaty of Lausanne, which settled the boundaries of modern Turkey, was concluded in Switzerland.

1937: The state of Alabama dropped charges against four of the nine young black men accused of raping two white women in the "Scottsboro Case."

1959: During a visit to Moscow, Vice President Richard Nixon engaged in his famous "Kitchen Debate" with Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev.

1969: The Apollo 11 astronauts — two of whom had been the first men to set foot on the moon — splashed down safely in the Pacific.

1974: The Supreme Court unanimously ruled that President Richard Nixon had to turn over subpoenaed White House tape recordings to the Watergate special prosecutor.

1987: Hulda Crooks, a 91-year-old mountaineer from California, became the oldest woman to conquer Mount Fuji, Japan's highest peak.

1998: A gunman burst into the U.S. Capitol, killing two police officers before being shot and captured. (The shooter, Russell Eugene Weston Jr., is being held in a federal mental facility.)

2002: Nine coal miners became trapped in a flooded tunnel of the Quecreek Mine in western Pennsylvania; the story ended happily 77 hours later with the rescue of all nine.

2004: Without promising what specific steps he would take, President George W. Bush said in his weekly radio address that his administration was committed to relying on the recommendations of the September 11 commission in waging the war on terrorism. Former Nixon administration official Fred LaRue, who served a prison term for Watergate, died in Biloxi, Mississippi, at age 75.

2009: Trying to tamp down a national uproar over race, President Barack Obama acknowledged using unfortunate words in declaring that Cambridge, Massachusetts, police had "acted stupidly" in arresting black scholar Henry Louis Gates Jr., adding he'd invited the Harvard professor and Sgt. James Crowley, the arresting officer, for "a beer here in the White House."

2013: The House narrowly rejected, 217-205, a challenge to the National Security Agency's secret collection of hundreds of millions of Americans' phone records. A high-speed train crash outside Santiago de Compostela in northwest Spain killed 79 people. It was announced by Kensington Palace that the newborn son of Prince William and Kate, the Duchess of Cambridge, would be named George Alexander Louis. Virginia Johnson, half of the renowned Masters and Johnson team of sex researchers, died in St. Louis at age 88.

Thought for Today: "Everything has two sides — the outside that is ridiculous, and the inside that is solemn." — Olive Schreiner, South African author and feminist (1855-1920).

RAQ PICKS NEW PRESIDENT; SHRINE IN MOSUL DESTROYED

Iraqi lawmakers elected a veteran Kurdish politician Thursday to replace long-serving Jalal Talabani as the country's new president in the latest step toward forming a new government.

Meanwhile, a series of attacks killed dozens of people, and Islamic militants destroyed a Muslim shrine traditionally said to be the burial place of the prophet Jonah, underscoring the overwhelming challenges facing the divided nation.

Fouad Massoum, 76, one of the founders of the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan party led by the previous president, Talabani, accepted the position after winning two-thirds of the votes in the parliament, noting the "huge security, political and economic tasks" facing the next government.

As Massoum was named president, the al-Qaeda breakaway Islamic State group blew up the Mosque of the Prophet Younis, or Jonah, several residents told the Associated Press.

The militants first ordered everyone out of the mosque, then blew it up, the residents said,

Tomb robbers a dying breed in Italy following crackdowns

BY ARIEL DAVID
The Associated Press

GREGORIO BORGIA / AP
Pietro Casasanta stands near the ruins of a Roman palace in Anguillara Sabazia, near Rome, last month.

ANGUILLARA SABAZIA, Italy — It used to be so easy for the "tombaroli," Italy's tomb raiders.

Pietro Casasanta had no Indiana Jones-type escapes from angry natives or booby-trapped temples. He worked undisturbed in daylight with a bulldozer, posing as a construction worker to become one of Italy's most successful plunderers of archaeological treasures.

When he wasn't in prison, the convicted looter operated for decades in this countryside area outside Rome, benefiting from what he says was lax surveillance that allowed him to dig into ancient Roman villas and unearth statues, pottery and other artifacts which he then sold for millions of dollars on the illegal antiquities market.

"Nobody cared, and there was so much money going around," he said. "I always worked during the day, with the same hours as construction crews, because at night it was easier to get noticed and to make mistakes."

Casasanta, 69, was the prince of the tombaroli, as the looters are known in Italy — and some of his finds are priceless.

But the tombaroli are dwindling.

Police and prosecutors believe they are beginning to see results in efforts to combat the traffic of stolen or illegally excavated antiquities which they say made their way to the world's top museums and collectors.

Gen. Giovanni Nistri, who heads the art squad with the Carabinieri, Italy's paramilitary police, said that in 2006 his unit discovered fewer than 40 illegal digs. In the late 1990s that figure could soar to more than 1,000 a year.

"Although there is certainly a number of illegal digs that don't come to light, this is a significant reduction," Nistri said.

In the last decade Italy has launched an all-out crackdown. Increased monitoring of archaeological sites has landed diggers like Casasanta in jail. International probes have led to the seizure of treasure-filled warehouses in Switzerland. And Italy has been pressuring some U.S. museums to return artifacts.

It has put the former curator of Los Angeles' J. Paul Getty Museum, Marion True, and art dealer Robert Hecht, on trial in Rome over allegations of knowingly receiving dozens of archaeological treasures that were smuggled out despite laws making all antiquities found in Italy state property. The two Americans deny wrongdoing.

New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and Boston's Museum of Fine Arts have agreed to return antiquities — including vases, statues and silver artifacts from Greek, Roman and Etruscan times — in exchange for long-term loans of other treasures. Negotiations between Italy and the Getty have so far failed to yield a deal.

Italy's efforts have scared museums and the international art market into following stricter guidelines for acquisitions and cutting ties with merchants suspected of buying from the tombaroli, Nistri said.

Over the last years the crackdown has been felt on the legal art market, with buyers concentrating more on objects coming from private collections or other legitimate sources, said Mieke Zilverberg, chairwoman of the International Association of Dealers of Ancient Art based in Amsterdam.

Zilverberg said dealers and museums are learning their lesson, but noted that the blame for the looting rests also with authorities who didn't monitor what was happening in their own archaeological backyards.

When Casasanta started out in the 1950s he would sell his finds at tiny stalls that openly dealt in antiquities on the streets of Rome. Too poor to get an education, he used part of his earnings to buy secondhand books about archaeology, fueling his growing passion.

The son of a mason, Casasanta first got interested in ancient relics at 14, as he accompanied a surveyor on outings in the countryside around Anguillara, an area rich in Etruscan and Roman remains. As he surveyed the fields, pieces of pottery and sculpture brought up by the plow caught his attention.

His targets were usually Roman villas, on which he worked with a bulldozer and a couple of helpers. At such sites he uncovered statues of emperors and gods, as well as what he considers his greatest find — a 4th-century-B.C. ivory mask representing the Greek divinity Apollo.

He unearthed the statue in 1994 and sold it to a Germany-based dealer, although Casasanta maintains he was cheated and received less than a tenth of the $10 million agreed upon. In revenge, he reported the dealer to authorities and Italian police ultimately recovered the mask in London in 2003. It is now displayed in Rome's National Roman Museum.

Thursday, March 18, 2010 | By: Craig J. Lennox

Tomb Sweeping Day (清明节 qīngmíng jiē) is a time for families to celebrate life, and to pay respects to their ancestors. It's a time of mixed emotions: sadness over lost loved ones and joy for the return of spring.?Start the day right, by commemorating your ancestors and other loved ones who've passed on. In China, it's especially important to look after departed members of the family, as their spirits protect the living descendents (i.e. you). April 5th is a day to visit their graves, pull weeds, and sweep the grounds. Offerings of food, rice wine, and paper money will all help ensure the spirits are smiling. If you're unable to visit their graves, one popular way to pay respect is to burn paper money on a street corner at night, which is a regular sight around China. (Be careful to keep your distance from others who are memorializing in this way—not only out of respect, but also because the ghosts they're calling might follow you home!)

Other ways to celebrate this holiday are by enjoying the nascent spring air. A picnic in the park, or a little kite flying, would be appropriate, and you'll see the parks around China full of people doing just this.

Prefer to celebrate the arcane and macabre the western way, with Halloween? Well find out what the Chinese think of that.

Share this
Facebook Twitter LinkedIn Tumblr Reddit Email

You might also like:

The Legend of White Snake
Chinese Dragon Vs Western Dragon
Temple Fairs: Kitsch or Tradish?

Questions raised about tombstone removal from small historic cemetery in Holmdel

By MICHELLE GLADDEN • STAFF WRITER • September 6, 2010

HOLMDEL — When Terence Wall's 9-year-old daughter told him tombstones from a historic cemetery in their Beau Ridge neighborhood on Laurel Avenue had been removed, he didn't believe her.

But when the lifelong township resident and former township committeeman went down Saturday afternoon to the place he and his daughter often visited, he learned it was not the exaggeration of a child's imagination.

"I was puzzled," Wall said. "It was really stupefying."

After a series of telephone calls, Wall said he learned the development's association had authorized removal of the nearly 150-year-old gravestones.

"Whether this is legal or not is not clear at this point and is a separate item," Wall said. "But whether it's moral or immoral and historically tragic is another."

Wall said he was outraged because the 60 or so plots provided a historical accounting of township forefathers.

"There is a way this is done," Wall said. "You clear brush, erect and stabilize headstones.

"The tombstones of children who passed away in the 1800s and those of their family members were unceremoniously destroyed. This was essentially sanctioned vandalism at the behest of a board."

But Beau Ridge Association president Edward Esler said everything was done by the letter of the association's laws.

"There's no story here," Esler said. "By the bylaws of our organization, we are required to maintain that area, which was done when the place was built 25 years ago and is being done now. Everything we've done has been done to the letter of the law."

However, one member of the Holmdel Historical Society questioned whether the development association notified and received approval from Holmdel municipal officials to move the headstones.

Holmdel Historical Society Vice President Peggy Laskey said the society had not been notified of the gravestone marker removal.

Laskey also questioned whether the association went before any municipal body or official such as the Holmdel Planning Board or Zoning Board to get official approval on record. Laskey wondered what the association had done with the tombstones.

"They are pretty valuable," Laskey said.

The tombstones are to be replaced with white flat placards that will lie flush on the ground where the sandstones once stood, association officials said.

Wall said that from a distance you no longer can see that it is a grave site.

"It's now flatlands, like grass seed," Wall noted. "Are we now that culturally bankrupt to remove historical gravestones?"

Contributing: Staff Writer Jim McConville

Doctors Pulled a Tooth Out of a Man's … What?
By Bahar Gholipour, Staff Writer | August 07, 2014 01:42pm ET

Nosebleeds are common among children and young adults, but one young man's frequent nosebleeds turned out to have a rather unusual cause: He had a tooth in his nose, according to a new report of his case.

After suffering from nosebleeds once or twice a month for three years, the 22-year-old man in Saudi Arabia consulted a doctor, who found an ivory-white, bony mass, about half an inch (1 centimeter) long in the man's nose. The doctors then consulted with dentist colleagues, who concluded that the mass was actually an extra tooth that had somehow ended up growing in his nose, according to the report.

The patient had a well-aligned and complete set of teeth in his mouth, according to the report.

The doctors pulled out the extra tooth after putting the man under general anesthesia, and the patient completely healed, and had no more nosebleeds three months later, according to the report, published in July in the American Journal of Case Reports.

Extra teeth are not that uncommon, and may even grow upside down, but they rarely grow all the way into the nasal cavity, said Dr. John Hellstein, a dentist and professor of oral pathology at the University of Iowa, who wasn't involved in the case.

"It's an unusual case of an extra tooth – certainly, the most impressive intranasal photo I think I've ever seen of one. I've never seen the tooth actually in there," Hellstein told Live Science. [16 Oddest Medical Cases]

It is surprising that the nasal tooth had gone unnoticed for such a long time, Hellstein said.

Somewhere between 0.15 percent and 3.9 percent of people have more teeth than normal, studies have found. "We see several cases each year," Hellstein said. "But for it to have erupted up and through the nasal floor – that's unusual."

The patient in this case likely had a mesiodens, a common type of extra tooth, which is found around incisor teeth, Hellstein said. "About a third of those actually develop upside down, and they can get rerouted upward, towards the nose," he said.

It's not clear why some people develop extra teeth, or how one can erupt and reside in the nasal cavity. However, it is thought that genetic factors may play a role.

One condition that is associated with extra teeth is cleft lip and palate, which is a facial development birth defect and is often repaired by surgery. It is possible that the surgery impacts how teeth develop later in life, Hellstein said.

CALIFORNIA **Oakland:** Officials have closed one of the city's most popular swimming holes indefinitely because of a rare toxic algae bloom that poses health risks to people and dogs. East Bay Regional Park District closed public access to Lake Temescal last week after tests discovered toxic blue-green algae blooms in the water.

Tribal Newspaper Slams US Supreme Court

Secrets of the U.S. Supreme Court

Posted: November 12, 2002 - 11:00am EST
by: Carey N. Vicenti / Columnist / Indian Country Today

The modern era in Indian law has come to an end. The gathering rumblings of the past year have called us to abandon litigation as a means to preserve our independence and to provide protection to our Native interests. The post-modern era is upon us. Take cover, for the U.S. Supreme Court shall make use of its darkest secrets. In its efforts to conceal a shift in power from the federal government to the states, it has no concern for our place in the federal union. Native America will count only as collateral damage.

The Supreme Court has always been a secretive organ that has cautiously guarded the knowledge about itself, its members and its workings. It recedes into the background of American politics so effectively that its most prominent public image comes from the words it pronounces in the opinions it issues. The Court wants it that way. It spins narratives that often stray far from the truth, but it is in these narratives that law is born. These narratives, euphemistically called "opinions of the Court," are frequently cover for the range of odd political theories espoused by its various members. They employ "secrets" of decision-making that make the politics hide well under the camouflage of detached adjudication.

For instance, in one of its oldest decisions, Marbury v. Madison, it played down the fact that the U.S. Constitution did not give it the power to review the actions of Congress and the President. It merely concluded that it did have the power. It was sleight of hand, a Jedi-mind-trick. Since that 1803 decision, a nation has remained fooled. The religion of American law had germinated in this country.

In the early days, under the leadership of Chief Justice John Marshall, the associate justices were not allowed to render dissenting opinions. They were required to stand behind the team decision. And when this prohibition against dissent was lifted, strange results fell into place. In the Cherokee Nation v. Georgia case, two justices backed Marshall's description of Indian tribes as "domestic dependent nations," two others felt that tribes consisted of conquered peoples, but the remaining two (seven was a magic number back then for pilgrims) felt that the Cherokee people had proven well that they were entitled to be considered as part of that international club of "independent" and "foreign" nations. Less than a majority of the justices endorsed the designation of our tribes as "domestic dependent nations" - but, a majority of them were willing to concede the designation as "nations." We always forget the dissenters, and those who didn't entirely join Marshall.

In 1831 when Cherokee Nation was decided, a few small "domestic dependent nations" were appearing in political discussions; Monaco, San Marino, Andorra, Luxembourg were all on the verge of attaining that special status as recognized independent nations within the European political theater. Their day eventually came. For American Indians, though, we would become relegated to a wardship status, never to reach political maturity, perpetually the unwanted wards of an increasingly callous trustee. Our tentative status has remained intact for latent racist reasons. The Supreme Court created the fictive characteristics of the Federal-Indian relationship, yet, in the past two centuries, has withdrawn at every attempt on our part to enforce the sketchy contours of the Court's weak philosophy. It continually engages the use of its secrets.

In more recent years, with cases like A-1 Contractors, Hicks, and Atkinson Trading Post, it has engaged its secret powers to ignore those seminal cases often referred to as the "Marshall Trilogy," from which we get the now familiar concepts of trust and guardianship. In the Marshall years the Supreme Court did say in Worcester v. Georgia that the reach of State law did not enter into tribal lands, yet each one of these new decisions stands for a retreat from the principled stance of Worcester. Rather than commenting on the underlying logic of Worcester, the Court ignores the case altogether. It has ceased referring to Worcester, as it articulates its recent logic. Take care that Worcester may never be overruled but ignored into abandonment altogether.

A more troubling secret power of the Supreme Court has been in its ability to transform a case. Using this technique, the Court makes a relatively small case into something larger. It makes the case more concrete than it ever was. The case of United States v. Montana is the classic embodiment of this secret power of transformation. Originally Montana was an exception to the general rule that tribes had broad police powers

over their own territories. It placed limits on those powers, however, where a non-Indian did not have a sufficient enough connection to the rez'. In A-1 Contractors, the Court began considering Montana to be "the rule." An "exception" to the real rule had miraculously become "the rule" itself. Legal voodoo was at work: as in lycanthropy (the assumption of the form and characteristics of a wolf held to be possible by witchcraft or magic), a minor case had transformed into a formidable beast of the night.

These secrets by no means measure up to the Supreme Court's greatest secret: the secret of overruling a case. As an appeals court, this is considered within the Court to be the most drastic of actions. Yet, when it is done, the Court makes a mere statement about it. It declares the overruled case no longer to be applicable. It discredits the logic of the case. No law professor in the country can describe the necessary predicates to the overruling of a case. But this secret remains guarded because it is one of the primary forces behind American litigation. Every party hopes to have the Supreme Court overrule a prior case. If the secrets to its mechanics were disclosed, cases would be settled or abandoned, and the dialectic engine of the adversarial process would grind to a halt.

Last year, as Justices O'Connor and Breyer met with Indian jurists and leaders, Justice O'Connor was asked point blank whether the Court was willing to re-examine some of the older, more troubling cases in Indian law, and, perhaps, overrule them. (The ones that confirmed the unlimited congressional plenary power in Indian affairs - without a Constitutional basis - were specifically cited.) Her answer was equally as troubling as those cases. She said that "maybe" it was time for tribes to approach Congress to seek a legislative solution. Oddly, she was somewhat laying the blame for bad law on Congress when the real culprit was an uninspired and timid Supreme Court.

O'Connor's response was indeed pregnant with dark implications. The trust relationship, that grew out of the incidental Marshall description of the relationship between tribes and the federal government as "like" a guardian and ward, is a concept coming out of English law. A trusteeship in the English courts was always monitored by a supervising court. She was signaling that the Court, consistent with its late-19th century stance, would not perform that function, even with an added century to reflect upon its lack of prudence. She was also saying that the Court would be unwilling to overrule statements it made a century ago about the unlimited powers of Congress no matter how lacking in legal support they may have been. But worse, she was unwilling to admit that the powers of Indian tribes would ever again rise to Constitutional proportions. In other words, the politics of federal-Indian relations could conceivably be settled by Congressional decree without the protection of any court. Congress could forever eradicate tribal governments in fact and leave only the hollow mention of "Indian tribes" within the Constitution as evidence of our political existence.

What Justice O'Connor also implied was yet another great secret. It is that the U.S. Supreme Court does not consider itself to bear any social responsibility for the fate of American Indian peoples. As a jurist, I know that herein lies the greatest of corruptions. The U.S. Constitution was built upon an essential theory that the weak were always protected through some Constitutional mechanism, whether it was through a bicameral Congress, residual State powers or a system of civil rights. The status of Indian tribes cannot be relegated to a state of pupilage by judicial decree with any intellectual honesty without a backstop being installed to conform to this essential democratic theory.

There could be yet one more secret that lingers somberly in the background: the Supreme Court may plainly not care about Native societies in anything more than a fondness for our quaint traditions. In a conversation I had with Justice Steven Breyer, he expressed that the Court was not "hostile" to Indian tribes, that they "were just connecting the dots." True evil is often rooted in such banality. Adolph Eichman considered his task of shipping Jews to concentration camps to be a mere matter of coordinating the train schedules: he professed no hostility toward Jewish people.

It is the function of the Supreme Court, in the exercise of its "judicial powers" to detect iniquities in the administration of the American political system and to apply the language and theory of the Constitution to correct those shortcomings. In regards to the Native peoples of this country, we have been committed to the netherworld of a wardship status. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court have deprived us of our potential for political vitality. Wardship has become an ever-shrinking ghettoized concept.

But this commentary, admittedly, is of little use. The Supreme Court does not make use of commentary no matter who is the source. It does not take note of treatises on Indian law. It sweeps aside scholarly articles on the subject. American law is a system of incremental legal reform, and, as the Supreme Court can plainly see, every commentator urges monumental change. The Court will not disturb the settled expectations of the States and an ignorant American public when it can manipulate tribal peoples who have become used to instability

and loss. Those are the privileges of its position.

In part, this is a eulogy to the modern era of Indian law. In this post-modern era, we appear to have no choice but reluctantly to abide by Justice O'Connor's suggestion. But, in this new era, will we approach a war-distracted Congress as warriors, focused on attaining principled doctrinal changes in federal-Indian law? Or, will we go to Congress with a tame desire to appear reasonable and nice, hat in hand? The post-modern era portends more than legislative changes - it may require changes in posture and attitude. More importantly, it demands our vision and solidarity, and other things we presently do not have. We must go to our sacred places and pray upon these things.

Judge Carey N. Vicenti, a member of the Jicarilla Apache Nation of northwest New Mexico, currently serves as an Assistant Professor of Sociology at Fort Lewis College in Durango, Colo. He sits as a judicial official for several American Indian nations and is a columnist for Indian Country Today.

This article can be found at http://IndianCountry.com/?1037070718

elimination of old constituencies until still prevent a revolution. As Grey Tories, realizing they had no further to the speech

Apple-Tree Grower Inspires Folklore

By Rick Bromer

In September of 1797, twenty-three-year-old John Chapman decided to leave his family's farm in Massachusetts and go west to seek his fortune on the frontier. Settlers were pouring into western Pennsylvania in search of cheap land, and Chapman thought that he could make money by starting an apple tree nursery there and selling seedling trees to other settlers as they arrived.

Picture of Chapman in A. A. Graham's History of Richland County, Ohio, *published in 1880.*

John Chapman as pictured in Harper's New Monthly Magazine *in November of 1871. The artist portrayed him wearing a belted robe that does not match any eyewitness descriptions of Chapman's usual dress.*

Chapman knew that almost every farmer who settled in the west would plant a large orchard in order to produce alcoholic apple cider. Americans did not eat many apples in Chapman's day, but they liked to drink cider with every meal. Even small children drank hard cider with breakfast, dinner, and supper, because it was thought to be the healthiest beverage available. Unlike creek water and unpasteurized milk, which often harbored deadly germs, cider drunk in moderation seldom made anyone sick. Alcohol-free "sweet" cider was more wholesome than hard cider, but without refrigeration it fermented after a few days in the barrel.

Chapman calculated that he could sell thousands of young apple trees on the frontier, where every settler would want to plant at least fifty fruit trees to provide his family with a year's supply of cider. Most settlers would plant even more trees—perhaps two hundred—to produce extra cider for sale. Chapman knew that settlers could start their orchards from seed, but he reasoned that most would prefer the faster and easier method of planting young trees. He hoped that he could sell thousands of two-year-old seedlings for six cents each in western Pennsylvania.

To get started, Chapman visited a Massachusetts cider mill during the fall apple harvest. He collected all of the apple seeds that he wanted, free of charge, by picking through the waste pulp dumped by the mill.

With a big sack of apple seeds among the provisions in his backpack, Chapman began hiking west in late October of 1797. The weather was mild during the first weeks of his hike, but in mid-November, after he had passed the last settlements of the Susquehanna River valley, Chapman encountered a blizzard. He was hiking along a mountain ridge in central Pennsylvania, days away from the nearest cabins, when the storm hit.

Chapman built a fire and a lean-to shelter, and then he relaxed on a bed of boughs while the wind howled around him for days. When the weather cleared, Chapman discovered that it was impossible for him to resume his journey because of massive snowdrifts that buried the trail more than a yard deep in most places.

Another traveler might have been alarmed by this life-threatening difficulty, but Chapman was an exceptionally calm and reflective young man. He returned to his fire, stretched out on his bed of boughs, and gazed thoughtfully at the snow-covered beech trees that towered around his campsite. Eventually he devised a plan. He got up and used his knife to cut the beech branches into flexible wands. He sliced the hem of his jacket into strips, bent the branches into the shape of snowshoes, and fastened them with strips of cloth from his jacket.

After a full day of tinkering, he had made a serviceable pair of snowshoes. With these laced to his feet, he walked over the drifts for a week until he reached his destination—the future site of Warren, Pennsylvania, where a land company had opened an office in a cabin. The handful of settlers at Warren were so impressed by Chapman's improvised snowshoes that the story of how he had survived the blizzard became a permanent part of local folklore.

That winter Chapman chose a site for his tree nursery at the place where the Big Brokenstraw Creek joins the Allegheny River, about six miles from Warren. With an axe as his only tool, he killed the big trees on three acres of land by "girdling" each tree, slicing off the bark in a circle clear around each trunk. He then built a rough fence of logs and brush to keep deer out of his clearing. In the spring he planted apple seeds on the fenced land.

three acres of ground for a nursery.

Chapman probably did most of his work of site selection, tree girdling, and fence-building in the fall and winter months. By spring he would have multiple clearings ready for planting, and he could travel swiftly by canoe from one clearing to another, to get all of his seeds into the ground at the right time of year.

Chapman's younger brother, Lawrence, became interested in his enterprise and for a while accompanied Chapman on his nursery-planting expeditions into the wilderness. Eventually Lawrence grew tired of camping in the forest, and he abandoned the project. But John Chapman remained so enthusiastically committed to tree planting that people on the frontier began to call him "Johnny Appleseed," a nickname that he liked.

Chapman found that he enjoyed living alone in the woods. He was an amiable man who did a lot of talking whenever he got the chance, but he did not mind solitude. He was fond of books, and often carried one tucked into his belt. When he was not doing the strenuous work of clearing land for nurseries, he enjoyed loafing beside his fire, observing nature or reading.

By 1802 Chapman had planted nurseries at many scattered locations along the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers and their tributaries, and he was earning steady income from the sale of seedling trees to new settlers. He had become good at guessing where [illegible] settlements were likely

were treacherously false friends. But Chapman got along very well with the Indians.

No details of his life among the Indians have been recorded. If he had an Indian wife, he did not tell any white people. All that is known for certain about Chapman's interaction with the Indians is that he spoke Algonquian dialects fluently and that he was able to travel freely from one Indian town to another in Ohio during the War of 1812, when any other white American would have been killed and scalped.

Chapman's habit of traveling with few possessions may have been a sensible and practical solution to the challenges of frontier life, but it also had a philosophical basis. He was profoundly influenced by the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, a Swedish scientist who became a Christian mystic. Chapman agreed with Swedenborg, and also with the ancient Greek philosopher Plato, that the material world is an imperfect reflection of an ideal spiritual world, and that attachment to material things leads to unhappiness.

Chapman tried to avoid becoming attached to any luxury. When he visited a frontier cabin and was invited to sleep in a bed, he would politely decline and instead lie down to sleep on the floor by the fire. He refused to harm any animal, and he lived on a vegetarian diet that included wild nuts, roots, and herbs. He told one settler that, when he had been trapped by ice on an island in the Ohio River for several months, he had survived on a diet of nothing

Swedenborg's intellectual and theological notions, such as his doctrine that the Bible should not be taken literally, but should instead be read as a metaphoric guide to Platonic philosophy. When Chapman discoursed on such topics, people on the Ohio frontier listened politely, but they seldom made much effort to figure out what he was talking about. According to folklore, Chapman was extremely religious, but his ideas about heaven and hell were unconventional, and he got into many baffling, complicated debates with fundamentalist preachers.

Despite his peculiarities, Chapman was a well-respected man on the frontier. Everybody knew that he was a successful businessman with a good education. Although he habitually went barefoot and dressed in threadbare clothing and odd-looking homemade hats, he always looked clean and tidy, with his long hair neatly parted in the middle.

Chapman was widely admired for his generosity. His agents had standing orders to sell seedlings on credit to anyone who could not pay cash, and Chapman never made the slightest effort to collect a debt, so payment was effectively voluntary. Chapman also made gifts of cash to needy people; he once handed fifty dollars to one astonished widow. To spare lame horses from slaughter, he bought them and arranged for them to be put out to pasture.

Chapman became a hero to many frontier settlers during the War of 1812, when he gave white settlers advance warnings of Indian raids

diverse varieties of bitter, inedible crabapples, but that was fine with him. He was not interested in raising trees that yielded sweet, edible apples, because such trees cannot normally be grown from seeds; they have to be propagated artificially by grafting. Chapman disliked grafting because he considered it unnatural, and he knew that his customers would be perfectly satisfied with bitter crabapples because they made good cider.

That summer Chapman's seedling trees flourished, but few new settlers moved into the area around Warren. Chapman decided that he had chosen the wrong place to plant his nursery, since there were not enough customers.

To be sure of locating in an area that would attract plenty of customers for his seedlings, Chapman decided that he would need to plant nurseries at many places in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio. He left Warren and never returned.

Chapman spent the ensuing years planting tree nurseries at various locations in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio. Every fall he would collect bushels of apple seeds from eastern cider mills. He would carry these seeds to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he would load them into a dugout canoe. He would then paddle up the Allegheny River or down the Ohio River until he located a promising site for a future town, where he would go ashore and spend a few weeks preparing two or nurseries usually stood right beside a growing town. Sometimes he would obtain legal title to the land on which he planted a nursery, but usually he would not bother to do that. He did not remain long at any of his nurseries but hired local settlers to serve as his agents, tending the profitable seedlings and selling them on commission.

Despite Chapman's increasing prosperity, he continued to lead an itinerant life, spending months every year traveling up wilderness tributaries of the Ohio River in dugout canoes. His growing attachment to his primitive way of life left him with little use for the hoard of cash that he was accumulating.

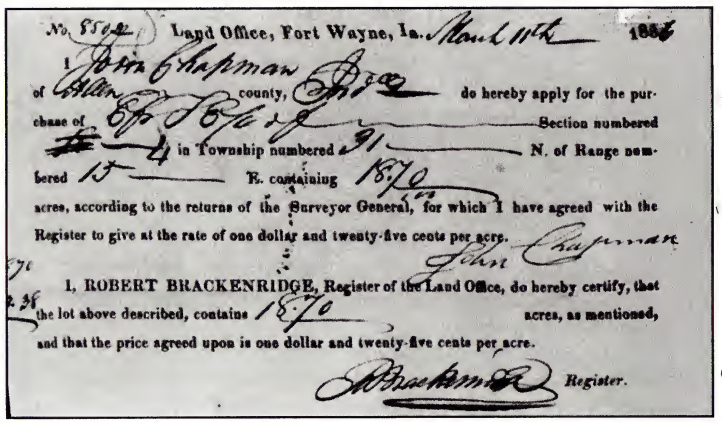
Since outlaw gangs occasionally preyed on river traffic, Chapman usually carried no money, keeping his cash hidden at various locations in the woods. He carried nothing that anybody might be tempted to steal—no gun, no traps, no coat, no shoes—nothing that he valued except for his books and his apple seeds, which nobody else wanted.

Chapman's lack of tangible possessions not only kept him safe from outlaws but also smoothed his relations with the Indians whose villages he visited on his travels. Most Indians believed that a true friend would gladly share all of his possessions, and this belief caused endless trouble between Indians and white settlers. To white people, the natives were "Indian givers" and thieves; to natives, the white people tobacco but was fond of cider and applejack, the hard liquor made by allowing cider to partially freeze and then skimming off the ice.

Chapman loved to talk about *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* in 1871:

During the War of 1812, when the frontier settlers were

Map of the northern watershed of the Ohio River, the region in which Chapman planted most of his apple-tree nurseries.



No. 8502 Land Office, Fort Wayne, Ia. March 11th 1836

I John Chapman of Allen county, Ind. do hereby apply for the purchase of Eff. S. E. & J. Section numbered 4 in Township numbered 31 N. of Range numbered 15 E. containing 18.70 acres, according to the returns of the Surveyor General, for which I have agreed with the Register to give at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

John Chapman

I, ROBERT BRACKENRIDGE, Register of the Land Office, do hereby certify, that the lot above described, contains 18.70 acres, as mentioned, and that the price agreed upon is one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

Register.

Application to purchase 18.7 acres of land, signed in 1836 by John Chapman.

tortured and slaughtered by the savage allies of Great Britain, Johnny Appleseed continued his wanderings, and was never harmed by the roving bands of hostile Indians. On many occasions the impunity with which he ranged the country enabled him to give the settlers warning of approaching danger in time to allow them to take refuge in their blockhouses before the savages could attack them.

When the war ended in defeat for the Ohio Indians and the withdrawal of their British allies to Canada, American settlers poured into Ohio faster than before, and Chapman became more prosperous than ever. He became a real estate developer, buying tracts of land for sale to settlers.

Chapman's nurseries and real estate developments were all located in a broad arc of land from western Pennsylvania, across Ohio, to eastern Indiana. His lands were all accessible by canoe from the Ohio River and its tributaries.

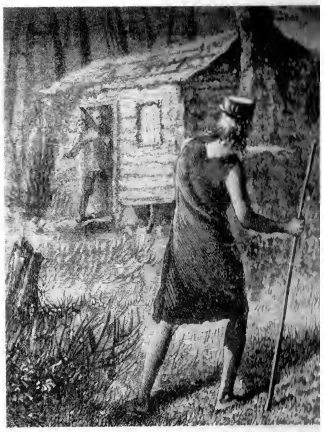
The profits from Chapman's real estate developments allowed him to send impressive sums of money to the New Church of Philadelphia, which sought to spread the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg in America. Chapman's profits also supported the family of his sister, Persis; Chapman employed his sister's ne'er-do-well husband, William Broom.

His sister's descendants inherited Chapman's estate when he died of pneumonia in 1845, at age seventy, in Fort Wayne, Indiana. His heirs were not able to track down all of his scattered real estate holdings, and they recovered none of his cash savings, which presumably remained hidden in rocky clefts and hollow trees. They nevertheless collected nearly six hundred dollars' worth of property, a considerable sum at that time.

In 1871, more than two decades after his death, Chapman became a legendary figure to Americans when *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* published an article about him by W.D. Haley. The article depicted Chapman as an impractical religious mystic: "He trod the earth with bare and bleeding feet, intent only upon making the wilderness fruitful." Fanciful engravings that illustrated the article showed Chapman dressed in an old coffee-sack and carrying a staff, an outfit that made him look like a saintly hermit in a Victorian Bible illustration. The article also incorrectly portrayed Chapman as a poor man who owned only one small tract of land.

Haley avoided mentioning that Chapman's apples were useful mainly for manufacturing an alcoholic beverage. Although one line in the article stated that Chapman raised trees as a business, the overall tone of the article gave readers the false impression that Chapman had planted apple trees mainly for charitable reasons. Later writers exaggerated the distortions in Haley's article to create a purely fictional image of Chapman as a pious vagrant who randomly scattered seeds to provide free apples for future generations of Americans.

A more realistic view of Chapman was revealed by the research of Robert Price, whose 1954 book, *Johnny Appleseed: Man and Myth,* is still considered the authoritative biography of John Chapman.



Harper's New Monthly Magazine *illustration shows Chapman's thirty-mile "barefoot run" in September of 1812, when he trotted through the forest from Mansfield to Mount Vernon, Ohio, to warn settlers to flee because Indians planned to attack them. One settler, who had been a young girl when Chapman appeared at her door, recalled that he had used language reminiscent of the King James Bible to give his warning. He had said something like: "Behold, the tribe of heathens are around your door, and a devouring flame followeth after them."*

SOURCES

Haley, W.D. "Johnny Appleseed, Pioneer Hero." *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, November, 1871.

Price, Robert. *Johnny Appleseed: Man and Myth.* Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press, 1954.

A Camping Trip With Johnny Appleseed

In an article published in the *Ohio Liberal* in 1873, E. Vandorn described how, when he was a teenager, John Chapman had hired him and his brother,

A moment later, he heard Chapman snoring.

Vandorn was too nervous to sleep for a long time, but he eventually

Cornelius, to raise a cabin on some land that Chapman had bought about six miles from Lexington, Ohio.

Vandorn recalled:

> After preparing some lunch, guns, ax, butcher knife, etc., we set out on our journey, which at that time was [in] a dense forest, shaded with heavy trees and thick underbrush. . . . In the dusk of the evening we saw smoke curling up amongst the tree tops, and directly we saw Johnny standing close to a fire kindled by the side of a large log, an old tree which had been torn up by the roots.
>
> I shall never forget how pleased he appeared to be when we came up to him in the wilderness, four miles from a living soul but Indians, among bears, wolves, catamounts, serpents, owls, and porcupines, yet apparently contented and happy.

Chapman was camping in a lean-to roofed with elm bark. Nearby lay logs and clapboards that he had cut for the cabin that he was building.

When the boys arrived, they found Chapman cooking potatoes in the embers of his fire. After a while he dragged out the potatoes with a stick, saying, "This is the way I live in the wilderness."

One of the boys said, "Well, you appear to be as happy as a king."

Chapman replied, "Yes, I could not enjoy myself better anywhere. I can lie on my back, look up at the stars and it seems almost as though I can see the angels praising God, for he has made all things good."

After a dinner of Chapman's potatoes and some buttered bread provided by the boys, Chapman began telling entertaining stories about the Indian wars. According to Vandorn, "Johnny blamed the whites for all the mischief done by the Indians. He said the Indians had done him no harm, but were friendly."

When the stories concluded, everyone settled down to sleep. Vandorn recalled, "I got into a doze, but was soon startled by the howling of wolves like so many devils, not far from the camp. I jumped up and snatched my gun, but Johnny requested me to remain quiet."

"Lie still," Chapman told Vandorn. "They won't hurt you. I am used to them."

"Used to the devil," said Cornelius. "Who could be used to such howling and screeching?"

"I like to hear it," said Chapman.

"Well, I suppose you are colleagued with the devil," said Cornelius.

Both boys got up and fired their rifles in the direction of the howling.

"Tut tut!" said Chapman. "Lie down and go to sleep."

Reloading his rifle, Vandorn retorted, "Well, sleep if you can, for I can't."

down again. He wrote: "I had got into the land of dreams when my mind running on ten thousand wolves and their howlings, when hoo-hoo-o-hoo-hoo-o goes a great bull owl right above my head, enough to frighten a ghost. Before I was fairly awake, I was up and had grasped my rifle, and yelled, 'Indians! Indians!'"

Chapman told him: "Oh do let me sleep. It's nothing but owls. I like to hear them hoot."

The next day the boys helped Chapman to erect the log cabin, which he put up for sale as soon as it was completed, since he had no desire to live in a house.

The Mohican River was a wilderness waterway that John Chapman traveled often as he commuted by canoe across Ohio, visiting his many tree nurseries scattered around that state. One of Chapman's nurseries was planted next to the Indian village of Greentown on the Mohican. After the Indians were driven away by American militiamen during the War of 1812, Chapman's sister, Persis, settled beside the river at Perryville, where Chapman visited her frequently. He was very fond of her children, and her husband earned his living as Chapman's employee.

The 'Lesbian Vampire Killer' Murder That Will Chill You To The Bone
By Jancy Richardsonon July 31st, 2014 at 5:55am·
http://moviepilot.com/posts/2014/07/31/the-lesbian-vampire-killer-murder-that-will-chill-you-to-the-bone-2146450

'Lesbian Vampire Killer' is a headline that newspapers must have loved, but the real life case of 'Lesbian Vampire Killer' Tracey Wigginton is more complex and terrifying than any lurid press reports.

Tracey Wigginton had a terrible start in life. Her grandparents - who were fascinated with the occult - sexually and physically abused her. Any escape her prestigious convent school could have provided was blown when she was expelled for 'molesting other girls'.

Still, her troubled background was no explanation for her crime. On 21 October, 1989, Wigginton, her lover Lisa Ptaschinski, and friends Kim Jervis and Tracey Waugh went for a drive in Brisbane, Australia. Wigginton told her friends that she wanted to kill a person and drink their blood.

Wigginton found Edward Baldock, 47, and lured him to a river. Tracey Wigginton had a reputation for Vampirism, and later claimed at her trial that she drank animal blood to survive. She said to Jervis before the attack, 'I want to scare you, to frighten ... the living hell out of you.'

She stabbed Baldock 27 times with a hunting knife. Her attack was so vicious, his spinal cord was severed and the body was left almost totally decapitated. Shockingly, Wigginton said she 'felt nothing', and sat down to smoke a cigarette while her victim died.

Wigginton then allegedly dug her teeth into his neck and drank his blood. Wigginton's friend Tracey Waugh told police that she could 'smell blood' on Wigginton's breath when she got back into the car.

During her trial, Wigginton had a psychiatric evaluation. She was found to have Disassociative Identity Disorder, with several distinct split personalities; Bobby, The Observer, Avril, Little Tracey and Big Tracey. Despite her obvious mental illness, Tracey's was prosecuted and sent to prison.

Wigginton was released in 2012 after serving 22 years. Tracey - nicknamed 'Fang' in prison - has spoken many times of her remorse for her crimes, describing her past self as 'an animal' - but has the famous 'Lesbian Vampire Killer' changed?

TSA worker gone after airport prank

PHILADELPHIA (AP) — The Transportation Security Administration says a worker who pretended to plant a plastic bag of white powder in a college student's carryon luggage at Philadelphia International Airport earlier this month is no longer employed by the agency.

TSA spokeswoman Ann Davis declined to identify the worker and his job title, citing privacy laws. She wouldn't say whether he was fired or quit.

TWIN'S PREMONITION

Jessica Evans, seven, woke up screaming hours before her twin brother Kieron was killed in a collision with a car while out playing. Debbie and Thomas Evans of Ringland, Newport, Gwent, believe their daughter's nocturnal agony was a premonition of the accident. Mrs Evans, 39, said: "[Jessica] woke up screaming the night before Kieron's accident with pain in her head and knees - two places where Kieron was injured. She was inconsolable for about half an hour and we couldn't do a thing with her. She would often wake up saying Kieron was crying, but he would be asleep. But then as soon as she would drift off to sleep he would wake up and cry. It was uncanny how often that happened." *D.Mail, 9 July 2002.*

Two-headed dolphin found on Turkey beach

Heather Saul
Tuesday 12 August 2014

independent.co.uk

In this photo of con-joined dolphin taken by gym teacher Tugrul Metin, while he was vacationing during the first few days of August 2014, in the Aegean Sea coastal town of Dikili, Izmir province of Turkey. (AP)

A two-headed dolphin has washed up on a beach in Western Turkey, local media has reported.

The private Dogan news agency said the remains of conjoined dolphin calf were discovered on a beach in Dikili, near the Aegean city of Izmir last week by a Tugrul Metin, gym teacher who was holidaying in the area.

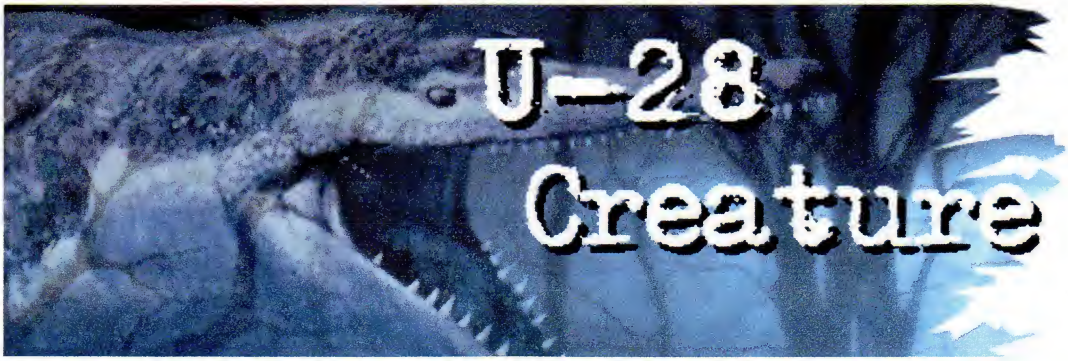
Akdeniz University marine biologist Mehmet Gokoglu was quoted as saying the dolphin was a rare occurrence, similar to conjoined twins.

But Mr Gokoglu denied media reports that his university in Antalya, southern Turkey, is studying the remains. He said the university would be happy to display them, but it is still unaware of the where the remains of the dolphin have been taken to.

In March, a two-headed shark was found by fishermen working of the Florida Keys. They made the discovery after catching a bull shark and opening it up, only to find two live foetuses inside, one of which had two heads.

Scientists writing about the discovery in the Journal of Fish Biology said it was the first recorded time a two-headed bull shark had been found.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -90px !important; width: 180px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*



The U-28 Creature is not the name of an individual monster but rather the name given to a single sighting of a yet to be identified beast. This chance encounter with an animal that would later be referred to as the U-28 Creature took place in the early portion of World War I after a military engagement between the U Boat 28 and the British steamer Iberian. The Captain of the U Boat, Commander Freiherr George G von Forstner, described the encounter in the following passage taken from his log books:

"On July 30, 1915, our U-28 torpedoed the British steamer Iberian, which was carrying a rich cargo across the North Atlantic. The steamer sank so swiftly that its bow stuck up almost vertically into the air. Moments later the hull of the Iberian disappeared. The wreckage remained beneath the water for approximately twenty-five seconds, at a depth that was clearly impossible to assess, when suddenly there was a violent explosion, which shot pieces of debris - among them a gigantic aquatic animal - out of the water to a height of approximately 80-feet."

"At that moment I had with me in the conning tower six of my officers of the watch, including the chief engineer, the navigator, and the helmsman. Simultaneously we all drew one another's attention to this wonder of the seas, which was writhing and struggling among the debris. We were unable to identify the creature, but all of us agreed that it resembled an aquatic crocodile, which was about 60-feet long, with four limbs resembling large webbed feet, a long, pointed tail and a head which also tapered to a point. Unfortunately we were not able to take a photograph, for the animal sank out of sight after ten or fifteen seconds."

One important thing to note about this encounter is the manner in which the captain recorded the encounter. In general submarine captains are not known to be prone to exaggeration, leading some to believe that he would not detail such an encounter in any other way but as it happened. Also there would be absolutely no reason to concoct such a fantastic story knowing, as we all do, that the majority of people who report strange encounters are generally looked upon as crazy and meet with only ridicule.

Some investigators have theorized that this encounter could indicate a surviving specimen of pliosaurs or mosasaurs, both of which are though to have resembled gigantic crocodiles. The fossil record of these creatures also seems to indicate that their spines were very flexible, which could account for the more serpentine like movement of the U-28 Creature and other so called Sea Serpents sometimes spotted in this area of the world.

There are also a handful of researchers who have suggested that this creature may have been being transported by the steamer, only to be released into the ocean when the ship exploded. This small number of investigators have stated that any creature swimming in the ocean would more than likely keep its distance for a naval battle and the subsequent sinking of a ship due to gun fire, and for the U-28 creature to have been blown out of the water upon the Iberian's explosion the creature would have had to be swimming almost directly over the sinking ship, just seconds after it was sunk by torpedo

fire. Though it is unclear why a British steamer would be transporting a 60 foot aquatic creature across the Atlantic.

On September 2, 1915 the U-28 was damage beyond repair in the North Cape after being hit by debris from the munitions ship, the Olive Branch, which exploded after an engagement with the U-28.

It is safe to say that at this point in time the mystery of the U-28 Creature may never be solved, with all eye witnesses of the encounter having passed away and the Iberian resting at the bottom of the North Atlantic. Perhaps one day the discovery of a creature similar to that described by the crew of the U-28 may shed new light on this encounter, however we will still never know if that new discovery is what the captain reported that day or if something else, still unknown, lurks in the depths of the last great unexplored region of Planet Earth, the ocean.

The Evidence

There is currently no evidence to support the existence of a creature like the U-28 Creature in today's oceans.

The Sightings

On July 30, 1915, the U-28 torpedoed the British steamer Iberian, following the Iberian's sinking below the waves a giant explosion rocketed debris and one unidentified 60 foot crocodile like creature out of the water.

The Stats – (Where applicable)

- Classification: Sea Monster
- Size: 60 feet in length
- Weight: Unknown
- Diet: Unknown
- Location: North Atlantic
- Movement: Swimming
- Environment: Ocean

UNICORN FIND

Customs officers may claim that they've seen it all as far as the smuggling of exotic items is concerned, but Auckland Harbour officers recently claimed a first when, in November 2002, they confiscated from an Auckland furniture importer an un-declared crate he had shipped from Indonesia. It was found to contain bones that the importer genuinely believed to be from a unicorn! He had bought them, apparently in good faith regarding their identity, as a special Christmas present. When the bones were examined at Auckland Museum, however, they were identified as originating from a cow or water buffalo, and had been coated with a thin layer of cement to make them appear fossilised. *Dominion Post, 11 Dec 2002.*

SCIENCE & SPACE

Scientists solve unpopped popcorn

To pop or not to pop lies in the hull

Friday, April 22, 2005 Posted: 11:57 AM EDT (1557 GMT)

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana (AP) -- Eat your way to the bottom of almost any bag of popcorn and there they are: the rock-hard, jaw-rattling unpopped kernels known as old maids.

The nuisance kernels have kept many a dentist busy, but their days could be numbered: Scientists say they now know why some popcorn kernels resist popping into puffy white globes.

It's long been known that popcorn kernels must have a precise moisture level in their starchy center -- about 15 percent -- to explode. But Purdue University researchers found the key to a kernel's explosive success lies in the composition of its hull.

Unpopped kernels, it turns out, have leaky hulls that prevent the moisture pressure buildup needed for them to pop and lack the optimal hull structure that allows most kernels to explode.

"They're sort of like little pressure vessels that explode when the pressure reaches a certain point," said Bruce Hamaker, a Purdue professor of food chemistry. "But if too much moisture escapes, it loses its ability to pop and just sits there."

The findings may help popcorn breeders select the best varieties -- or create new ones -- with superior hulls that yield few, if any, unpopped kernels. But for now, there's no way to screen out potential old maids before they end up in bags of popcorn.

Hamaker and his associates compared the microwave popping performance of

advertiser links — what's this?

Popcorn Supplies from Snappy Popcorn
Snappy Popcorn has a wide variety of popcorn supplies including bags, boxes,...
www.popthis.com

Popcorn Bags and Containers
Home Theater Express - great selection and pricing on popcorn bags, containers,...
www.ht-express.com

Popcorn Papa Has Popcorn Accesories
From oils, to poppers, to seasoning and bags, we have a large selection of...
www.popcornpapa.com

Popcorn Bags at Shopping.com
Find, compare and buy products in categories ranging from gifts and gift baskets...
www9.shopping.com

RELATED

- The Popcorn Board

“ It's one of life's

14 Indiana-grown popcorn varieties and examined the crystalline structure of the translucent hulls of both the popped kernels and the duds.

In the varieties popped, the percentage of unpopped kernels ranged from 4 percent in premium brands to 47 percent in the cheaper ones.

The findings could be good news for people who savor the snack and those who grow the 17 billion quarts of popcorn sold each year in the United States.

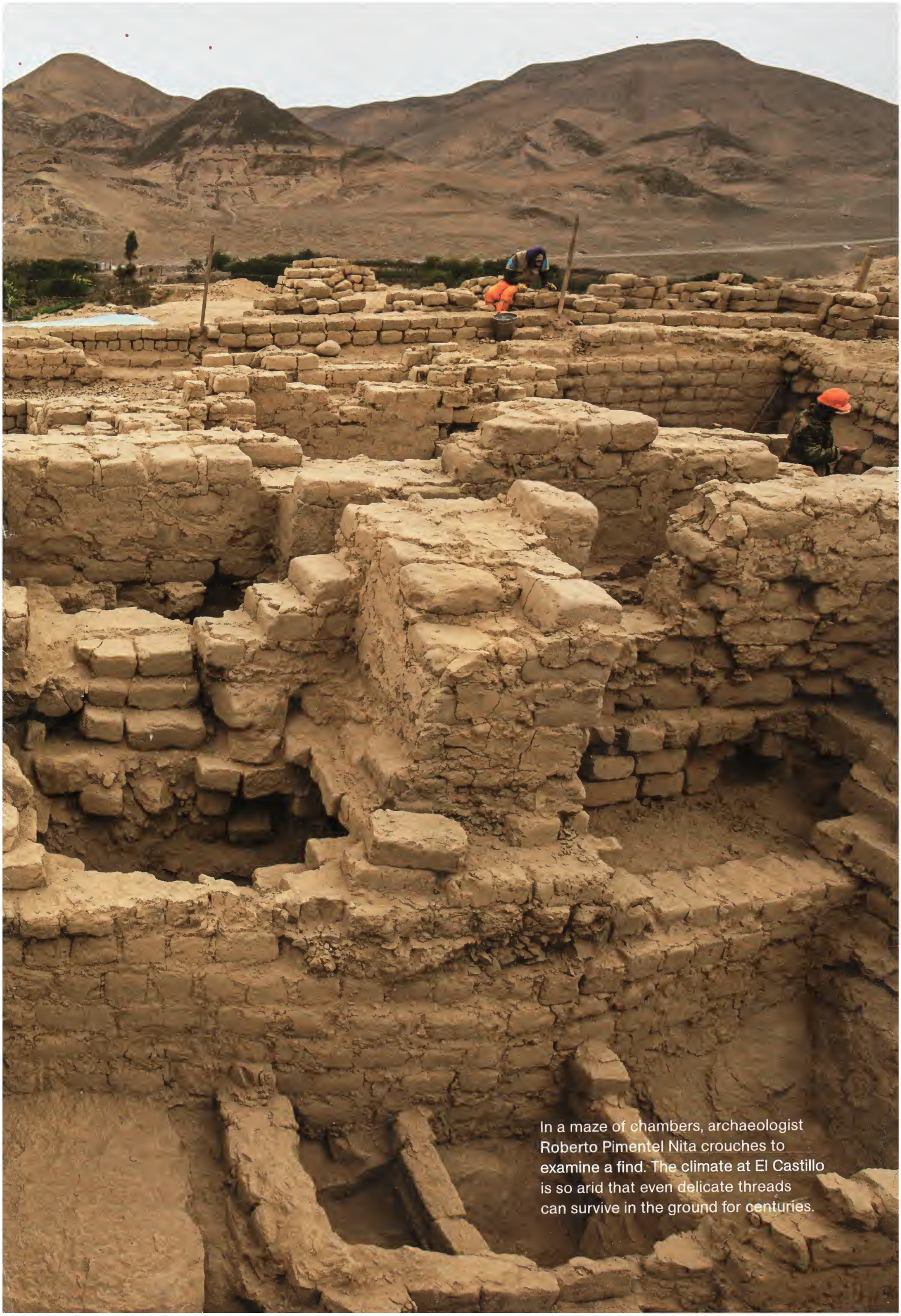
Wendy Boersema Rappel, a spokeswoman for the Chicago-based Popcorn Board, said popcorn processors are always looking for ways to improve their product, including reducing the number of old maids.

"It's one of life's annoyances -- it's not rocking anyone's world, but our members always like to improve their product," Rappel said.

Hamaker said two popcorn manufacturers have already expressed interest in Purdue's findings.

The research, funded by Purdue's Whistler Center for Carbohydrate Research, which Hamaker directs, has been published online and will appear in the July 11 edition of the journal BioMacromolecules.

Copyright 2005 The Associated Press. All rights reserved.This material may not be published, broadcast, rewritten, or redistributed.



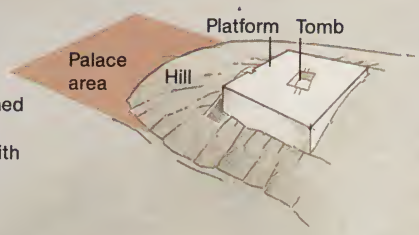
In a maze of chambers, archaeologist Roberto Pimentel Nita crouches to examine a find. The climate at El Castillo is so arid that even delicate threads can survive in the ground for centuries.

Inside a Wari Tomb

After conquering the local lords, the Wari raised a massive imperial tomb at El Castillo. With its crimson-painted walls, this sacred building could be seen for miles around, a constant reminder of the might of the new regime. In the lowest level the Wari interred 58 noblewomen, including 4 queens or princesses. In a chamber above, archaeologists found a throne for displaying the mummy of an important person—possibly the Wari emperor.

PHASE 1 ▶

Builders carved a burial chamber into the rocky summit. The tomb remained open for several months while it was being filled with mummified bodies.



PHASE 2 ▶

Workers expanded the platform, sealed the burial chamber with tons of gravel and a layer of brick, then built rooms above for mummies and offerings.

Phase 2 platform

Phase 1 platform

Mummy bundles and offerings

Warrior

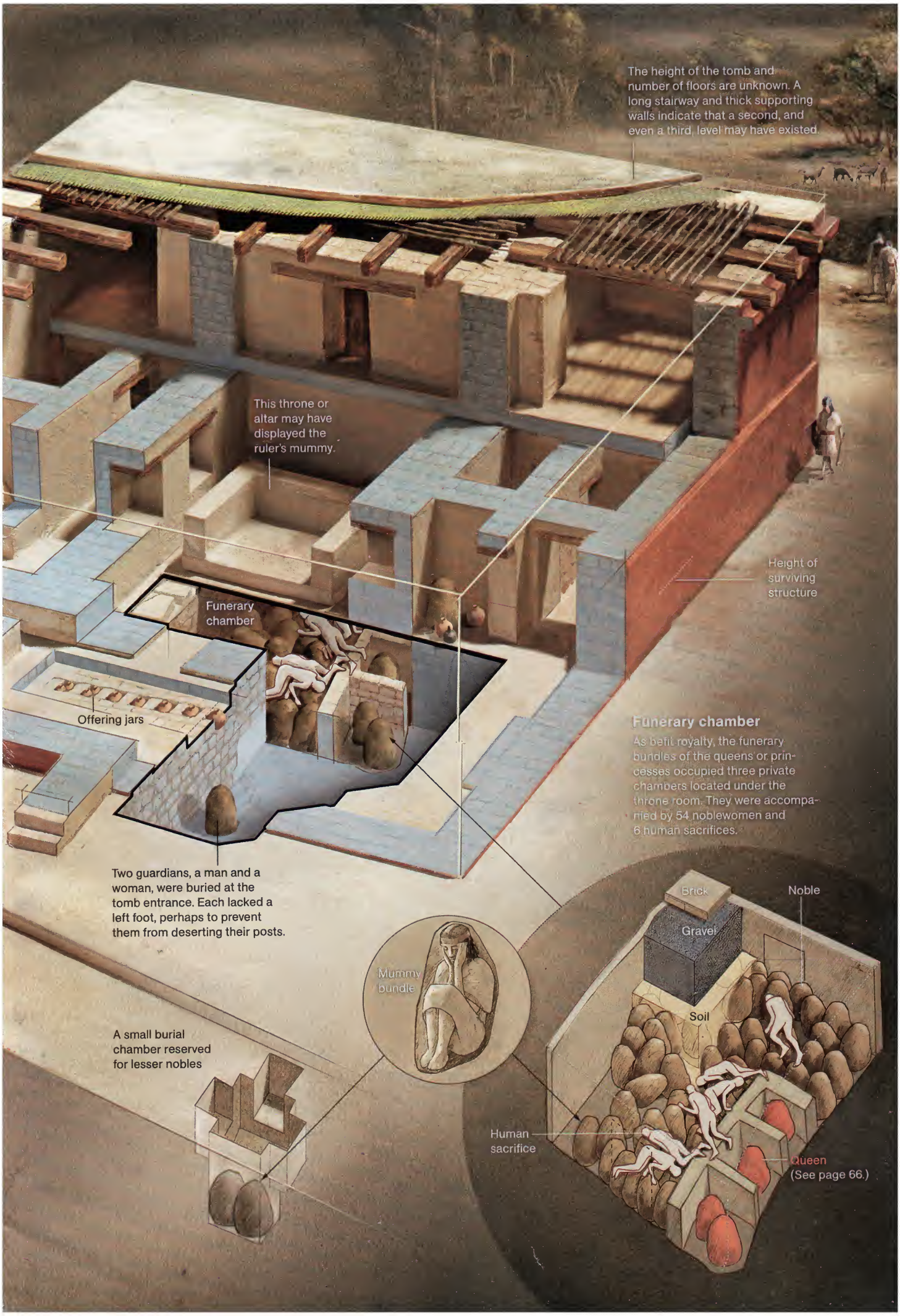
Adobe bricks

Stone

A nobleman leads a ceremonial procession to carry a mummy bundle to a burial site

See an animated graphic on our digital editions.

FERNANDO G. BAPTISTA AND DANIELA SANTAMARINA, NGM STAFF; AMANDA HOBBS
SOURCE: MIŁOSZ GIERSZ, UNIVERSITY OF WARSAW


The height of the tomb and number of floors are unknown. A long stairway and thick supporting walls indicate that a second, and even a third, level may have existed.
This throne or altar may have displayed the ruler's mummy.
Height of surviving structure
Funerary chamber
Offering jars
Funerary chamber
As befit royalty, the funerary bundles of the queens or princesses occupied three private chambers located under the throne room. They were accompanied by 54 noblewomen and 6 human sacrifices.
Two guardians, a man and a woman, were buried at the tomb entrance. Each lacked a left foot, perhaps to prevent them from deserting their posts.
Brick
Noble
Gravel
Mummy bundle
Soil
A small burial chamber reserved for lesser nobles
Human sacrifice
Queen
(See page 66.)

Burial Fit for a Queen

Dying around age 60, this prominent Wari noblewoman went to her grave with wealth and in splendor. Attendants arranged her body in the seated position favored by the Wari, dressed her in a finely woven tunic and shawl, and adorned her with precious jewels. Then they wrapped her in layers of cloth to create a mummy bundle.

FERNANDO G. BAPTISTA AND DANIELA SANTAMARINA, NGM STAFF; AMANDA HOBBS
SOURCE: MIŁOSZ GIERSZ, UNIVERSITY OF WARSAW

ARTIST'S RENDERING BASED ON CONSULTATION WITH EXPERTS.

Skull of El Castillo's great queen

population of as many as 40,000 people—a city larger than Paris at the time, which had no more than 20,000 inhabitants. From this stronghold the Wari lords extended their domain hundreds of miles along the Andes and into the coastal deserts, forging what many archaeologists call the first empire in Andean South America.

Researchers have long puzzled over exactly how the Wari built and governed this vast, unruly realm, whether through conquest or persuasion or some combination of both. Unlike most imperial powers, the Wari had no system of writing and left no recorded narrative history. But the rich finds at El Castillo, a journey of some 500 miles from the Wari capital, are filling in many blanks.

The foreign invaders probably first appeared on this stretch of coast around the end of the eighth century. The region lay along what was then the southern frontier of the wealthy Moche lords, and it seems to have lacked strong local leaders. Just how the invaders launched their offensive is unclear, but an important ceremonial drinking cup discovered in El Castillo's imperial tomb depicts poleax-wielding Wari warriors battling coastal defenders brandishing spear throwers. When the fog of war lifted, the Wari were in firm control. The new lord constructed a palace at the foot of El Castillo, and over time he and his successors began transforming the steep hill above into a towering temple devoted to ancestor worship.

Cloaked in nearly a thousand years of rubble and wind-borne sediment, El Castillo today looks like a huge stepped pyramid, a monument built from the bottom up. But from the beginning Giersz suspected that there was more to El Castillo than met the eye. To tease out the building plan, he invited a team of architecture experts to examine the newly exposed staircases and walls. Their studies revealed something that Giersz had suspected—that Wari engineers began construction along the very top of El Castillo, a natural rock formation, and eventually worked their way downward. They adapted this method from elsewhere, says Krzysztof Makowski, an archaeologist at the Pontifical Catholic University of Peru in Lima and the El Castillo project's scientific adviser. "In the mountains the Wari made agricultural terraces, and they started at the top." As they moved downward, they cut into the slopes to make a tier of platforms.

Along the summit of El Castillo the builders first carved out a subterranean chamber that became the imperial tomb. When it was ready for sealing, laborers poured in more than 30 tons of gravel and capped the entire chamber with a layer of heavy adobe bricks. Then they raised a mausoleum tower above, with crimson walls that could be seen for miles around. The Wari elite left rich offerings in small chambers inside, from the finely woven textiles that ancient Andean peoples valued more highly than gold; to knotted cords known as *khipus,* used for keeping track of imperial goods; to the body parts of the Andean condor, a bird closely associated with the Wari aristocracy. (Indeed, one title of the Wari emperor may well have been Mallku, an Andean word meaning "condor.")

At the center of the tower was a room containing a throne. In later times looters reported to a German archaeologist that they found mummies arrayed in wall niches there. "We are pretty sure this room was used for the veneration of the ancestors," says Giersz. It may even have been used for venerating the emperor's mummy, yet to be discovered by the team.

To rub shoulders in death with members of

Society Grant Archaeologist Miłosz Giersz's work was funded in part by your Society membership.

the royal dynasty, nobles staked out places on the summit for mausoleums of their own. When they exhausted all the available space there, they engineered more, building stepped terraces all the way down the slopes of El Castillo and filling them with funerary towers and graves. So important was El Castillo to the Wari nobles, says Giersz, that they "used every possible local worker." Dried mortar in many of the newly exposed walls bears human handprints, some left by children as young as 11 or 12 years old.

When the construction ended, likely sometime between A.D. 900 and 1000, an immense crimson necropolis loomed over the valley. Though inhabited by the dead, El Castillo conveyed a powerful political message to the living: The Wari invaders were now the rightful rulers. "If you want to take possession of the land," says Makowski, "you have to show that your ancestors are inscribed on the landscape. That's part of Andean logic."

IN A SMALL WALLED CHAMBER along the western slopes of the necropolis, Wiesław Więckowski hunches over a mummified human arm, brushing sand away from its gaunt fingers. For the better part of an hour now the University of Warsaw bioarchaeologist has been clearing this part of the chamber, collecting debris from a Wari funerary bundle and looking for the rest of the body. It's slow, delicate work. As he edges his trowel into the corner of the room, he exposes part of a human femur lodged in a jagged hole in the wall. Więckowski frowns in disappointment. Looters, he explains, probably tried to haul the mummy out from an adjacent room and literally pulled it to pieces. "All we can say is that the mummy was a male person and quite old."

Social rank mattered as much in death as it did in life.

A specialist in the study of human remains, Więckowski has begun analyzing the skeletons of all the individuals found in and near the imperial tomb. Preservation of human soft tissue in the sealed chamber was poor, Więckowski says, but his studies are starting to fill in key details of the lives and deaths of the highborn women and their guardians.

Almost all of those buried inside the chamber were women and girls who had likely died over a period of months, most probably of natural causes. The Wari treated them in death with

In this cross-legged pose, a male guard kept watch over the tomb's treasures for more than a thousand years. By his side were a drinking cup and a gourd.

great respect. Attendants dressed them in richly woven tunics and shawls, painted their faces with a sacred red pigment, and adorned them with precious jewelry, from gold ear flares to delicate crystal-beaded necklaces. Then mourners arranged their bodies in the flexed position favored by the Wari and wrapped each in a large cloth to form a funerary bundle.

Their social rank, says Więckowski, mattered as much in death as it did in life. Attendants placed the highest ranked women—perhaps queens or princesses—in three private side chambers in the tomb. The most important, a female of about 60, lay surrounded by rare luxuries, from multiple pairs of ear ornaments to a bronze ceremonial ax and a silver goblet. The archaeologists marveled at her wealth and conspicuous consumption. "This lady, what was she doing?" muses Makowski. "She was weaving with golden instruments, like a true queen."

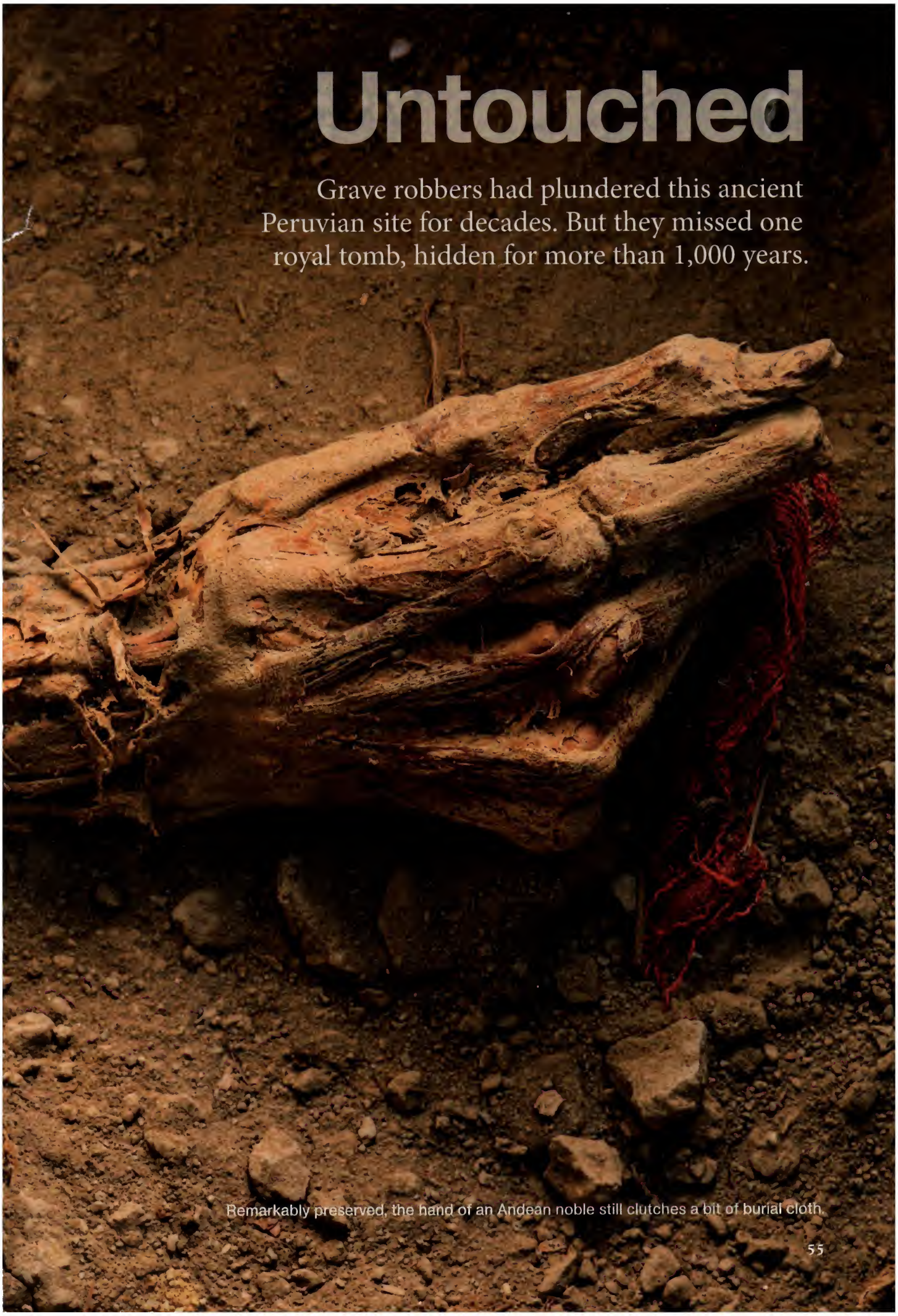
Beyond, in a large common area, attendants arranged the lesser noblewomen along the walls. Beside each, with few exceptions, they laid a container roughly the *(Continued on page 76)*

The painted figure on a ceramic flask (left) depicts a Wari lord sitting atop a balsa raft—a clue, perhaps, that the Wari invaded the territory by sea. The unlooted tomb at El Castillo has yielded more than a thousand objects tailor-made for Wari nobles, including wooden ear ornaments inlaid with gold, shell, and precious stones (above) and two jars that held offerings to revered ancestors.

High-ranking Wari women wore ear ornaments, some as big as doorknobs. The discovery of gold and silver artifacts brought sleepless nights for the archaeologists, who feared being robbed.

Untouched

Grave robbers had plundered this ancient Peruvian site for decades. But they missed one royal tomb, hidden for more than 1,000 years.



Remarkably preserved, the hand of an Andean noble still clutches a bit of burial cloth.

The Wari elite dressed well, even down to fine footwear of brightly painted leather. They drank well too. For a queen, an artisan carved this drinking cup from an alabaster-like Andean stone.

In a modern cemetery near El Castillo a looter displays a plundered textile for prospective customers. The tomb at El Castillo is now closely guarded.

size and shape of a shoe box. Made of cut canes, it stored all the weaving tools needed to create high-quality cloth. Wari women were consummate weavers, producing tapestry-like cloth with yarn counts higher than those of the famous Flemish and Dutch weavers of the 16th century. The noblewomen buried at El Castillo were clearly dedicated to this art, creating textiles of the finest quality for the Wari elite.

When the chamber was ready for sealing, attendants brought the last offerings up the slopes of El Castillo: human sacrifices. There were six individuals in all, three children—including what might be a nine-year-old girl—and three young adults. It's possible, says Więckowski, the victims were the offspring of the conquered nobility. "If you are the ruler and want people to prove their loyalty to the lineage, you take their children," he says. When the killings were done, attendants threw the corpses into the tomb. Then they closed the chamber, placing the wrapped corpses of a young adult male in his prime and of an older woman at the entrance as guards. Each body had lost a left foot, perhaps ensuring

that they couldn't desert their posts.

Więckowski is awaiting the results of DNA analyses and isotopic tests to learn more about the females in the tomb and where they might have come from. But for Giersz the evidence is all beginning to add up to a detailed picture of the Wari invasion of the north coast. "The fact that they built an important temple here, on a prominent piece of land along the former borders of the Moche, strongly suggests that the Wari conquered the region and intended to stay."

In a quiet back room at the Art Museum of Lima, El Castillo's archaeologists beam as they examine some of the newly cleaned finds. For weeks now conservators have been stripping away the thick, black patina that coated many of the metal artifacts, revealing glimmering designs. Cushioned in tissue paper are three gold ear ornaments, each roughly the size of a doorknob and bearing the image of a winged deity or mythical being. Team member Patrycja Prządka-Giersz, a University of Warsaw archaeologist who is married to Giersz, looks them over in delight. These adornments, she says, "are all different, and we can only see them after conservation."

Peering inside a large cardboard box on the table, Giersz finds one of the team's prize discoveries: a ceramic pilgrim's flask. Richly painted and decorated, the flask depicts a sumptuously dressed Wari lord voyaging by balsa raft across coastal waters teeming with whales and other sea creatures. Found among the cherished grave goods of a dead queen at El Castillo, the 1,200-year-old flask seems to portray an event—partly mythical, partly real—in the history of the north coast, the arrival of an important Wari lord, possibly even the Wari emperor himself.

The tomb of a great Wari lord may lie somewhere in the maze of chambers.

"And so we are starting to make a story of the Wari emperor who takes to the sea in a raft," says Makowski with a smile, "an emperor who dies on the Huarmey coast accompanied by his wives."

For now it is only a story, an educated archaeological guess. But Giersz, the maverick who saw the buried outlines of walls where others saw only looters' rubble, still thinks that the tomb of a great Wari lord may lie somewhere in the maze of walls and subterranean chambers. And if the looters haven't beaten him to the punch, he intends to find it. □

Pieces of richly patterned tunics and painted pots depicting Wari lords, builders of the first Andean empire, are among the treasures from the unlooted tomb at El Castillo de Huarmey.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN WITH PERMISSION OF PERUVIAN GOVERNMENT

By Heather Pringle

Photographs by Robert Clark

In the late afternoon light along the Peruvian coast, local workmen gather as archaeologists Miłosz Giersz and Roberto Pimentel Nita open a row of small sealed chambers near the entrance of an ancient tomb. Concealed for more than a thousand years under a layer of heavy adobe brick, the mini-chambers hold large ceramic jars, some bearing painted lizards, others displaying grinning human faces. As Giersz pries loose the brick from the final compartment, he grimaces. "It smells awful down here," he splutters. He peers warily into a large undecorated pot. It's full of decayed puparia, traces of flies once drawn to the pot's contents. The archaeologist backs away and stands up, slapping a cloud of 1,200-year-old dust from his pants. In three years of digging at this site, called El Castillo de Huarmey, Giersz has encountered an unexpected ecosystem of death—from

A winged creature adorns a silver and gold ear ornament worn by an elite Wari woman.

traces of insects that once fed on human flesh, to snakes that coiled and died in the bottoms of ceramic pots, to Africanized killer bees that swarmed out of subterranean chambers and attacked workers.

Plenty of people had warned Giersz that excavating in the rubble of El Castillo would be difficult, and almost certainly a waste of time and money. For at least a century looters had tunneled into the slopes of the massive hill, searching for tombs containing ancient skeletons decked out in gold and wrapped in some of the finest woven tapestries ever made. The serpent-shaped hill, located a four-hour drive north of Lima, looked like a cross between the surface of the moon and a landfill site—pitted with holes, littered with ancient human bones, and strewn with modern garbage and rags. The looters liked to toss away their clothing before they returned home for fear of bringing sickness from the dead to their families.

But Giersz, an affable 36-year-old maverick who teaches Andean archaeology at the University of Warsaw, was determined to dig there anyway. Something important had happened at El Castillo 1,200 years ago, Giersz was sure of that. Bits of textiles and broken pottery from Peru's little-known Wari civilization, whose heartland lay far to the south, dotted the slopes. So Giersz and a small research team began imaging what lay underground with a magnetometer and taking aerial photos with a camera on a kite. The results revealed something that generations of grave robbers had missed: the faint outlines of buried walls running along a rocky southern spur. Giersz and a Polish-Peruvian team applied for permission to begin digging.

The faint outline turned out to be a massive maze of towers and high walls spread over the entire southern end of El Castillo. Once painted crimson red, the sprawling complex seemed to be a Wari temple dedicated to ancestor worship. As the team dug down beneath a layer of heavy trapezoidal bricks in the fall of 2012, they discovered something few Andean archaeologists ever expected to find: an unlooted royal tomb. Inside were interred four Wari queens or princesses, at least 54 other highborn individuals, and more than a thousand elite Wari goods, from huge gold ear ornaments to silver bowls and copper-alloy axes, all of the finest workmanship.

"This is one of the most important discoveries in recent years," says Cecilia Pardo Grau, the curator of pre-Columbian art at the Art Museum of Lima. While Giersz and his team continue

---

Heather Pringle is the author of The Mummy Congress. *Robert Clark has photographed more than 30 stories for* National Geographic.

Archaeologist Milosz Giersz measures the distance from the imperial tomb to pots damaged by looters. "They came very close to finding the tomb," he says.

to excavate and explore the site, analysis of the finds is shedding new light on the Wari and their wealthy ruling class.

Emerging from obscurity in Peru's Ayacucho Valley by the seventh century A.D., the Wari rose to glory long before the Inca, in a time of repeated drought and environmental crisis. They became master engineers, constructing aqueducts and complex canal systems to irrigate their terraced fields. Near the modern city of Ayacucho they founded a sprawling capital, known today as Huari. At its zenith Huari boasted a

Colonial America's Oldest Unsolved Murder

by **LINTON WEEKS**
June 24, 201311:11 AM

Preservation Virginia (Jamestown Rediscovery Project)

When archaeologists in Virginia uncovered the skeletal remains in 1996 of one of Jamestown's first settlers — a young European male designated as JR102C in the catalog — they said he was the victim in what was perhaps Colonial America's oldest unsolved murder.

At the time, archaeologist William Kelso, now director of archaeological research and interpretation at Jamestown Rediscovery, reported that "the lead bullet and shot fragments lodged in his lower right leg contained enough force to fracture his tibia and fibula bones, rupturing a major artery below the knee. JR would have bled to death within minutes."

Now, 17 years later, the forensic archaeologists at Jamestown may have identified the victim and, therefore, the perpetrator of the crime. Recent evidence, Kelso says, points to a duel in 1624 "where a man named George Harrison took a bullet in the leg and later died from it."

The bullet, found by researchers, "hit the right side of the knee suggesting the man was standing sideways, which would happen in a duel," says Kelso. "It is possible that JR102C is that man."

And the man who murdered Harrison in a duel, according to Kelso: Richard Stephens, a Jamestown merchant. Stephens went on to become a court commissioner and an outspoken detractor of Virginia Gov. John Harvey. In 1635, Stephens and Harvey engaged in fisticuffs, and Stephens lost teeth in the bargain. Stephens died circa 1636.

The thirst and dehydration were unimaginable, Harrell said. Tongues swelled, lips split open and salt caked their eyes and faces as the briny ocean water dried in the sun. In desperation, some men drank the salty water, and those who resisted the impulse soon saw what happened to the brains of those who relented. It took only about an hour, Harrell said, before the hallucinations began for those men. Terrifying, final hallucinations.

By Day 3, only 17 of the original 80 who were with Harrell were still alive.

That day, his group spotted what looked like a small raft. A few sailors had found a few ammunition cans and potato or orange crates and figured out a way to lash them together. On the raft, they placed sodden life jackets, which they squeezed as dry as possible, like sponges, then allowed them to further air dry atop the crude raft. That way, they could trade out the jackets and buy themselves more time.

Also that day, Harrell saw another crate floating. He swam to it. Inside were potatoes — mostly rotten, but with some nutrition and moisture in them. He stuffed some in his pockets. He ate, peeling skin and the most rotten parts off with his teeth.

It was on the fourth day that finally, and by accident, a U.S. military plane discovered "the boys" in the water, still with sharks all around. That plane couldn't land in water, but summoned help. The pilot, Harrell recalled, didn't even know if the bobbing heads he saw were American or Japanese. It didn't matter. A sea plane and rescue vessels were dispatched.

In all, 317 men were plucked from the ocean. They were moved from emergency to longer-term hospitals. It took years to recover. Harrell was in hospitals for months, a stay extended when his appendix burst and his body was riddled with infection. In those early days of penicillin, Harrell received 11.8 million units of the new antibiotic over 29 days — he remembers it, to the unit, to the day.

And then, the young man basically went home, stopping in Chicago in early 1946 to be discharged from the Marines and in 1947 marrying the pretty brunette who had promised to wait for him. Friday, together in Indianapolis, Edgar and Ola Harrell celebrated their 67th wedding anniversary.

The USS Indianapolis' mission was top secret — few of the crew knew that it was delivering to the island of Tinian key parts and enriched uranium for the atomic bomb used at Hiroshima. After completing that mission, the ship stopped off in Guam and was then sent to Leyte Gulf to prepare for a likely invasion of Japan. En route to the Philippines, disaster struck.

As the years unfolded, Harrell and other survivors became angry — that their ship was sent out without a protective destroyer escort, that a cable intercepted before the USS Indianapolis took off from Guam said an attack submarine was in its path but that information wasn't relayed to the ship, that the celebratory transmission about the sinking from the Japanese submarine to Tokyo was intercepted but didn't trigger a rescue effort, and that the skipper of the USS Indianapolis, Capt. Charles Butler McVay III, was held accountable and court-martialed even though critical information had been withheld from him.

"They just sent us into harm's way," Harrell says, in a booming voice and with vehemence. "It was a miscarriage of justice!"

The goal of many of the surviving USS Indianapolis crew was to un-write the inaccurate chronicles of their ship, and to correct the record of McVay.

"We wanted our good captain exonerated," Harrell said.

On Oct. 30, 2000, they got their wish, when McVay was posthumously exonerated by Congress and President Bill Clinton. It was a victory for the USS Indianapolis survivors, but too late for McVay. He committed suicide in 1968.

Harrell and many of his fellow survivors went on with their lives, drawing strength from their faith, family and friends. Forgiveness came — last year, Harrell held on his lap the great-granddaughter of Mochitsura Hashimoto, the commander of the Japanese submarine I-58 that sank the USS Indianapolis. The baby smiled at him; Harrell had tears in his eyes.

And this weekend, Edgar and Ola Harrell were here with their son, grandson and great-grandson, in the embrace of a few remaining survivors and their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Now, Harrell said, the important thing is that the story is told. The true story.

USS Indianapolis survivor: 'That first morning, we had sharks'

Diana Penner, diana.penner@indystar.com 10:06 p.m. EDT July 26, 2014

Corporal Edgar Harrell was a Marine, a 20-year-old kid, who finished his watch on the USS Indianapolis at midnight July 29, 1945. It was unbearably hot, stifling down below where his berth was, so he got permission to make a pallet on deck, right under the barrels of the No. 1 forward turret.
Harrell had just dozed off.

And then, a few minutes into July 30, the world exploded.

The USS Indianapolis, with 1,196 sailors and Marines aboard, was hit by two of six torpedoes fired by a Japanese submarine. The 610-foot-long heavy cruiser was chopped into three sections, all of which were sinking.

Metal groaned and twisted, water churned and rose, and men scrambled and screamed. Three-quarters of the crew would die in the disaster.

For years afterward, Harrell and his fellow survivors talked little — if at all — about what happened that night. And when some did, they were dismissed or ignored. But eventually, they not only talked, they hollered — to correct the historical record and to redeem the captain they revered but who got the official blame for the single worst loss of life at sea in the

This weekend, Harrell, who now lives in Tennessee, was among about a dozen of the remaining 36 survivors of the ship at a reunion in the city that gave the famed vessel its name. Harrell told his story, vivid with details and passion, insistent that it not be forgotten.

He also has chronicled his story in his book, "Out of the Depths: An Unforgettable WWII Story of Survival, Courage, and the Sinking of the USS Indianapolis," which Harrell republished in May after initially self-publishing it in 2005. Harrell's story, like that of his shipmates, is one of harrowing survival and gruesome death, tremendous courage and painful betrayal, and, eventually, redemption, albeit posthumously for many.

That night, in the chaos, the young Harrell, originally from Kentucky, realized he didn't have his drab brown kapok life jacket. He'd left it below. He spied some of the jackets on deck, but waited permission to take one. He also searched for his commanding officer, looking for orders on what to do next. They all waited for the official command to abandon ship. The order came, but really, it was a moot point.

Within 12 minutes, the USS Indianapolis sank. There were few lifeboats. Of the original crew, 900 men went into the water. Some had the life jackets, some didn't, and most bobbed in the water like corks.

Some were severely burned from explosions, some had broken bones and cuts, most were covered with fuel oil loosed in the water as the ship broke into pieces.

The gruesome and harrowing story of the next four days was little known in the years right after the war. Harrell didn't talk about it, even privately, for the first few years. They didn't have this label back then, but today, the 89-year-old knows he suffered from post-traumatic stress.

The men in the water faced relentless exposure to the sun, starvation, dehydration — surrounded by water, they had nothing to drink — and fatal saltwater poisoning if they gave in and tried to drink the ocean water. And then there were the sharks.

Harrell found himself in a group of about 80 men that first night, including another Marine, badly injured. Harrell held the man, keeping his head above water, but there was little else he could do.

"He basically died with me holding onto him," Harrell said, lowering his eyes but pausing only slightly. He has told the story many times by now; he knows how to get through it.

"And that first morning, we had sharks."

The men were bobbing in the water, trying to pack together, and fins would appear around them, Harrell recalled. But inevitably, a man would get separated from the group and float off.

"And then you hear a blood-curdling scream," he said. "And then the body would go under, and then that life vest popped back up."

The life vests, crude by today's high-tech standards, would become water-logged and less effective as flotation devices, he recalled. The men figured out they could fashion vests in a way that allowed them to sit on them, sort of like inner tubes, allowing them to keep their heads above water if they maintained the effort, strength and discipline to stay balanced in a seated position.

VALLEY OF THE

"Fossil whales are one of God's miracles," says Mohammed Sameh (at left), Wadi Hitan's head ranger, reassembling a *Dorudon* skeleton with University of Michigan postdoc Iyad Zalmout. The site's rare prehistoric whales helped earn it UNESCO World Heritage status.

It wasn't until 1989, however, that the team found the link they were seeking to the whales' terrestrial ancestors, almost by accident. Near the end of the expedition Gingerich was working on a *Basilosaurus* skeleton when he uncovered the first known whale knee, on a leg positioned much farther down the animal's spinal column than he had expected. Now that the researchers knew where to look for legs, they revisited a number of previously mapped whales and rapidly uncovered a femur, a tibia and fibula, and a lump of bone that formed a whale's foot and ankle. On the last day of the expedition Smith found a complete set of slender, inch-long toes. Seeing those tiny bones brought her to tears. "Knowing that such massive, fully aquatic animals still had functional legs, feet, and toes, realizing what this meant for the evolution of whales—it was overwhelming," she remembers.

Though unable to support a *Basilosaurus*'s weight on land, these legs weren't completely vestigial. They had attachments for powerful muscles, as well as functional ankle joints and complex locking mechanisms in the knee. Gingerich speculates that they served as stimulators or guides during copulation. "It must have been hard to control what was going on down there on that long, snakelike body, so far from the brain," he says.

Whatever *Basilosaurus* actually did with its little legs, finding them confirmed that the ancestors of whales had once walked, trotted, and galloped on land. But the identity of these ancestors remained unclear. Certain skeletal features of archaic whales, particularly their large, triangular cheek teeth, strongly resembled those of mesonychids, a group of hoofed Eocene carnivores. (The massive, hyena-like *Andrewsarchus,* probably the largest carnivorous mammal that has ever lived on land, may have been a mesonychid.) In the 1950s immunologists had discovered characteristics in whale blood that suggested a descent from artiodactyls, the mammalian order that includes pigs, deer, camels, and other even-toed ungulates. By the 1990s

Sand-laden winds sculpt Wadi Hitan's stone outcroppings into exotic shapes that Egyptians call mud lions and sitting sphinxes. Ornate struts of bone on *Basilosaurus* vertebrae (right) secured huge muscles used to lift and lower the whale's tail and back as it swam.

molecular biologists studying the cetacean genetic code concluded that the whale's closest living relative was one specific ungulate, the hippopotamus.

Gingerich and many other paleontologists trusted the hard evidence of the bones more than the molecular comparisons of living animals. They believed whales had descended from mesonychids. But to test this theory, Gingerich needed to find one bone in particular. The astragalus, or anklebone, is the most distinctive element of the artiodactyl skeleton, because it has an unusual double-pulley shape, with clearly defined grooves at the top and bottom of the bone like the grooves on a pulley wheel that holds a rope. The shape gives artiodactyls greater spring and flexibility than the single-pulley form found in other quadrupeds. (Living whales were of no help, of course, because they have no anklebones at all.)

Back in Pakistan in 2000, Gingerich finally saw his first whale ankle. His graduate student Iyad Zalmout found a grooved piece of bone among the remains of a new 47-million-year-old whale, later named *Artiocetus*. Minutes later Pakistani geologist Munir ul-Haq found a similar bone at the same site. At first Gingerich thought the two bones were the single-pulley astragali from the animal's left and right legs—proof that he'd been right about the origin of whales. But when he held them side by side, he was troubled to see that they were slightly asymmetrical. As he pondered this, manipulating the two bones as a puzzler maneuvers two troublesome puzzle pieces, they suddenly snapped together to form a perfect double-pulley astragalus. The lab scientists had been right after all.

Walking back to camp that evening, Gingerich and his team passed a group of village children playing dice with the astragali of a goat. (People in various cultures have used the anklebones of domestic artiodactyls in games and fortune-telling for millennia.) Zalmout borrowed one and gave it to Gingerich, then watched in amusement as his professor spent

the rest of the evening alternately staring at the whale ankle in one hand and the goat ankle in the other, noting the unmistakable similarities. "That was a major find, but it upset my apple-cart," Gingerich says with a wry smile. "Still, now we knew for sure where whales came from and that the hippopotamus theory wasn't complete science fiction."

SINCE THEN GINGERICH and a handful of other paleontologists have filled in the story of early whales, tooth by tooth, toe by toe. Gingerich believes the first cetaceans probably resembled anthracotheres, svelte hippo-like browsers that inhabited swampy lowlands in Eocene times. (An alternative theory, advanced by paleontologist Hans Thewissen, is that whales descended from an animal similar to *Indohyus,* a prehistoric deerlike artiodactyl the size of a raccoon that was partly aquatic.) Whatever their shape and size, the earliest whales appeared about 55 million years ago, like all other modern mammalian orders, during the spike in global temperatures at the beginning of the Eocene. They lived along the eastern shores of the Tethys, where the waters exerted a strong evolutionary pull: warm, salty, rich in marine life, and free of aquatic dinosaurs, which had gone extinct ten million years earlier. Chasing new kinds of food sources deeper into the water, these early waders gradually developed longer snouts and sharper teeth better suited for snapping up fish. By about 50 million years ago, they'd reached the stage exemplified by *Pakicetus:* proficient four-legged swimmers that still moved about on land.

By adapting to water, early whales gained access to an environment closed to most other mammals, rich in food and shelter, and short on competitors and predators—perfect conditions for an evolutionary explosion. What followed was a starburst of idiosyncratic experiments in being a whale, most of which ended in extinction long before modern times. There was the hulking, 1,600-pound *Ambulocetus,* an ambush hunter with squat legs and

Found in Wadi Hitan with its nose protruding from one side of a hill and its tail from the other, this 37-million-year-old *Basilosaurus* was perfectly preserved by the rock that entombed it. This year it will return to Egypt to become the centerpiece of a new museum on whale evolution.

Shiny as a mudflat, dry as the Sahara, nummulite basins (above) are named for the coin-shaped fossils that litter their soil (right). Nummulites and other tiny desert relics provide vital clues to how early whales lived and died.

huge snapping jaws, like a hairy saltwater croc; *Dalanistes,* with a long neck and head like a heron; and *Makaracetus,* with a short, curved, muscular proboscis that it may have used for eating mollusks.

Around 45 million years ago, as the advantages of a water environment drew whales farther out to sea, their necks compressed and stiffened to push more efficiently through the water, behind faces lengthening and sharpening like a ship's prow. Hind legs thickened into pistons; toes stretched and grew webbing, so they resembled enormous ducks' feet tipped with tiny hooves inherited from their ungulate ancestors. Swimming methods improved: Some whales developed thick, powerful tails, bulleting ahead with vigorous up-and-down undulations of their lower bodies. Selection pressure for this efficient style of locomotion favored longer and more flexible spinal columns. Nostrils slid back up the snout toward the crown of the head, becoming blowholes. Over time, as the animals dived deeper, their eyes began to migrate from the top toward the sides of the head, the better to see laterally in the water. And whale ears grew ever more sensitive to underwater sound, aided by pads of fat that ran in channels the length of their jaws, gathering vibrations like underwater antennae and funneling them to the middle ear.

Though finely tuned to water, these 45-million-year-old whales still had to hitch themselves ashore on webbed fingers and toes, in search of fresh water to drink, a mate, or a safe place to bear their young. But within a few million years whales had passed the point of no return: *Basilosaurus, Dorudon,* and their relatives never set foot on land, swimming confidently on the high seas and even crossing the Atlantic to reach the shores of what is now Peru and the southern United States. Their bodies adjusted to their exclusively aquatic lifestyle, forelimbs shortening and stiffening to serve as flippers for planing, tails broadening at the tip in horizontal flukes to create a hydrofoil. The pelvis decoupled from the spine, allowing the tail a broader range of vertical motion. Yet like talismans from

a long-forgotten life ashore, their hind legs remained, complete with tiny knees, feet, ankles, and toes, useless now for walking but good perhaps for sex.

The final transition from basilosaurids to modern whales began 34 million years ago, during the sudden phase of cooling climate that ended the Eocene epoch. A drop in water temperatures near the Poles, shifts in ocean currents, and an upwelling of nutrient-rich seawater along the western shores of Africa and Europe drew whales into entirely new environmental niches and drove the remaining adaptations—big brains, echolocation, insulating blubber, and in some species, baleen in place of teeth for straining krill—present in cetaceans today.

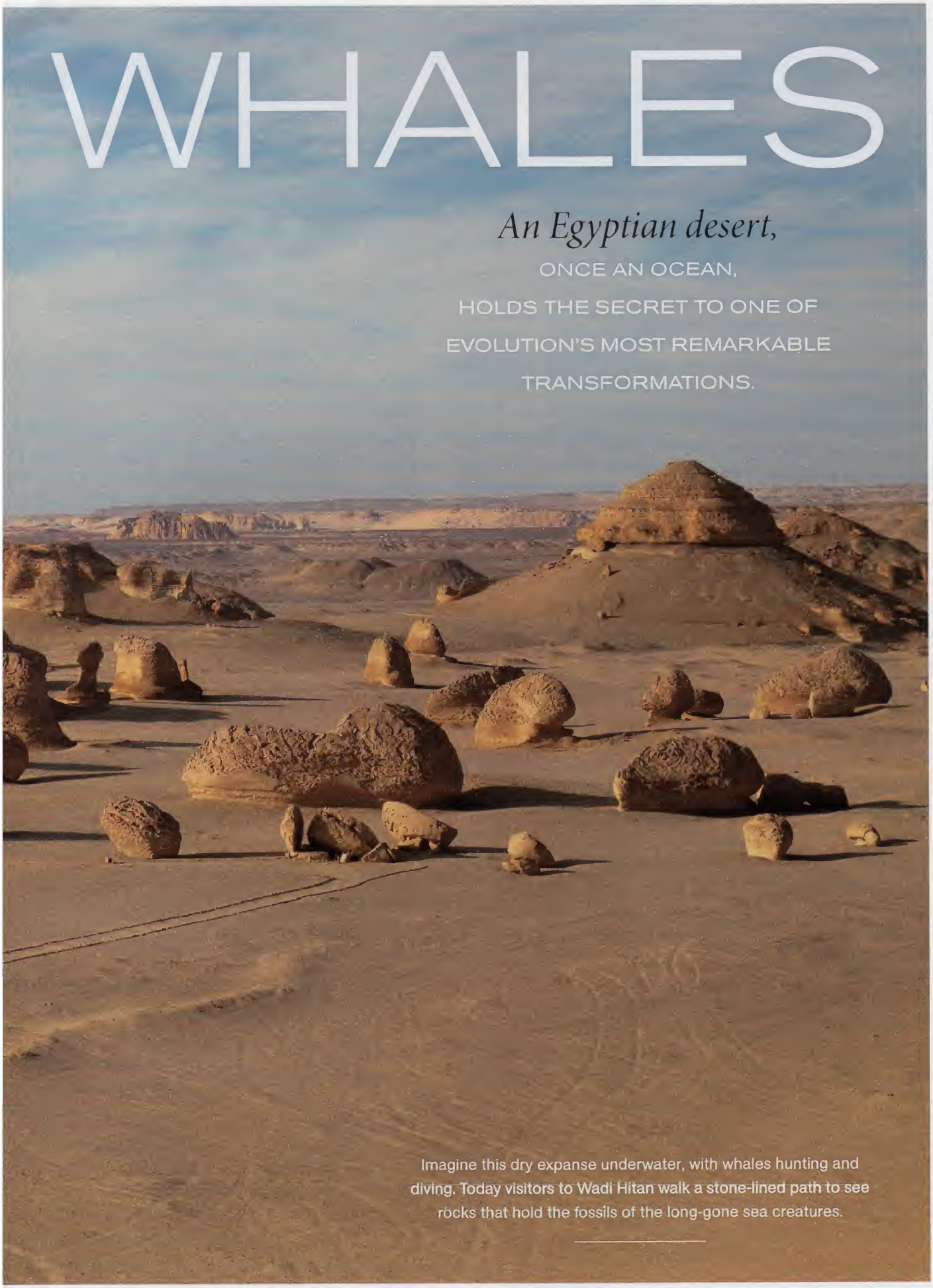
Thanks in large part to Philip Gingerich, the fossil record of whales now offers one of the most stunning demonstrations of Darwinian evolution rather than a refutation of it. Ironically, Gingerich himself grew up in a strictly principled Christian environment, in a family of Amish Mennonites in eastern Iowa. (His grandfather was a farmer and lay preacher.) Yet at the time, he felt no clash between faith and science. "My grandfather had an open mind about the age of the Earth," he says, "and never mentioned evolution. Remember, these were people of great humility, who only expressed an opinion on something when they knew a lot about it."

Gingerich is still baffled by the conflict that many people feel between religion and science. On my last night in Wadi Hitan, we walked a little distance from camp under a dome of brilliant stars. "I guess I've never been particularly devout," he said. "But I consider my work to be very spiritual. Just imagining those whales swimming around here, how they lived and died, how the world has changed—all this puts you in touch with something much bigger than yourself, your community, or your everyday existence." He spread his arms, taking in the dark horizon and the desert with its sandstone wind sculptures and its countless silent whales. "There's room here for all the religion you could possibly want." □

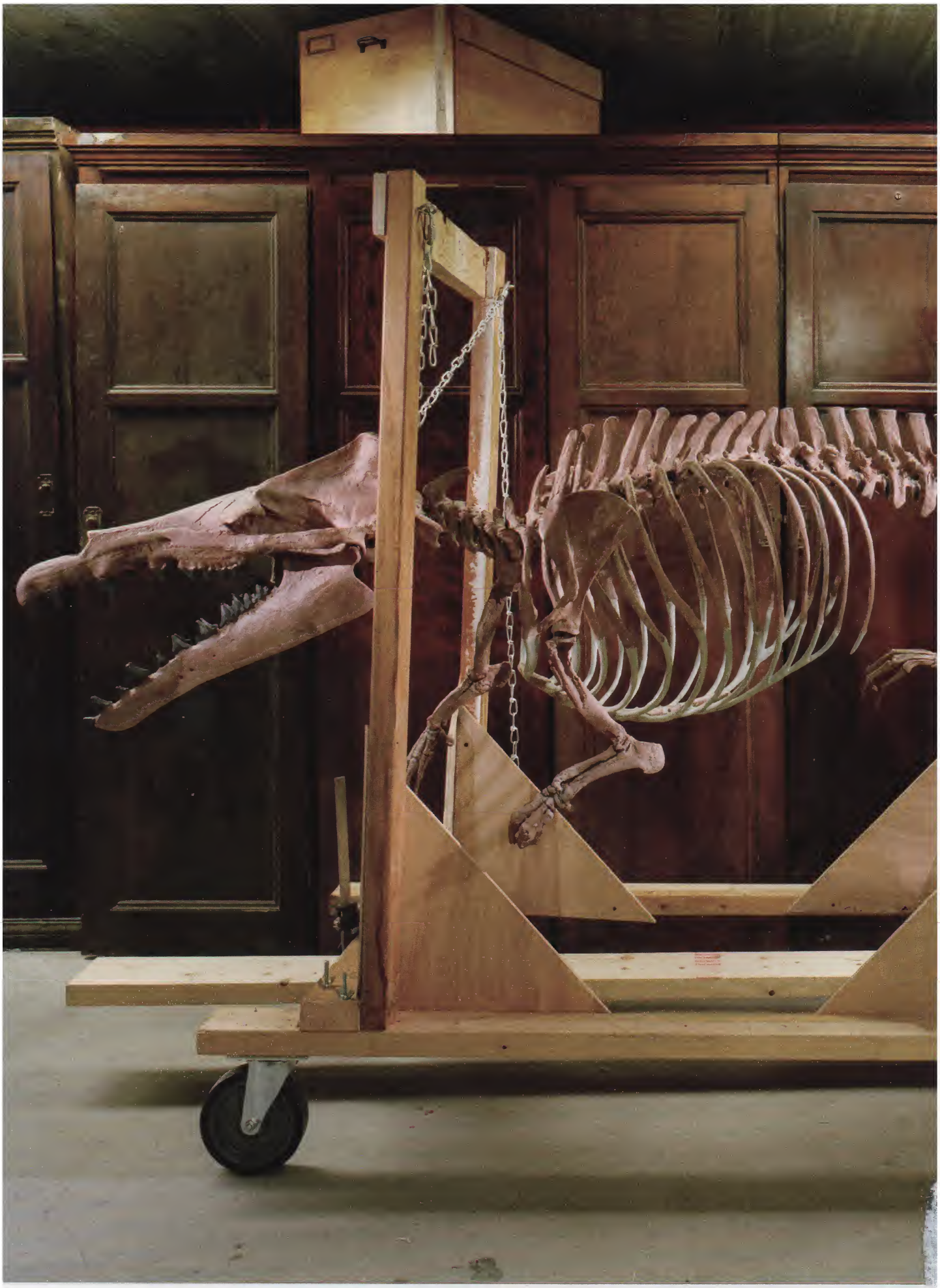
WHALES

An Egyptian desert,

ONCE AN OCEAN,
HOLDS THE SECRET TO ONE OF
EVOLUTION'S MOST REMARKABLE
TRANSFORMATIONS.



Imagine this dry expanse underwater, with whales hunting and diving. Today visitors to Wadi Hitan walk a stone-lined path to see rocks that hold the fossils of the long-gone sea creatures.



Egypt isn't the only country with traces of early whales. Found in Pakistan, this 47-million-year-old *Maiacetus* now stands in the basement of the University of Michigan Museum of Paleontology. With robust legs and webbed feet, it propelled itself on land like a sea lion. The limbs also provided thrust for swimming; its tail served mainly as a rudder. Later whales swam more efficiently with tail power; their hind legs dwindled, and their front legs morphed into flippers.

BY TOM MUELLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BARNES

Thirty-seven million years ago,

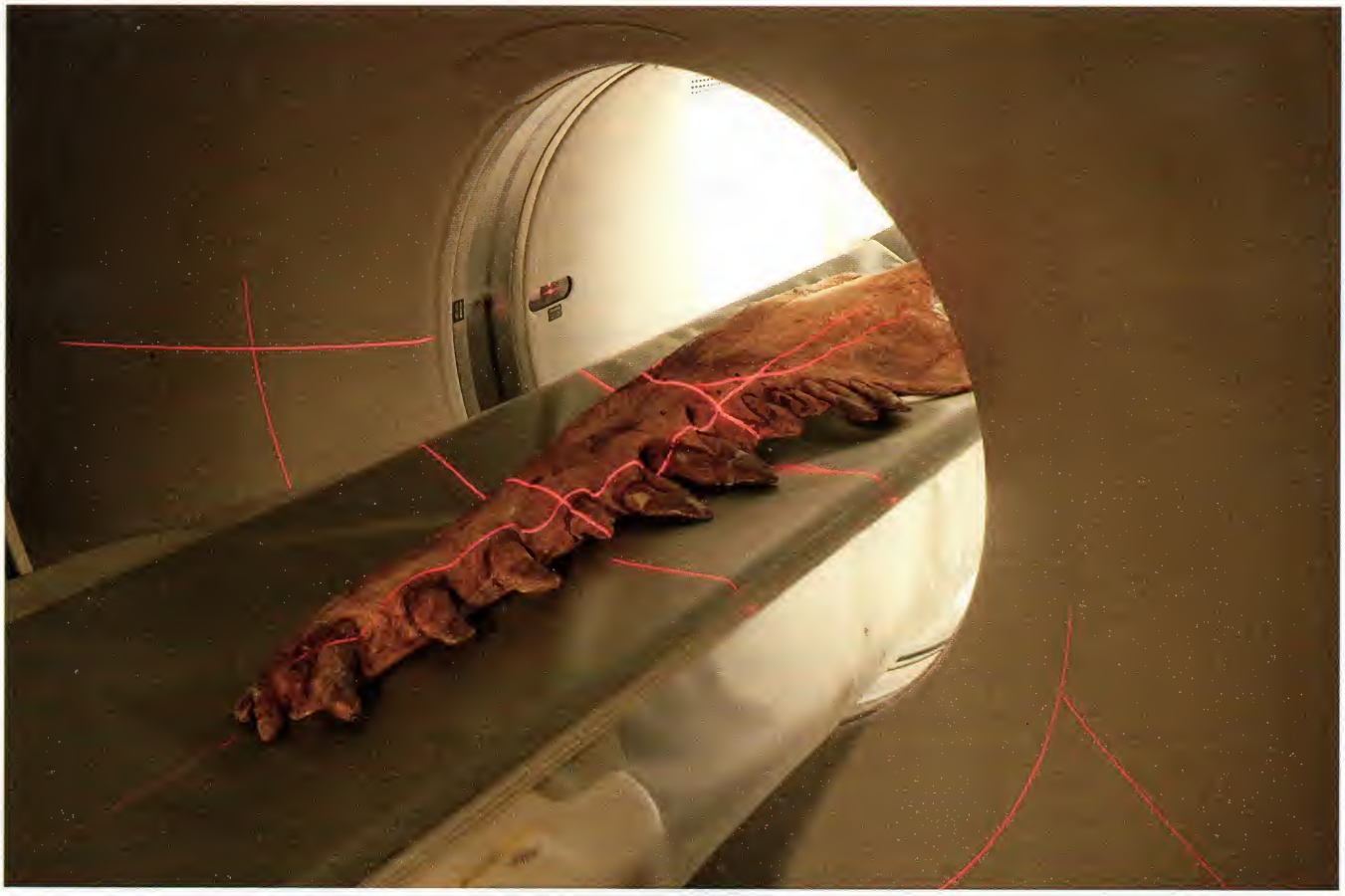
IN THE WATERS OF THE PREHISTORIC TETHYS OCEAN, A SINUOUS, 50-FOOT-LONG BEAST WITH GAPING JAWS AND JAGGED TEETH DIED AND SANK TO THE SEAFLOOR.

Over thousands of millennia a mantle of sediment built up over its bones. The sea receded, and as the former seabed became a desert, the wind began to plane away the sandstone and shale above the bones. Slowly the world changed. Shifts in the Earth's crust pushed India into Asia, heaving up the Himalaya. In Africa, the first human ancestors stood up on their hind legs to walk. The pharaohs built their pyramids. Rome rose, Rome fell. And all the while the wind continued its patient excavation. Then one day Philip Gingerich showed up to finish the job.

At sunset one evening last November, Gingerich, a vertebrate paleontologist at the University of Michigan, lay full length beside the spinal column of the creature, called *Basilosaurus,* at a place in the Egyptian desert known as Wadi Hitan. The sand around him was strewn with fossil shark teeth, sea urchin spines, and the bones of giant catfish. "I spend so much time surrounded by these underwater creatures that pretty soon I'm living in their world," he said, prodding a log-size vertebra with his brush. "When I look at this desert, I see the ocean." Gingerich was searching for a key bit of the creature's anatomy, and he was in a hurry. The light was failing, and he needed to return to camp before his colleagues started to worry. Wadi Hitan is a beautiful but unforgiving place. Along with the bones of prehistoric sea monsters, Gingerich has found the remains of unlucky humans.

He moved down the spine toward the tail, probing around each vertebra with the handle of his brush. Then he stopped and set down the tool. "Here's the mother lode," he said. Clearing the sand delicately with his fingers, he laid bare a slender baton of bone, barely eight inches long. "It isn't every day that you see a whale's leg," he said, lifting the bone reverently in both hands.

Basilosaurus was indeed a whale, but one with two delicate hind legs, each the size of a three-year-old girl's leg, protruding from its flanks. These winsome little limbs—perfectly formed yet useless, at least for walking—are a crucial clue to understanding how modern



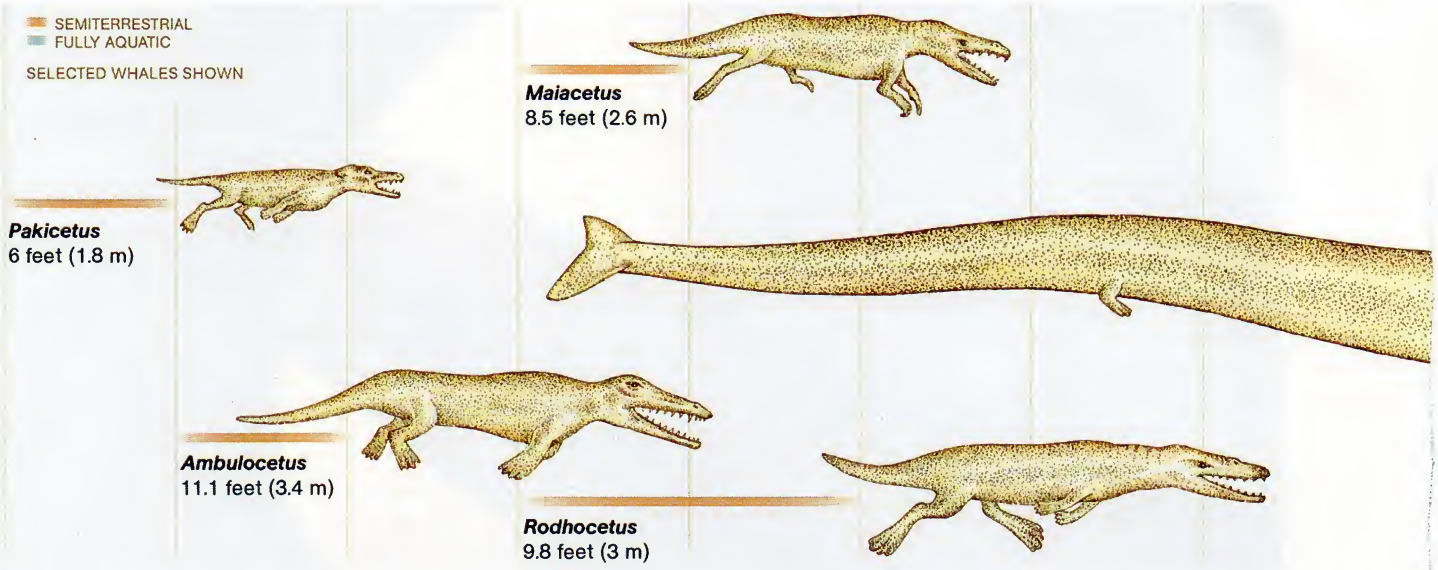
CT scans of *Basilosaurus* bones, including this long, slender jaw, will be used for a digital model showing how the whale moved, swam—and chewed.

whales, supremely adapted swimming machines, descended from land mammals that once walked on all fours. Gingerich has devoted much of his career to explaining this metamorphosis, arguably the most profound in the animal kingdom. In the process he has shown that whales, once celebrated by creationists as the best evidence against evolution, may be evolution's most elegant proof.

"Complete specimens like that *Basilosaurus* are Rosetta stones," Gingerich told me as we drove back to his field camp. "They tell us vastly more about how the animal lived than fragmentary remains."

Wadi Hitan—literally "valley of whales"—has proved phenomenally rich in such Rosetta stones. Over the past 27 years Gingerich and his colleagues have located the remains of more than a thousand whales here, and countless more are left to be discovered. When we pulled into camp, we met several of Gingerich's team members just back from their own fieldwork. We were soon discussing their results over a dinner of roast goat meat, *foul mudamas* (fava bean puree), and flatbread. Mohammed Sameh, chief ranger of the Wadi Hitan protected area, had been prospecting for whales farther to the east and reported several new bone piles—fresh clues to one of natural history's great puzzles. Jordanian postdoc Iyad Zalmout and grad student Ryan Bebej had been excavating a whale rostrum poking out of a cliff face. "We think the rest of the body is inside," said Zalmout.

THE COMMON ANCESTOR of whales and of all other land animals was a flatheaded, salamander-shaped tetrapod that hauled itself out of the sea onto some muddy bank about 360 million years ago. Its descendants gradually improved the function of their primitive lungs, morphed their lobe fins into legs, and jury-rigged their jaw joints to hear in the air instead of water. Mammals turned out to be among the most successful of these land lovers; by 60 million years ago they dominated the Earth. Whales were among a tiny handful of mammals to make an



WHALES: FROM LAND TO SEA

Early whales plied the shallows but still hauled themselves onto shore, probably to rest and to give birth. The fossil record tracks anatomical changes (right) as whales adapted to conditions that favored a fully marine mammal. Modern whales appeared about 34 million years ago.

Nose, eyes, and ears
Nostrils move farther up the skull for easier breathing at the ocean surface. Eyes migrate toward the sides of the head; ears adapt to underwater hearing.

Feet to flippers
For foot-powered swimming, toes lengthen and grow webbing. As tail-powered swimming evolves, foot bones become encased in flippers.

evolutionary U-turn, retrofitting their terrestrial body plan to sense, eat, move, and mate underwater.

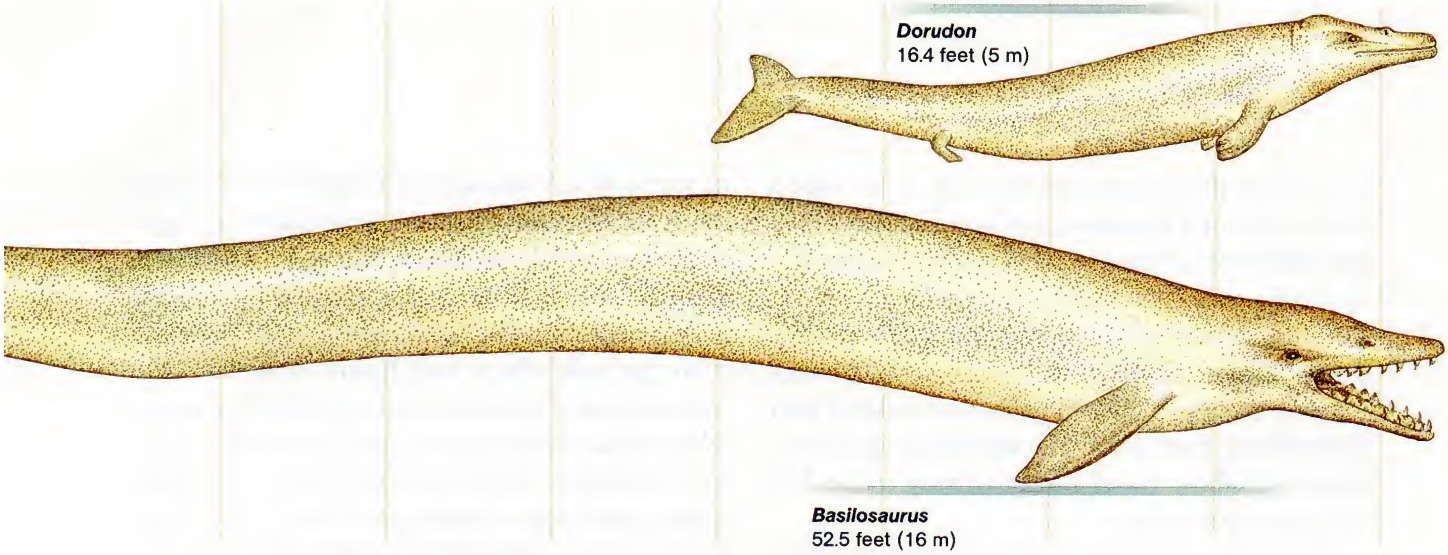
How whales accomplished such an enormous transformation has baffled even the greatest scientific intellects. Recognizing the conundrum as one of the great challenges to his theory of evolution by natural selection, Charles Darwin took a stab at accounting for whales in the first edition of *Origin of Species*. He noted that black bears had been seen swimming with their mouths open for hours at a time on the surface of a lake, feeding on floating insects. "I can see no difficulty in a race of bears being rendered, by natural selection, more and more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths," Darwin concluded, "till a creature was produced as monstrous as a whale." His critics poked such loud and gleeful fun at this image, however, that he eventually omitted it from later editions of his book.

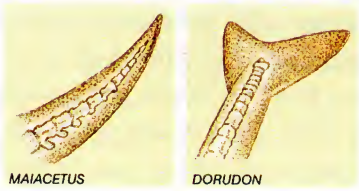
Nearly a century later George Gaylord Simpson, the preeminent paleontologist of the 20th century, was still at a loss to explain where whales fit in his otherwise orderly evolutionary tree of mammals. "The cetaceans are on the whole the most peculiar and aberrant of mammals," he remarked peevishly. "There is no proper place for them in a *scala naturae*. They may be imagined as extending into a different dimension from any of the surrounding orders or cohorts."

If science could not account for the transformation of whales, antievolutionists argued, perhaps it never happened. They contended that land animals that began to adapt to aquatic life would soon be neither fowl nor fish, incapable of surviving in either medium. And if whales really had made this huge transition, where were the fossils to prove it? "The anatomical differences between whales and terrestrial mammals are so great that innumerable in-between stages must have paddled and swam the ancient

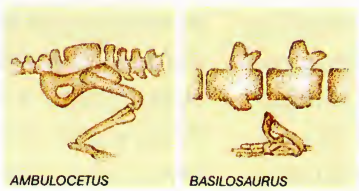
---

Tom Mueller wrote about mammoths in the May 2009 issue of National Geographic. *More of Richard Barnes's photos can be seen in his book* Animal Logic.

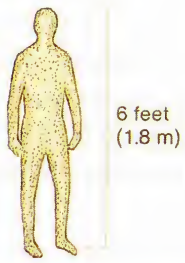




Tail transformation
Tail-powered swimming develops as tails flatten into flukes. Backbones adapt to support the more powerful muscles that tail propulsion requires.



Pelvis and spine
No longer needed to hold hind limbs that support a body, the pelvis becomes detached from the spine, enhancing the whale's range of motion.



MARIEL FURLONG AND AMANDA HOBBS, NGM STAFF
ART: JOHN BURGOYNE
SOURCE: PHILIP D. GINGERICH, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

seas before a whale as we know it appeared," wrote the authors of *Of Pandas and People,* a popular creationist textbook first published in 1989. "So far these transitional forms have not been found."

Philip Gingerich had unintentionally taken up this challenge in the mid-1970s. After earning his Ph.D. at Yale, he began excavating in Wyoming's Clarks Fork Basin, documenting the meteoric rise of mammals at the beginning of the Eocene, after the extinction of the dinosaurs ten million years earlier. In 1975, hoping to trace migrations of mammals from Asia to North America, he started fieldwork in middle Eocene formations in the Punjab and North-West Frontier (now called Khyber Pakhtunkhwa Province) Provinces of Pakistan. He was disappointed to discover that the 50-million-year-old sediments he had targeted were not dry land but marine beds on the eastern edge of the Tethys Ocean. When his team uncovered some pelvic bones in 1977, they jokingly attributed them to "walking whales"—a preposterous notion. At that time the best known fossil whales were thought to be similar to modern whales, with sophisticated mechanisms for underwater hearing, powerful tails with broad flukes, and no external hind limbs.

Then in 1979, a member of Gingerich's team in Pakistan found a skull about the size of a wolf's but with prominent—and very unwolflike—sails of bone at the top and sides of the skull to secure robust jaw and neck muscles. Stranger still, the braincase was little bigger than a walnut. Later the same month Gingerich came across some archaic whale specimens in museums in Lucknow and Kolkata (Calcutta), India. "That's when the tiny braincase started to make sense, because early whales have big skulls and relatively small brains," Gingerich remembers. "I began to think that this small-brained thing might be a very early whale."

WHEN GINGERICH freed the skull from its matrix of hard red stone back in his lab in Michigan, he found a grape-size nugget of dense bone at its

base called the auditory bulla, with an S-shaped bony crest on it known as the sigmoid process—two anatomical features that are characteristic of whales and help them hear underwater. Yet the skull lacked several other adaptations that living whales use to hear directionally beneath the waves. He concluded that the animal had probably been semiaquatic, spending significant time in shallow water but returning to land to rest and reproduce.

Discovering this most primitive known whale, which Gingerich named *Pakicetus,* made him see whales in a new light. "I started thinking more and more about the huge environmental transition that whales had made," he remembers. "This was a creature starting out as a terrestrial animal and literally turning into an extraterrestrial. Since then, I've been consumed by the search for the many transitional forms in this huge leap from land back into the sea. I want to find them all."

IN THE 1980S GINGERICH turned his attention to Wadi Hitan. Along with his wife, paleontologist B. Holly Smith, and their Michigan colleague William Sanders, he began looking for whales in formations some ten million years younger than the beds where he'd found *Pakicetus.* The trio excavated partial skeletons of fully aquatic whales like *Basilosaurus* and the smaller, 16-foot *Dorudon.* These had large, dense auditory bullae and other adaptations for underwater hearing; long, streamlined bodies with elongated spinal columns; and muscular tails to drive them through the water with powerful vertical strokes. The area was teeming with their skeletons. "After a short time in Wadi Hitan you think you're seeing whales everywhere," Smith says. "And after a little more time you realize you really are. We soon understood that we'd never be able to collect all the whales, so we started mapping them and excavating only the most promising specimens."

CRADLE OF WHALES

Fifty million years ago the Tethys Ocean stretched from modern Gibraltar to what is now India. Land-living whale ancestors entered shallow water on the western edge of modern Pakistan and flourished throughout the Tethys until a sharp cooling of the climate 34 million years ago.

JEROME N. COOKSON, NGM STAFF. SOURCE: C. R. SCOTESE, PALEOMAP PROJECT

Philippines: Mysterious 'Werewolves' or 'Vampire Dogs' Slaughter Goats During Full Moon
By Lydia Smith | July 24, 2014 09:35 BST | http://www.ibtimes.co.uk/philippines-mysterious-werewolves-vampire-dogs-slaughter-goats-during-full-moon-1458064

Villagers on a remote southeast Asian island fear werewolves or vampire dogs could be on the loose after hundreds of goats were found slaughtered during the recent full moon.

Police on Sibale Island, otherwise known as Concepcion in the Philippines, have ordered locals to "shoot on sight" if they see any mysterious creatures.

The island's mayor, Lemuel Cipriano, said a team headed by the provincial veterinarian would conduct an investigation "to determine whether the goats were killed by werewolves, dogs or vampires disguised as dogs".

"It's a continuing goat massacre happening at the onset of the full moon almost every year since 2012," Cipriano told The Manila Standard. "So far, more than 200 goats had been massacred by this unknown killer."

According to Cipriano, the goat carcasses had been found in open fields with "telltale marks" such as "strangulated necks and gaping wounds in the stomach where the heart and liver had been removed".

Villagers state the attacks always occur on the eve of a full moon, between midnight and 2am.

Last Saturday, the remains of a pregnant goat and her kid were discovered on a coconut grove on farm at Barangay Poblacion. According to the owner, Charry Fajilago, the intestines of both animals had been removed.

Another farmer, Vincent Fajutagana, claimed to have come "face-to-face" with a mysterious creature at his Barangay Dalajica property, as reported by Au News.

He described the animal as a "big black dog with bloodshot eyes" which he told villagers was a "vampire that has taken the form of a dog".

Extra police armed with knives and sharpened bamboo sticks have been dispatched to the island to ward off the animals.

Agriculturist Nelia Yap told the Manila Standard: "We could not determine yet if the killers are werewolves, dogs or creatures pretending to be dogs."

The supermoons set to appear on 10 August and 3 September have already spread panic among the locals.

Cipriano said: "The long nights leading to the full moons will be nights of agony for the people of Sibale because they are certain the werewolves will attack again. This time we will prepared, and we will be vigilant."

'Vampire' dogs kill seven goats in new attack

By Robert A. Evora | Jul. 31, 2014 at 12:01am
http://manilastandardtoday.com/2014/07/31/-vampire-dogs-kill-seven-goats-in-new-attack/

SIBALE ISLAND, Romblon—Eleven days before a new appearance of the super moon on August 10, "vampire" dogs attacked and killed on Wednesday seven goats, sucking its blood and taking out its heart and liver, a senior official said.

Mayor Lemuel Cipriano said the dogs, which some residents claimed were werewolves, attacked the herd of Ervin Ignacio, a farmer-fisherman, in Sitio Sinanrigan in Barangay Calabasahan.

"The goats were drained of blood. The predators took only the livers and hearts. The rest of the body were intact," Cipriano said.

The mysterious animal has killed a total of 211 goats since 2012, which usually attack on nights before the full moon. The animal scampers away at the sight of humans, but residents are worried they might be next victims when all the goats are killed.

Romblon Gov. Eduardo Fiormalo has issued a "shoot-on-sight" against the suspected werewolves. Residents armed with bamboo spears and bolos patrol their neighborhood at night, but the animals have been elusive.

Deo Atillano, executive secretary to the mayor, said the werewolves have given Sibale Island, which is six hours by boat from the provincial capital of Romblon and one of the most peaceful place in the country, a bad reputation.

He said a murder was committed in the 1970s but no one major has been reported in the island since then until the vampires started killing the goats.

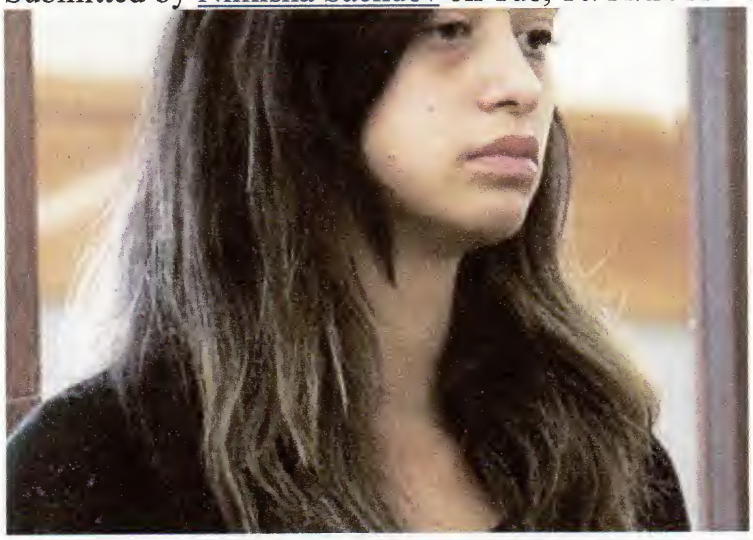
"The only major activity here is gossiping and rumor-mongering among the women. The islanders have limited access to the Internet and very few households have television sets," Atillano said.

The Department of Agriculture has announced it would replace the goats killed, but residents have become reluctant to herd goats because it attract the vampires and they could be the next victims.

"Who knows, if these unknown killers consumed all our goats, and they go hungry, we can be their next victims," said Nelia Yap, the municipal agriculturist.

Vampire Woman Performs 200 Hours Community Work

Submitted by Nimisha Sachdev on Tue, 10/11/2011 - 07:16



The vampire woman, who was the main culprit of attacking a teenager, was released without any charges.

However, the main reason behind her release was that she was asked to perform at least 200-hour community work.

The whole issue came to limelight after the teenager, who was brutally attacked on the chest and the arms by a 20 year old lady.

When the case reached court, the accused lady felt guilty for her inhuman act and requested judge to leave her without facing any conviction charges and after doing the promised 200 hour community works and by writing an apology letter to the teenager, she was set free from her punishment.

The attack reports further accounted that the attack was so brutal that the boy has to suffer deep wounds and was hospitalized. Later he suffered some serious infection.

With all these procedures, the lady was also ordered to pay an amount of $400 in compensation.

Commenting on the issue, John Miller, the accuse woman's lawyer said, "She was just on the periphery of this and just new in the country and got caught up with the wrong people".

Vampire killer Rod Ferrell focus of Investigation Discovery show
By Jerry Fallstrom, Orlando Sentinel
6:27 p.m. EDT, July 30, 2014
http://www.orlandosentinel.com/news/local/lake/os-lk-vampire-case-discovery-channel-20140730,0,1271609.story

Author Frank Stanfield, a former Orlando Sentinel reporter who covered the trial of vampire-cult killer Rod Ferrell, isn't surprised the 1996 killings continue to spark interest.

"People are still talking about it," said Stanfield, who was interviewed for the latest take on the sensational case for Investigation Discovery's "Handsome Devils" series. The program, "Blood Lust," premieres at 9 p.m. today, delving once again into the Eustis slayings of Richard and Naomi Wendorf. Ferrell pleaded guilty to beating the Wendorfs to death with a crowbar and is serving life in prison.

The case has been recounted numerous times, including in true-crime books, a TV docudrama, a low-budget film and an hour-long "Dateline: NBC" special that has been rebroadcast numerous times over the years.

"Charismatic Rod Ferrell is a troubled 16-year-old fascinated by the dark fantasy world of vampirism. In Murray, KY, Rod starts his own coven of teenage followers who meet regularly to drink, take drugs, have sex — and suck each others' blood.

"When Heather Wendorf, an ex-coven member, falls under his spell, a twisted idea begins to grow in his mind. Rod and three friends drive to Heather's home, where he and another of his disciples kill Heather's parents. Rod steals the Wendorfs' car to move his clan to New Orleans, but the teenagers soon run out of money, and police catch up to them."

Stanfield, whose book "Vampires, Gators and Wackos: A Newspaperman's Life," is due to come out next month, said he focused on the Heather's involvement with the Investigation Discovery show. Ferrell and three other teens were charged but a grand jury didn't indict Heather, who also left in the Wendorfs' stolen Ford Explorer.

Story of 'vampire skeletons' among Science Week attractions

Tue, Nov 08, 2011

The story behind Ireland's "vampire skeletons" is just one of the mysteries that will be unravelled as Science Week begins next weekend, writes **Dick Ahlstrom** , Science Editor.

There will be something for everyone this year given the more than 450 talks, presentations and fun events.

Dolores O'Riordan, for example, will give a talk on the hidden chemistry going on in the foods we eat and Dr John O'Shaughnessy will talk about how chemistry is central to the work of Ireland's CSI forensic science team.

Chemistry is important to Science Week 2011 given its theme, "The Chemistry of Life", said Dr Peter Brabazon, who heads Discover Science and Engineering, the science promotional body that organises the event.

Now in its 15th year it ranks as the single largest science promotion event in the country, attracting well over 100,000 participants across the State.

© 2011 The Irish Times

stuff.co.nz

NATIONAL

Judge praises 'vampire' for starting new life

Last updated 05:00 29/06/2011

A man who bit a teenager during a bizarre vampire-style attack was praised by a judge for having turned his life aroun after taking work courses and the birth of his daughter.

James Eric Orr, 20, pleaded guilty on the morning of his trial to injuring with intent to injure an 18-year-old victim, after and two others restrained him. Two of them then bit him.

The victim and three others had been walking over the town belt to Hataitai when the attack happened on February 20 2010, in a clearing on Mt Victoria. He was bitten several times, ending up with infected bites to his chest, arms and ba

He was in hospital for a week fighting the infection.

Orr moved from Wellington to Napier shortly after the attack. He was taking work courses through Community Corrections and completed a silviculture course about forestry and tree management.

His partner and their three-week-old daughter were at court yesterday to see him sentenced.

In Wellington District Court, Judge Bruce Davidson said Orr's conduct had been exemplary.

"I have every reason to believe you have turned your life around."

The judge said the victim had been significantly affected, not just having to go to hospital for the physical injuries but al having to spend time detained under the mental health legislation when his mental condition deteriorated.

Judge Davidson said it was a group attack where a couple of people had overpowered the victim, taking him by surpri He said there had been consensual physical behaviour between the group earlier in the evening, including flesh piercin

He told Orr: "I think you deserve to congratulate yourself in the progress you have made in the last year. I hope it is th last time you are in court."

The judge sentenced Orr to three months' community detention, 100 hours of community work, and to pay $400 reparation to the victim.

Judge Davidson sentenced James Brooks to a similar sentence last year on a charge of wounding with reckless disregard.

He will sentence the last of the trio involved, Xenia Borichevsky, next month. She is to get a discharge without convictic if she has done community work.

Orr's lawyer, Chris Tennet, said the changes in his client's life were positive.

- The Dominion Post

Analysing the cultural shape shifting of the vampire, past to present.

By Emma Foster

CG Arts and Animation, Year 1

Monday 23rd April 2012

2,200 Words

The Time Machine- Chris Hunt

Contents

Introduction 3

Main Body 4

Conclusion 8

Bibliography 8

Introduction

This assignment will analyse critically the importance and popularity that shadows the mythological being of the vampire in that it is a cultural shape shifter from past to present. Bram Stoker's *'Dracula'* (1897) will be treated as the basis of the vampire profile and used to discuss the change of the vampire through history. Other key sources include Carol Margaret Davison's *Bram Stoker's Dracula: Sucking Through the Century, 1897-1997 (1997)* which will aid the exploration of Dracula in relation to the culture it was written during, Michael Ferber's *Romanticism: a very short introduction (2010)* to define the art movement of Romanticism and Kathrin Fäller's *"And It's All There"- Intertextual Structures, Themes and Characters in Stephenie Meyer's "Twilight" Series (2011)* to examine how far society change has impacted on the view of vampires.

The assignment will begin by defining the point in history where vampire popularity kicked off, it will then go on to examine how vampirism came to be so popular considering the impact of past cultural movements. A more contemporary change in vampirism will then be regarded, finally leading on to how vampires have become postmodern in our culture. To conclude, the assignment will strive to show just how much impact culture has on the receiving of the vampire and why this has made them cultural shape shifters.

Main Body

The vampire is an important mythical being in that it has taken the world by storm throughout media especially film and literature however; it wouldn't be this way if it wasn't for Bram Stoker's historical introduction to the concept through his novel *'Dracula'* (1897). Stoker's vampire has characteristically become the archetypal perception of vampirism. A reason for this is probably the fact that *'Dracula'* had such an impact on the Victorian society of its publishing. But why did it have such an impact and why does vampirism continue to have this effect. Writer, Carol Margaret Davison, in her book *Bram Stoker's Dracula: Sucking through the Century, 1897-1997* expresses the link between *'Dracula'* and Victorian society. *'Dracula is a pure product of its time, a perfectly adapted series. The traits of its principal characters… almost constitute a caricature of Victorian ideals… In this respect, Dracula is a book which reinforces Victorian values. But values change while writings, once published, do not. All through the twentieth century, new interpretations of Dracula have appeared in literature and on screen.' (Davison, 1997:363)* What Davidson appears to be saying is that *'Dracula'* evidenced values of Victorian times and therefore, it sat in this society seamlessly. This would allow a Victorian audience to identify with Stoker's novel as they would be able to recognise and be familiar with key features associated with the Victorian era. Davison goes on to explore that a text may not be able to stay popular literature as times change. Yet she implies that with what could suitably be called a revamp, a text or idea can return to be popular, it just has to fit in with the times.

The popularity of Stoker's *'Dracula'* is significant in this idea of fitting vampirism to the notions of time. Stoker sets his novel during typical Victorian times and so it feels real to his similarly Victorian audience. The factual and documentary like substance of his descriptions of people and places really create the sense in the audience that they are living during this tale. Then, Stoker does something that really impacts on Dracula's place in Victorian history. He plays on an idea that puts together other Victorian ideas and really sets the tone and response that his audience give, and that is the idea of romanticism. Author, Michael Ferber, defines the idea of romanticism in his book *Romanticism: A very short introduction. 'Romanticism… found in a symbolic and internalized romance plot a vehicle for exploring one's self and its relationship to others and to nature… detranscendentalized religion by taking God or the divine as inherent in nature or in soul and replaced theological doctrine with metaphor and feeling… and which rebelled against the established canons of neoclassical aesthetics and against both aristocratic and bourgeois social and political norms in favour of values more individual, inward, and emotional.' (Ferber, 2010:10)* Ferber tells us that times of romanticism were more about our inner core feelings and trying to break

away from societal pressure and the norm. This is evident throughout *'Dracula'* which was written in a time of sexual repression and idealised viewings of females in that it throws these ideals out and brings in the taboos. Just look at how character Dracula succeeds in turning innocent and virtuous Lucy into a binary opposition of what was permissible. Yes in ways this could alienate the Victorian audience because it is so shocking and scandalous compared to what was known. However, it enlivens the Victorian male because what was unavailable in common culture could be voyeuristically enjoyed though Dracula. Yet the males in the story are afraid of this change and perhaps this is why it becomes so enjoyable, the ability to get what you want but still feel you are in the society that forbids it as if you are being rebellious. As such, the vampirism of 'Dracula' becomes a metaphor for the repression Victorians faced and feeds quite literally on internal desires and emotions which is what really mattered to these people.

However, before Stoker's take on the vampire there was another view which rather than feeding on internal desires conformed to societal and cultural beliefs. The medieval periods were beset with myths and lore that impacted on how society behaved due to the morals tales emitted. But these messages had to come from deeper ideas, even before medieval times. Writer and archaeologist, Matthew Beresford, studies how the story of Cain and Abel may have impacted on vampirism through these times of perfect ideals in his book *From Demons to Dracula: The Creation of the Modern Vampire Myth. 'The folklore and superstitions of the medieval periods… can be seen as the foundations of this modern vampire. They themselves derived from earlier fears and obsessions with demons, spirits and death. Indeed, a possible origin of the vampire is from the folkloric rendering of the Christian Cain and Abel story. Cain killed his brother Abel and so was banished; he wandered until he met Lilith… she is often depicted as killing human children and showed Cain the life power of blood. Cain is later referred to in the New Testament as being 'the prototype of the wicked man'.' (Beresford, 2008: 35)* What Beresford appears to be conveying is that with Cain's punishment he gained blood lust through conferring with the embodiment of what the classicism period frowned upon, Lilith the female figure who went against perfection and sinned. This makes him the depiction of *'the wicked man'* because he goes against all that classicism is about when he murders and makes his own path. This can be linked to the archetypal vampire because he is punished with immortality through being undead and forever endures blood lust. Classicism believes in perfection and adherence to principles, and is against romanticism by restricting internal feelings, being more down to business. So it is right that the behaviour of Cain would be used as a moral to not sin because it follows his internal feelings to kill his brother rather than adhering to what is respected in society. So with the ideals of classicism in mind and the similarities between

Cain's behaviour and the depiction of the archetypal vampire it makes sense that the vampirism of classical times was the act of sinning. Instead of playing on internal feelings like the vampirism of romanticism it brainwashes into conforming to society's politics which was what was needed at this time, a deterrent from going against what was 'correct'. However, for another society the shape shifting of vampirism could be a political statement for changing societal beliefs.

Since the arrival of Dracula and the many interpretations of it, society has changed and each interpretation has had to accommodate this. Yet the vampire hasn't stayed with Dracula, instead new takes on vampirism have arrived to also accommodate change including those which suggest statements about how we live. One example of this is author Charlene Harris' *'The Southern Vampire Mysteries'* which seeks to take vampirism into territories it has yet to set foot on. Susannah Clements, author and professor, interprets Harris' take on the vampire in her book *The Vampire Defanged: How the Embodiment of Evil Became a Romantic Hero. 'Vampires and other supernatural creatures coexist as part of human culture in Harris's novels. But in the Southern Vampire Mysteries, this is a new development...vampires in Harris's novels have come "out of the coffin," have declared themselves in the world and have become a legally recognized minority. By understanding vampires in the way contemporary culture understands racial or physical difference, Harris has reenvisioned the place and nature of vampires in her fictional world, placing them in social terms rather than in theological terms.' (Clements, 2011:83)* Clements suggests that Harris is no longer writing about vampirism as the vampire, instead using it as a figure to get across her beliefs on the issues of society. What Harris does is play on the traditional romanticism of the Dracula vampire where internal emotions are more important than societal stature and uses this vampire to symbolise the minorities of the early 2000s. By combining these two figures she creates a highly emotive character that enables her audience to see the issues of societal racial discrimination, immigration and equality much more distinctly because a different racial group of humanity is still human whereas, the vampire is already subjected to being labelled as something to show it isn't. So already we see the vampire as an outcast and can empathise much easier. But Harris keeps the classical ideals of society within her world which makes her vampire all the more effective because the romanticism and classicism eventually come together through the medium of character Sookie supporting her point that everything should be equal. What Harris allows her audience is the ability to think for themselves about these cultural issues though an average character that supports elements of both worlds, an understanding that the early 2000s media did not publicise unlike society now.

Culture now, still has a massive impact on the way persons behave but the world is much more open to change and different beliefs. A crisis that currently floods the media is the behaviour of teenagers which many brush off as them trying to find themselves but it is the crisis ridden teenager that has turned to the vampire genre globally and which suggests yet another revamp in the perception of the vampire. Kathrin Fäller, essayist, in her book *"And It's All There"- Intertextual Structures, Themes and Characters in Stephenie Meyer's "Twilight" Series* delves into Stephenie Meyer's teenage vampirism approach. *'Meyer positions her series in the tradition and progression of contemporary vampire fiction by adopting a perspective that does not regard the vampire as a mere outsider to what is familiar and known. She also aspires to modernize the concept of the other perspective by bestowing a voice to a human girl who feels not associated with other humans... With the help of Bella Swan's narrative voice the world is still seen through human eyes but is close enough to the other to achieve a perspective that presents the unknown as uniquely sympathetic.' (Fäller, 2011:43)* What Fäller appears to be saying is that Meyer takes away the alienation vampires normally face by putting them alongside a human who feels the same way. She enables the teenager someone who can relate with her and so does the same with the teenage reader who keeps hold of Meyer's novel as if it is a life line because they finally feel understood. Twilight is a pure postmodern take on the vampire through Meyer's borrowing of aspects to strengthen her vampires' voice such as the identifiable undead and blood thirsting qualities. But she doesn't use them in the same way, instead she pushes them aside with Edward abstaining from his usual diet and managing to bear a child even through not alive. And so the vampire is no longer a vampire but a metaphor for the struggles teenagers face such as fitting in, finding love and experiencing sex for the first time. Edward is like the subconscious of Bella and together the characters represent the teenage reader's self struggle.

Conclusion

In closing, the vampire has taken on many different interpretations throughout history and it is clearly an element of societal ideals that affects how vampirism shape shifts. A typical vampire has to adapt to new times due to their curse of immortality but this is exactly what we do to fit in. So it makes sense that vampirism is metaphorical for our own journeys through life. In Victorian times we needed escapism from sexual repression, in medieval times, a lesson to stay on society's ideal path but now we just need to be able to be ourselves, so it makes sense that the vampire is more human than ever because we are in times where the want for pure humanity is at its strongest.

Bibliography

Beresford, Matthew. (2008) *From Demons to Dracula: The Creation of the Modern Vampire Myth*. London. Reaktion Books. (Accessed 22/04/2012)

Clements, Susannah. (2011) The Vampire Defanged: How the Embodiment of Evil Became a Romantic Hero. U.S.A. Brazos Press. (Accessed 22/04/2012)

Davison, Carol Margaret. (1997) Bram Stoker's Dracula: Sucking Through the Century, 1897-1997. Canada. Dundurn Press Ltd. (Accessed 22/04/2012)

Fäller, Kathrin. (2011) "And It's All There"- Intertextual Structures, Themes and Characters in Stephenie Meyer's "Twilight" Series. Germany. GRIN Verlag. (Accessed 22/04/2012)

Ferber, Michael. (2010) Romanticism: a very short introduction. U.K. Oxford University Press. (Accessed 22/04/2012)

TEA PARTY FAVORITES BITE INTO VAMPIRE DRAMA

Sen. Ted Cruz, R-Texas, and Sarah Palin say HBO's "True Blood" is "misogynist." A July 20 episode of the HBO drama series about vampires co-existing with humans included a scene in which attendees at a Ted Cruz fundraiser are killed. A female character also exclaimed a word that combined "Republican" with a vulgar epithet for a woman's genitalia. "I'm sorry to have lost the vampire vote, but am astonished (and amused) that HBO is suggesting that hard-core leftists are blood-sucking fiends," Cruz said. Palin told Breitbart News she turned down an offer to make a cameo on the show.

VAMPIRES Primarily a Slavic legend of a blood-sucking creature, supposedly the restless soul of a heretic, criminal, or suicide. Folklore claims that the vampire leaves its burial place or coffin (sometimes in the form of a bat to fly by night) seeking to drink blood from the living and then returns to its dark grave before first light. Its victims become vampires at death. In Rumanian folklore as opposed to Slavic, the draining power of vampires is directed toward their victim's psychic energy rather than their blood.

Slavic folklore describes vampires as being dressed in shrouds. Their whole appearance is uncorrupted by death, although the hair on their head and face is longer than at death. Throughout European history, vampires have been described as having a ruddy lifelike complexion, longish hair that has grown after death, and plump bodies bloated with the blood of their victims. When a stake has been driven into a vampire's chest, the corpse utters a deep moan and blood is seen to come from its mouth.

Forensic pathologists tell us that there is a rational scientific explanation for all of these reported conditions. In many cases of sudden death, the lungs become congealed with a heavily blood-stained frothy fluid. In the agonized struggle to breathe, this may reach the mouth and nose and can appear on the lips and face when the body is being transported. Contrary to common belief, the face of a corpse is not always white. If death occurred when the body was lying face down, then the face may well be ruddy because the blood will pool in the face and chest regions. Contrary to common belief, hair on the head and beard cannot grow after death, but it may appear longer because the skin dries out and retracts slightly, leaving a pronounced stubble on the male chin. During decomposition methane gas often builds up in the thorax and abdominal cavities, giving the corpse a bloated even-fatter-than-in-life appearance. When a vampire hunter drives a stake into the corpse's chest, heavily blood-stained fluid may be forced out of the mouth, and gas may be expelled in a rush past the vocal cords, causing noises that could be interpreted as a groan. Vampires are often depicted with long talonlike nails, but nails fall off as the body decomposes.

Most of the misinformation we have today about vampires comes from romantic literary and cinematic imagination, which is produced for fun and is not meant to be taken seriously.

For further reading: Paul Barber, *Vampires, Burial and Death: Folklore and Reality* (Yale University Press, 1988).

ment, also known as Rutot's Spirit Indicato
facilitate contact with spirit entities. The sp
was invented by a young man named Vande
died in 1930 while it was still in the testing
sisted of two prisms and a fine wire trian
prisms, one plain and one resinous, were mo
face on a board. The wire triangle was con
negative pole of a dry cell battery before bei
between the two prisms. It was believed th

ties would generate electricity in the prism
tricity was generated, it would drive the
from the negative prism toward the positiv
it would contact the wire connected wit
pole of the battery. At that point a bel
Researchers would then note the spirit's
could engage in communication.

Following Vandermeulen's death, his inst
to a Belgian scientist named Rutot, who w
invention and claimed that he had been al
contact with the spirit of the inventor. He
report of his initial contact and subsequent
the *Bulletin du Conseil de Recherches Métapl
gique* (1930). U.S. psychical researcher Her
ton attempted to reproduce Rutot's results
to confirm his findings. The instrument pa
ion as another failed attempt at developin
means to communicate with the dead.

For further reading: Hereward Carring

Vanished Persian army said found in desert

50,000 soldiers believed buried by a cataclysmic sandstorm in 525 B.C.

Alfredo and Angelo Castiglioni

Hundreds of bleached bones and skulls found in the desolate wilderness of the Sahara desert may be the remains of the long lost Cambyses' army, according to Italian researchers.

By Rossella Lorenzi
updated 10:11 a.m. CT, Mon., Nov . 9, 2009

The remains of a mighty Persian army said to have drowned in the sands of the western Egyptian desert 2,500 years ago might have been finally located, solving one of archaeology's biggest outstanding mysteries, according to Italian researchers.

Bronze weapons, a silver bracelet, an earring and hundreds of human bones found in the vast desolate wilderness of the Sahara desert have raised hopes of finally finding the lost army of Persian King Cambyses II. The 50,000 warriors were said to be buried by a cataclysmic sandstorm in 525 B.C.

"We have found the first archaeological evidence of a story reported by the Greek historian Herodotus," Dario Del Bufalo, a member of the expedition from the University of Lecce, told Discovery News.

According to Herodotus (484-425 B.C.), Cambyses, the son of Cyrus the Great, sent 50,000 soldiers from Thebes to attack the Oasis of Siwa and destroy the oracle at the Temple of Amun after the priests there refused to legitimize his claim to Egypt.

After walking for seven days in the desert, the army got to an "oasis," which historians believe was El-Kharga. After they left, they were never seen again.

"A wind arose from the south, strong and deadly, bringing with it vast columns of whirling sand, which entirely covered up the troops and caused them wholly to disappear," wrote Herodotus.

A century after Herodotus wrote his account, Alexander the Great made his own pilgrimage to the oracle of Amun, and in 332 B.C. he won the oracle's confirmation that he was the divine son of Zeus, the Greek god equated with Amun.

The tale of Cambyses' lost army, however, faded into antiquity. As no trace of the hapless warriors was ever found, scholars began to dismiss the story as a fanciful tale.

Striking evidence

Now, two top Italian archaeologists claim to have found striking evidence that the Persian army was indeed swallowed in a sandstorm. Twin brothers Angelo and Alfredo Castiglioni are already famous for their discovery 20 years ago of the ancient Egyptian "city of gold" known as Berenike Panchrysos.

Presented recently at the archaeological film festival of Rovereto, the discovery is the result of 13 years of research and five expeditions to the desert.

"It all started in 1996, during an expedition aimed at investigating the presence of iron meteorites near Bahrin, one small oasis not far from Siwa," Alfredo Castiglioni, director of the Eastern Desert Research Center (CeRDO)in Varese, told Discovery News.

While working in the area, the researchers noticed a half-buried pot and some human remains. Then the brothers spotted something really intriguing — what could have been a natural shelter.

It was a rock about 114.8 feet long, 5.9 feet in height and 9.8 feet deep. Such natural formations occur in the desert, but this large rock was the only one in a large area.

"Its size and shape made it the perfect refuge in a sandstorm," Castiglioni said.

Right there, the metal detector of Egyptian geologist Aly Barakat of Cairo University located relics of ancient warfare: a bronze dagger and several arrow tips.

"We are talking of small items, but they are extremely important as they are the first Achaemenid objects, thus dating to Cambyses' time, which have emerged from the desert sands in a location quite close to Siwa," Castiglioni said.

About a quarter-mile from the natural shelter, the Castiglioni team found a silver bracelet, an earring and few spheres which were likely part of a necklace.

"An analysis of the earring, based on photographs, indicate that it certainly dates to the Achaemenid period. Both the earring and the spheres appear to be made of silver. Indeed a very similar earring, dating to the fifth century B.C., has been found in a dig in Turkey," Andrea Cagnetti, a leading expert of ancient jewelry, told Discovery News.

A different route?

In the following years, the Castiglioni brothers studied ancient maps and came to the conclusion that Cambyses' army did not take the widely believed caravan route via the Dakhla Oasis and Farafra Oasis.

"Since the 19th century, many archaeologists and explorers have searched for the lost army along that route. They found nothing. We hypothesized a different itinerary, coming from south. Indeed we found that such a route already existed in the 18th Dynasty," Castiglioni said.

According to Castiglioni, from El Kargha the army took a westerly route to Gilf El Kebir, passing through the Wadi Abd el Melik, then headed north toward Siwa.

"This route had the advantage of taking the enemy aback. Moreover, the army could march undisturbed. On the contrary, since the oasis on the other route were controlled by the Egyptians, the army would have had to fight at each oasis," Castiglioni said.

To test their hypothesis, the Castiglioni brothers did geological surveys along that alternative route. They found desiccated water sources and artificial wells made of hundreds of water pots buried in the sand. Such water sources could have made a march in the desert possible.

"Thermoluminescence has dated the pottery to 2,500 years ago, which is in line with Cambyses' time,"

Castiglioni said.

In their last expedition in 2002, the Castiglioni brothers returned to the location of their initial discovery. Right there, some 62 miles south of Siwa, ancient maps had erroneously located the temple of Amun.

The soldiers believed they had reached their destination, but instead they found the khamsin -- the hot, strong, unpredictable southeasterly wind that blows from the Sahara desert over Egypt.

"Some soldiers found refuge under that natural shelter, other dispersed in various directions. Some might have reached the lake of Sitra, thus surviving," Castiglioni said.

Mass grave discovered

At the end of their expedition, the team decided to investigate Bedouin stories about thousands of white bones that would have emerged decades ago during particular wind conditions in a nearby area.

Indeed, they found a mass grave with hundreds of bleached bones and skulls.

"We learned that the remains had been exposed by tomb robbers and that a beautiful sword which was found among the bones was sold to American tourists," Castiglioni said.

Among the bones, a number of Persian arrow heads and a horse bit, identical to one appearing in a depiction of an ancient Persian horse, emerged.

"In the desolate wilderness of the desert, we have found the most precise location where the tragedy occurred," Del Bufalo said.

The team communicated their finding to the Geological Survey of Egypt and gave the recovered objects to the Egyptian authorities.

"We never heard back. I'm sure that the lost army is buried somewhere around the area we surveyed, perhaps under 16.4 feet of sand."

Piero Pruneti, editor of Archeologia Viva, Italy's most important archaeology magazine, is impressed by the team's work.

"Judging from their documentary, their hypothesis of an alternative route is very plausible," Prunetic told Discovery News. "Indeed, the Castiglioni's expeditions are all based on a careful study of the landscape...An in-depth exploration of the area is certainly needed!"

More in msnbc.com Technology and Science

© 2009 Discovery Channel

It happened to me...

First hand accounts from the message board of forteantimes.com

Vanishing cowboy

Around Christmas 1981 I travelled from Kentucky to California to spend the holidays with my family.

When I arrived, the house was filled with the smell of food being prepared. I sat chatting with my eldest brother Pat. He brought me a glass of wine without asking me (I drink very little and never during the day), so I let the glass sit untouched. As soon as Pat settled in his chair with his glass of wine, my wineglass broke at the stem! No one was touching it. Pat swore and got up to get a towel. He was mad and mumbling something like "Leave us alone for a minute... it's my sister for God's sake...." I had no idea who he was talking to.

I picked up the glass and studied it while Pat got a towel. It was broken in a odd place; usually a wineglass will break at the narrowest part of the stem, or where the stem meets the base or the bowl. This glass was broken at the thickest part of the stem. I thought that was odd. While I studied my broken glass, Pat's glass, sitting on the table untouched, also broke, in the same odd place. Pat was livid. My sister-in-law seemed unsurprised. She mentioned to Pat that he should have known it would happen, after all "he" liked to break the good crystal. I asked Pat, "What does Kathy mean, you like to break the good crystal?" "Not me," he answered. I remained confused – no one was willing to explain to me that they knew the ranch to be haunted. During my stay that holiday, several more crystal glasses broke in the same way, always while the glass was untouched and in the same place on the stem.

My most frustrating experience at the ranch was on New Year's Eve. My family was having a party for their friends, most of whom were a lot older than me. I was about 27 or 28 and most of the people attending the party were at least 40. I was the only single person, and I was bored. I had almost talked myself into getting a plate of food and going upstairs to start a new book, but stalled a bit. I thought there was still a chance I might meet an unattached young man, or at least, someone more in my age group.

I glanced at the fireplace – about 12ft (3.6m) from me – and noticed a young cowboy. An honest to God cowboy! He was wearing chaps, a cowboy hat off his head and hanging from leather ties around his throat, and spurs. What kind of person comes to a New Year's Eve party dressed as a cowboy? But then I remembered I was on a working ranch that still housed and tended horses, and maybe this guy had just finished work. It was only about 8 or 8:30pm. Anyway, he was my age and looked interesting. I wanted to talk with him. My plan was to stand where I was until he looked my way – but he never looked at me. He turned towards me, looked right past me and turned to walk away. I followed him. He walked through the living room, dining room, and into the kitchen. There was a hallway off the kitchen with a bathroom. The door to the bathroom was standing open and he walked in. I decided I would wait for him. He didn't shut the door.

Another guest came from the other end of the hallway and started to swing the bathroom door shut so he could get past. He shut the door, took a couple of steps and decided to enter the bathroom himself. "Oh no," I said, "there's someone already in there!" He looked embarrassed and lightly tapped on the door. No one answered. He peeked in and found it empty. Yes, the bathroom did have a window, but it was only about 18in (46cm) wide and would have been impossible for a grown man wearing full chaps to have climbed through. Time would have been a problem as well. It was less than a minute from the time the cowboy entered the bathroom to the time the guest tapped on the door. Where did he go? I asked my sister-in-law who was standing in the kitchen at the time, if she had seen him.

"A cowboy?" she asked. "Was he wearing chaps and spurs?" She could in fact describe him, but then said she hadn't seen him that night. None of the other guests had seen him either. I later learned that different family members had seen him on other occasions. There must have been 20-30 people at the party. I was the only one who saw the cowboy that night and I had had only one drink.

After that New Year's Eve my family told me that they suspected the ranch to be haunted. I couldn't believe it. The cowboy I saw was real, solid, not some gauzy wispy thing. They agreed. One other apparition they witnessed, a sea captain from the 19th century, also seemed solid and real but could come and go in an instant. This would often be witnessed by two or three family members at the same time.

Mysterious burning smells had also drifted through the house and they called the fire department. Firefighters came, and could also smell the mysterious odour, but couldn't identify it either. They called the sewer control authorities. They could smell it, but nothing registered on their equipment. The fire chief admitted that this wasn't the first time they had been called to the ranch for the same occurrence. In fact, it was pretty commonplace. Poltergeist activity was frequent and ranged from flying skillets to the shoving of family members.

Carla Griffin
Louisville, Kentucky

HAWAII **Honolulu:** The Nature Conservancy says it has received a gift of South Kona forest land that has never been cleared or grazed. The non-profit organization said retired Honolulu physician Charman Akina donated the 37 acres.

A Miraculous Blessed Virgin Statue in Transylvania

by Boczor Iosif

On the 9th of June, 2000, I went by bus to Sumuleu Cliuc, a Transylvanian place of pilgrimage. The bus went as slowly as a tortoise because the road was full with pilgrims going on foot to Sumuleu Ciuc.

Sumuleu Ciuc (Hungarian name, Csiksomlyo) is a suburb of Miercurea Ciuc, a town at the foot of Carpathians, not far away from Dracula's castle. Sumuleu Ciuc has been a famous place of pilgrimage since 1567. Every year on Whitsunday, 200,000 to 300,000 pilgrims from Romania, Hungary, Slovakia, Austria, Germany, the United States, and Canada take part in a procession and in a Mass in the open, on a hill surrounded by fir trees. Many pilgrims greet the sun at dawn like their pagan ancestors. Looking at the sun, some of them have visions.

The Blessed Virgin Statue

Many pilgrims pray before the Blessed Virgin's statue in the baroque Roman Catholic church. This church was built between 1802 and 1826 on the place of a medieval Gothic church. For many years, it was a church of the Franciscan order.

The 2.27-meter-high Saint Mary's statue was carved from the wood of a lime tree between 1515 and 1523. Some art historians suppose that the sculpture is the work of Veit Stoss (1447-1523), a famous German sculptor.

Several times, the Tartars sacked Sumuleu Ciuc and set it on fire, but God and the Blessed Virgin always saved the statue.

In 1601, a Tartar khan looked upon the statue with dread. Foaming with rage, he began to stab the Blessed Mary's face with a lance. The khan could not overturn the statue, because his hand was paralyzed when he touched this devotional object. The restorers have tried in vain to paint over the traces of the stabbing, but no paint of any sort will stick to the statue. They cannot find any rational explanation for this phenomenon.

Alsxo in 1601, three circles of light illuminated the church. After the light disappeared, Bashaw Ali with its soldiers invaded the village near the church. According to some documents of the epoch, the smile disappeared from the Blessed Mary's face when the enemy came nearer Sumuleu Ciuc.

In August 1601, a young monk named Domonkos stole the Blessed Virgin's crown, which is ornamented with pearls. When the thief was praying before the altar, tiny balls of light flashed around the statue, then glittered upon it. The monk trembled at the thought of his sin and wanted to run from the church, but he fell down and could stand only when the lights disappeared. Another monk, P. Bonaventura Palfalvi Ferenc, saw the light when it flew out from the church and then gradually grow dim on the church tower.

Losteinen Leonard mentions in his book on the history of the Transylvanian monasteries that on December 26, 1746, a dried flower transformed into a single candle. The candle gave light for a long time.

Healing Power

Many plaques confirm that this miraculous statue has healing power, too. In 1746, Deak Janos, a choir master from Ozsdola, and Joseph Udeak, a landowner, swore that they had recovered because they had prayed before the statue. In 1764, Karol Stanislaw Radziwill, a Polish aristocrat, had to leave Moscow because he affirmed that the Polish people had the right to elect their king. On his way home in a pass near Sumuleu Ciuc, he fell ill. The doctors gave up their patient for dead, but after having prayed before the statue, the Polish aristocrat recovered quickly. In 1870, a paralyzed woman prayed earnestly before the statue and was then able to leave her crutches in the church. In 1931 a child from Braila in southen Romania was cured of her mysterious disease when her dress touched the statue.

Many ecclesiastical commissions have examined the statue. On July 17, 1779, a commission came to the conclusion that "Thanks to God and Saint Mary, the statue can perform miracles." ♈/≈

***Boczor Iosif** is a retired teacher in Transylvania. He is a regular contributor to several Hungarian paranormal magazines and a correspondent for the* Fortean Times.

Virgin vision in glass

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW

On the weekend of 14/15 June, some 25,000 people flocked to Milton Hospital near Boston, Massachusetts, to gaze at a second floor window said to show an image of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Few, if any, of the visitors doubted that Our Lady had appeared to deliver a message.

Five years ago a seal broke in the window and a chemical deposit started to turn the glass a blotchy white, which gradually turned into an apparent simulacrum and inspired an impromptu religious shrine similar to that seen in front of the glass-fronted Seminole Finance building in Clearwater, Florida, in 1996 [***FT97:8***]. Dozens of bouquets, rosaries, balloons, and a large plastic container for money were placed beneath the window. "It seems like every day it gets clearer," said Sharon McGarty, an administrator in a doctor's office. "It used to look just like a dirty window." Most visitors agreed the image showed the Virgin Mary cradling her son; but she was standing either among clouds, on a mountaintop, or astride a globe, depending on one's perspective.

In a statement released to the news media on 16 June, the hospital asked people to limit their visiting hours to between 5:30 and 8:30 in the evening. Parking for staff and visitors, already tight, has been diminished as an entire lot was roped off for visitors to stand in. Officials sought advice from the archdiocese of Boston "on what appropriate steps to take" about the phenomenon. Rev Christopher Coyne, an archdiocese spokesman, said officials had not ruled on the image's validity, but added: "If it leads to a deepening of faith... it's a good thing."

On 19 June, the hospital began covering the BVM image with a tarpaulin for most of the day to try and reduce the crowds and disruption. Some said that the Virgin had come to warn Milton Hospital not to join with Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, which was thought to allow abortions. In February, the two

announced they had formed a clinical affiliation. Around the corner from the holy smudge was another chemical spot on another second-story window (or third-storey, if you're American). A crowd gathered there as well. Many said the image was of a fœtus or an embryo. *Boston Globe, 13+17 June; [AP,R] Guardian, 18 June; Ananova, 20 June 2003.*

SQUASH SEEDS OF FATE

Cutting into a 15lb (6.8km) banana squash on 13 March, Kasim Barakzia, owner of Salt Lake City's Baba Afghan Restaurant, noticed strange white etchings on the normally smooth seeds, which resemble those from a pumpkin, inside the thick-skinned winter squash. At first he thought it was rotten or diseased, but it tasted fine. He said his restaurant has cut into two or three banana squash every day for the past nine years and he had never seen anything like this.

Some of the etchings resembled the letters F, A, T and E and the numbers 4 and 14; others had markings that looked like a tree and bird; and a few appeared to bear the Arabic for Allah. One had the Arabic letter baa, a kind of "u" with a dot underneath, and some of the etchings looked like Japanese, Chinese or Hindi.

"Maybe there is a message for someone," said Mr Barakzia. Without having examined the squash, Maggie Wolf, a horticulturist with Utah State University Extension Office, offered a natural explanation, suggesting that the seed coat had cracked and started to germinate; but the thin film that characteristically covers the seeds was still intact.

Barakzia laid out the seeds on black trays near the cash register of his adjacent Oriental rug and pottery business. Lori McConnel, one of his customers, suggested that the markings had been made by worms. Another customer fluent in Arabic confirmed the Arabic Allah symbol. *Salt Like Tribune, 14 Mar 2003.*

ABOVE LEFT: The window of Milton Hospital in which some have seen the Virgin Mary.

NEW YORK **Fishkill:** The Friends of the Fishkill Supply Depot has received $24,600 from the National Park Service. The group, which works to preserve the USA's largest burial ground for Revolutionary War soldiers, will use the funds to create maps that depict archaeological features of Gen. George Washington's major supply depot.

WATER ELEPHANTS AHOY?

As documented in Heuvelmans's book *On the Track of Unknown Animals* and more recently reassessed within my own *In Search of Prehistoric Survivors*, one of the most intriguing of Africa's many mammalian cryptids must surely be that amphibious anomaly generally dubbed the water elephant. Possessing a noticeably long, ovoid skull and a relatively short trunk according to eyewitness accounts, it seems to bear more than a passing resemblance to some of the earliest, long-extinct members of the proboscidean (elephant) lineage, but has not been seriously investigated in the field for several decades. However, in mid-2003, Bill Gibbons, a veteran seeker of cryptozoological curiosities, plans to visit the Democratic Republic of Congo (formerly Zaire) with a Belgian helicopter company operating there, in order to pursue claims by the company's president and CEO that a military helicopter flying over Lake Tumba spied a herd of very strange-looking elephants that the helicopter's pilots thought may be the legendary water elephants. According to Bill, the producer of a French TV documentary company is keen to film the expedition, so we wish everyone associated with this project the best of luck, and await further developments with interest. *Bill Gibbons, personal communication, 25 July 2002.*

Waterlord

A seven-headed sea creature that causes droughts when it is insulted. A tale from the Fulani of Mali in Africa tells of a story about a girl called Jinde. Each day Jinde would carry a jug of water on her head and take some water from the river to bring home. One day the Waterlord rose from the waters and captured Jinde who then forced her to marry him. Despite being in love with another she had no choice but to become its spouse. Waterlord decided to let Jinde go back home to say goodbye one last time to her mother. But when she came back home, her parents refused to open the door saying that her home was with the monster now. She then went to the house of her old boyfriend who then took his father's sword and protected her as they went to the lake. The Waterlord raised its head above the water to kill the young man but Jinde's boyfriend was victories in the fight and severed off the monster's seven heads.

NEBRASKA **Omaha:** Janyl Jumadinova and Oliver Bonham-Carter chose an unusual venue for their wedding, Forest Lawn Cemetery, last weekend. The bride, who is from Kyrgyzstan, said her culture holds a firm belief in spirits. Some of the groom's ancestors are buried in the cemetery, the *Omaha World-Herald* reported.

17 June 2014

Weird and Wonderful Creatures of the Bestiary

Those of you who follow our blog regularly will surely have noticed our deep and abiding love for medieval animals and bestiaries; in the past we've done posts about dogs, cats, elephants, hedgehogs, beavers, owls, and more. But today we thought we would have a look at a few of the more fantastic creatures that are featured in medieval bestiaries, many of which are scarcely known today.

The amphivena

The name of this beast is variously given as anphivena, amphisbaena, amfivena, and many other variations. But the true spelling of its name is not the least of its mysteries; the exact nature of the amphivena's form was also a source of considerable uncertainty.

Detail of a miniature of an amphivena, from a theological miscellany including a bestiary, England, 1236 – c. 1250, Harley MS 3244, f. 62r

Detail of a bas-de-page scene of two amphivenas, from the Queen Mary Psalter, England (London?), 1310 – 1320, Royal MS 2 B VII, f. 138v

The bestiary text tells us that this animal is so called because it has two heads, one in the 'normal position' and one at the end of its tail, and that its body forms a round shape. Isidore of Seville says that the amphivena can 'move in the direction of either head with a circular motion', which seems, understandably, to have been confusing to some bestiary artists. Pliny characterises it as a violent, poisonous beast, which might account for many of the depictions of it in the act of doubly attacking itself.

The manticore

The manticore is a fearsome beast indeed, and one that is also apparently vulnerable to the whims of the various artists attempting to portray it. Bartholomaeus Angelicus describes this animal by saying that 'among all the beasts of the earth is none found more cruel, nor of more wonderly shape'.

Detail of a miniature of a leonine manticore, Harley MS 3244, f. 43v

Detail of a miniature of a manticore from a bestiary with theological texts, England, c. 1200 – c. 1210, Royal MS 12 C XIX, f. 29v

This wonderly shape is essentially a composite one; the manticore is said to have a lion's body – 'blood-red in colour' - the face of a man, a triple row of teeth, and the tail of a scorpion. It is extremely swift, can jump great distances, and, according

to the bestiary, 'delights in eating human flesh.'

Detail of a miniature of a manticore from the Rochester Bestiary, England (Rochester?), c. 1230, Royal MS 12 F XIII, f. 24v

The bonnacon

The bonnacon is reported by the bestiary to be found simply somewhere 'in Asia', and has a deceptively normal appearance. In general, it looks like a bull, but has horns that curl backwards so that if someone were to fall on them, they would be uninjured.

Detail of a miniature of a bonnacon repelling pursuit, Royal MS 12 F XIII, f. 16r

Banish any thoughts that the bonnacon is a considerate and gentle animal, however! This creature's true claim to fame is its unique defense mechanism; when threatened, we are told, a bonnacon will spray its attacker with poisonous dung. This excrement 'produces such a stench over an area of two acres that its heat singes everything it touches', and needless to say, it is extremely effective at ending a pursuit. For obvious reasons, bestiary artists were fond of depicting this sort of scene,

but some, perhaps moved by delicacy, have declined to illustrate it.

Detail of miniature of a lioness, a crocote, and a bonnacon, Harley MS 3244, f. 41r

Detail of a miniature of hunters pursuing a bonnacon with a very long lance and strategic shield, from a bestiary, with extracts from Giraldus Cambrensis on Irish birds, England (Salisbury), 2nd quarter of the 13th century, Harley MS 4751, f. 11r

The leucrota

Another composite animal, the leucrota, takes its place in the bestiary just before the section on reptiles.

Detail of a miniature of a leucrota, Royal MS 12 C XIX, f. 37v

Detail of a miniature of a leucrota, Royal MS 12 F XIII, f. 23r

The leucrota is somewhat confusingly described as having the rear parts of a stag, and the chest and legs of a lion, but with cloven hooves. Its most distinctive characteristic is its charming wide-mouthed grin, which stretches across its head. Its teeth are single, continuous pieces of bone, and it is capable of imitating the sound of a human voice.

The basilisk

The basilisk is included among the reptiles in the bestiary. We are told that its alternate name – regulus – is particularly apt, as a basilisk is the 'king of creeping things'. A basilisk is an exceedingly dangerous animal, as its scent can annihilate almost anything, and its gaze is terrible enough to cause the death of any man foolish enough to look at it.

Detail of a basilisk wearing a crown, Harley MS 4751, f. 59r

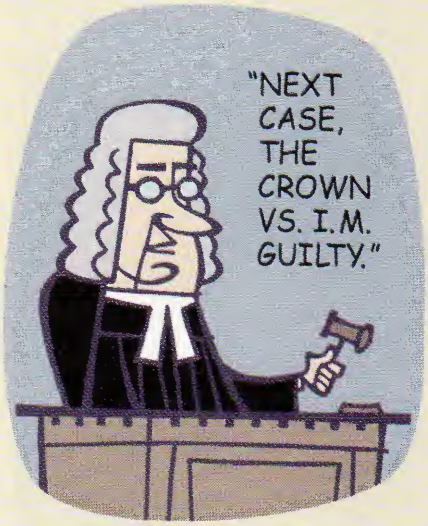
Detail of a basilisk killing a man with its gaze and being attacked by a weasel, Royal MS 12 C XIX, f. 63r

It is, however, vulnerable to the weasel, which can pursue the basilisk into its hiding hole and kill it. In the bestiary text, much is made of the example of the basilisk; the writer takes the opportunity to expound on the nature of evil embodied in this horrible creature. He assures us that no matter how frightening an animal might be, 'the creator of all has made nothing for which there is not an antidote'. So take heart, and keep your weasels close!

We'll have a look at some more of our bestiary favourites in the months to come (of course we will!), and please send along some of your finds to us on Twitter @BLMedieval.

- Sarah J Biggs

10 cases of nominative determinism



TERRY COLON

⊙ A Bristol man, caught with £17,000 worth of cannabis, convinced a jury it was for personal use. The man and his partner chain-smoked joints to relieve paranoia, agoraphobia, post-traumatic stress disorder, anxiety and light sensitivity. His name was Christopher Blow. *D.Mirror, 23 Nov 2002.*

⊙ A 37-year-old man who falsely claimed he had been robbed to get a free lift from police was fined £80. He retracted his story after police offered to study CCTV footage of the "incident". The man lived in Lye, West Midlands. *D.Telegraph, 20 Aug 2002.*

⊙ A man and his lover sneaked into a barn in Appleby Manor, Leicestershire, made love, and went to sleep leaving a candle burning. The candle set fire to hay, causing £24,000 worth of damage. The man was Michael Hazzard, 23. *D.Star, 21 Dec 2002.*

⊙ On 22 January, the great grandson of cosmetic mogul Max Factor was found guilty of 86 charges. He drugged women with the date-rape drug GHB and filmed himself raping his unconscious victims at his beach house. He faced a life sentence, but had not been seen since he jumped bail three weeks earlier. His name? Andrew Luster. *London Eve. Standard, 22 Jan 2003.*

AND SOME CLASSICS

⊙ A young Italian girl, Giovanna d'Arco (Joan of Arc) was sitting beside a fire in Caserta, near Naples, in 1978 when a spark leapt from the hearth and ignited her clothes, burning her to death.

⊙ An Indian called Stanley Joseph Stillsmoking was indicted in Texas in February 1979 for the attempted theft of cigarettes.

⊙ In September 1981, motorist Alexander Dent crashed into motorcyclist Terry Clout at Newbury, Berkshire. Neither was badly hurt.

⊙ In 1984, a magistrate congratulated Miss Lillian Sloman, 91, of Worthing, for having a 70-year clean driving record – then banned her for obstructing police by driving too slowly.

⊙ The examining attorney in the April 1984 extradition hearing in New York of Joseph Docherty, who had escaped from the Crumlin Road prison in Belfast, was Ms Ira H Bloch.

⊙ Nicholas Forletta, 24, from Torquay, was fined £200 in April 1986 for swearing at police.

Welsh Dragons – everything you need to know
Posted on Jul 25, 2014

RICHARD FREEMAN, one of the world's leading cryptozoologists, gives an indepth history and insight into Welsh Dragons

- Of all monsters the dragon can truly be called the king.
- Dragons are the most widespread, ancient and powerful of all monsters.
- They are found in every single culture on Earth dating as far back as cave paintings from 25,000 years ago.
- The dragon is a beast that has its teeth and claws firmly embedded in the psyche of mankind and shows no signs of relinquishing its grip.
- Amazingly dragon sightings are still reported to this day, mainly on the Asian continent.
- Dragons fill legends, folklore, literature and art so it is odd that they feature only on the national flags of two countries.

One is the yellow dragon on the flag of Bhutan the other is *Y Ddraig Goch*, the red dragon that bestrides the flag of Wales. The use of the red dragon as a symbol of Wales is first found in Historia Brittonum a book dating to around 828 AD and attributed by some to the 9th century Welsh monk Nennius. It contains the story of Dinas Emrys, detailed below, and how the red dragon, symbolizing the ancient Britons, defeated the white dragon symbolizing the Saxons.

However, it seems likely that the red dragon and its links with Wales pre-date this by many centuries.

The Welsh have had a long connection and fascination with dragons, as the Welsh flag notes emblazoned with a red dragon.

Roman rule, under which conquered people became Roman citizens, may have added to the whole mix.
Roman cohorts, 10 of which formed a legion, marched into battle flying a dragon standard. This consisted of a metal serpent's head attached to a long, fabric body like a wind sock that would have writhes when air blew through it. The jaws were fitted with whistles to create an eerie hissing noise. Roman dragon lore was influenced by Greece, Iran and by the Dacians, a people who live in what is now Eastern Europe and also had a dragon standard.

Greco-Roman dragons were generally depicted as huge serpents, sometimes depicted with a crest, rather than the four footed, winged beast we are familiar with today (though this winged, four legged form is truly ancient, having been depicted in Babylon and Sumeria).

The word 'boa', in modern times used to describe constricting snakes of the genus boaidae found in South and Central America. The word itself however was originally used to describe huge snakes that were said to feed on both cattle and humans. These monster snakes were reported from what is now Italy and other areas.

Pliny the Elder writes of one killed on the Vatican Hill during the reign of Emperor Claudius (41-54 AD) that contained the body of a whole infant in its belly. No known snakes of that size inhabit Europe but there are persistent reports from the Crimea of huge snakes. Interestingly similar reports come from the Caucasus Mountains, once the ancient kingdom of Colchisl were the Greek hero Jason was said to have encountered a serpentine dragon.

Around 250 BC, at the time of the first Punic War, Rome was embroiled in a prolonged struggle with the city of Carthage (were modern day Tunis stands) over the control of Sicily. General Marcus Atilius Regulus led his army towards the city when he came upon the River Baradas. A titanic serpent rose from the redbuds. The men fell back in horror and after some consultation decided to cross further up river. But as the soldiers began to ford the waters the monster reappeared and seized a man. As each of the warriors tried to cross they were grabbed by the monster's jaws, encircled by its coils and dragged under.

After many men were lost this way-it seemed like the serpent would defeat the entire army- Regales ordered that it should be bombarded by ballista-giant, rock hurling catapults. The serpent began to retreat under the onslaught. Finally one boulder struck its head and killed it. The carcass was dragged to the bank and measured a colossal 120 feet! The Jaws and skin were sent back to Rome as a trophy. It was on public display on Capitol Hill until 133 BC, when it was lost during the Numantine War with the Iberian Celts.

Hence the Romans knew well of monster snakes.

Types of Welsh Dragon

Dragons come in a number of types. Wales has been home to several verities. The best known is the true dragon or firedrake. This is the classic dragon: a gigantic quadruped reptile, with vast bat like wings. Armed with razor teeth and claws, and a mighty tail, its most formidable weapon was the white-hot jets of flame it grouted at its victims. These monsters were considered to be the most magical of beasts with powers such as shape-shifting, self-regeneration, and mind reading attributed to them. They were covered in impenetrable scales and had only one vulnerable spot.

The Gwiber

The gwiber was a winged serpent of huge size and a venomous bite. Gwibers were said to grow from ordinary vipers that had drunk the milk from a woman's breast or lapped up human milk that had fallen on the ground. British dragon lore is full of stories of dragons and worms sucking up milk from cows or being pacified by offerings of milk. In reality no reptile drinks milk.

The Wyvern

The wyvern is a smaller relation of the true dragon. Were as a true dragon has four legs and two wings the wyvern has only two legs and two wings. Wyverns had stings in their tails and were blamed for spreading diseases like plague.

The Lindorm

The lindorm or worm was a huge limbless reptile. Instead of breathing fire it spat venom or spewed poison gas. It could also crush prey in its steely coils. It could re-join severed portions of its body and was hence very hard to kill.

The Cockatrice

The cockatrice is a small relation of the dragon that can strike any living thing dead with its baleful glance. This monster was supposedly generated when a rooster's (not hen's) egg was hatched by a snake or toad. The cockatrice looked like a rooster with a serpent's tale. It was related to the more familiar, more snake-like basilisk.

Welsh Dragons in Glamorgan

Penllin

Brilliantly-coloured flying serpents were said to inhabit the woods of Penllin as recently as the mid 19th century. People who were old men and women at the beginning of the 20th century recalled them well from their youth. They were prone to raid chicken coops and as a result were hunted into extinction. Folklorist Ruth Tongue interviewed many of these people and recorded their stories.

Penmark

Another colony of the winged serpents resided here. One old woman said her grandfather had killed one after a fierce fight. She recalled seeing the skin preserved at his house when she was a girl. To the horror of cryptozoologists, it was thrown away upon his death.

Cardiff

A worm was supposed to live at the bottom of a whirlpool in the River Taff. It was said to drown people and suck down their bodies to eat.

Welsh Dragons in Pembrokeshire

Preseli Hills

A huge black serpent guarded treasure in these hills. None dared approach it until one day a man walking his dog found the monster asleep. He filled his pockets with gems until he heard the beast awakening behind him. He fled in terror as the monster rose up hissing. When he reached the base of the hill he turned and saw the worm vanishing into a cave.

Welsh Dragons in Dyfed

Trellech a'r Betws

A gwiber is supposed to guard a prehistoric tumulus in the area.

Newcastle Emlyn

A flame-spewing wyvern lived in a ruined castle, and was covered in impenetrable scales. A soldier waded into the river with a large piece of red cloth. The wyvern reacted to the cloth like a bull (or a male robin) and swooped down to attack it, allowing the soldier to shoot it in its one vulnerable spot. Like the dragon of Wantley in Yorkshire, the vital spot was its rear end!

Castle Gwys

In one of the strangest British dragon legends, the beast here was a cockatrice whose body was covered in eyes. For some unexplained reason the estates of Winston were up for grabs to whoever could look on the freakish thing without it seeing them. One resourceful chap hid inside a barrel and rolled into the cockatrice's lair. He shouted out "Ha, bold cockatrice! I can see you but you cannot see me!" He was granted the estates. What happened to the multi-eyed monster is anyone's guess.

Welsh Dragons in Powys

Llanbadarn Fawr

A sleeping dragon is said to be kept dormant by a ring of churches surrounding Radnor Forest. As late as the 1930's the Rev Daniel Parry-Jones wrote that a belief in the dragon was still strong and one old man claimed to have heard it breathing. If any of these churches are demolished it is said that the dragon would awaken once more. Now where is my dynamite?

Llandelio Graban

A dragon roosted in the tower of Llandelio Graban church until a local ploughboy worked out a way of destroying it. He carved a dummy dragon out of oak, and had the blacksmith cover it with steel hooks and spikes. It was then painted red and erected on the tower whilst the dragon was away hunting.

Upon returning, the dragon saw what it thought was a rival and savagely attacked it. The real dragon coiled about its facsimile and tried to squeeze the life from it. The genuine dragon was fatally wounded, and both the monster and the fake dragon came crashing down from the tower to their ruin.

Welsh Dragons in Gwynedd

Betws-y-Coed

A monster known as the Wybrant gwiber terrorized the neighbourhood. An outlaw from Hiraethog set out to kill it. Beforehand he consulted three soothsayers. One said the gwiber would poison him, the second said it would rib out his throat and the third said it would drown him. Thinking that all three could not be correct and therefor all three were wrong he proceeded. The gwiber it bit him, tore out his throat, and flung him into the river for good measure!

Welsh Dragons in Clwyd

Penmynydd

In this detailed story a rich nobleman invites a soothsayer to the celebration feast after his son's birth. The sage foretells that the boy will die of a gwiber's bite. The boy is sent away to England for safekeeping, and his father offers a reward to whoever can slay the last gwiber in the area.
A clever lad digs a pit on the path were the gwiber usually slithers. At the bottom he places a highly polished brass mirror. He covers the pit with sticks and grass then waits. The gwiber falls into the pit and sees its own reflection. Thinking it a rival, it attacks the mirror until exhausted; then they boy leaps into the pit and hacks off the gwiber's head. Years later the nobleman's son, now a spoilt teenager, returns and is shown the gwiber's skull. He contemptuously kicks it and one of its long, dead fangs slices through his boot. The fang retains traces of venom and, as prophesied, the boy dies.

Cynwch Lake

A wyvern dwelt in this lake beneath the slopes of Moel Offrum. It emerged to poison the countryside and devour whatever it could catch. The Wizard of Ganllwyd employed a group of archers to kill it, but the wyvern always eluded them. One day a shepherd boy named Meredydd found the wyvern sleeping on the hill. He ran two miles to Cymmer Abbey and borrowed a magick axe. He hacked the wyvern's head off while it was asleep.

Llarhaeadr-ym-Mochant

A gwiber brought a reign of terror to the area until the surviving locals studded a huge megalith with spikes and hooks and swathed it in red cloth. The red colour enraged the gwiber who attacked, becoming fatally entwined on the hooks. The megalith is known as the Red Pillar, or the Pillar of the Viper.

Nant Gwynant

After the Roman Legions left, Vortigern became the first British king. He decided to build a stronghold on the Iron Age hill fort of Dinas Emrys. Every time work began upon Dinas Emry, it would be destroyed by earthquake-like disturbances. Vortigern's wizards said that in order to stop these events, the ground should be sprinkled with the blood of the son of a virgin. A boy was found whose mother had apparently been magically impregnated by a spirit. He was about to be sacrificed when he went into a trance and announced that beneath the hill was a lake. In the lake dwelt a red dragon and a white dragon who perpetually fought. Vortigern's men dug down and found the lake. When the lake was drained they found a pair of dragons. The two great reptiles fought until, at last, the white dragon gave way and fled. Seeing this as an omen that his forces would defeat the invading Saxons, Vortigern adopted the red dragon as his emblem. The boy was none other than a young Merlin.

Llyn-y-Gadair

Llyn-y-Gadair is a small round lake near to Snowdon. In the 18th century a man decided to swim across it. His friends, who were waiting for him on the bank, were horrified to see a serpentine creature coiling after him as he swam. As he approached the shore the thing reared up and wound about him like a python. He was dragged back into the lake never to be seen again.

Welsh Dragons in Denbighshire

Denbigh

A true dragon desolated this area and killed ever knight that tried to stand against it. One day a knight called Sion Bodiau ('Sir John of the Thumbs') who had two thumbs on each hand, challenged the dragon. The monster was so preoccupied with gawping at its foes odd hands that the knight was able to strike its vulnerable spot and slay it.

So what are dragons?

There have been many theories proffered to explain the dragon phenomena. They fall mainly into two camps. One is that

dragons are based on some kind of flesh and blood creature, gigantic reptile of some kind. The second is that they are a paranormal manifestation. Let us examine the former idea first. It has been widely suggested that fossil remains of dinosaurs and other large animals were the basis for dragon legends. Whilst they may have been an influence in some cases, most fossil bones are too fragmentary to give rise to such awe-inspiring legends. We must also remember that many ancient texts specifically speak of dragons as living entities interacting with humans.

There are some living reptiles that make impressive dragons. Crocodiles can be huge and deadly predators. The largest, the Indo-Pacific crocodile (*Crocodylus porosus*) can reach 10 meters (33 feet) in length and tip the scales at 3 tons. It can kill water buffalo, tigers, and even sharks. The ancient Chinese called the creature the "flood dragon"

The African Nile crocodile (*Crocodylus niloticus*) can exceed 7 meters (23 feet) and can kill a lion with one bite. It was worshipped by the Egyptians as Sebek, the god of the life giving Nile. A seven-meter specimen is currently at large in Malawi and has eaten 14 people in the last 12 months!

These armour-plated giants can bite down with a force of 10,000 Newton's. That's three times the strength of a great white shark!

Big constricting snakes make good analogues of the limbless "worm" type of dragon. The reticulated python (*Python reticuatlus*) of S E Asia can grow to ten meters (33 feet) and swallow animals as large as deer whole.

The green anaconda (*Eunectes murinus*) may exceed eight meters (26 feet) and is far more bulky than any python. Tales of monstrously large specimens filter out of the South American jungles from time to time.

The infamous komodo dragon (*Varanus komodoensis*) is found only on three small Indonesian islands. It remained undiscovered until 1912. At over three meters (10 feet) it is the largest known lizard in the world. It kills large prey such as deer by the venom in its saliva. Chinese pottery found on Komodo Island suggests this animal was known to seafarers from the orient.

Impressive though it is the Komodo dragon looked like a pipsqueak compared to its pre-historic relative *Megalania prisca*. This giant monitor lizard lived in Australia in the Pleistocene epoch and reached nine meters (30 feet). It evolved to feed on the giant ice age marsupials such as Diprotodon a rhino sized wombat, and Procoptodon a ten-foot tall kangaroo.

It was presumed that Megalania died out at least 10,000 years ago but the Aborigines have legends of Mungoongalli a giant lizard. Both natives and white settlers have recorded encounters with titanic lizards in the Australian outback. Even a herpetologist (reptile expert) has claimed to have seen such a monster.

All of these huge reptiles are creatures of the tropics and not native to Wales!

Author Peter Dickinson postulated that dragons may have evolved from huge carnivorous dinosaurs such as Tyrannosaurus rex. Dickinson believes that the dragons flew and breathed fire via the manipulation of hydrogen gas. The wings evolved from a modified ribcage and the chambered stomach was a huge gas bag. The dragon created hydrogen gas from hydrochloric acid in the gut mixed with calcium from the bones of its victims and ingestion of limestone. The dragon, according to Dickinson was essentially a living hot air balloon. It flew by inflating the expandable gut and using the wings to steer. To descend the gas was exhaled as fire. This also doubled up as a weapon.

But looking at dragons as mortal flesh and blood creatures may be wrong. Perhaps they were something much stranger. Maybe the dragon exists as an entity in a reality different to our own. This would explain how they could appear, terrorize a community, and then vanish. Physicists have postulated over 25 dimensions. Who knows what could be inhabiting them?

Maybe it's just in our minds?
Another idea is that they are a massive, collective, sub-conscious, thought form. The thought form or tulpa is said to be a 3-D semi solid image created by the power of the mind. Buddhist llamas in Tibet are said to be able to summon up tulpas during intense meditation. French explorer Dame Alexandra David Kneel was said to have created a tulpa of a monk whilst studying in Tibet. Polish medium Franek Kluskl was said to have summoned up huge cats, birds, and even ape-men during séances. Perhaps, considering the types of beast he called up, he was creating tulpas.

Several million years ago, our Australopithecine ancestors on the plains of East Africa had a struggle to survive. Our ancestors were being preyed upon by and were in competition with various formidable creatures. Crocodiles and pythons

ate them as dig big cats, hunting dogs, and large birds of prey such as eagles. They competed against other primates such as giant baboons and other races of hominids some larger than them and some smaller.

If individuals can create tulpas imagine what the collective, gestalt mind of humanity as a species could do. Perhaps dragons are a giant worldwide thought form emanating from our innermost fears.
All of these creatures can be slotted nicely into the universal monster template. There seems to be groups of monsters reported all round the world in every culture. These archetypes include dragons, giants, little people, monster birds, mystery big cats, and monstrous dogs. All of them have a direct link back to our ancestral horrors. Coincidence, I think not.

I believe that many of the world's monsters are tulpas created unwittingly by our collective unconscious. Perhaps in certain "window areas" something affects the minds of those who enter. The mind is an electro-chemical computer, perhaps when "scrambled" it must "reboot" like any other computer. When in this primeval state perhaps the mind raises the prehistoric terrors of our past, raises dragons. This is not to deny that there are flesh and blood counterparts for each of the monster categories, there almost certainly are. But when these things manifest in places that could not support a "real" creature maybe we should look to thought forms for answers.

No one explanation is likely to hold the key to the riddle of the dragon. Dragon lore is a rich tapestry with many finely woven strands. But the dragon has always been with us: all throughout recorded history and back into the dim pre-historic past. I believe the dragon will always be with us no matter how "civilized" we think we have become. When your parents told you there were no such things as dragons, they lied.

Cryptozoologist RICHARD FREEMAN, Zoological Director, Centre for Fortean Zoology, has searched the globe for unknown animals and strange beasts. A Zoology graduate from Leeds University, Richard was head reptile keeper at Dudley Zoo before studying for his degree. He has, since joining the Centre for Fortean Zoology, travelled the world many times looking for all sorts of mysterious and unknown animals, from the steamy jungles of Sumatra to the desolate barren wastelands of the Gobi Desert, looking for the notorious Mongolian Death Worm! He is the author of several books, on subjects such as dragons – yet another of his expert fields – and oriental ghosts and demons. A well-known speaker, Richard is also fast becoming a known-face on TV.

INDIAN JONES

LAST ISSUE, SIMON YOUNG EXPLORED THE EVIDENCE FOR THE CLAIM THAT MADOG, A 12TH-CENTURY WELSH PRINCE, DISCOVERED AMERICA. IN THIS SEQUEL HE LOOKS AT THE TRANSATLANTIC BELIEF THAT MADOG'S EXPEDITION SETTLED AMONG THE MANDAN INDIANS. ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE NEEDHAM.

The European side of the legend of Madog – examined in this magazine last month – placed the Welsh prince in a gentle pastoral of manuscripts, inscriptions and philology. American evidence – a credibility-stretching corpus if ever there was one – is, on the other hand, full of interrogatives which finish off the prince in the estimation of 'establishment' scholars. Did, for example, the Doeg Indians that Morgan Jones meet in Virginia in 1666 really speak Welsh to him? Is the 'Indian' fort at Duck River, Tennessee, truly a carbon copy of Carn Fadrun in Gwynedd? And, splendidly, does 'Mand' (as in the Mandan Indians) come from a mediæval Welsh word for dandruff... or is it simply an element from a native Indian language?

This is text-book history on acid and there is no 'well, maybe...'. You belong on one side or the other: to the Madogwys, the enthusiasts who spend their lives putting 'Madog-landed-here' signs up and down the east coast of America; or to the side that stubbornly refuses to answer those questions: the deadly serious academics that are not going to have pre-Norse Europeans in America without a very good reason.

For someone who wants to steer a 'sensible' middle course, the most terrifying aspect of 'Madog in America' is the sheer bulk of the evidence. It has been estimated that between 1550 and 1850 about 15 Indian peoples were declared by the Madogwys as the descendants of Madog. These include the Mandans, the Kutenai, the Padoucas, the Comanches, the Aztecs, the Doeg, the Cherokee, and various Caribbean tribes. In that same period, scores of descriptions of encounters between travellers and 'Welsh Indians' got into print. In the modern period – from about 1850 to the present day – these encounters were replaced by findings of 'Welsh' artefacts, words and folk customs among Amerindian peoples. No source book has yet been written but, when it comes, it will be a couple of thousand pages long, at least.

The first question that someone new to the problem might ask is "why make it up?" Archæological parallels between America and Wales could be mistakes or coincidences. But if a Welshman lost in the American Wilderness claims that he met Indians who spoke his language what possible reason could there be for inventing a story like that? Take the classic Welsh-Indian account. It is a description by Morgan Jones of events in 1666, first written down in 1686 (this date can be trusted), though not actually published until 1740.[1] Jones, lost in the wilderness of Virginia, is captured by Indians and told that he will be killed the next morning...

"Whereupon, being something cast down, and speaking to this effect in the British tongue [ie. Welsh], 'Have I escaped so many dangers, and must I now be knocked on the head like a dog?' an Indian came to me, who afterwards appeared to be a war-captain belonging to the Sachem of the Doegs (whose original I found must needs be from Welsh) and took me up by the middle, and told me in the British tongue I should not die; and thereupon went to the Emperor of the Tuscaroras, and agreed for my ransom and the man that were with me, and paid it the next day. Afterwards they carried us to their town, and entertained us civilly for four months, and I did converse with them of many things in the British tongue, and did preach to them three times a week in the British tongue, and they would usually confer with me about anything that was difficult to them; and when we came from them they shewed themselves very civil and courteous."

Now what reason, the modern reader might think, would Jones – a Presbyterian minister incidentally – have for fabricating such a report? Surely all he had to gain for his troubles was ridicule and notoriety.

To answer this we have to consider a very modern concept: the 'desire factor'. The 'desire factor' is the extent to which a given individual would find it exciting to experience something, independent of whether that 'something' is true or not. The higher the 'desire factor' the more care with which we must treat reports like this. To put this in concrete terms, two individuals find themselves in a forest in Canada. One claims to see a sasquatch; the other a two-inch long purple beetle. Both are 'unknown' creatures and both are duly reported to the park ranger. The park ranger will naturally be more suspicious in the first case. The sasquatch is something that most of us have heard about from childhood and that carries with it a frisson of the unknown and the wilderness. Whether through dishonesty, error, or a mixture of the two, an individual might 'desire' to have such a story to his name. The purple beetle, however, just isn't going to make people come up to you in a crowded room.

This may have the whiff of psycho-babble about it, but it is offered here as an honest attempt to help us get from the 21st century to Morgan Jones in the 17th. Today we are perhaps inclined to see Welsh Indians as purple beetles – something bizarre certainly, but not something that you would go out hoping to find, or God forbid, boast about afterwards. However, when Jones come across them they were the sasquatch of their day – well-known legends guaranteed to get you a free drink in any bar in town. That does not necessarily mean, of course, that Jones lied. But it is an extremely important consideration to take into account when considering his story.

To show just how the desire factor influenced early sightings in North America we can take two texts, from either end of the golden age of Welsh-Indian spotting; the first from the late 16th century, the second from the mid-19th century.

Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the following letter from the New World, in 1595, in best may-her-Royal-Majesty-be-pleased-to-know style…

"… the vast Empire of Mexico (otherwise the Empire of Madock) which he, the said Madock ap Owen Guyneth did first conquer and People with his Welshmen and his Brittons and his tribe of brave adventurers… And his race, thereafter reigned Emperors of Mexico until Montazuma… all Noble Mexicans [thus] owning and challenging their descent from the Brittons – these being the Princes of Blood of Montazuma by Marriage and Descent, besides these, the Mexican Tongue, their habits, manners and various British Customs still remain amongst the Descendants of the first Welsh Settlers in Mexico at this day, 431 [years] since the Royal Race of Prince Owen Gwyneth possessed the Mexican Empire." [2]

It must be remembered that this was the age when the Elizabethans realised that Madog could be used to counter Spanish claims to the New World. Whether sincere or not, Raleigh is forcing an English counter-claim in his attempt to gain possession of Trinidad of all places! Nor was he alone; his contemporaries also found evidence of Welsh in the Americas: eg. the 'Whitehead' or Penguin (white is *gwn*, and *pen* is head in Welsh); and the double 'll' in Mexican that so obviously came from Welsh (instead of Spanish writing conventions).

At the end of the 16th century, when Raleigh wrote, he was not alone in claiming to have found the Welsh in the New World. As early as 1568, David Ingram had reported Welsh Indians in Canada along with the first (and last) sighting of the American elephant.[3] The peak period, however, came in the 18th century when sightings occurred much more frequently, the next account, from 1865, being one of the last. The report came from a Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Tappan, who made the following comments on the Navajo:

"They are 'the most hopeful of all Indians… their language is almost pure Welsh; a Welsh man can understand them at once [Tappan evidently did not speak Welsh]… the blankets which they make so beautifully are made in precisely the same way as the domestic blankets in South Wales."

Tappan's sincerity is not to be doubted and the Indian expert who replied to his report treated him gently…

"The character of the language of the Navajos is well known… From these the late Professor Wm. W. Turner demonstrated long since its affinity with the great Athapascan or Chepewyan stock… *In fine*, the Navajos and Apaches are offshoots of an extreme northern race who have wandered southwards… As regards the blankets, they are a common pattern of Mexican *sarape*, made, it is true, exceedingly well." [4]

None of the above mocks Raleigh or Tappan; rather it demonstrate that the 'desire factor' was there and working. In Raleigh, it was hustled along by an attempt to gain the new Continent for England. By the time of Tappan it was an inherited idea from numerous wilderness stories like that of Morgan Jones.

MEDICINE MAN: An 1830 illustration by George Catlin.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CATLIN/MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

WELSH INDIANS WERE REPORTED IN CANADA, ALONG WITH THE AMERICAN ELEPHANT

That an undoubtedly intelligent man could believe that an Indian language was Welsh or decide that Mexican blankets resembled those from around Cardiff is testimony to its strength.

The reports of Tappan and Raleigh belongs to the enormous comic fund of mistakes and misidentifications that are the special privilege of the Madog researcher. They stand along with James Girty, the wilderness man who was enlisted to help to compile a Welsh-Indian vocabulary. He was the Southwalian who complained that the Comanches were difficult to understand because they spoke Northwalian. And with them stands the English sailor who was told by the Indians that they had come from *Prydein* [Britain] *Fawr* [Great]: though at the time Madog was said to have landed in America, the Act of Union was still many centuries in the future.

Besides their comic potential, two further points need to be noted about these encounters with Welsh Indians. First, the incredible geographical range covered by the Welsh Indians who were invariably always at the very edge of the area currently being explored by the Western powers at any given time. So, in the 16th century, the Caribbean was a favourite zone. In the 17th century, it was New England. In the 18th century (the golden age of Welsh Indians), it was the central south. In the 19th century it was the southwest; and one 20th-century report points to British Columbia.

The second point – and this is characteristic of phenomena where 'the desire factor' is high – is that the accounts of sightings often fall into a pattern. The first common feature is that the hero (or his friend) being captured by Indians and on *the point of death* speaks Welsh, to the shock of a Welsh-speaking Indian who happens to be present. Another common feature is that the *companion is Welsh*. (Surprisingly few of the witnesses were themselves from Wales and so the question inevitably arose about how they understood; enter a Welsh fellow-traveller, usually unnamed.) Probably the most common element is mention of *the books*. When in the Indian village, the hero is shown a manuscript or even a printed work – usually the Bible and usually written in Welsh. (However, it will be remembered that the Bible was first translated into that language in the 16th century. *FT* readers will not be surprised to learn that the book is never found, despite the efforts of subsequent researchers.)

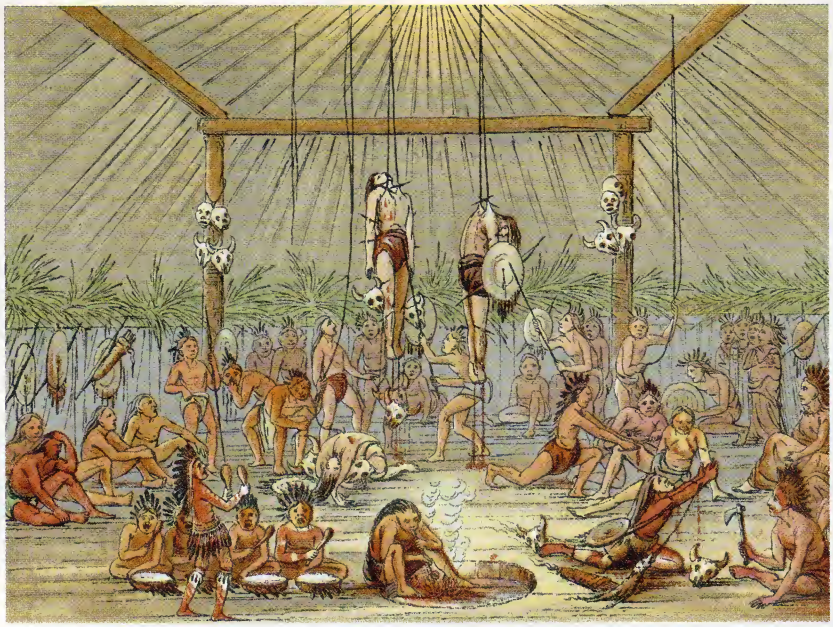
You can be a firm believer in the Welsh Indians and still accept that most of the reports *have* to be fabrications or misunderstandings. The fact that so many different individuals went through remarkably similar experiences in different corners of the American Continent is simply not credible. We are dealing with the equivalent of fishermen's tales, 'periodically rehearsed fables', wilderness myths and colossal misunderstandings.

Can there be smoke without fire? Is it really possible that all these encounters boil down to mistakes, dishonesty and wishful thinking? The answer to this question will depend ultimately on the evidence of language, of legends, of archæology, of physiognomy and of customs among one very interesting Amerindian people, the Mandans, who were first encountered on the Missouri. They were decimated by smallpox in 1836; however, not before their civilisation was carefully observed by several pioneers. From the earliest contacts with the Mandans, westerners were convinced that there was something special about this people, and it was not long before some began to speculate that the Mandans were the descendants

of Madog – the fire behind the smoke of the Welsh Indian myth.

Why were the Mandans thought to be 'special'? Basically, they stood out from other Indians groups of the area. Physically, they were exceptional; early descriptions describe them as 'blondish' or 'reddish'. Secondly, their customs were marked as being 'civilised'; they lived, for example, in well-constructed villages; they refused to torture captured enemies and they kept agreements.

However, before the Welsh passports are handed out, it is worth pointing out that there are other possibilities. First, the physical dimension: modern anthropologists know that some Amerindian people used hair pigments other than black, with lighter shades possibly accentuated by dying and grease. Another reason the Mandans may have looked different from their neighbours is that could have been the last remnants of an older Indian group in the area or an intrusive people. (It has even been suggested that they were from Viking stock.[5]) The 'different' customs can, likewise, be easily explained if the Mandans indeed came from elsewhere. It is also important *not* to get carried away with European ideas of civilisation; by 18th-century standards, the Mandans were actually more 'civilised' than the 12th-century Welsh. (There is, for example, the delightful anachronism that the mediæval Welsh would not have tortured their prisoners after battle.) The best that the descriptions of special physiognomy and customs can do, then, is to open the door through which better proof may come. They are not decisive in themselves, and certainly not decidedly Welsh.



HANGING AROUND: A Mandan initiation ceremony by Catlin.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CATLIN/MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

THEY MAY HAVE HAD WELSH BLOOD, BUT THERE IS NO LINGUISTIC PROOF

The only area of Mandan culture that has continued to interest Madog researchers into the 21st century is their language. In 1833 the American (non-Welsh-speaking) artist George Catlin stayed with the Mandans for several months. Many of his portraits of the Mandans still survive and he wrote of his experiences in a work entitled *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs and Condition of the North American Indians* (1841, two volumes). It is mainly thanks to Catlin – who was seduced by the Welsh Indian theory – that such claims continue to be made for Mandan. Among the coincidences between Mandan and Welsh, for example, is that fish in Mandan is *pysg* … and in Welsh it is *pisg*. While Mandan was clearly Indian – it is, in fact, a Sioux language – the question arose whether it was a mongrel Celtic-Amerindian tongue that had, only recently, been overwhelmed by native elements. It is a suggestion that has inspired little faith among linguists, but it is, at least, more credible than some of those 18th-century Indians who were speaking pure Welsh 700 years after leaving their homeland.

There are two serious objections to the mongrel-language theory: one historical, the other linguistic. First the historical: in 1796 – a generation before Catlin – a certain John Evans visited the Mandans and stayed with them for six months. Evans, a Welsh-speaker, had originally come to America in search of Welsh Indians, but detected no sign of Welsh in Mandan. In fact, he went to the trouble of explicitly denying its presence in a letter. Various half-hearted and, on one occasion, dishonest explanations have been cooked up to explain this,[6] but Evans' evidence stands as a powerful brake on the Welsh/Mandan theory.

A second objection is purely linguistic. It may be true that some words in Mandan – like 'fish' – resemble Welsh, but Catlin also alleged that, in his day, the pronouns of Mandan (he, she, it …) were Welsh in origin. The problem is that languages are simply not created in this manner. A language can, of course, lend words to another; the Japanese words *samurai*, *karate* and *karaoke* are used in English. For a language to borrow words as basic as 'he', 'she' and 'it', it would have to be fully-blown Creole; in that case Welsh would have left far more behind it than the few words recorded in the 19th century, or those that Evans so singularly failed to spot in the 18th. The few 'identical' words are, in fact, much more easily explained by chance. After all, put Mongolian and English next to one another and you will find some coincidences of meaning in words that sound similar. (Statistically, if both languages have tens of thousands of words covering a wide semantic range, it could hardly be otherwise.)

This is no *coup de grâce* to the Mandan/Welsh language theory. Only someone with a background in the Sioux languages (to which Mandan belongs) and the space to develop technical linguistic arguments could really give that.

But it is a warning that claims of word similarity (eg. the Welsh *pisg* and Mandan *pysg*) are not as impressive as they first sound; think of all the words that are *not* similar! The fact that these Welsh-Mandan allegations were made in the 19th century is another reminder of the desire factor that for so long attached to the 'Welsh Indians'. There is nothing wrong with the desire factor, of course; what could be more commendable than to stretch out and make links between a marginal European people and a now all-but-destroyed North American one?

But we should not kid ourselves that these links have any scientific basis. The Mandans may have had Welsh blood in their veins, but there is no linguistic proof to that effect. A cynic might even note that the *Madogwys* made a fatal mistake in choosing the Mandans; they found a people for whom *too much* additional evidence survives. FT

NOTES

1. Gwyn A Williams: *Madog: The Making of a Myth* (London 1979) pp76–77.
2. *Ibid.* p120.
3. Ellen Pugh: *Brave his Soul: the Story of Prince Madog of Wales and his discovery of America in 1170* (New York 1970) p31.
4. Richard Deacon: *Madoc and the Discovery of America* (London 1966) pp155–6.
5. Eugene R Fingerhut: *Explorers of Pre-Columbian America? The Diffusionist-Inventionist Controversy* (Claremont 1994) p76.
6. *See* Deacon, *Madoc* (p148) for an example of an unsubstantiated reference. Deacon's book is littered with apparently important but undocumented contributions to the Madog question.

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

Simon Young has a long-standing interest in Celtic mediæval history and especially the early travels of the British Celts and Irish. His latest work *Britonia: caminos novos* was published in 2002. At the moment he is to be found in Florence, Italy, surrounded by lots of books.

fuckyeahafricanmythology:

Were-hyena

Deadly

Origins-Many parts of Africa

In the Kanuri lauguage of the former Borno Empire in the Lake Chad regiieon, werehyens are called *"bultungfin"* roughly tranlated to *"I change into a hyena"* It was once belive that one or two village in the region were home to many were hyena such as Kabultiloa

Belief in the *bouda* is also present in Sudan, Tanzania and Morocco.

In Western Sudanic folklore a human hyena hybrid creature is depicted as a cannibalistic monster who nightly transforms and terrorizes people, especially lovers. The creature is often portrayed to be a magically powerful healer, blacksmith, or woodcutter in its human form, recognizable through different signs such as a hairy body, red and gleaming eyes and a nasal voice.

Members of the Korè cult of the Bambara in Mali "become" hyenas by imitating the animals behaviour through masks and roleplays. These are evocative of the hyenas' reviled habits, and may also be used to invoke fear among the participants into avoiding such habits and traits in their own lives.

'Werewolf' wreaks havoc on livestock in Central Philippine island

Farmers afraid of mysterious creature that rips animals apart when the moon is full

By Gilbert P. Felongco, Correspondent

- Published: 14:22 July 13, 2014

Manila: Bloodsucking creatures are devastating livestock herds in the island of Sibale.

Residents are at a loss over what vicious animal would leave only carcasses of its prey after feasting on them.

An article published recently by the *Manila Standard Today* said farmers are becoming increasingly fearful of the creature, which strikes when the moon is full, sucks the blood of its prey and tears off the limbs of livestock such as goats.

"It's a continuing goat massacre happening at the onset of the full moon almost every year since 2012. So far, more than 200 goats had been massacred by this unknown killer," Sibale Mayor Lemuel Cipriano was quoted as saying by the report.

Locals believe that the culprit was similar to the mythical werewolf, a creature that strikes during the evening and transforms into a four-legged creature.

The island that the supposed werewolf inhabits is as remote and detached from civilisation as any other minor island in the Philippines. To reach it by boat from Romblon, people would have to travel five hours in a motorised outrigger boat, it is closer to the main Oriental Mindoro island, where most residents get their supplies.

It not known whether the creature hunts alone or moves against its prey in packs, like wolves and wild dogs do.

In an attack last Wednesday, nine goats owned by the local village chief, Ulpiano Ebora of San Vicente, were killed. Before this, several of the livestock were killed in the same locale and the adjacent village of Poblacion. In all. 27 animals have been killed over the past few weeks.

So far, no one has seen the creature and there has been hardly any evidence — except for the carcasses.

Philippine folklore is rife with frightful creatures of the underworld. During the Spanish period, the colonial government in the island of Panay pervaded the myth of the "aswang", a local version of the shape-shifting, flesh-eating banshee-like creature in European folklore. The story was allegedly spread to prevent Filipinos from rebelling against then colonial administration, since rebels usually held their clandestine meetings in the evening.

There are others who see similarities between the mystery animal that victimised the goats of Sibale and the so-called "chupacabra," a four-legged creature similar to a dog with sharp canines, which can tear the flesh of its victims like a hungry wild animal and suck their blood.

Man claiming to be chased by werewolf in Conway

By David Harten

CONWAY — A bizarre incident in Conway led officers to a man on the Hendrix College campus who believed he was being chased by a werewolf.

James Anderson Jr., 27, of Conway, was taken into custody Saturday after running through the north side of Conway and the Hendrix College campus, fleeing from what he described as a "werewolf."

Anderson told his story to Conway police officers, who arrived at the scene after public safety officers at Hendrix called dispatch.

According to a report released by the Conway Police Department, the incident began when Anderson was in the local Wal-Mart and noticed a "strange red light" that Anderson said caused his body to start smoking. Anderson said that the red light forced him to "tell the truth and be full of energy".

Anderson said he then ran from the Wal-Mart to where he had been sleeping, the alleyway by the Coin Laundry, 1065 Clayton Street, the report said. When he arrived, Anderson claimed that a "large beast began to talk to him" and that he believed the beast was a werewolf. He also claimed that the werewolf told him to "get rid of the odor," only Anderson didn't know what he meant.

Anderson then ran to Carrington Apartments at 2010 Cleveland Ave. and kicked in the door – Anderson stated that the werewolf would harm him if he didn't kick in the door — to an apartment in the complex. He then took off all his clothes and dumped them into the dryer with the resident's clothes, pouring a gallon of bleach into the dryer. Anderson then put on another set of clothes and "decided to scare the werewolf off" by attempting to light the bleached clothes on fire, but was unsuccessful, according to the report.

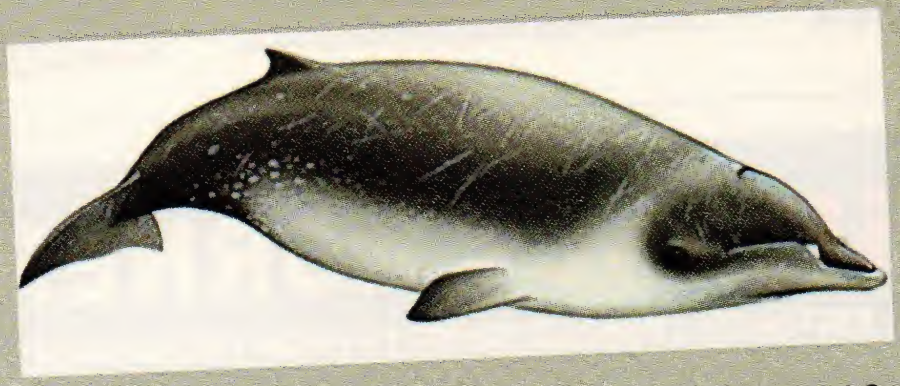
Anderson told officers he was scared for his life, ran upstairs and "flew off the balcony."

After being apprehended, Anderson became nervous when anyone tried to approach him, became aggressive and asked if the police were going to kill him. Anderson only calmed down after the officers advised him that the handcuffs were made of silver and the werewolf couldn't hurt him as long as he had them on.

Anderson was arrested on charges of residential burglary, two counts of first-degree criminal mischief and drunk insane, according to the report.

This article was published **September 28, 2011 at 2:16 p.m.**

Whale washes up



Discovered by science as recently as 1958, the Japanese beaked whale *Mesoplodon ginkgodens* is also known as the ginkgo-toothed whale, on account of its distinctive single pair of teeth, which in shape are reminiscent of the lobe-edged leaves of the ginkgo or maidenhair tree *Ginkgo biloba*. However, it is also one of the least-known whales. Until recently, only 19 specimens had been recorded, but on 9 April a twentieth came to light, when an adult female, weighing almost two tonnes and measuring 4.8m (15ft 9in) long, was washed up dead on an Onaero beach in New Zealand. This is the first Japanese beaked whale ever recorded from New Zealand shores, and is only the third reported anywhere in the Southern Hemisphere. Its skeleton has since been stored at Wellington's Te Papa Museum, and its internal organs are held at Massey University in Palmerston North, to be used for research purposes. *Daily News (New Zealand), 23 April 2003.*

Cryptozoologist Richard Freeman from the Centre for Fortean Zoology, alongside Chris Clarke and Jon Hare, will be taking part in a three-week expedition to Sumatra in June this year, seeking two of its most notable cryptids – the reclusive orang pendek, and an equally elusive mystery cat called the cigau. The expedition will scale Mount Kerinci to Lake Kerinci, 750m (2,460ft) above sea level, where it will establish a series of base camps. Although other teams have looked for the orang pendek, this is the first to make a purposeful search for the cigau. Described as having yellow or tan-coloured unpatterned fur, a short tail, and a ruff encircling its neck, it is allegedly slightly smaller than the Sumatran tiger, but is extremely aggressive and thus greatly feared by the locals. *Jon Downes/CFZ, cz@yahoogroups.com 16 April 2003.*

What rough beast?

RICK DE YAMPERT wonders if some of the supernatural entities imagined by WB Yeats and other poets ever escaped from their vivid imaginations

JOHN FARRELL

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, THE great Irish poet, was haunted by the mythologies of his native Ireland and the occult revival of late 19th-century Europe, by thoughts of the *sidhe* (fairy folk), by apparitions, by the ghostly 'instructors' (who talked to him through his wife's automatic writings), and by other denizens of supernatural worlds. Indeed, he may have been haunted by these otherworldly entities in a very literal sense.

Writing his memoirs in 1916-17, Yeats noted: "I was convinced that all lonely and lovely places were crowded with invisible beings and that it would be possible to communicate with them." [1] Later, one of these beings appeared to contact him – not through his wife's trance writings or telepathic communications – but directly. Yeats suspected he had witnessed a physical entity.

In 'Introduction to The Resurrection', published in *Wheels and Butterflies* (1934), Yeats – by then an aging occultist – recalled his younger days at the turn of the century: "I began to imagine, as always at my left side just out of range of the sight, a brazen winged beast that I associated with laughing, ecstatic destruction." [2] In his poem 'The Second Coming', Yeats described the creature further: "A shape with lion body and the head of a man, / A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun..." [3] And in the immediately preceding poem 'Demon and Beast', he writes: "For certain minutes at the least / That crafty demon and that loud beast / That plague me day and night / Ran out of my sight..." [4]

Was this simply poetic license? Was Yeats speaking metaphorically? After all, he did begin with the phrase "I began to *imagine*..." [emphasis mine] However, compare Yeats' strange vision with those of two music artists of the rock era.

Yeat's "brazen winged beast" echoes, remarkably, a poem written by Jim Morrison, the brooding singer of the rock band The Doors, entitled 'The Day I Left the Beach':

> "The day I left the beach/A hairy Satyr running
> behind & a little to the right./In the holy solipsism
> of the young/Now I can't walk thru a city
> street w/out eying each/single pedestrian. I feel
> their vibes thru my/skin, the hair on my neck
> – it rises." [5]

Not only do both Yeats and Morrison detail an encounter with a supernatural entity, but both express a similar, peculiar, disquieting feeling that the entity lurks just at the edge of vision, the edge of perception. It is possible that Morrison had read Yeats and was subconsciously echoing the Irish poet. Morrison's love of poetry (especially his admiration of Rimbaud and Baudelaire) is well-documented; however, I could find no evidence of Morrison referencing Yeats.

Perhaps a supernatural explanation is in order. Two works – the Morrison biography *No One Here Gets Out Alive* by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugarman (1980) and *The Doors Companion: Four Decades of Commentary* edited by John M Rocco (1997) – detail a vivid, ghastly encounter experienced by the four-year-old Morrison when travelling, with his family, through New Mexico. They came upon a highway accident involving a truck carrying Native Americans. Years later Morrison would tell his friends that, at the time of the accident, the soul of a dying shaman entered his body.

Morrison was deeply fascinated by shamanism and he constantly compared artists with shamans in his writings and interviews; both could enter trances and venture to spiritual worlds and return to relate their newfound supernatural knowledge (see the essay 'Shamanism' in *The Doors Companion* by James Riordan and Jerry Prochnicky).

In the realm of the shaman, Morrison believed, a door to supernatural worlds could be opened. Perhaps Morrison's "hairy Satyr" and Yeats' "brazen winged beast" entered our realm of existence through such a doorway. While Morrison and Yeats believed this was a possibility, the folk-pop singer Judy Collins had no doubt about her otherworldly encounter. In the autobiographical booklet accompanying her album *Voices*, she describes 'Albatross', a song about a Jekyll-and-Hyde-like friend: "As I wrote the song, I thought I saw a demon. In fact, it nearly stood up and walked around me while I played the new melody on the Steinway."

When I interviewed Collins in 1996, I asked her about that striking passage, half-expecting some metaphorical fancy. "Oh no, it was very real," Collins assured me. I remarked that this seemed startling, coming from a singer associated with such gentle, elegant songs as 'Both Sides Now' and 'Amazing Grace'.

"I hope it is startling," Collins replied. "When you use a word like 'demon,' you hope it's not something just taken as a matter of course. You know, there are people in the world who are beset by demons. They're walking around you all the time." [6]

What rough beast slouched towards Yeats, Jim Morrison and Judy Collins? It's a question that, perhaps, only Yeats' ghostly instructors can answer.

REFS

1 - William Butler Yeats, *Memoirs*, transcribed and edited by Denis Donoghue (Papermac/Pan Macmillan, 1988, p.124).

2 - WB Yeats, *Explorations* (Macmillan, 1962, p.393).

3 - WB Yeats, 'The Second Coming' in *Collected Poems* (Macmillan, 1956, p.185).

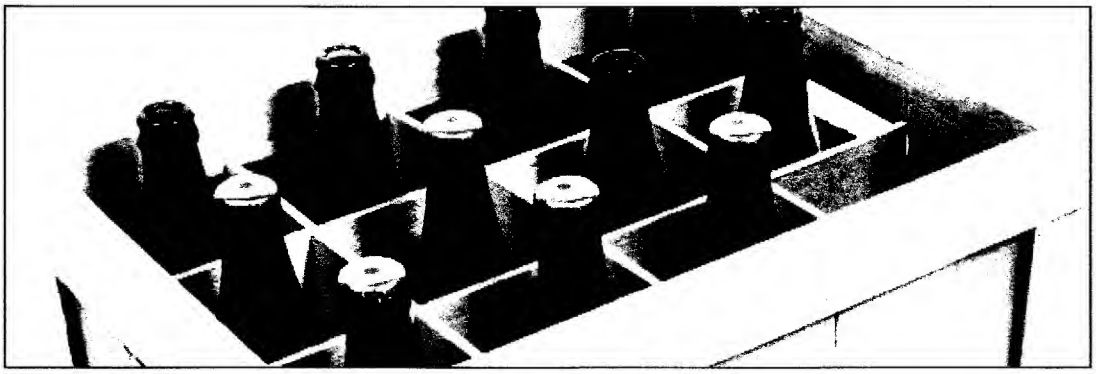
4 - WB Yeats, 'Demon and Beast' in *Collected Poems* (Macmillan, 1956, p.183).

5 - Jim Morrison, *The Lost Writings of Jim Morrison: Wilderness, Volume 1* (Villard Books, 1988, p.39).

6 - Rick de Yampert, interview, 'Judy Collins shows both sides now' in *Daytona Beach (Florida, USA) News-Journal* (10 May 1996, p.1D).

RICK DE YAMPERT is an entertainment and feature writer at the daily newspaper in Daytona Beach, Florida, USA, where he has written about the exploits of the state's skunk apes, chupacabras, UFOs and other forteana.

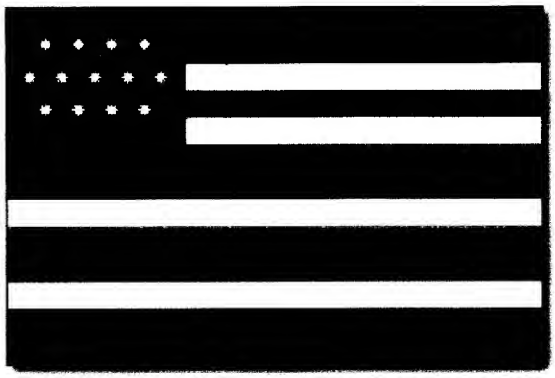
John Paul Jones' Invasion of England is Stalled by Sweet, Sweet Booze



John Paul Jones' raid of Whitehaven on April 23, 1778, was a feat just as crazy as it was crazy-awesome. To begin with, this was what John Paul Jones looked like.

The father of the U.S. Navy.

Just to set the record straight, John Paul Jones was *not* a pirate. He simply came off as one because, you know, he tended to ride in captured vessels, sail with rugged crews and fly colors that no country on the planet could claim were theirs.



John Paul Jones' skull and crossbones.

During the American Revolution, this pissed-off Scotsman put his lifelong hatred for King and Country to the single best use on the planet by joining the U.S. Navy long before it was popular. He was given a sweet new ship, the USS Ranger and a boatload of U.S. Marines which he used to *successfully invade England* in one of the most daring acts in U.S. history.

This man's balls had balls.

What ruined it: A pub.

Despite boasting the single largest pair of cannonballs on either side of the Atlantic, Jones' midnight raid of Whitehaven nearly turned into a disaster for two reasons. The first was a traitor named David Freeman, who started the raid by going all Paul Revere through the city, warning everybody that "pirates" were there to burn it down. This half-truth can be forgiven, if only because Jones was not there to burn Whitehaven -- just the 200-plus ships in its port.

He sure wasn't there for the bangers and mash.

The second screwup, however, involved a subordinate named Lt. Wallingford of the U.S. Marine Corps, whom Jones had tasked with burning the ships. The man had instead used his Marines to invade "the nearest pub," where they dutifully "made very free with the liquor, etc." In short, they invaded England just to get drunk.

"Come on, you apes -- do you want to be sober forever?"

Out of the hundreds of boats Jones had hoped to sink that evening, his pirate/Marine raiding party managed to sink only one. Nevertheless, Jones later remarked, "what was done ... is sufficient to show that not all their boasted navy can protect their own coasts," we imagine while putting out a cigar on a stolen portrait of King George III.

The raid successfully scared the fuck out of the entire British Empire, and Jones got to join the ranks of William the Conqueror and Julius Caesar as one of the few leaders in human history to successfully invade the British Isles.

Thus securing America's supply of Damp for decades to come.

Had things been different:

Had Jones' U.S. Marines done their job instead of getting drunk with your great grandmother, it would have been an absolute nightmare for the British. Every single ship in Whitehaven may have been torched. The fire would have been seen from a horizon away, and it would have been impossible for the British to cover up the damage.

The British were already worked into a frenzy over Jones. Multiply that by 200, and you might have an idea how the Royal Navy would have been forced to respond.

This is JPJ's coffin. We don't have the faintest fucking clue what's going on there, either.

It is worth nothing that this was just a dress rehearsal for Jones' bigger baby: the Armada of 1779. If Jones had had his way, a U.S./Spanish/French coalition would have ended the Revolution in 1779 by doing to the British Isles what he did to Whitehaven. He flat-out wanted to *conquer* England.

Which we are pretty sure is every single Scotsman's dream.

Credit:
Cracked.com

whirlwinds In Native North American lore, whirlwinds are associated with spirits of the dead and with evil. The Shoshoni of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Colorado believe that whirlwinds are apparitions of dead people and that they can be dangerous. According to legend, a company of Shoshoni women went out walking one day, and a whirlwind arose. One of the women cursed it. The whirlwind attacked her and broke her leg, and destroyed her tent. The Gros Ventre also believe whirlwinds are spirits of the dead, and observe that whirlwinds often are seen in cemeteries when there is no wind anywhere else. In the myths and folktakes of the Mandan-Hidatsa, whirlwinds are the vehicles by which the spirits of the dead travel about. The winds swirl up out of the graves.

Among tribes in California and other parts of the West, whirlwinds are said to be evil spirits; a dead shaman's dust; or a shaman's "pain." The latter refers to animated objects, such as crystals and stones, which are believed to be both the source of a shaman's power and the cause of illness. Various beliefs hold that whirlwinds can poison, will cause miscarriages or will carry off children.

Further reading:

Eliade, Mircea. *Shamanism*. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1964.

Hultkrantz, Ake. *Native Religions of North America*. San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1987.

The Mysterious White Lion

A white lion.

My girlfriend and I just got back from a brief sojourn at the Sabi Sands Private Game Reserve where we spotted a beautiful and rare white lion. Champagne in colour with greenish-blue eyes, I was positively enthralled by the sighting. Long after the **guided tour** while we were relaxing in our bedroom, I couldn't help but wonder about the white lion we saw. So I decided to ask the internet.

I found this interesting **article about the origin of white lions** and was surprised to discover the local lore that surrounds these beautiful creatures.

As the story goes, the Timbavati region (where Sabi Sands is located) was once hit but a strange shooting star that emitted a bright light. The Queen and her people decided to investigate the fallen star and discovered it to be a shiny metal ball more brilliant than the Sun. The Queen, who was frail and elderly at the time, was abruptly swallowed by the light and emerged soon after fit as a fiddle – youthful, healthy and beautiful. The strange 'fallen star' remained in the area for several days before returning to the sky as mysteriously as it appeared. Apparently, its unnatural presence caused the animals in the area to be born with weird deformities – like buck with two heads, and lions with white fur coats.

That's the lore, anyway.

September 6, 2013 The origin of the White Lion

The white lion is a breathtakingly beautiful beast. The sight of its snowy fur coat and creamy mane will have you transfixed. Reports of this snowy cat have been circulating around Africa for centuries and particularly in Southern Africa, accounts of the rare creature features in folklore and oral traditions. Legend has it that white lions were the divine brood of the Sun God, and were sent to Earth as gifts.

Where do white lions come from?

White lions vary in colour from white to champagne and can have bluish-green eyes on occasion.

According to the oral traditions native to the Timbavati region, white lions have roamed the area for centuries and appeared over 400 years ago during Queen Numbi's reign. As the story goes, the people who populated the region, now known as Timbavati, spotted a brilliant shooting star that landed in the area. Queen Numbi and her people investigated the falling star and discovered it to be a shining ball of metal that was brighter than the sun. Accordingly, Queen Numbi was at that time a rather frail and elderly woman and was abruptly swallowed by the light of metal ball. She emerged from the light shortly after with a renewed life-force: she was youthful and healthy again. The strange fallen 'star' remained in the area for a number of days before quietly returning to the sky, and it was believed that it's unnatural appearance caused a range of animals to be born with strange deformities, like white impala, leopards and lions.

Oddly enough, white animals are frequently born in Timbavati to this day, and white lions were widely regarded as indigenous to the area for many years, yet the earliest recorded sighting only dates back to 1938.

These predatory cats, however, are not albino but owe their shade to a rare colour mutation called a recessive gene. This genetic mutation has been known to occur naturally in the wild, but these beautiful cats are also specifically bred in specific zones around the world. Their lack of pigment puts them in a vulnerable position when in the wild, they do not camouflage easily and this makes them visible to both poachers and prey.

Head to theKruger National Park or to the Sabi Sands Private Game Reservelocated on the periphery of the Timbavati region to spot white lions in a protected, safe environment. Opt for aguided tourof these areas for a truly memorable experience.

WILD THINGS WORLDWIDE

To compliment his article on feral children (pp. 34-41), **Paul Sieveking** rounds up some of the latest cases.

OSCAR KORNYEI

TRAIAN CALDARAR

A feral child was caught in the Brasov region of Transylvania, Romania, in early February 2002. When shepherd Manolescu Ioan's car broke down, he was forced to walk home across country from his pastures in the shadow of the Fagaras Mountains. At 6am he came upon a naked, wild-eyed child living in a cardboard box and covered with a plastic sheet. He was eating from the carcass of a dead dog. Manolescu reported his find to the police, who later captured the boy.

It was believed he had lived alone in the forest for years, but doctors thought that he must have had some protection; perhaps he had been looked after by some of the many wild dogs in the region. He was the size of a normal four-year-old, but his missing front milk teeth pointed to an age of seven. He had rickets, anæmia, the distended belly of the half-starved, and frostbite on his feet and legs. His face and head were scarred and scabbed. He ate whatever he was given, but didn't recognise fruit. He was not toilet-trained. Hospital personnel in Fargas called him Mowgli, after the character in Kipling's *Jungle Book*.

The chief nurse of the children's ward said: "He only knows two words – 'Mama' and 'food' – and is very happy in his bedroom at the hospital as long as there is food there. He has dark hair and dark eyes and once his hair was washed and cut and he was given a bath he looked really presentable, but he tends to walk like a chimp rather than upright and tries to sleep under his bed rather than on it. But if he has some food in his hand he is the nicest little chap."

About a week after his capture, he was identified as Traian Caldarar, lost three years ago at the age of four. After being re-educated at an orphanage in Brasov, he was reunited in April with his mother Lina Caldarar, 23, in the remote village of Vistea de Jos, less than seven miles (11km) from where he was found in February. "I loved my son, but I had a violent husband who beat me," she said. Traian Ciurar, 24, the boy's father, is married to Ms Caldarar under gypsy law. When she fled back to her family to escape her husband's cruelty, he prevented her from taking her son. She believes he ran away for the same reason. "I was distraught but there was nothing I could do," she said. "I hoped he had perhaps been adopted by another family."

Traian appears to be on the mend, but is still not house-trained. "Someone needs to keep an eye on him at all times because it's easy for him to get hurt," said his mother. "He still can't identify the dangers in the street. Like an untrained puppy, he'll just run across the road, regardless of whether there are cars coming." *Ananova, 13 Feb; Scotsman, 14+22 Feb; Sun, 21 Feb; Metro, 22 Feb; Sunday Telegraph, 14 April 2002.*

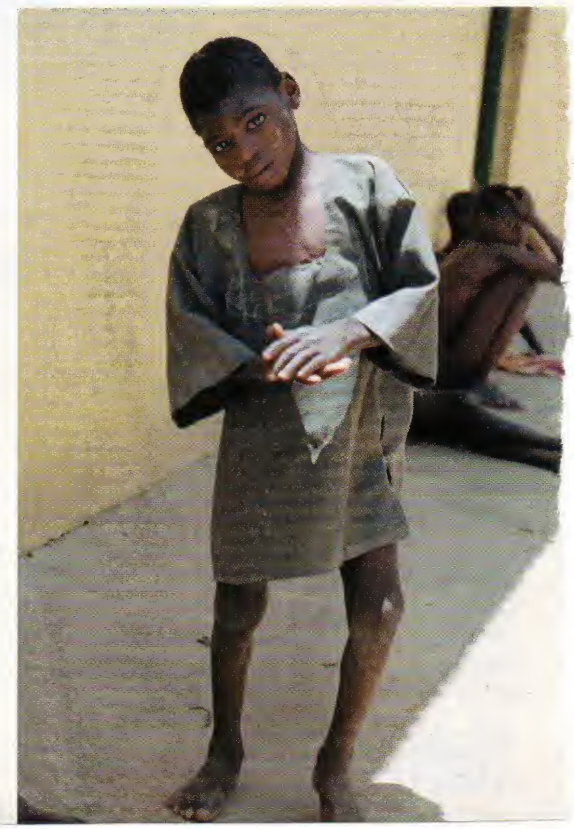
HE WAS EATING A DEAD DOG

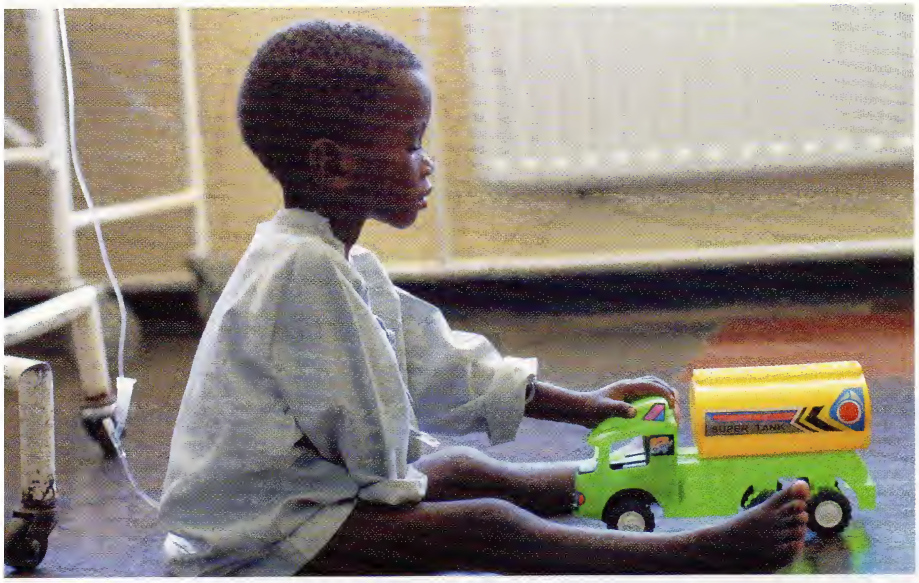
'FULANI BELLO'

In 1996, a boy aged about two was found by hunters, living with a family of chimpanzees in the Falgore forest, 90 miles (145km) south of Kano in Nigeria. He was taken to the Tudun Maliki Torrey children's home in Kano, where the staff named him Bello. He is thought to be the son of nomadic Fulani people who travel through the region. Mentally and physically disabled, with a misshapen forehead, sloping right shoulder and protruding chest, he was probably abandoned by his parents because of his disabilities. Such abandonments of disabled children are common among the Fulani, a pastoralist people who travel great distances across the West African Sahel region. In most instances the children die, but this child appears to have been adopted by the chimps.

"We do not know exactly how long he would have been with the chimps," said Abba Isa Muhammad, the home's child welfare officer. "Based on the traits he exhibits, we estimate that he was adopted when he was no more than six months old and nursed by a nursing chimp."

Bello is now aged about eight, but has the size and weight of a four-year-old. When he was first brought in, he walked in a chimpanzee-like fashion, moving on his hind legs but dragging his arms on the ground. At first he was very restless, smashing and throwing things and leaping about at





ıight from bed
ɔ bed in the dormitory, but today he is much
almer. He still leaps, chimpanzee-like, and
laps his hands over his head repeatedly,
upping his hands, and does not speak but
ıakes chimpanzee-like noises.
AFP] 15 April 2002.

MALCOLM RAADT

Three-year-old Malcolm (or Michael) Raadt
or Raad) and his cousin Thabiso Paint, aged
wo, wandered off on 10 December 2001 while
ılaying at the Luckhoff farm in South Africa's
ural Free State, where their parents worked.
Thabiso was found naked and scratched near
he fast-flowing Orange River three days later.
Apart from another track of tiny footprints,
here was no sign of Malcolm. Police used dogs
ınd helicopters in a fruitless weeklong search,
ıfter which everyone thought he had drowned.

Three weeks later, at 4pm on New Year's
Eve, Johan Lombaard was out on his motor-
ɔike checking irrigation equipment on his farm
vhen he found Malcolm 19 miles (30km) from
ıome. He was covered in mud, wearing only a
T-shirt and lying on his side near a lake. "I
valked closer to see whether he was still alive,"
aid Mr Lombaard. "I could see he was breath-
ng and told him he had to wait there, I was
going to fetch the *bakkie* [van]. He just blinked
ıis eyes. If the tough little tyke had walked
ıround in the searing hot sun for another day
ɔr two, he wouldn't have made it."

The province had been experiencing
weltering summer days with temperatures up
o 100F (38C) and there had been torrential
hundershowers at night. Although it is mostly
ɛarmland, the Luckhoff terrain is vast and
solated, thorny and rocky, with snakes and
ɔredators including leopards. At the Pelonomi
Hospital in Bloemfontein, Malcolm was found
ɔ be covered in scabs, dehydrated and
uffering from mild pneumonia. He had lost a
ot of weight. When his mother, Tina Raadt,
ıasked him how he survived, he said he had
ɛaten "flowers" and hidden under bushes at
ıight. The "flowers" were probably berries and
ɔods. The police were mystified how he had
ıurvived such tough conditions alone for so
ong. *Independent, 4 Jan; (Toronto) National*
Post, 9 Jan 2002.

BELLO STILL LEAPS LIKE A CHIMPANZEE

SUDAM PRADHANA

Sudam Pradhana from the village of Bargania in Orissa, India, never went to the local school and enjoyed tending cows and working in the fields. In April 1990, when he was 13, he travelled to the dense Labingi forests in the Angul district, 19 miles (30km) from his village, with his elder cousin Abhay, who was looking for a large log to make into a plough. Abhay told Sudam to rest near a makeshift loghouse while he went in search of water. When he returned, Sudam had gone. For several days, Sudam's parents and their neighbours searched for him. His father Gautam Pradhan never reported his disappearance as he kept hoping he would turn up sooner or later – and he did.

On 4 May 2001, Gayachand Muduli and Deb Muduli from the neighbouring village of Gadtaras, collecting firewood in the forest, encountered a wild creature with long hair and unkempt winding fingernails sheepishly gawking at them while sucking mangoes under a tree. "He was wearing torn trousers and carrying an empty plastic bag. Mango pulp was smeared all over his chin," said Gayachand.

They took him back to Garatarasa where he was identified as Sudam because of scars on his skull and feet. "He now behaves like an animal and covers his body with leaves," said a villager. He greeted questions with blank stares and struggled to utter a word or two in Oriya. He has big, white marks on his skin as if he has been in combat with wildlife. "My son has returned home after 11 years due to the blessing of God," said his father Gautam Pradhan. Ganesh Pradhan, the police chief at Bantala, suggested Sudam might have spent the last 11 years in the company of the honey-collecting nomadic Mallar tribe which lives deep in the jungle. "It is also possible that he went across the forest to the villagers of Cuttack or Phulbani district on the other side," he said. "After having wandered for long he might have found his way back into the forest." *Times of India, 18 May; The Pioneer, 27 May 2001.*

OTHER DOG BOYS

Kunu Masela, six, was seen for three years scavenging for food round the Kenyan town of Machakos with a dog. Mrs Grace Kubuu asked him where he lived. "With Poppy" was all he would say. One evening she followed them out into the bush and saw the dog dragging together some banana leaves to make a bed for them.

From Our Files
News from the Wild Frontiers

The local press ran the story, after which his mother came forward. Mrs Rukia Ali Murefu, 29, a coffee plantation worker who had moved to Nairobi, said that her husband had left her when Kunu was born in 1977, and she had struggled for three years to care for him. She was very poor, and eventually abandoned him in the bush. "I knew Kunu would be cared for by God - and I was right," she said. "Poppy my mother. Poppy give me milk," Kunu told a reporter. In 1983, he was in a government juvenile home and the dog was being cared for by a market trader. [*FT45:45*].

In June 2001, 11-year-old Alex Rivas was captured in southern Chilean port of Talcahuano. For many months, he had been living in a cave with a pack of about 15 stray dogs, scavenging out of dustbins and drinking milk from the teat of a bitch that had recently given birth.

After being abandoned by his 16-year-old mother when he was only five months old, he had a disrupted childhood before being put into a children's home in Chillancito, near Concepcion, in 1998. He constantly ran away, only to be caught. He finally joined the dog pack and managed to evade capture. In November 2001, he again escaped from the children's home. Since there has been no word of his recapture, *FT* presumes he is still at large. [*FT150:9*]

Children nurtured by dogs have also turned up in the Philippines (1982), Germany (1988), Oklahoma (1989), England (1992), Hungary (1994), Romania (1994), and Italy (1994) [*FT45:44, 80:8*]. In 1998, Ivan Mishukov, six, was rescued from a pack of dogs with whom he had had been living for two years in Retova, west of Moscow [*FT117:22*].

WILD THINGS

STORIES OF CHILDREN RESCUED FROM THE WILDERNESS HAVE FOR CENTURIES INSPIRED AWE, FASCINATION AND DISBELIEF. **PAUL SIEVEKING** REVIEWS A PHENOMENON THAT HELPS TO DEFINE THE FRONTIER BETWEEN HUMAN AND ANIMAL. MAIN ILLUSTRATION BY **JASON HOLLEY.**

Come on, poor babe: Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens to be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say, casting their savageness aside, have done like offices of pity. *[Shakespeare, The Winter's Tale]*

Tales of children being adopted and nurtured by wolves, bears, monkeys, and other animals crop up with remarkable regularity. Such children elicit both heart-rending pity for their abandonment and wonder for their survival against such terrible odds.

Ancient mythology has many stories of children rescued by animals, but the first 'true' account of a feral child was recorded by the usually dependable Roman historian Procopius. A baby boy, lost by his mother during the chaos of the Gothic wars in about AD 250, was found and suckled by a she-goat. When the survivors returned to their homes, they found the boy living with his adopted mother and named him Aegisthus. Procopius states he saw the child himself. [1]

Goats don't figure much in subsequent feral accounts, although a child said to have been raised by goats for eight years was found in the Peruvian Andes in 1990. [2]

Carl Linnæus, the great biological classifier, introduced a new species of man, *Homo ferens*, in 1758, characterising the creature as *mutus*, *tetrapus* and *hirsutus* (a mute quadruped covered with hair). [3] The attribution of hairiness was probably influenced by the legend of the hirsute wodewose (the mediæval wild man of the woods), but a number of feral children are thus described, as we shall see. Linnæus provided anecdotal case histories of varying reliability: the Hesse wolf-boy (1344), the Bamberg calf-boy (16th cent), Jean de Liège (17th cent), a Lithuanian bear-boy (1661), the Irish sheep-boy (1672), the Kranenburg girl (1717), the two Pyrenees boys (1719), Wild Peter of Hanover (1724), and the savage girl from Champagne (1731).

A BOY NURTURED BY A SHE-BEAR IN 17TH CENTURY POLAND

Many academics regarded the whole phenomenon of feral children with scepticism; they pointed out that most of the children never learned to speak, while those that did could recall very little of their wild existence. Similarly, the circumstances of their discovery were by their nature anecdotal, taking place far from habitation and often depending on the testimony of a solitary witness. Dismissing testimony as superstition and folklore became commonplace in 19th century science, to the detriment of folk wisdom and forteana.

Robert Kerr, whose translation of Linnæus appeared in 1792, dismissed *Homo ferens* as imposture and exaggeration, and this became the orthodox view. Of course, inventing a species for feral children is today seen as eccentric. According to Claude Levi Strauss in 1949, "most of these children suffered from some congenital defect, and their abandonment should therefore be treated as the consequence of the abnormality which almost all display and not, as often happens, as its cause." [4]

It's true that some feral children were mentally or physically handicapped. Many others, however, were not; and neither were they intentionally abandoned, but had escaped from abusive parents or were lost by accident or in the chaos of war – and surviving without human help required considerable native intelligence.

Note Levi Strauss's qualifying phrases "most of" and "almost all"; some of the case histories refuse to be explained away in this fashion, particularly those of Victor of Aveyron, Kaspar Hauser and the Midnapore wolf-girls Kamala and Amala, described in detail by persons of standing – respectively a doctor, a lawyer and a priest. As

MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

BORN TO BE WILD: An 1807 image of Peter the Wild Boy, found near Hanover in 1724 and a 1950s French magazine item on Indian wolf-children.

with all strange phenomena, it only requires one case to be demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt to allow the possibility that many of the others are also true.

Sir Kenelm Digby, later one of the Royal Society's founders, is the first to mention Jean de Liège in 1644, having interviewed those who had seen him a few years earlier. [5] As a five-year-old during the religious wars, Jean took to the woods with fellow villagers. When the fighting moved elsewhere, the villagers returned home, but the timorous Jean remained in hiding for 16 years. In the wild, his senses sharpened; he could scent "wholesome fruits or roots" at a great distance. When he was finally captured at the age of about 21, he was naked, "all overgrown with hair", and incapable of speech. In human society, he learned to talk, but lost his acute sense of smell.

The Irish sheep-boy was brought to Amsterdam in 1672, aged about 16. He was described as "rapid in body, nimble of foot, of fierce countenance, firm flesh, scorched skin, rigid limbs, with retreating and depressed forehead, but convex and knotty occiput, rude, rash, ignorant of fear, and destitute of all softness… Being without human voice he bleated like a sheep, and being averse to the food and drink we are accustomed to, he chewed grass only and hay." [6] Another sheep-boy was captured near Trikkala in Greece in 1891. He had been living with his woolly family for four years. [7]

Her diet consisted of birds, frogs, leaves, branches and roots

"A naked, brownish, black-haired creature" aged about 12 was captured near Helpensen in Hanover on 27 July 1724. He climbed trees with ease, lived off plants and seemed incapable of speech. He refused bread, preferring to strip the bark from green twigs and suck on the sap; but he eventually learned to eat fruit and vegetables. He was named Peter, presented at court in Hanover to George I, and taken to England, where he was studied by leading men of letters. He spent 68 years in society, but never learned to say anything except "Peter" and "King George", although his hearing and sense of smell were said to be "particularly acute". [8]

The wild girl of Champagne had probably learned to speak before her abandonment, for she is a rare example of a wild child learning to talk coherently – although she could remember little of her feral existence, which she thought had lasted two years. When coaxed from a tree in Songi near Chalons in the French district of Champagne in 1731, she was aged about 10, barefoot, and dressed in rags and skins with a gourd leaf on her head. In a pouch she carried a cudgel and a knife inscribed with indecipherable characters. She shrieked and squeaked, and was so dirty (or possibly painted) that she was mistaken for a black child. Her diet consisted of birds, frogs and fish, leaves, branches and roots. Given a rabbit, she immediately skinned and devoured it.

"Her fingers and in particular her thumbs, were extraordinarily large," according to a contemporary witness, the famous scientist Charles Marie de la Condamine. She is said to have used her thumbs to dig out roots and swing from tree to tree like a monkey. She was a very fast runner and had phenomenally sharp eyesight. When the Queen of Poland, the mother of the French queen, passed through Champagne in 1737 to take possession of the Duchy of Lorraine, she heard about the girl and took her hunting, where she outran and killed rabbits. [9]. She was given the name Marie-Angélique Memmie Le Blanc, and later eked out an existence in Paris by making artificial flowers and hawking her memoirs (written by Madame Hecquet). She died, like most of the feral children, in obscurity.

The two most prominent feral cases of the 19th century are Victor of Aveyron, made famous by François Truffaut's wonderful film *L'Enfant Sauvage*, and Kaspar Hauser, the subject of Werner Herzog's haunting film of the same name. A great deal has been written about both of these, most recently by Michael Newton in *Savage Girls and Wild Boys* (reviewed on page 58), so I will concentrate on lesser-known cases. There are about 80

examples of feral children; a fairly accurate chronological table of 53 cases appears in Lucien Malson's book. [10]

Victor, Kaspar and Kamala represent the three main types of feral child: in isolation, in confinement, and among animals. Children locked up for years often develop autistic symptoms, leading the psychologist Bruno Bettelheim in 1959 to lump all three types under the heading of infantile autism. "While there are no feral children," he asserted, "there are some very rare examples of feral mothers, of human beings who become feral to one of their children." [11] This denial of genuine feral cases is closely related to the orthodox anthropological position and requires an unwarranted dismissal of remarkably consistent evidence and testimony.

MOTHER WOLVES

"In all my travels, the only time I ever slept deeply was when I was with wolves… The days with my wolf family multiplied. I have no idea how many months I spent with them but I wanted it to last forever – it was far better than returning to the world of my own kind. Today, though most memories of my long journey are etched in tones of grey, the time spent with the wolves… is drenched in colour. Those were the most beautiful days I had ever experienced." So wrote Misha Defonseca, a Jewish orphan who, from the ages of seven to 11, wandered through occupied Europe in World War II, living on wild berries, raw meat and food stolen from farmhouses, and occasionally teaming up with wolves. [12]

Another child who had learned language before his life with wolves was Marcos Pantoja, "the wild child of the Sierra Morena", who was about seven when he was abandoned in the desolate mountainous forests of southwest Spain in 1953. He spent the next 12 years without speaking to another human being. [13]

Since the suckling of Romulus and Remus, the wolf has been associated with the rearing and protection of children in the wild. A seven-year-old boy was supposedly captured from a wolf lair in the German state of Hesse in 1344, but the first published account didn't appear until 1609, in a work by the medical writer Phillipus Camerius, published in Frankfurt. [14] The boy described his capture by wolves at the age of three. They offered him the pick of the hunting spoils, carpeted a pit with leaves to protect him from the cold and made him run on all fours until he had attained their speed and could make the most prodigious leaps. After his capture, he frequently stated that he would rather associate with wolves than human beings.

Fourteen wolf-children were found in India between 1841 and 1895, seven of which were described by General WH Sleeman, the nemesis of the Thugs. [15] The first was captured in Hasunpur (near Sultanpur in what is now Uttar Pradesh), and showed most of the typical wolf-child characteristics. His favourite food was raw meat, and he was unable to speak. "There were evident signs, on his knees and elbows, of his having gone on all-fours," wrote Sleeman; "and when asked to run on all-fours, he used to do so, and went so fast that no-one could overtake him." Some wolf children responded to education. One found in Sultanpur in 1895 allegedly grew up to be a policeman. [16]

The most famous wolf-children are the two girls captured in October 1920 from a huge abandoned ant-hill squatted by wolves near Godamuri in the vicinity of Midnapore, west of Calcutta, by villagers under the direction of the Rev Joseph Singh, an Anglican missionary. The mother wolf was shot. The girls were named Kamala and Amala, and were thought to be aged about eight and two. According to Singh, the girls had misshapen jaws, elongated canines, and eyes that shone in the dark with the peculiar blue glare of cats and dogs. Amala died the following year, but Kamala survived until 1929, by which time she had given up eating carrion, had learned to walk upright and spoke about 50 words. [17]

There were further reports of Indian wolf-children in 1927 and 1933. "Ramu the Wolf Boy" found naked in a third class waiting room in Lucknow railway station in 1954, aged about 10, was probably mentally retarded. He had deformed limbs, uttered animal cries and ate raw meat by snatching at it with his teeth (of which he had two upper sets); but there appears to be no evidence that he actually lived with wolves. He died in Lucknow hospital in 1968.

In May 1972, a boy aged about four was discovered in the forest of Musafirkhana, near Sultanpur, in the region where five of the wolf-children mentioned by Sleeman came from. The boy (pictured left) was playing with wolf cubs. He had very dark skin, long hooked fingernails, matted hair and calluses on his palms, elbows and knees. He shared several characteristics with Kamala and Amala: sharpened teeth, craving for blood, earth-eating, chicken-hunting, love of darkness and friendship with dogs and jackals. He was named Shamdeo and taken to the village of Narayanpur. Although weaned off raw meat, he never talked, but learned some sign language. In 1978 he was admitted to Mother Theresa's Home for the Destitute and Dying in Lucknow, where he was re-named Pascal and was visited by Bruce Chatwin. He died in February 1985. [18]

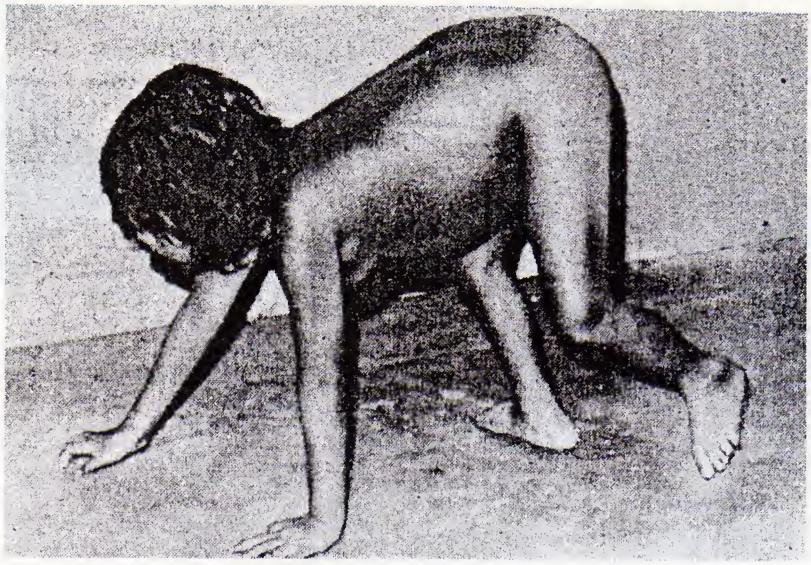
In 1962, according to an unsubstantiated report, geologists found a boy aged about seven running with a wolf pack in a bleak desert region of Turkmenistan, central Asia. The men threw a net over the boy, but the wolves rushed to protect him, tearing at the net. In the end, all the wolves were killed. It was four years before the boy, named Djuma, was taught to utter a few words. He told anthropologists how he rode on the back of his wolf mother when the pack went hunting, and later learned to run on all fours. He was

Their eyes shone in the dark with the peculiar blue glare of cats and dogs

TOPHAM PICTUREPOINT

MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

COMPANY OF WOLVES: Kamala lapping food (right) and curling up with Amala (below).



WILD ABOUT THE BOYS: Tissa the monkey boy (left) and Rocco the wolf boy (below).

cared for in the Republican Hospital in Ashkhabad and it was years before he got used to sleeping in a bed. By the time of a news report in 1991, he was still crawling on all fours, eating only raw meat, and biting when he was angry. Dr Rufat Kazirbaev, chief of psychiatric research in the hospital, doubted if he would ever lose his wolf ways. [19]

In 1970, Elmira Godayatova, six, tried to follow her mother through a wood in Azerbaijan to her grandmother's house in the village of Milgam. Mrs Godayatova told Elmira to go home – but she never got there. Relatives, friends and police searched in vain. Twenty-three days later, a forest ranger found the little girl sitting under a tree. "She ate berries and grass, drank water from springs, and played with 'doggies and puppies'," a local newspaper reported. "Apparently the girl found a family of wolves, and wolves are known never to attack near their home." Elmira was taken to hospital to recover. [20] Wolves saved another Azerbaijani girl in 1978. Mekhriban Ibragimov, three, lost in a snow-filled ravine, was found after 16 hours, sheltering in a cave with a wolf and three cubs. She said the mother wolf licked her face. [21]

Shepherds found a naked boy aged about five in 1971, cowering in a cave in the Abruzzi Mountains of central Italy. Doctors believed he had been abandoned as a baby and brought up by mountain goats or wolves. He was named Rocco. Various families tried without success to 'domesticate' him, after which he was placed in a psychiatric hospital near Milan. He had not learned to talk and was still eating with his hands. He walked on all fours and liked to be stroked – but retreated snarling into corners when frightened. [22]

Given the right conditions, bears will take care of human infants

CARE BEARS

According to the Athenian historian Apollodorus (168–88 BC), the Greek heroine Atalanta was abandoned by her father Iasus at birth because he desired a son; but she was suckled by a she-bear (the symbol of Artemis), till hunters found her and brought her up among themselves.

News reports do suggest that, given the right conditions, bears will take care of human infants. In 1971, five-year-old Goranka Cuculic got lost in the forest near her home village of Vranje in Yugoslavia. Three days later she was found by a farmer and related how she had met a bear and two cubs. The bear licked her face, and she played with the cubs and snuggled up to them at night in a cave [23]. In October 2001, a 16-month-old toddler went missing in Iran and was found in a bears' den three days later, safe and well. It was thought that the baby had been breast-fed by a mother bear. [24]

There are accounts of children raised by bears in Denmark and the mountains of Savoy in the early 17th century. In 1669 hunters in a Lithuanian forest saw two little boys among a group of bears. They captured one and took him to Warsaw where he was named Joseph and presented to the king of Poland, who later passed him to the Vice Chamberlain of Posnan. Several times, Joseph escaped to the woods where he would suck the sap of trees and gather wild honey and crab apples. Once a wild bear, notorious for having killed two men, was seen to approach him and lick his face. Other Lithuanian bear-children were captured in 1661 and 1694. It was suggested that they had become separated from their families following raids by marauding Tartars. [25]

In 1767 hunters from Fraumark in lower Hungary came upon a bear's den high in the mountains, where they found a girl of about 18, tall and brown-skinned. Her behaviour was "very crude" and when taken to an asylum she refused to eat anything but raw meat, roots and tree bark. [26]

Sir James Frazer mentions a girl who was said to have been nursed by a bear. Coolies from the tea gardens found her in a forest in Jalpaigori in 1892, sitting beside a huge bear den. Aged two or three, she walked on all fours and bit and scratched, but was gradually taught to walk upright and wear clothes, although she never learned to speak. [27]

A 14-year-old wild girl was caught in the jungle near Naini Lal, Uttar Pradesh, in July 1914. Named Goongi ('dumb'), she ran with great agility on her hands and feet and was covered all over with a thick growth of hair. She refused a bed and cooked food, and slept under a bundle of straw. The hunter Jim Corbett speculated that she had been brought up by bears, pointing out that her climbing ability, eating habits and diet were similar to bears, and that the deep scratches on the upper part of her body could well have been caused by being carried by bears. [28]

In 1937 George Maranz described a visit to a Turkish lunatic asylum in Bursa, Turkey, where he met a girl who had allegedly lived with bears for many years. Hunters in a mountainous forest near Adana had shot a she-bear and then been attacked by a powerful little "wood spirit". Finally overcome, this turned out to be a human child, though utterly bear-like in her voice, habits and physique. She refused all cooked food and slept on a mattress in a dark corner of her room. Investigations showed that a two-year-old child had disappeared from a nearby village 14 years earlier, and it was presumed that a bear had adopted her. [29]

MONKEY BOYS

TISSA, FROM SRI LANKA

Pemawathie, 42, a female woodcutter, captured a naked, long-haired boy ambling about on all fours with a troupe of monkeys in the jungle near her home village of Tissamaharama, southern Sri Lanka, in early 1973. She named him Tissa after the village. As his habits were more animal than human, she handed him over to the police, who placed him in a private welfare centre 10 miles (16km) outside Colombo, run by Miss LP Morawake. Apparently, two other "animal boys" had been tamed there, one of whom drank milk straight from a cow's udder. Three months after his admission, Tissa was still learning to walk upright

and was not yet talking, although he could eat food from a plate with his hand. Most telling perhaps was that he had learned to smile. [30]

BURUNDI MONKEY BOY

This child was said to have been found in Burundi in 1973 by either missionaries or hunters, playing in a group of monkeys. He was aged about six, and had the manners and behaviour of a monkey. American anthropologist Diane Skelly said he was covered in a fine layer of hair, which disappeared once he took to wearing clothes. After studying the boy intensively, Dr Harlan Lane (author of *The Wild Boy of Aveyron*) and Dr Richard Pillard, said he had suffered a "disastrous illness" at the age of two, resulting in organic retardation. They could account for every year of his life and he was never in the wild. [31]

ROBERT OF UGANDA

In 1982, during the chaos of civil war, a boy aged three was left for dead in the Luwero triangle of Uganda. Three years later, soldiers came upon a group of Vervet monkeys (*Cercopithecus æthiops*). All scattered apart from one female protecting a small bundle which turned out to be a human child. At the Naguru orphanage in Kampala he was named Robert. He was deaf and dumb. By the age of eight, he had been toilet-trained and learned to walk and sleep in a bed. [32]

JOHN OF UGANDA

Another wild boy, found in Uganda in 1991, was identified as John Sesebunya, last seen in 1988 at the age of two or three when his father murdered his mother and he fled to the jungle. He vaguely remembered monkeys coming up to him, after a few days, and offering him roots and nuts, sweet potatoes and cassava. The five monkeys, two of them young, were wary at first, but befriended him within about two weeks and taught him, he says, to travel with them, to search for food and to climb trees. Some sources say John's guardians were Vervet monkeys; others that they were black-and-white Colobus monkeys (*Colobus guereza*).

John has been studied by a host of experts, who are convinced that he is a genuine feral child. When left with a group of monkeys he avoided eye contact and approached them from the side with open palms, in classic simian fashion. He has a strange lopsided gait and pulls his lips right back when he smiles. He tends to greet people with a powerful hug, in the way that monkeys greet each other. He has, however, learned to wink – something a monkey would never do. He has a fine singing voice, and in 1999 came to Britain as part of the 20-strong Pearl of Africa Children's Choir. [33] For the latest monkey-boy, see Feral News on pages 20 and 21.

BOY WONDERS: John Sesebunya (above), the Ugandan monkey boy who visited Britain as part of a choir and the mysterious gazelle boy reported in the *Sunday Express* in 1946.

The monkeys befriended him and taught him to find food and climb trees

GAZELLE-BOYS

SPANISH SAHARA

Jean-Claude Auger, [34] an anthropologist from the Basque country, was travelling alone across the Spanish Sahara (Rio de Oro) in 1960 when he met some Nemadi nomads, who told him about a wild child a day's journey away. The next day, he followed the nomads' directions. On the horizon he saw a naked child "galloping in gigantic bounds among a long cavalcade of white gazelles".

Auger found a small oasis of thorn bushes and date palms and waited for the herd. Three days later, his patience was rewarded, but it took several more days of sitting and playing his *galoubet* (Berber flute) to win the animals' confidence. Eventually, the child approached him, showing "his lively, dark, almond-shaped eyes and a pleasant, open expression... he appears to be about 10 years old; his ankles are disproportionately thick and obviously powerful, his muscles firm and shivering; a scar, where a piece of flesh must have been torn from the arm, and some deep gashes mingled with light scratches (thorn bushes or marks of old struggles?) form a strange tattoo."

The boy walked on all fours, but occasionally assumed an upright gait, suggesting to Auger that he was abandoned or lost at about seven or eight months, having already learned to stand. He habitually twitched his muscles, scalp, nose and ears, much like the rest of the herd, in response to the slightest noise. Even in deepest sleep he seemed constantly alert, raising his head at unusual noises, however faint, and sniffing around him like the gazelles.

Auger describes how he gradually learned to decipher the significance of every gazelle gesture and movement, which the boy shared with the herd. There was a complex code of stamping to indicate distance of food sources; and social interaction through exchanges of licking and sniffing, with the boy emitting a kind of mute cry from the back of his throat with his mouth closed. He had one word: kal (khah), meaning stone or rock. One senior female seemed to act as his adoptive mother. He would eat desert roots with his teeth, puckering his nostrils like the gazelles. He appeared to be herbivorous apart from the occasional agama lizard or worm when plant life was lacking. His teeth edges were level like those of a herbivorous animal.

Two years after his stay with the herd, Auger returned with a Spanish army captain and his aid-de-camp, who kept their distance to avoid frightening the herd off. Curiosity eventually overcame them and they chased the boy in a jeep to see how fast

BEAR NECESSITIES: Kipling's Mowgli (above) in *The Jungle Book*, along with Burroughs' Tarzan, is the most famous literary example of a feral child.

he could run. This frightened him off altogether, though he reached a speed of 32–34mph (52–54km/h), with continuous leaps of about 13ft (4m). Olympic sprinters can reach only 25mph (40km/h) in short bursts.

His pursuers failed to keep up across the rough terrain, and eventually the herd disappeared as the jeep sustained a puncture. In 1966 an unsuccessful attempt was made to catch the boy in a net suspended from a helicopter; unlike most of the feral children of whom we have records, the gazelle boy was never removed from his wild companions. Auger took no photographs of the boy, being more concerned with protecting him from human interference than providing evidence to convince the sceptics of his existence. Perhaps he was no more than fiction.

MIDDLE EAST

According to the fortean zoologist Ivan Sanderson, the story of an earlier gazelle-boy "turned out to be a plant by a bored newsman in Cairo during World War II"; but he gives no further details. [35] The version I have traced is a report from Baghdad in August 1946 by a certain M Abdul Karim.

We are told that Amir Lawrence al Sha'alan, chief of the Ruweili tribe, was out hunting in the desert straddling Transjordan, Syria and Iraq, when he saw what looked like a boy running amid a herd of gazelles. The hunting party chased the herd in their cars for 50 miles (80km), until the boy stumbled against a large stone and was caught.

The Amir took the boy to Dr Musa Jalbout at one of the British-run stations of the Iraq Petroleum Company, who later passed him into the care of four Baghdad doctors. Dr Jalbout said he acted, ate and cried like any gazelle, and had no doubt that he had lived all his life among the gazelles, being suckled by them and cropping the sparse desert herbage along with the herd. He was thought to be about 15.

> *Any village fowl that came within his reach was torn to pieces*

Apparently speechless, he was covered in fine hair and ate only grass – although a week before Karim's report he had had his first meal of bread and meat. He could allegedly run at 50 mph (80km/h), twice the Olympic record. He was 5ft 6in (1.7m) tall, "so thin that the bones could be counted easily beneath the flesh, yet stronger physically than a normal full-grown man." [36]

BIG CAT GUARDIANS

A leopard-child was reported by EC Stuart Baker in the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society* (July 1920). Since he was in administrative charge of the North Cachar Hills near Assam at the time when he investigated the case, he was in an excellent position to obtain a true account of the facts. The boy was stolen from his parents by a leopardess in the North Cachar Hills in about 1912, and three years later recovered and identified. "At the time the child ran on all fours almost as fast as an adult man could run, whilst in dodging in and out of bushes and other obstacles he was much cleverer and quicker. His knees… had hard callosities on them and his toes were retained upright almost at right angles to his instep. The palms of his hands and pads of his toes and thumbs were also covered with very tough horny skin. When first caught, he bit and fought with everyone… and any wretched village fowl which came within his reach was seized, torn to pieces and eaten with extraordinary rapidity."

According to an unsubstantiated report, a wild girl aged about two was found in a forest south of Jansi in north central India in May 1986. She was slumped over a fatally injured female panther. [37]

FERAL CHARACTERISTICS

Besides the (probably) apocryphal Syrian gazelle-boy, many wild children were extraordinarily fast quadrupedal runners – almost 'superhuman'. We might recall that Atalanta, the bear-suckled heroine of Greek myth, was the most swift-footed of mortals. When first captured, Memmie Le Blanc moved with "a sort of flying gallop" and could out-run game; and the Saharan gazelle-boy was clocked at 7mph (11km/h) faster than the best Olympic sprinter.

A facility for tree-climbing was another common trait. Peter, Memmie, Victor and the Ugandan John Sesebunya were all agile arborialists; the last three were cornered up trees before their capture. The wolf-child of Overdyke in Holland, abandoned during the Napoleonic wars, climbed trees with wonderful agility to get eggs and birds, which he devoured raw. [38] 'Tarzancito', the wild boy of El Salvador (1935) slept in trees to avoid predators. [39]

A number of ferals were hirsute, including Jean de Liège (17th cent), the second Lithuanian bear-child (1669), the Kranenburg girl (1717), the wild boy of Kronstadt (fl.1784), the second Hasunpur wolf-child (1843), the Shajampur child (1898), and the Naini Lal bear-child (1914). A young man caught in woods near Riga, Latvia, in November 1936 was allegedly "covered in long thick hair". [40]

"Over time all my senses were heightened – my vision, my hearing, even my sense of smell," wrote Misha Defonseca, the Jewish orphan who wandered through

Nazi-occupied Europe. "That hypersensitivity stayed with me for a very long time after I left the forest". [41]

Feral senses were often more acute than those of socialised humans. Kaspar Hauser and many of the Indian wolf-children, including the Midnapore girls, could see well in the dark. Jean de Liège could recognise his warden by smell from a distance; Kamala could smell meat from one end of the orphanage garden – a compound of three and a half acres – to the other; and many wild children sniffed at objects in the way that cats and dogs do. Victor of Aveyron, the first Sultanpur child (1847), Kamala and Amala had an unusually sharp sense of hearing.

Many wild children had a keen ear for music. Peter was delighted by music, and would clap and sing. Memmie was a perfect mimic of songbirds such as the nightingale. The Overdyke boy named each bird by imitating its cry. A naked youth aged about 15, caught in woods near Uzitza, Yugoslavia, in 1934, could mimic animals and birds as well as run amazingly fast. [42] The Turkish bear-girl responded to music, sometimes bursting into wild, unintelligible songs. John Sesebunya sings in a choir.

Another curious phenomenon is the wild children's insensitivity to extremes of temperature, a characteristic shared with desert nomad and gypsy children. This was seen in the Irish sheep-boy, Victor, the Kronstadt boy, the first Sultanpur child, the Midnapore girls, and the Saharan gazelle-boy. The latter was seen to grab a handful of hot embers and hold them for some time without apparent pain, while Victor took potatoes out of a pot of boiling water. At least eight ferals angrily tore off any clothing they were dressed in.

Hardly any of them learned to laugh or smile and their libidos seemed stunted. Kaspar confused dreams with reality and spoke of himself in the third person. Neither Victor nor Kaspar could recognise their reflections in a mirror; the Turkish bear-girl would sit for hours in her room gazing at herself in a mirror. Auger observed the gazelle-boy looking at his reflection in a pool of water as if it were a stranger. FT

LEGEND HAS IT THAT SEMIRAMIS, THE FOUNDER OF BABYLON, WAS RAISED BY BIRDS. PAINTING BY E. WALLCOUSINS

PAUL SIEVEKING is an editor of *Fortean Times* and has been collecting material on feral children for many years; one of these days, his long-promised book on the subject may appear.

The turkish bear-girl responded to music and would burst into wild songs

RESOURCES

http://www.feralchildren.com/
News, resources and information

Savage Girls and Wild Boys
Michael Newton (2002)

Wolf Children
Charles Maclean (1977)

NOTES

[1] Procopius: *De Bello Gothico*, II, xvii. [2] ***FT59:20***. [3] Carl Linnæus: *Systema naturae* (10th edition, 1758). [4] Claude Levi-Stauss: *Elementary Structures of Kinship* (1949), p50. [5] Sir Kenelm Digby: *Two treatises: in one of which, the nature of bodies; in the other, the nature of man's soul, is looked into*, Paris 1644. [6] Nicholaus Tulp: *Observationes Medicae* (1672). [7] B Ornstin: "Wilden Menchen in Trikkala", *Z. Ethnol. Organ der Berlin Gesellschaft fur Anthropologie* 23, 1891, pp817-818. [8] James Burnett: *Antient Metaphysics: or, the Science of Universals*, vol 3, 1784, pp59-68, 368-78. [9] Anon: *The History of a Savage Girl, Caught Wild in the Woods of Champagne* (London 1760). [10] Lucien Malson: *Les Enfants Sauvages* (1964), translated as *Wolf Children* (London 1972). See also Robert M Zingg: "Feral Man and Extreme Cases of Isolation" (*The American Journal of Psychology*, v.LIII, No 4, Oct 1940.) [11] Bruno Bettelheim: "Feral Children and Autistic Children" in *American Journal of Sociology*, Mar 1959. [12] Misha Defonseca: *Misha: a Mémoire of the Holocaust Years* (Boston 1997). ***FT117:22***. [13] The story of Marcos Pantosa is told in *Marcos: Wild Child of the Sierra Morena* by Gabriel Janer Manila (London 1982). [14] Phillipus Camerius: *Operae horarum subcisivarum, sive, meditationes historicae auctiores* (Frankfurt 1609). [15] Sir William Henry Sleeman: *A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude, 1849-50* (London 1858). [16] H Ross: *The Field*, 9 Nov 1895. [17] The story of Amala and Kamala, based on Rev Singh's 150-page journal, is told in detail by Charles Maclean in *Wolf Children* (Penguin 1977). Kamala, incidentally, is the name of a medicinal plant used by Hindus against tapeworm. [18] See ***FT44:4***. for both wolf-boys [19] *D.Mirror*, 17 April; *National Enquirer*, 23 April 1991. [20] *Daily Mirror*, 4 July 1970. [21] ***FT25:8***. [22] *D.Mirror*, 15 Aug 1973. [23] ***FT3:4***. [24] ***FT155:8***. [25] *The History of Poland* (1698) by the Irish doctor Bernard Connor, who actually met one of the bear-children. [26] Pierre-Joseph Bonaterre: *Notice Historique sur le savage de l'Aveyron et sur quelques autres individus qu'on a trouvés dans les forêts à différent époques* (Paris 1800). [27] Sir James Frazer ed: *Fasti of Ovid* (London 1929), quoting *North Indian Notes and Queries*, Mar 1893. [28] *Times of India*, 4 April 1979; *Jim Corbett's India*, stories selected by RE Hawkins (OUP 1979). [29] Report by George Maranz in *American Weekly*, 5 Sept 1937; *Sunday Dispatch*, 31 July 1938. [30] *Sunday Mirror*, 26 June 1973; *INFO Journal*, No11, Summer 1973. [31] Harlan Lane & Richard Pillard: *The Wild Boy of Burundi* (New York 1978). ***FT25:9*** [32] ***FT49:12***. [33] ***FT130:18-19***. [34] Auger describes his experience 'Un Enfant-Gazelle au Sahara Occidental' in *Notes Africaines* No 98 (April 1963, pp58-61) and in *L'Enfant Sauvage du Grand Désert* (1971) under the pseudonym Jean-Claude Armen. This appeared in English as *Gazelle Boy* (Universe Books, NY, and Bodley Head, 1974). [35] *Pursuit*, No 3, April 1970, p31. [36] *Sunday Express*, 25 Aug 1946; Robert Eisler: *Man Into Wolf* (1951). [37] Report by Otis Daniels in *Weekly World News*, 8 July 1986. FT49:12 [38] Edward Burnett Tylor: "Wild Men and Beast Children" in *The Anthropological Review*, v1 (London 1863). [39] *American Weekly*, 27 Oct 1935. [40] *[R]* 17 Nov 1936. [41] Misha Defonseca: *Misha: a Mémoire of the Holocaust Years* (Boston 1997). [42] *[R]* 16 Sept 1934.

Earlier feral children reports: ***FT1:14, 3:4, 4:14, 7:14, 24:23, 25:8, 26:5, 27:49, 32:10, 32:40, 33:18, 36:49, 42:9, 43:63, 44:4-5, 45:44-47, 47:19, 47:74, 49:12, 59:20, 85:53, 93:11, 117:22, 127:18-19, 130:18.***

Engine from Flight 1549 pulled from Hudson River

Watch Now: Live on CNN.com »

updated 3:48 a.m. EST, Thu January 8, 2009

Woman suspected of witchcraft burned alive

STORY HIGHLIGHTS

- Woman suspected to be witch in Papua New Guinea burned alive
- Death adds to growing list of people accused of sorcery tortured or killed
- Victims are often scapegoats for someone else's unexplained death

Next Article in World »

By Saeed Ahmed
CNN

(CNN) -- A woman in rural Papua New Guinea was bound and gagged, tied to a log and set ablaze on a pile of tires this week, possibly because villagers suspected her of being a witch, police said Thursday.

Her death adds to a growing list of men and women who have been accused of sorcery and then tortured or killed in the South Pacific island nation, where traditional beliefs hold sway in many regions.

The victims are often scapegoats for someone else's unexplained death, and bands of tribesmen collude to mete out justice to them for their supposed magical powers, police said.

"We have had difficulties in a number of previous incidents convincing people to come forward with information," said Simon Kauba, assistant commissioner of police and commander of the Highlands region, where the killing occurred.

"We are trying to persuade them to help. Somebody lost their mother or daughter or sister Tuesday morning."

Early Tuesday, a group of people dragged the woman, believed to be in her late teens to early 20s, to a dumping ground outside the city of Mount Hagen. They stripped her naked, bound her hands and legs, stuffed a cloth in her mouth, tied her to a log and set her on fire, Kauba said.

"When the people living nearby went to the dump site to investigate what caused the fire, they found a human being burning in the flames," he said. "It was ugly."

The country's Post-Courier newspaper reported Thursday that more than 50 people were killed in two Highlands provinces last year for allegedly practicing sorcery.

In a well-publicized case last year, a pregnant woman gave birth to a baby girl while struggling to free herself from a tree. Villagers had dragged the woman from her house and hung her from the tree, accusing her of sorcery after her neighbor suddenly died.

She and the baby survived, according to media reports.

The killing of witches, or sangumas, is not a new phenomenon in rural areas of the country.

Emory University anthropology professor Bruce Knauft, who lived in a village in the western province of Papua New Guinea in the early 1980s, traced family histories for 42 years and found that one in three adult deaths were homicides -- "the bulk of these being collective killings of suspected sorcerers," he wrote in his book, "From Primitive to Postcolonial in Melanesia and Anthropology."

In recent years, as AIDS has taken a toll in the nation of 6.7 million people, villagers have blamed suspected witches -- and not the virus -- for the deaths.

According to the United Nations, Papua New Guinea accounts for 90 percent of the Pacific region's HIV cases and is one of four Asia-Pacific countries with an epidemic.

"We've had a number of cases where people were killed because they were accused of spreading HIV or AIDS," Kauba said.

While there is plenty of speculation why Tuesday's victim was killed, police said they are focused more on who committed the crime.

"If it is phobias about alleged HIV/AIDS or claims of a sexual affair, we must urge the police and judiciary to throw the book at the offenders," the Post-Courier wrote in an editorial.

"There are remedies far, far better than to torture and immolate a young woman before she can be judged by a lawful system." E-mail to a friend | Mixx it | Share

All About Papua New Guinea • HIV and AIDS

▸ From the Blogs: Controversy, commentary, and debate

Most Popular

STORIES

Most Viewed Most Emailed Top Searches

1 Model loses hands and feet
2 Police investigating Travolta
3 Caylee's distraught granddad found
4 Commentary: Sasha's smile
5 From Gitmo to al Qaeda
6 Video shows flight 1549
7 Osbourne in 'facility'
8 Strikes kill 17 in Pakistan
9 'Hillside Burglar' suspect held...
10 Author: "naked fear" unhealthy

more most popular »

VIDEOS

TOPICS

We Recommend

Stories you may be interested in based on past browsing

Doctors amputate model's hands, feet
Musharraf: U.S. treats Pakistan 'unequally'
Scandal of new boat people damaging Thailand
New U.S. envoy to visit Mideast soon
Gitmo detainee 'became al Qaeda leader'

Louis Gaufridi, a man who confessed to being a witch in 1611, recited his pact verbally for the inquisitors:

> I, Louis Gaufridi, renounce all good, both spiritual as well as temporal, which may be bestowed upon me by God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, all the Saints of Heaven, particularly my Patron St. John-Baptist, as also S. Peter, S. Paul, and S. Francis, and I give myself body and soul to Lucifer, before whom I stand, together with every good that I may ever possess (save always the benefits of the sacraments touching those who receive them). And according to the tenor of these terms have I signed and sealed.

One of Gaufridi's victims was a woman named Madeleine de la Paud (see AIX-EN-PROVENCE POSSESSIONS) who also confessed her Devil's pact:

> With all my heart and most unfeignedly and with all my will most deliberately do I wholly renounce God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the most Holy Mother of God; all the Angels and especially my Guardian Angel, the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, His Precious Blood and the merits thereof, my lot in Paradise, also the good inspirations which God may give me in the future, all the prayers which are made or may be made for me.

The prosecution of witches solely for having pacts with the Devil increased slowly on the European continent, though convictions still required evidence of *maleficia*. Witch-hunting handbooks such as the *MALLEUS MALEFICARUM* (1486) discussed pacts in great detail.

In Protestant England, Devil's pacts were acknowledged to exist but apparently did not play a major role in most trials, according to surviving records. The public cared little about pacts and more about what harm a witch did to her neighbors. Such *maleficia* were presumed possible without a pact. Of the three Parliamentary Witchcraft Acts, only the third (1604) outlawed pacts "with any evil or wicked spirit." The first oral Devil's pact was recorded in 1612, and Elizabethan witches in general were believed not to be in direct contact with Satan.

In 1645 MATTHEW HOPKINS began his infamous hunt of witches in England and obtained sworn evidence of written pacts. Some of his 230-plus victims may have been condemned largely on the basis of such "evidence."

Modern Witches, who do not worship the Devil, have nothing to do with Devil's pacts.

See also CHRISTOPHER HAIZMANN; STACKER LEE.

FURTHER READING:

Lea, Henry Charles. *Materials Toward a History of Witchcraft.* Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania, 1939.

Michelet, Jules. *Satanism and Witchcraft.* Reprint. Secaucus, N.J.: Citadel Press, 1939.

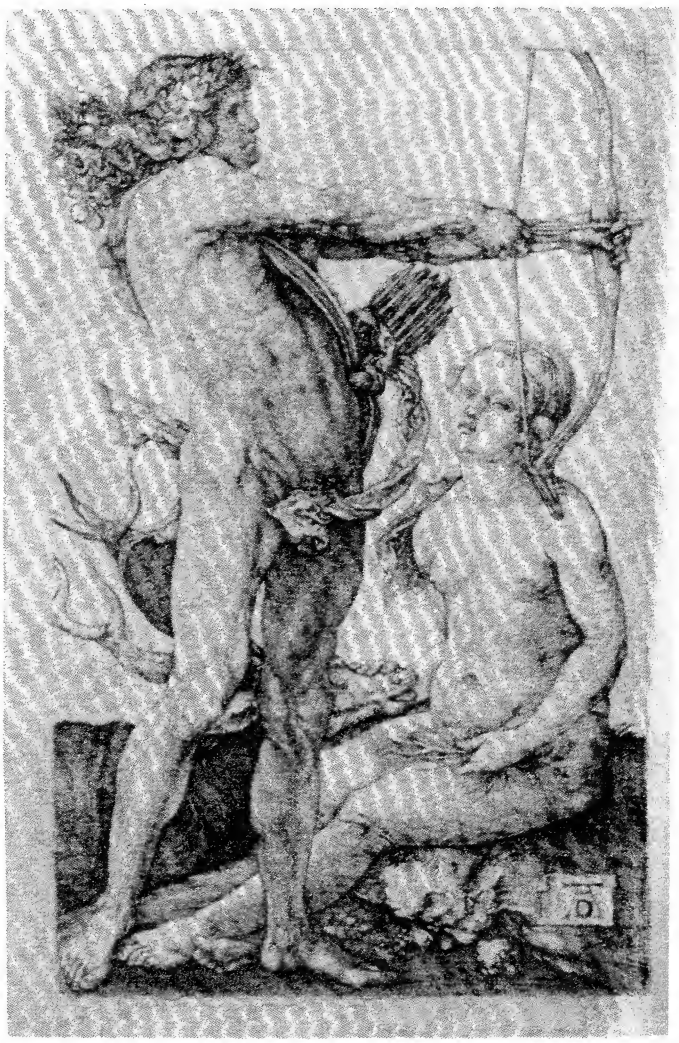
Rudwin, Maximilian. *The Devil in Legend and Literature.* La Salle, Ill.: Open Court Publishing Co., 1931, 1959.

Russell, Jeffrey B. *A History of Witchcraft.* London: Thames and Hudson, 1980.

Seligmann, Kurt. *The Mirror of Magic.* New York: Pantheon Books, 1948.

Diana (Artemis) Classical goddess of the MOON and the hunt and one of the most important aspects of the GODDESS in contemporary Witchcraft. Diana (counterpart to the Greek Artemis) personifies the positive attributes of the moon, which is the source of Witches' magical power as well as independence, self-esteem and fierce aggressiveness. A virgin goddess and maiden warrior, she is the eternal feminist, owned by no man, beholden to none. As moon goddess, Diana shares the lunar trinity with SELENE and HECATE and serves as patron goddess of witches. In the trinity, she represents power over the earth.

Diana's origins as Artemis comprise a rich mythology. Her cult flourished throughout the Mediterranean region during the Bronze Age. The Amazons build a beehive-shaped temple to her at Ephesus circa 900 B.C., and it is considered the Seventh Wonder of the ancient world. The temple contained a statue of Black Diana, on which was implanted a magical stone. Emperor Theodosius closed the temple in 380, allegedly because h



Apollo and Diana (ALBRECHT DÜRER, 1502)

Thames Valley Police receive calls about witchcraft and aliens

By Linda Serck BBC News, South 25 July 2014 Last updated at 03:16 ET

Reports of witchcraft and aliens were among the emergency calls Thames Valley Police has dealt with in recent years.

Forty-eight reports claim supernatural or extra-terrestrial incidents between 2010 and 2013.
Mental health charity Sane said it was "absolutely essential" police communicate with mental health services in cases such as these.

A Thames Valley Police spokesperson said: "We deal with calls of this nature on a case-by-case basis."
A Freedom of Information request, which asked for reports on mythical beasts, witchcraft, extra-terrestrial beings or the supernatural, showed that officers dealt with reports in Berkshire, Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire including:

- A "white Arabian horse has had its mane plaited". The caller was "unsure if it was linked to witchcraft"
- A caller's "sister-in-law is performing witchcraft and voodoo on her"
- A caller has "found an envelope with witchcraft symbols on it"
- A caller believes "witchcraft is going on" with a Muslim worship group

Katy Jennison, who organises an Oxfordshire meeting group for pagans, witches "and other questers" said the witchcraft claims were unlikely.

"None of them seem to be reporting anything likely to be associated with Wicca or British witchcraft or any of the other branches of Paganism practised in this country," she said.

She added: "The callers who mention witchcraft appear to associate it with strange or bad things happening or being likely to happen.

"An envelope with witchcraft symbols on it, for instance, even if they actually are Wiccan or witchcraft symbols, is no more dangerous or threatening than an envelope with Christian symbols or Jewish symbols on it."

A force report was carried out on a Berkshire woman who claimed her Christmas tree was "writhing" and that "there was an alien climbing around in it".

In October 2013 police made further inquiries into a man who knocked on an Oxfordshire woman's window and said he had seen the "ghost of his nan" there.

Officers at Reading police station treated a man who claimed he had an "alien mind" as a hoax caller
A police spokesperson said: "If it transpired the call is a hoax call, we will take appropriate action."
She added police would attend if there was a concern for a person's welfare.

Marjorie Wallace, chief executive of Sane, said: "In our experience it is absolutely essential that mental health services and police communicate, as it can be very difficult for the police to know what to do when a person expresses thoughts or fears which may lead them to feel abnormally threatened or distressed."

Mysterious 'Woman in Black' spotted in Tri-State

Posted: Saturday, July 26, 2014 2:07 PM EDT Updated: Saturday, July 26, 2014 2:09 PM EDT

Posted by Courtney Danser (FOX19)

A mysterious 'Woman in Black' has been spotted around the Tri-State in recent days, causing social media to erupt with questions about her identity.

According to WATE in Tennessee, the Sullivan County Sheriff's Office said the woman's name is Elizabeth Poles and she is from Motts, Alabama.

She's been spotted in several states including Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio.

One FOX19 viewer saw her at the 1st Stop gas station in Fayetteville on Wednesday. She sat on a bench there for several hours.

No one seems to know exactly why she has been walking through the area or where she is headed.

Have you seen her? Send us your pictures to pix@fox19.com.

Copyright 2014 WXIX. All rights reserved.

Wonder-webs!

Are enormous webs the work of millions of very busy spiders or evidence of sinister government experiments?

MATTHEW G WHEELER

ABOVE: Thousands of spiders on the web they have spun between posts of an old and new fence line.

At the end of October, Brian Thair, a biology professor at the College of New Caledonia in Prince George, northern British Columbia, spotted a silky, white spiders' web stretching 60 acres (24 hectares) across a triangular clover field Russell Jervis had farmed since 1944. A barbed-wire fence on wooden posts surrounded the field about four miles (6km) east of McBride in the Robson Valley.

It looked as if the whole field was covered with an opaque, white plastic. The thin, elastic material was not soft and fluffy like webs built by individual spiders. There were about two *Halorates ksenius* spiders per square centimetre laying the silk. Near the perimeter fence, the web showed great tensile strength – enough to put a handful of coins on it without them falling through. "The web swept up over the fence like a breaking wave of surf on a beach, and then came down the other side towards the highway," said Mr Jervis, 83.

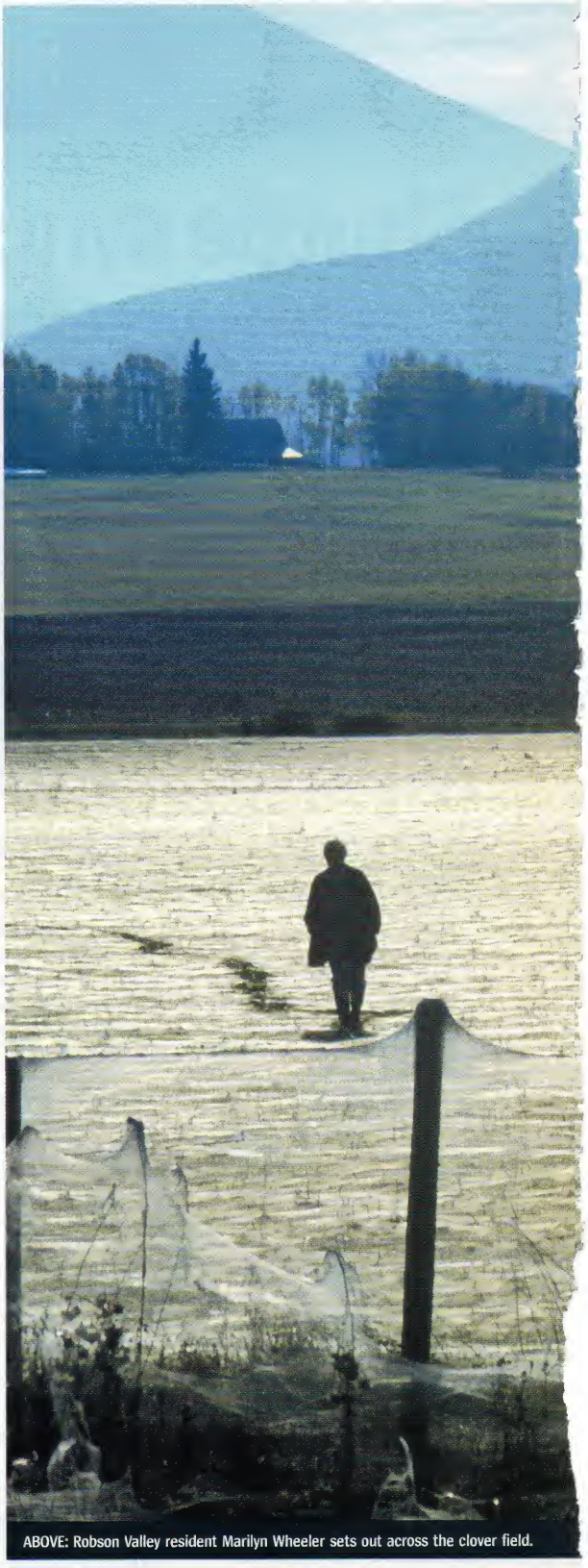
MATTHEW G WHEELER

The brownish spiders, each about three to four millimetres long, were dragging lines of silk, ignoring each other as their efforts created the web. Dr Thair estimated there were hundreds of millions at work in the field.

Hundreds of millions of spiders had been at work

Since they didn't seem to care if an occasional insect stumbled into their construction, he didn't think it was built for trapping purposes.

Normally, when young spiders reach reproductive age, they spin a sort of silk parachute which is then caught by a breeze and lifts them into the air – it's called "ballooning". Where the spider lands is where it makes its home. Thair guessed that because of too much rain or insufficient wind, the spiders were unable to balloon, so stayed in the field and multiplied. But it was a mystery how so many spiders managed to survive so close together for so long. Perhaps they had encountered an enormous quantity of high quality, nutritious prey. By late November, snowstorms and wind had blown away much of the web. *CBC News, 22 Nov; Vancouver Sun, 29 Nov; National Post (Toronto), 30 Nov 2002.*



ABOVE: Robson Valley resident Marilyn Wheeler sets out across the clover field.

MATTHEW G WHEELER

ABOVE: Walter and Val Jervis examine the handiwork of millions of tiny spiders covering a fence on their Robson Valley farm.

On 20 December 2002, the skies above Galveston and parts of Brazoria counties in Texas were filled with floating, shimmering strands and fuzzy, luminescent wads. People in La Marque, near San Luis Pass, and in Pearland reported seeing the webs constantly between about noon and 5pm. Poles, trees and shrubs were left wrapped with the sticky stuff. An article on the Internet prompted speculation that the webs were fallout from a chemical plant leak, or radar chaff used by military aircraft to avoid detection and enemy fire. A few said the phenomenon was a migration of hatchling spiders. Most correspondents, though, thought the webs were connected to 'chemtrails'. They believed the government was mixing unknown chemicals in jet fuel and spraying them, via jet engine exhaust, on unsuspecting people below. Samples were sent to the S&N Labs of Santa Ana, California, where Fourier-transform infrared spectroscopy identified the presence of protein, suggesting the material was spider web. Similar web rains and so called 'angel hair' have been reported over the years. "Hundreds of thousands" of webs fell over Santa Cruz, California, on 8 October 2002, and on 22 December 2000 web-like material fell from the sky in Oregon shortly after three military jets were seen flying back and forth in an east-west flying pattern. For more on chemtrails and falling webs, see Mark Pilkington's FBI report in ***FT124:22-23***. *Galveston County (TX) Daily News, 21 Dec 2002, 11 Mar 2003.*

MATTHEW G WHEELER

Eight-legged invaders

A spiny 'Red Army' of monster crabs that devour everything in their path is on the march from northern Russia and could work their way as far south as Gibraltar. Descendants of a scheme initiated by Stalin in the 1930s to bring food to the barren Soviet Arctic, the Red King or Kamchatka crabs can live for 30 years and grow up to a metre (3ft 3in) across from claw tip to claw tip. They were imported from the Pacific, but escaped into the wild and in the past 10 years have advanced 500km (310 miles) along the Norwegian coast. They are thought to number around 12 million – no one knows what caused the population to rocket in the 1990s. Each female produces 300,000 eggs a year, coming up from the depths in winter for the spring mating season. Adults can weigh up to 10kg (22lb). "If their eggs get in ships' ballast water," said Maren Esmark of the World Wildlife Federation (WWF), "they could cross the North Sea or the English Channel. If they get to Britain they would eat all your clams, mussels and seaweed and the worms in the sand."

Norwegian fishermen have a love-hate relationship with the crabs. They sell the meat in fish markets, but the crabs tear their nets to shreds. The WWF is calling for unlimited crab fishing to remove the threat to the environment posed by the invaders. The WWF also wants the UN to put pressure on Oslo to halt the crawl. No one knows how far south the seabed stormtroopers will advance before the water gets too warm or they run into tougher predators. Cod, catfish and even seals prey on the soft-skinned young crabs before they develop the armoured shells of the adult. It's possible they will halt at Lofoten, just inside the Arctic Circle. In the Pacific, where seabed competition is tougher, the crabs have ventured as far south as Vancouver Island and northern Japan. *[R] Moscow Times, 4 Feb; D.Express, 5 Feb 2003.*

MASSACHUSETTS **Wellfleet:** A military projectile possibly dating to the World War II era has been destroyed after it was found on a local beach. A fisherman found the device in the sand at Marconi Beach and alerted authorities.

World War II's Strangest Battle: When Americans and Germans Fought Together

05.12.13
http://www.thedailybeast.com/articles/2013/05/12/world-war-ii-s-strangest-battle-when-americans-and-germans-fought-together.html

Days after Hitler's suicide a group of American soldiers, French prisoners, and, yes, German soldiers defended an Austrian castle against an SS division—the only time Germans and Allies fought together in World War II. Andrew Roberts on a story so wild that it has to be made into a movie.

The most extraordinary things about Stephen Harding's The Last Battle, a truly incredible tale of World War II, are that it hasn't been told before in English, and that it hasn't already been made into a blockbuster Hollywood movie. Here are the basic facts: on 5 May 1945—five days after Hitler's suicide—three Sherman tanks from the 23rd Tank Battalion of the U.S. 12th Armored Division under the command of Capt. John C. 'Jack' Lee Jr., liberated an Austrian castle called Schloss Itter in the Tyrol, a special prison that housed various French VIPs, including the ex-prime ministers Paul Reynaud and Eduard Daladier and former commanders-in-chief Generals Maxime Weygand and Paul Gamelin, amongst several others. Yet when the units of the veteran 17th Waffen-SS Panzer Grenadier Division arrived to recapture the castle and execute the prisoners, Lee's beleaguered and outnumbered men were joined by anti-Nazi German soldiers of the Wehrmacht, as well as some of the extremely feisty wives and girlfriends of the (needless-to-say hitherto bickering) French VIPs, and together they fought off some of the best crack troops of the Third Reich. Steven Spielberg, how did you miss this story?

The battle for the fairytale, 13th century Castle Itter was the only time in WWII that American and German troops joined forces in combat, and it was also the only time in American history that U.S. troops defended a medieval castle against sustained attack by enemy forces. To make it even more film worthy, two of the women imprisoned at Schloss Itter—Augusta Bruchlen, who was the mistress of the labour leader Leon Jouhaux, and Madame Weygand, the wife General Maxime Weygand—were there because they chose to stand by their men. They, along with Paul Reynaud's mistress Christiane Mabire, were incredibly strong, capable, and determined women made for portrayal on the silver screen.
130508-Roberts-LastBattle-embed'The Last Battle: When U.S. and German Soldiers Joined Forces in the Waning Hours of World War II in Europe' By Stephen Harding. 256 pages. Da Capo. $25.99. ()

There are two primary heroes of this—as I must reiterate, entirely factual—story, both of them straight out of central casting. Jack Lee was the quintessential warrior: smart, aggressive, innovative—and, of course, a cigar-chewing, hard-drinking man who watched out for his troops and was willing to think way, way outside the box when the tactical situation demanded it, as it certainly did once the Waffen-SS started to assault the castle. The other was the much-decorated Wehrmacht officer Major Josef 'Sepp' Gangl, who died helping the Americans protect the VIPs. This is the first time that Gangl's story has been told in English, though he is rightly honored in present-day Austria and Germany as a hero of the anti-Nazi resistance.

Harding, is a respected military affairs expert who has written seven books and long specialized in World War II, and his writing style carries immediacy as well as authority. "Just after 4am Jack Lee was jolted awake by the sudden banging of M1 Garands," he writes of the SS's initial assault on the castle, "the sharper crack of Kar-98s, and the mechanical chatter of a .30-caliber spitting out rounds in short, controlled bursts. Knowing instinctively that the rising crescendo of outgoing fire was coming from the gatehouse, Lee rolled off the bed, grabbed his helmet and M3, and ran from the room. As he reached the arched schlosshof gate leading from the terrace to the first courtyard, an MG-42 machine gun opened up from somewhere along the parallel ridgeway east of the castle, the weapon's characteristic ripping sound clearly audible above the outgoing fire and its tracers looking like an unbroken red stream as they arced across the ravine and ricocheted off the castle's lower walls."

Everything that Harding reports in this exciting but also historically accurate narrative is backed up with meticulous scholarship. This book proves that history can be new and nail-bitingly exciting all at once.

The French VIPs finally put aside their political differences and picked up weapons to join in the fight against the attacking SS troops.

Despite their personal enmities and long-held political grudges, when it came to a fight the French VIPs finally put aside their political differences and picked up weapons to join in the fight against the attacking SS troops. We get to know Reynaud, Daladier, and the rest as real people, not merely the political legends that they've morphed into over the intervening decades. Furthermore, Jean Borotra (a former tennis pro) and Francois de La Rocque, who were both members of Marshal Philippe Petain's Vichy government and long regarded by many historians as simply pro-fascist German puppets, are presented in the book as they really were: complex men who supported the Allied cause in their own ways. In de La Rocque's case, by running an effective pro-Allied resistance movement at the same time that he worked for Vichy. If they were merely pro-Fascist puppets, after all, they would not have wound up as Ehrenhäflinge–honor prisoners–of the Fuhrer.

While the book concentrates on the fight for Castle Itter, it also sets that battle in the wider strategic contexts of the Allied push into Germany and Austria in the final months of the war, and the Third Reich's increasingly desperate preparations to respond to that advance. This book is thus a fascinating microcosm of a nation and society in collapse, with some Germans making their peace with the future, while others–such as the Waffen-SS unit attacking the castle–fighting to the bitter end. (Some of the fighting actually took place after the Doenitz government's formal surrender.)

The book also takes pain to honor the lives of the "number prisoners" who worked at Castle Itter–faceless inmates from Dachau and other concentration camps whose stories have never before been told in this much detail. Whatever their political leanings or personal animosities toward each other, the French VIPs did what they could to help the so-called "number prisoners"–i.e. the ones stripped of their names–in any way they could.

One of the honored prisoners was Michel Clemenceau, the son of the Great War statesman Georges Clemenceau, who had become an outspoken critic of Marshal Petain and who was arrested by the Gestapo in May 1943. At Castle Itter he showed "unshakeable confidence" in rescue, and had clearly inherited the courage of his father, who'd been nicknamed "The Tiger." During the attack, with ammunition running dangerously low–they got down to the last magazines of their MP-40s–their tanks destroyed, and the enemy advancing from the north, west and east, this septuagenarian kept blasting away. His father would have been proud of him.

The story has an ending that Hollywood would love too: just as the SS had settled into position to fire a panzerfaust at the front gate, "the sound of automatic weapons and tank guns behind them in the village signaled a radical change in the tactical situation." Advancing American units and Austrian resistance fighters had arrived to relieve the castle. In keeping with the immense cool that he had shown throughout the siege, Lee feigned irritation as he went up to one of the rescuing tank commanders, looked him in the eye and said simply: "What kept you?" Part Where Eagles Dare, part Guns of Navarone, this story is as exciting as it is far-fetched, but unlike in those iconic war movies, every word of The Last Battle is true.

Cannibals of Mexico: Ancient tribe ate EACH OTHER in the belief that 'bone rituals' would help improve the harvest

- **Long-suspected practices of the Xiximes tribe 'proven'**
- **Cave of human bones found in Durango, New Mexico**

By Gavin Allen

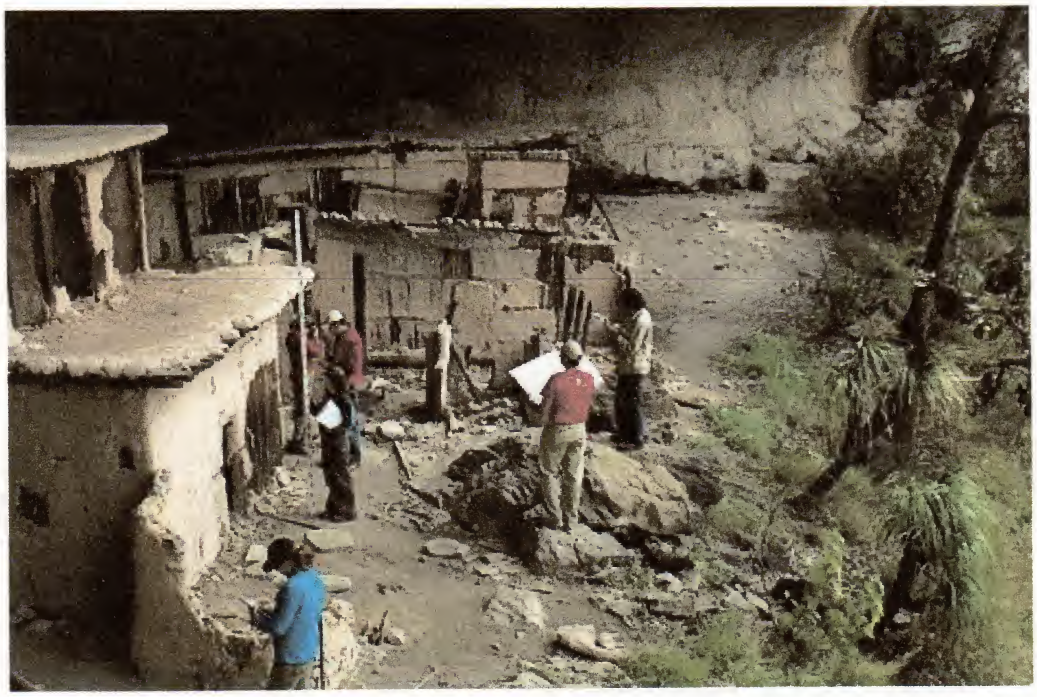
Last updated at 3:41 PM on 3rd October 2011

http://www.dailymail.co.uk/sciencetech/article-2044622/Cannibalism-rituals-Mexican-Xiximes-tribe-proved-discovery-human-bones-cache.html?ITO=1490

A cache of cooked and and carved human bones has been discovered in Mexico - backing up stories that cannibalism was practised by an ancient tribe.

The bones were found in El Salto, Durango State, northern Mexico, in a cave hamlet built into a cliff.

The site - called Cueva del Maguey - dates back to around 1425 and was formerly home to the Xiximes tribe.



Bone house: Archaeologists excavate Cueva del Maguey, Mexico, where a cache of human bones was discovered which proves the Xiximes tribe were cannibals

Bone room: Cueva del Maguey is a cave built into the side of cliff in El Salto, in the Mexican mountains of Durango

The archaeological trove included more than three dozen human bones which showed evidence of having been defleshed, cooked and then ritualistically marked with stone blades.

Rumours of cannibalism among the 5,000-strong Xiximes have long existed due to the historical accounts of Jesuit missionaries, which labelled the tribe 'the wildest and most barbarian people of the New World'.

The Xiximes apparently believed they could guarantee a good harvest if they consumed the souls of their enemies - often fellow tribesmen from neighbouring villages - ate their bodies and hung their bones from trees as offerings to the spirits.

There had previously been no scientific evidence to back up those early accounts, often derided as hysterical exaggerations, but the team behind the discovery and subsequent research says the bones, which have laid virtually undisturbed for centuries, offer concrete proof.

Bone arrows: A marked human rib (bottom) and two engraved arrows found at Cueva del Maguey

Cannibalism 'was a crucial aspect of their world view, their identity,' said José Luis Punzo, an archaeologist with the Mexican National Institute of Anthropology and History (INAH).

'Through their rituals, cannibalism, and bone-hoarding, they marked a clear boundary between an "us" and "them".'

The rituals were tied to the agricultural cycle of planting and sowing corn, according to the research reported in National Geographic.

After each harvest, the warriors of the Xiximes were sent to hunt for flesh, preying often on lone men working in isolated conditions in the pine forest region, some 8,530ft above sea level.

The bones were found in El Salto, Durango State, northern Mexico, in a hamlet of caves built into a cliff

While there were battles with other tribes, and a ready menu of Spanish colonials too, only the bodies of the Xiximes people had value for the rituals.

The warriors brought their unwilling victims back to the village where they were ripped limb from limb.

The bones were cleaned and the flesh eaten in soup as part of an all-night celebration complete with tribal song and dance.

The bones were then stored in treasure houses until the start of the planting season when they would be hung from trees as an offering to the spirits the tribe believed would bless the crops.

It appears to be one of those bone storage houses that has been discovered in the research by the INAH, which was announced at the 14th Archaeology Conference of the North Frontier in Paquimé, Mexico.

fuckyeahafricanmythology: @Tumblr

Yemoja (also known as Yemaya and Iemanja)

The queen of the Earth, owner of all waters, and the orish of motherhood. She is the mother of all living things and lives in the sea. Her name is a contraction of the Yoruba saying "iyá omó eyá" meaning "mother whose children are the fish." and mer-people are Yemoja sacred offspring. She is the older sister of Oshun.

Yemoja wears seven panels skirts to represent the seven seas of which she rules over. She carries a black haired horse tail fly-whisk, a sabre, or a machete with which she defends her children. When she spins, the rippling edges of her dress are the tempestuous waves of the stormy sea.

Yemoja (also known as Yemaya and Iemanja)

The queen of the Earth, owner of all waters, and the orish of motherhood. She is the mother of all living things and lives in the sea. Her name is a contraction of the Yoruba saying "iyá omó eyá" meaning "mother whose children are the fish." and mer-people are Yemoja sacred offspring. She is the older sister of Oshun.

Yemoja wears seven panels skirts to represent the seven seas of which she rules over. She carries a black haired horse tail fly-whisk, a sabre, or a machete with which she defends her children. When she spins, the rippling edges of her dress are the tempestuous waves of the stormy sea.

Herb Benham CALIFORNIAN COLUMNIST

Giving new meaning to the phrase 'You old goat'

Friends have a goat.

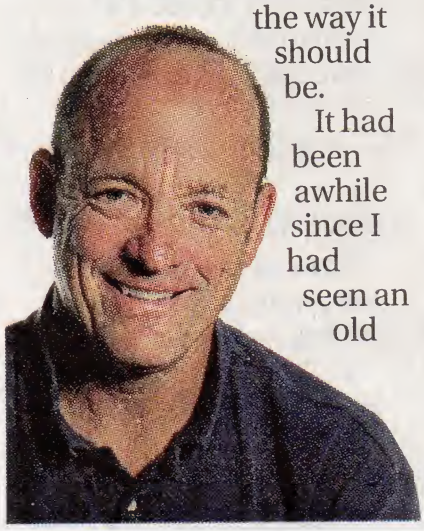
I asked its name and Tom couldn't remember. I wondered, what kind of goat doesn't have a name. People name fish. Even turtles get names. I think my friend Wendy named her lizard and usually lizards are last in line to be named.

We were in the country. West of Jenkins, almost to I-5. When you live in the country, this is what happens. You end up with a goat and you can't quite remember why.

Tom remembered. It was kid-related and not kid as in a goat. It's always kid- related. The children move away and they leave their parents a goat.

Sometimes that goat is a bed. Sometimes, it's a burnt hole in the carpet. Occasionally,the goat is a box that holds the flat screen, which is now in their apartment.

The children have the flat screen and the parents have the box. That's the way it should be.



It had been awhile since I had seen an old goat. At the fair, the goats are young. Cute. You look at them and say to yourself, "I could see having one of those."

You never do. Who leaves the fair, goes home and buys a goat? What you do is go home and when the cat jumps on your lap, you forget that you even saw a goat.

"I remember now," Tom said. "The goat's name is Caramel."

Caramel was not tall. At first glance, he looked like half a goat. I looked again and Caramel wasn't short, he was just on his knees.

"Tom, can that goat walk?" I asked.

It's one thing to have a goat with a name you can hardly remember, but if he's crippled too, now we're really in unfamiliar territory.

"No, Caramel can walk," he said. "He's just not walking right now."

I hadn't been in the country for a while, but usually when you're in the country and you're looking at country animals, you expect a little performance value for your country money. I wasn't expecting Caramel to juggle, but would it be too much to ask him to walk?

"Is he nice?" I said, thinking that if Caramel had been one of the children's pets, he might be the kind of goat you could let in at night and trade headbutts with on the carpet.

"No, he really isn't," Tom said. "In fact, he's downright unfriendly."

Caramel wasn't winning any popularity contests. He barely had a name, he may or may not have been able to walk and he wasn't the least bit sociable.

"He's old too," Tom said. "He's lived way past the normal life span of a goat."

How many times have you seen that? An old goat, not the least bit friendly, lives way beyond the time that any self-respecting goat would live.

Meanwhile, the sweet young goats end up in deep freezers, wrapped in clean white paper.

It makes you think there is something to being a mean old goat. Especially one with a long beard and a personality given to irritation.

Now I understand the expression, "You old goat." That beard made Caramel look like the college professor who has a Ph.D in coeds and a minor in attractive grad students.

I tried to call the goat over. No dice. Caramel sat and stared at me, his beard moving up and down.

We walked away. I looked back. Caramel had sprung to his feet.

Just like an old goat. Won't perform and doesn't care. Not a bad way to be.

I knew to be north [illegible] which had seemed to be south.

The trouble was, on this occasion it continued to be north. This had never happened during any previous visits there. [illegible] boreal human race, the [illegible] had shot off in a direction away [illegible] earth, otherwise there could have been

In Cairo the *Zar* Drives out the *Jinn*

by Doris M. Humphrey

The ritual happens every Tuesday in Abu-el-Seoud, a dingy neighborhood in Cairo. Drums beat slowly at first, then faster and faster as participants—nearly all of them women—dance, fling themselves about, slap themselves, scream, and fall to the floor, believing the *jinni* (genies) that possess them are being driven out, thus freeing them of suffering.

A *kodia* or *sheika*, a person thought to have supernatural powers, is in charge of the *zar*. Incense is passed over the women's heads and under their arms to purify them before they begin. The dancers may dress in red robes to get rid of red *jinni*, or in the white robes of pilgrims to Mecca.

In spite of the wafting incense, the acrid smell of gyrating bodies is overpowering. Tambourines and flutes join the drums to produce arcane sounds that mingle with the humid air outside. The *kodia* and the musicians are all women, wearing traditional scarves and robes. They sit on the floor with tambourines before them, inhaling the incense.

The traditional laws of Islam treat the *zar* as *haram*—forbidden. Although such get-togethers are illegal in Egypt (because participants are expected to pay as much as they can afford, and *sheikas* are suspected of being charlatans) nothing is done to stop the rituals.

Women trying to rid themselves of *jinni* moan, pray loudly, and ask God for help as they prepare to dance. They feel that the *zar* gives them peaceful release from their mental or physical demons. Some say their personal *jinn* has been with them from childhood, causing depression and misery.

The women attending the *zar* distrust psychiatrists, or aren't able to afford them—so they turn to the *zar* as a kind of catharsis. The place of women in the Islamic world has always been inferior, and the *zar* allows them to deal with their resentment.

"When people believe they are being helped," said an Egyptian psychologist, "they are being helped." The *zar* will last as long as there is belief. ♈/≈

ZERO POINT FOUND

Irish inventor claims to have harnessed free energy with new device

POPPERFOTO/REUTERS/PAUL McERLANE

JASKER POWER: The dishwasher-sized 'Jasker Power System' built by the anonymous Irish engineer.

A 58-YEAR-OLD IRISH ENGINEER, WHO wishes to remain anonymous "for security and publicity-avoidance reasons", is the latest claimant to have harnessed free energy with his "Jasker Power System", developed over 23 years in a remote stone outhouse on a windswept hill somewhere in Ireland. He said that once the dishwasher-sized device is powered up, it will produce cost-free energy until its parts wear out. He claimed a prototype has supplied all his domestic power for 17 months.

Tom Hendrick, a businessman who plans to licence the invention in the United States, said: "The Jasker produces emission-free energy at no cost apart from the installation. It is quite possibly the most significant invention since the wheel. The uses of this are almost beyond imagination."

Physicists remain distinctly underwhelmed, because the Jasker breaks the first law of thermodynamics. Such "zero point" energy claims, making use of magnets, coils, or crystals, were said to be commonplace examples of "voodoo science". However, Nick Cook, author of *The Hunt for Zero Point* and an ærospace consultant to *Jane's Defence Weekly*, said: "Zero point energy has been proved to exist. The question is whether it can be tapped to provide useable energy... I think it's possible." *Scotsman, Metro North East, 23 Jan 2002.*

Zombies

Continued from Page D1

"All I ever ask for is to give me time to decorate and to help me," Brundage said of her birthday gift.

On this day, Brundage has zombie guests fraternizing among the bugs, raven and mice. Neighbor Clare Coyle Taylor has brought her zombie children over to visit.

There's Conroy Taylor, 9, who is a "builder zombie" and Nathaniel Taylor, 12, who is an "office zombie."

Nathaniel rocked a stylish fedora that belonged to his late uncle. Conroy wore their late father's CDE hardhat. The rest of their costumes were a hodgepodge of household finds.

Nathaniel got his idea from a video game called "Off Duty Black Ops: Zombie Mode" in which, for some reason, John F. Kennedy fights office zombies.

"So I decided, 'Why not?'" he mused of his natty, but bloody, attire.

This is a dress rehearsal for Halloween; Clare Coyle Taylor is still trying to decide whether she will be a zombie Barbie, a zombie princess or a giant zombie kitten.

Conroy said the fun of being a zombie is simple: "You get to smear blood and dirt on your face and you get to run around scaring people."

This zombie business is pretty gory, both moms admit.

"I think there's something about the taboo, too," Taylor said. When it comes to death, she said, "we're supposed to mourn," rather than looking at it askance.

Nathaniel summed it up: "Zombies are awesome! Who doesn't like a good zombie movie?"

Needless to say, these Halloween revelers are all surely to survive in the "Will You Survive the Zombie Apocalypse?" online quiz. Across town, there's another little monster lurking in the shadows. Six-year-old "L'il Noel" Price is another sort of "undead" as a stegosaurus from the Late Jurassic Period revived in fuzzy green fabric.

Mika Price originally made the costume, stuffed tail plates and all, out of a Simplicity pattern for her son, "Big Noel" Price, who wore it 23 years ago.

His son, L'il Noel, went trick-or-treating in it last year. The only hitch? The decades-old plates and tail needed more stuffing.

Both generations went through a dinosaur phase, Price explained.

When asked how the costume makes him feel, L'il Noel exclaimed, "Fuzzy!"

He then scurried around the living room on all fours, his long tail wagging. He assured his grandmother that the costume also made him feel wild.

L'il Noel got lots of candy when he wore the costume. And when his dad wore it, he was so cute that he wound up on the family Christmas card.

This year L'il Noel is going to be a hunter in camouflage gear.

"Every year he was an animal and now he's hunting animals," his grandmother sighed.

In the past L'il Noel has been a zebra, turtle and Tigger the Tiger.

Mika Price said the dinosaur costume was her favorite of all the costumes she made over the years.

FOR THE LEAF-CHRONICLE/TONY CENTONZE

Nathaniel Taylor, 12, rocked a stylish fedora that belonged to his late uncle for his "office zombie" costume.

"It's the tail!" she said. "And it was so original. I didn't see another one like it. And the year Big Noel was a dinosaur, there were no other dinosaurs."

"Next year I want to be a lion," L'il Noel piped up as he rolled around on sofa, green legs waving in the air.

And from the looks of it, L'il Noel will probably be the snazziest king of the Clarksville jungle.

But the question is who will be scarier, a rambunctious lion or a hoard of zombies?

Karen Parr-Moody, 245-0203
Features Reporter
karenparrmoody@theleafchronicle.com

Protect freedom of speech

The First Amendment prohibits Congress from passing laws that restrict free speech. No differentiation is or should be made between commercial and non-commercial speech.

The U.S. Supreme Court, in a 5-4 decision, reinforced that point last week. It ruled that the Constitution protects the free speech rights of corporations and unions to express themselves on candidacies and issues through paid advertisements. At stake are millions of dollars in political advertising. The ruling overturned two precedents — a provision from the 2002 McCain-Feingold campaign-finance act limiting corporate-funded political ads immediately before federal elections and federal laws going back to 1947.

The response was predictable. President Barack Obama promised to work with Congress on new legislation to regag businesses and unions.

One idea put forth by lawmakers would give corporate shareholders or union members a binding say over spending on political advertisements. Another would enact the Fair Elections Now Act that creates a public financing system for campaigns.

Rep. Donna Edwards, D-Md., went even further. She suggested a constitutional amendment to strip a corporation's "personhood" for First Amendment purposes.

That's a chilling idea. Our representative democracy has flourished for more than two centuries because of the marketplace of ideas. Americans should be exposed to more political speech, not less. During last year's oral argument before the high court, Deputy Solicitor General Malcolm Stewart said that under McCain-Feingold, the government actually could "prohibit the publication" of corporate-funded books that called for the election or defeat of a candidate.

Do we want a U.S. government that bans certain books on politics?

The founders didn't think so. Neither does a majority on the Supreme Court — nor should Americans who truly cherish free speech.

Opinions in this space reflect a consensus of the discussion by The Leaf-Chronicle's Editorial Board.

Zombies have free speech rights too, US court rules

Mar. 3rd, 2010 at 2:18 PM

WASHINGTON (AFP) – They're said to utter little more than an occasional groan, but zombies -- the blood-drenched monsters of Hollywood "B" movies -- still have a right to free speech, a US court ruled this week.

An appeals court in the northern US city of Minneapolis, Minnesota on Wednesday allowed a group of zombies -- or rather, several protesters costumed as such -- to press ahead with their lawsuit against police who arrested them for disorderly conduct.

The appeals court overturned a lower court in finding that the group of seven "zombies" had been wrongfully detained during a 2006 shopping mall protest against consumerism.

The three-judge panel, by a two-to-one vote, ruled that Minneapolis police lacked probable cause to arrest the demonstrators for disorderly conduct.

At the time of the protest, the plaintiffs were wearing makeup that gave them a "living dead" look: white face powder, fake blood and black circles around their eyes.

They lurched stiff-legged through the halls of the mall urging shoppers to "get your brains here" and "brain cleanup in aisle five."

In various bags, the protesters carried audio equipment including loudspeakers and wireless phone handsets, which police had described as "simulated weapons of mass destruction."

The judicial panel upheld the lower court in dismissing the plaintiffs' claims of "false imprisonment" and "First Amendment retaliation" by Minneapolis police after being put in jail for two nights.

But the appeals court sided with the protesters in ruling that police had no reason to imprison them simply for "dressing as zombies, and walking erratically in downtown Minneapolis," the court decisio said.

"An objectively reasonable person would not think probable cause exists under the Minnesota disorderly conduct statue to arrest a group of peaceful people for engaging in an artistic protest by playing music, broadcasting statements (and) dressing as zombies," the appeals court ruled.

The decision allows the protesters to revive their lawsuit against Minneapolis and its police, which according to the Star Tribune newspaper seeks damages of at least 50,000 dollars per person arrested.

Zombies attack!

Stray dinosaur roams Clarksville

By Karen Parr-Moody
The Leaf-Chronicle

In a leafy neighborhood, in a "Leave it to Beaver"-style house, a group of the undead lurks, blood tricking from the corners of their mouths.

Meet the zombies of Hilldale.

The front door creaks open, and poised inside is a diminutive woman wearing a hairnet. Her white cafeteria manager uniform is marred by splashes of blood. Her lips are a ghastly grey.

She holds a pot full of brains and other organs. Pinned to her shirt is a nametag that reads "Edna Cafeteria Manager." It is chewed up with the bite marks of other zombies.

Scary? It is. By specific design.

"Edna" — a.k.a. Cathy Brundage — is so organized this Halloween that she ordered her zombie costume nametag early from the "It's Time Clock Shop," complete with strategically placed bite marks.

"They did that for no extra charge!" Brundage said with a mischievous, blood-dripping grin.

For those ignorant of zombie lore, for hundreds of years, and in various cultures, people have believed a corpse can be brought back to life via some form of witchcraft.

This concept was further exploited by 1960s Hollywood when "Night of the Living Dead" hit the silver screen. It spawned a host of sequels and imitators, including "Dawn of the Dead," "Day of the Dead," "Return of the Living Dead" and "Zombie Flesh Eaters."

THE LEAF-CHRONICLE/GREG WILLIAMSON

Mika Price helps her grandson, Noel Price Jr., 6, with his dinosaur costume, the same costume her son, Noel Price, wore when he was seven years old.

Zombies are evidently hungry for human flesh — or more specifically, brains.

For modern day Halloween celebrants, such as Brundage, one of the joys of dressing up like a zombie is it's a twofer. In addition to being a zombie, you also get to be whatever you were before you were "zombified."

For example, Brundage's son Alex, 10, who wears a blood-streaked sweater filled with zombie gnaw holes, said he is a "zombie school kid." So he gets to be a kid, but a zombie, as well.

"We were at the same school when we got zombified," his mom explained.

One glance around the Brundage living room gives the impression that one is not in Hilldale anymore. It has been creatively transformed in a style that looks straight out of the "Martha Stewart Living" Halloween issue.

Family photos on every visible wall are encrusted with cobwebs and tilted in a dizzying fashion. Rubber mice scurry across the frames, or stop to peek at the hands of a clock. A raven is perched on an end table; another is perched on a crooked lampshade.

A photo of Lafayette "Fate" Jennings, a distant family ancestor, was on the wall anyway, peering out from the ghostly past.

"He kind of creeps people out year-round," said Brundage.

But in this context — and with a plastic cockroach crawling behind his frame — his creepy factor is heightened exponentially.

"It takes a full day," Brundage said of the outfitting of both the living room and dining room in full-tilt spook-o-rama fashion.

"Halloween's our thing," Brundage added. "I enjoy being Edna."

Brundage isn't certain of the exact roots of her Halloween obsession, other than she was born October 2. The auspicious date provides perfect timing for getting a house spooked up for Halloween.

SEE ZOMBIES, PAGE D3

The Hummingbird

Not far from Rainbow Cave on the Sacred Mountain in what is now New Mexico, Hummingbird Hoya lived with his beloved grandmother long ago.

"I think I will go to Kiakima to see what their clansmen are doing," Hoya said one day to his beloved grandmother.

Because he was so small and wanted to be sure that people could see him, Hoya dressed himself in his colourful hummingbird coat and flew far away. Below him, he saw a lovely spring and decided to stop, taking off his beautifully feathered coat.

Before long, Kia, the daughter of Chief Kya-ki-massi, arrived to fill her jar with the cool spring water. Many young men of the Zuni Indian tribe longed to marry Kia, but were afraid to ask her father, the Chief.

Kia began to fill her water jar without speaking to the attractive young man nearby.

"May I have some of your water to drink?" Hoya asked.

Kia handed him a cupful. When he returned the cup to her, a small amount of water remained. Playfully, she tossed it to him and giggled.

Some young Zunis watching from the brush wondered why she laughed. They also wondered about the stranger. Then they heard the princess say, "Let's go to my home."

Hoya followed Kia to her house, and they talked for some time at the bottom of her ladder, which led to the lodge roof. Then Hoya said, "I think it is time for me to start home."

"I hope to see you at the spring tomorrow," Kia said. She then climbed to the roof of her lodge. Hoya put on his magic feathered coat, flying away invisibly. The young men of the village did not see Hoya vanish, which aroused their curiosity.

When Hoya arrived back at his beloved grandmother's house, she met him with a bowl of honey combined with sunflower pollen. The next day, he carried some of the delicacy to the spring as a gift for the princess. Again, he walked Kia home and they conversed at the bottom of her ladder. He gave her the honey and pollen to share with her family.

"Um-m-m good, we like this kind of food," her parents said. "You should marry this young man."

Next day, when Hoya walked Kia home from the spring, she invited him to come into her lodge to meet her family.

"No, thank you, Kia, I cannot marry you yet," said Hoya. "I do not have deerskins, blankets, or beads for you."

"But I do not need these things," she replied. "I like the good food you brought to me, that is enough."

"Then, if I may, I will come to your lodge tomorrow evening," said Hoya. He then put on his magic coat and flew away instantly as Kia ascended the ladder to her roof.

Hoya reported to his beloved grandmother all that had taken place. He told her the Chief's daughter wanted him for her husband.

"No, not now," she replied. "You do not have enough things to give her; you cannot marry her yet."

"But, Grandmother, the daughter of the Chief wants nothing except our delicious honey food."

"If you are sure of her parents' approval, then I give you my permission to marry Kia."

At dawn next day, Hoya and his beloved grandmother, dressed in their hummingbird coats, zoomed away southward to the land of the sunflowers.

All that day, they gathered pollen and honey. Later, when they returned, they placed a deerskin on the floor. Onto this, they shook the pollen from their feathers. Into a large shell, they deposited the honey. Hoya's beloved grandmother mixed the pollen and honey together, much the same way as kneading bread dough. She then wrapped a large ball of the mixture in a deerskin, which Hoya took to Kia that very evening.

Village youths gathered and watched from a distance as Hoya climbed Kia's ladder to her lodge roof. There Hoya secretly hid his magic coat under a rock before lowering himself into Kia's lodge.

"How sad for us that Kia will marry a stranger," the youths repeated among themselves.

The young men of Zuni village gathered in a Kiva, a ceremonial lodge saying to the Bow Chief, "Please announce that in four days we will go on a parrot hunt. Say, also, that anyone who does not join us will lose his wife."

Later, Kia's brother returned home and reported, "In the village, they are saying

that on the hunt for young parrots, the young hunters will throw my new brother-in-law from the mesa and kill him. they will then claim his wife."

"They are just loud-mouth talking," said Chief Kya-ki-massi.

But Hoya believed that when he heard from younger brother. He quickly put on his hummingbird coat and flew away to Parrot Woman's Cave.

"What have you to say?" she asked.

"I wish to warn you to protect your young parrots from harm. I also ask your help for myself," Hoya said, telling her of the plot to kill him. In a few minutes, he returned to Kia's home.

Next day, the parrot hunt began, with Hoya bringing up the rear. He secretly wore his magic coat beneath his buckskin shirt. At the high mesa, a yucca rope was let down toward the parrot's cave.

Hoya was instructed by the group to go down the rope to the nest of the young parrots. When he was halfway down, the village hunters let go of the rope. Parrot Woman was waiting for him, spreading her large fanlike tail outside her cave entrance. She caught Hoya in time.

Upon returning to the village, the young men reported that the rope broke, letting hoya fall to his death. In Kia's lodge, there was much sadness at the loss of Kia's new husband.

Parrot Woman took her two young birds and, with Hoya in his magic coat, flew up to the mesa.

"Please keep my two children with you," she said. "But bring them back to me in four days."

Hoya took the two young parrots to his new home and, from the roof he heard Kia crying inside.

"I hear someone on our roof," her father said. "Perhaps, it is your new husband."

"Impossible," said his son. "Hoya is dead. But Kia ran up the ladder and to her great joy, she discovered her husband with the two parrots.

At dawn, Hoya placed the two young parrots on the tips of the ladder poles. A village youth came out of the Kiva and saw the birds. He ran back inside calling, "Wake up everyone! Hoya is not dead. He has come back to his home with two young parrots!"

When the Zuni villagers saw the two parrots, they decided to make another plan to rid themselves of Hoya.

"Please, Bow Chief, give us permission to hunt the Bear's children. If anyone does not come along with us, he will lose his wife."

Hoya heard the terrible news, so he went to the cave of the Bear Mother.

"What do you wish of me?" she asked Hoya.

"The young hunters of Zuni village are going on a hunt for your children. I have come to warn you and to ask you for your help in protecting me," replied Hoya. Then he told her of the plot to kill him.

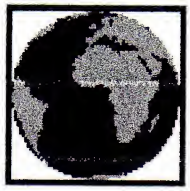
Four days later, the young hunters charged toward Bear Mother's cave. Hoya again secretly wore his magic hummingbird coat beneath his buckskin shirt. He was forced by the young men to lead the attack at the cave entrance. Then the others pushed him inside the Bear's cave!

Mother Bear grabbed him but she shoved him behind her. She chased the young Zuni hunters, killing a few of the young tribesmen. Later, Hoya flew home with two bear cubs and at dawn he placed them on the roof. When the villagers discovered the bears on Kia's roof, they knew that Hoya was still alive.

Hoya decided to fly to his beloved grandmother's home near Rainbow Cave to seek her wisdom about a new plan of his. She helped him paint a bird cage with many colours and they filled it with birds of matching colours. Back to Zuni village he flew, carrying the cage, which he placed in the centre of the plaza. Around it, he planted magic corn, bean, squash, and sunflower seeds.

That very evening welcome rains came down gently. Next morning the sun shone brightly and warmly. When the Zuni villagers came out of their hogans, they were amazed at the sight before them! In the plaza centre, growing plants surrounded the beautiful cage of colourful, singing birds!

From that moment on, all of the happy, dancing Zuni tribe accepted Hoya and his gifts. They learned to love him as one of their own. His wife they called Mother, and they called him Father of their tribe for many contented years.



Return to Indigenous Peoples' Literature

Dutch Santa Claus Sidekick 'Black Pete' Is a Negative Stereotype, Court Rules

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Jul 03, 2014

An Amsterdam court ruled on Thursday that the traditional Dutch figure known as Black Pete, the sidekick to the Dutch equivalent of Santa Claus, is a negative stereotype of black people and the city must rethink its involvement in holiday celebrations involving him.

Black Pete is usually portrayed by white people in blackface makeup, with thick red lips and a frizzy Afro hairstyle.

Debate over Zwarte Piet has raged in the Netherlands in recent years.

Most Dutch people, around 80% of whom are white and 90% of whom have European ancestry, are fiercely loyal to their holiday tradition, saying he is a harmless fantasy figure and no insult is intended. They say he is a positive figure of fun and that the dissent is a sign of political correctness gone overboard.

Yet opponents of Black Pete argue it's a racist caricature and should be banned; they have protested vigorously against the tradition.

The court said Thursday that Black Pete's appearance, in combination with the fact that he is often portrayed as dumb and servile, makes it "a negative stereotype of black people."

It also cited a publication by the country's national human rights commission this week that found that white Dutch leaders frequently react with "irritation and dismissal" when questions of racism are raised, even though workplace discrimination is well documented in the Netherlands.

The Amsterdam District Court ordered the city to reexamine its decision to grant a permit for one part of the annual winter festival attended by thousands of children: the arrival of St. Nicholas, or "Sinterklaas."

Adults dress up to play the Dutch version of the story, with St. Nicholas arriving by steamboat from Spain in November, accompanied by a flotilla of boats packed with Black Petes.

St. Nicholas rides a white horse accompanied by the clowning Petes, who hand out cookies. Festivities conclud later with a night of gift giving on Dec. 5.

Amsterdam has begun discussing possible solutions, including using different colors of face paint for Pete, or merely smudging his cheeks with soot.

The issue is sometimes linked to ongoing tensions between native Dutch and immigrants. Opponents often are told to embrace the tradition (or "go home") a remark that's especially galling for second- or third-generation Dutch people.

Two white female Dutch celebrities who oppose the Petes and have married black men , Victoria's Secret mode Doutzen Kroes and singer Anouk, have been the target of ugly sexual insults.

Dutch Prime Minister Mark Rutte, meanwhile, has sided with tradition. "Black Pete is black. There's not much I can do to change that," he said.